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COMICALITIES OF NATURE.

THERE are some objects in animated creation which irresistibly provoke a smile. It is different with inanimate nature, which is variously beautiful, sublime, tame, desolate, wild, or whatever else, but always respectable. There is nothing frisky in the characters of mountains or precipices, plains, lakes, rivers, or seas—unless, indeed, we are to make an exception for some little *burns* in our own northern land, which the imagination may very readily suppose to be of a tricksy, gambolsome humour, seeing with what deft antics they tumble and trip along their pebbly way, as if to amuse the gowans that ogle them as they pass, from the fairy-befooted sward. But, upon the whole, inorganic creation is not at all funny. Animated nature, on the contrary, presents to us an immense deal that we cannot help feeling to be so.

To begin with the next creatures below ourselves—there are the monkeys, whose whole appearance and movements are grotesque. Who could ever look in the face of one of these animals without that same stirring of the risible faculties which we experience in perusing a caricature or parody, or witnessing a pantomime? The wretch never laughs itself, but its every gesture is provocative of mirth in us. See it taking care of one of its young, or allaying some temporary irritability in one of its sides, or inspecting any suspicious-looking morsel which may have been given to it, and the perfect whimsicality of the creature must be acknowledged. So thoroughly is this the case, that no one could ever speak of a monkey gravely: the name is never mentioned without a smile or a laugh. The appearance of the sloth is ludicrous, but in a different way. "There," remarks Cuvier, "nature seems to have amused herself with producing something imperfect and grotesque." The mirth excited by this animal is of the derisive kind. We smile to see a miserable-looking creature crawling so abjectly, unable to use its fore-legs for support, and only able to move when it can get something to lay hold of, whereby to pull itself along. The sloth may be, as later naturalists allege, fully accomplished for all the ends of its being; yet it is not less true that, constituted as we are, we cannot help smiling at an object which strikes our minds as so uncouth.

So, also, the peculiar feature of the marsupial tribes is no doubt appropriate to the circumstances in which they live. Yet is it in the power of any human being to think of that feature with the same feelings as those with which, for instance, he would regard the gracile limb of the antelope, or the shaggy mane of the lion? To think of a creature having a pouch in which to carry her young family, and from which they may occasionally be seen peeping like so many juvenile bipeds from a huckster's panniers, is surely a most whimsical idea. Think of what a monstrous crime pocket-picking must appear to a female kangaroo with a charge of children. Australia presents another good living joke in her celebrated ornithorhyncus, where we see a creature like a rat, but a good deal larger, furnished with a duck's bill and web-feet—an association exactly of the same character with those which human conceit has occasionally formed for emblematical devices, or in the way of buffoonery.

Amongst the feathered tribes there are also numerous traces of comicality. The choler of the turkey-cock never fails to excite mirth. Domesticated ravens come to enter into the humours of the families they live with, and sometimes prove amazingly funny. The whole race of parrots is amusing. Not altogether mechanical is that power they have of repeating droll expressions, under the instruction of human masters and mistresses. By timing their jokes, they often show that they enjoy them. This tribe, as well as the monkeys and mocking-birds, are unquestionably possessed of that same power of imitation which men employ to the excitement of mirth in mimicry and comic theatricals. The mocking-bird is the very Monsieur Alexandre of American ornithology. It can simulate the cry of almost all birds, and the name we give it expresses the purposes for which it employs the gift. One of its favourite waggeries, as is well known, is to gather other birds near it by imitating their cries, and then to disperse them, like a set of schoolboys at the approach of the master, by uttering the cry of the bird of which they stand most in fear.

There are many whimsical things in the vegetable world, though the British Flora is perhaps a more serious goddess than some of her foreign sisters. If we go abroad, we shall find many quaint things in this department of nature. The *broussonetia papyrifera* of Japan and India, from which the article called India paper is made, has leaves all different in form, and each of which seems as if it had had a piece rent out of it, and as if it had been afterwards sewed up again to repair the damage. Here there is as complete an appearance of a familiar human action being imitated in nature, as there is in the junction of the duck's bill to the water-rat's body in the ornithorhyncus. There is exactly that disarrangement of the fibres of the leaf, and that appearance of puckering at the seam, which would be seen in a piece of checkered cloth, worn by a mendicant, which, having had a narrow section taken out of it, had been hastily *based* together without any regard to the joining of the chequers or to smoothness of surface. The well-known fly-trap strikes the mind with all the effect of a joke. The leaf stands temptingly open; a poor fly pops in for shelter or food; no sooner has it set its foot on the bottom, than some sensitive fibres are affected, and the cilia at the top close in upon the intruder, empounding him as effectually as if a boy had taken him and closed him up in a box. The doings of a human economy are also curiously coincident with those of the pitcher-plant of the east. To the footstalk of each leaf of this plant, near the base, is attached a kind of bag, shaped like a *pitcher*, of the same consistence and colour as the leaf in the early state of its growth, but changing with age to a reddish purple. It is girt round with an oblique band or *hoop*, and covered with a *lid* neatly fitted, and moveable on a kind of *hinge* or strong fibre, which, passing over the *handle*, connects the vessel with the leaf. By the shrinking or contracting of this fibre, the lid is drawn open whenever the weather is showery, or dews fall, which would appear to be just the contrary of what usually happens in nature, though the contraction is probably occasioned by the hot and dry atmosphere, and the expansion does not take place till the moisture has fallen and saturated the pitcher. When this is the case, the cover falls down, and it closes so firmly as to prevent any evaporation taking place. The water having gradually absorbed through the handle in the footstalk of the leaf, gives vigour to the leaf itself, and sustenance to the plant. As soon as the pitchers are exhausted, the lids again open, to admit whatever moisture may fall; and when the plant has produced its seed, and the dry season fairly sets in, it withers with all the covers of the pitchers standing open.*

There are some plants, the flowers of which bear curious, if not ludicrous, resemblances to other objects. The natural order *Orchidaceæ* are remarkable for this property. The flower of the *Oncidium papilio* presents an extraordinary resemblance to a tortoise-shell butterfly, as that of the *Phalænopsis amabilis* does to a white one. *Peristeria pendula* looks like a dove crouching in its nest, and *Coryanthes micrantha* resembles a skeleton's head, with the vertebræ of the neck, finished off with a pair of bat's wings!* The flower of the *bee orchis* is like a piece of honeycomb, and, strange to say, the bees delight in it. Then there is the *snap-dragon*, the corolla of which is cleft and turned back so as to look like a rabbit's mouth, especially if pinched on the sides, when the animal appears as if nibbling. If, in like manner, the two petals or nectaries of another well-known plant are pinched, they peep from under the coloured calyx, like two great eyes looking out under the cowl of a monk—hence its name of monk's-hood. The flower of the cock's-comb and seed-pod of the *Mostynia proboscidea* bear equally curious resemblances to the objects which have suggested their names. Some kinds of *Medicago* have also curious seed-pods, some being like bee-hives, some like caterpillars, and some like hedgehogs—the last being itself an essentially ludicrous natural object.

A certain grotesqueness of form belongs to the whole order of *Cactaceæ*. The *Cactus senilis* would arrest the most unobservant eye in an exhibition of plants, by the ludicrous peculiarity from which it derives its name. Being simply a kind of stump, covered with long white streaming hair, it exactly resembles the head of an old man! In its native country, this cactus puts on considerably different, but not less ludicrous, appearances. It there grows to the height of ten or twelve, sometimes even to twenty or thirty, feet, and when it approaches a flowering state, a circlet of short brown fur appears round the summit, which gradually increases till it takes the very form and appearance of a lady's fur muff! Mr Lambert, the President of the Linnæan Society, has preserved in glass-cases, in his drawing-room, two specimens taken from full plants; and a person who has seen them reports to us, that one in particular, about eighteen inches high, precisely looks like an old sable muff. The flowers of the cactus senilis are crimson, and are produced in a ring. The reader may therefore judge what a curious figure our old gentleman plant cuts in his native woods, with his body all covered with long white hair, surmounted by a black muff, and above all a wreath of crimson flowers.

Our minds naturally recognise the tall straight stems of the beech and elm as elegant objects. The trunk of the oak is thick, but it conveys the idea of manly robustness and vigour. Most flowering plants in this country have elegant stalks, to which the flower parts are in general neatly and fittingly joined. We never think of smiling mirthfully at any of these objects, but, on the contrary, are disposed to regard them with a musing and serious admiration. How different are these cactuses, with their incomprehensible lumpy angular stems, masses of green vegetable matter, decorated quaintly along the edges with prickles, while here and there a flower sticks out, looking as oddly placed as would a man's head if it projected from his side or stuck upon his knee. It is the *Cactus speciosissimus* which is so particularly liable to this description. To the dark crimson flowers which ornament its stem, succeeds the fruit, a thing which one would at first suppose to be an egg, till tasting it he would imagine it a gooseberry! In their native

* This description of the pitcher-plant is from Barrow's Cochin China.

* There is a figure of this flower in the *Botanical Register*, vol. xxii., but it gives no idea of the horrible grotesque of the living plant.

country, they rise thirty or forty feet high, without a single branch or a single leaf, and it is generally upon the tops of mountains that they grow. Pæping, a German botanical traveller in Brazil, says that, in that country, a hill top bristling with the *cactus speciosissimus*, resembles nothing so much as a hog's back!

Then we have the creeping cereus (*cereus flagelliformis*), which looks like a number of cats' tails tied together, and hung over a flower-pot, with a few crimson flowers stuck into them irregularly. The spines with which these hanging stems are completely covered are what give them the cats' tail appearance: they have no leaves, but the tails are sometimes forked. The leaf cactus (*Epiphyllum phyllanthoides*) is of totally different but equally quaint form, the stems appearing to consist of a series of leaves stuck into each other, and having notches in the sides from which spring the flowers. The porcupine cactus (*echinocactus*) has a round ball-like stem, often with projecting angles like a lady's reticule, covered with hard sharp spines. The flowers of this genus appear thrown carelessly on the stem, and not to belong to it. We might expatiate upon the eccentricities of this order of plants for half a day, but shall content ourselves with adverting to that crowning conceit manifested by one of the family, of blowing in the middle of the night—emblem apt and true of a certain class of whimsical mortals.

Every one has heard of *lusus naturæ*—sports of nature—things which she was supposed to produce in the way of freak, and as exceptions from her ordinary laws. Fossil shells, for example, were considered as *lusus naturæ*, no one being able to understand how, if they had been originally real shells of marine molluscs, they could ever have got into those deep-seated rocks where they were found embedded. It is now believed that there are no such things as *lusus naturæ*, every one of her organic creations being formed after a distinct type, and designed for a particular purpose in creation, just as there is no character used in a printed book but what there is a type for in the compositor's case, and is liable to appear accordingly in other printed books of the same language. The true sports of nature are to be seen in the many grotesque forms of her legitimate and recognised children, animals and plants, and in the whimsical powers and properties which she has assigned to many of at least the former class. With regard to grotesque forms in plants and animals, it may be said that these things are perhaps not absolutely grotesque, and that it is only in consequence of some law of our minds that we think them so. This, we conceive, may be the case without in the least detracting from the force of what has been said; for how can we judge of any thing but by virtue of and in accordance with the habits of our minds? Undoubtedly, if the cheek of the fair young maiden affects us with the sense of beauty, as truly does the figure of the Barbary ape affect us with the sense of comicality. So, also, of the powers and properties of many animals. The chatter of the parrot, the strut and crow of the cock, the wretched bray of the ass, the capers of the young goat, and the pranks of the kitten, all affect us with the same risibility as the humour of a Mathews or the wit of a Sheridan. To come finally to man, he has been endowed with both the power of creating mirth and the power of enjoying it. He has a faculty of the ludicrous in his mental organisation, and muscles in the face whereby to express the sensation in its well-known form of laughter. Some are born with such a predominance of the ludicrous in their nature, and such wonderful powers of awakening risibility in their fellow-creatures, as to seem to have been mainly designed, as far as the worldly utility of their existence is concerned, for this purpose. This is a class of men particularly apt at perceiving the comicalities of the lower animal and vegetable worlds. While others see only what is painful and melancholy in the scene around them, they are conscious only of what is merry and ridiculous, and spend the part of their lives that is devoted to common sensation in a constant flow of self-generated humour.

We would fain, from all that has been said, establish the importance of the comical in the mundane economy. It seems to us that it cannot be necessarily a reprehensible frivolity—to however absurd purposes it may be occasionally perverted—when we see traces of it springing directly from the common Origin of all things. Time and place may be necessary for its proper development amongst assembled human beings, but this is no more than what may be said of all things. There is a time to laugh and a time to weep. Man, it is true, in his blind zeal for what his higher sentiments dictate, has sometimes acted as if to smile were a sin. He has, strange to say, thought that an invariable gloom and sadness was the proper habit of mind in which to live, as being more agreeable to the Deity. But when we look into the book of nature, we see these ideas completely contradicted. We there find types of being which must have been grotesque and whimsical in their forms, since long before there was such a thing as the human mind to regard them either in one light or another. We see jocularities and merriments in animals which existed long before man, and to which no moral error can be imputed. Finally, we see man himself organised so thoroughly for mirth, that his very health is liable to be improved by it.* Well, indeed, might Grecian imagination include Thalia amongst the children of Jove.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON FRENCH LITERATURE.

ELEVENTH ARTICLE.—SULLY.

HAVING described the early warlike portion of Sully's career, we now take him up as a grave and calculating minister of state. The section of his Memoirs devoted to this part of his history presents a picture of political sagacity remarkable for that age, leaving us scarcely room to wonder that his royal master, though his senior, was often checked, when about to do a foolish thing, by the consideration, "What will Sully say to all this?" He commenced his career as a minister in 1594, in the capacity of secretary of state. Four years after, he was appointed superintendant of finances, having displayed as much ability in that department as he had previously shown military fire and skill in the time of war. Many important negotiations were conducted by him. One is very remarkable, as showing the liberties which Sully took with the king, and the state of feeling existing between the two. The king, his master, had given a rash and unworthy promise of marriage in one of his fits of passion. Sully was in confidence consulted by Henry. On reading the document, he slowly and gravely tore it in pieces. "Are you mad?" cried the infuriated monarch. "Yes," answered Sully, "I am mad, sire, and I wish I were the only madman in France!" Sully's firmness had the result of making Henry enter into a marriage with the person whose alliance in those times was best suited to the exigencies of the state. As regards mutual liking and individual feelings, these are seldom held of consequence in such affairs.

The many important negotiations in which Sully was engaged at home, exclusively of mere financial affairs, had reference chiefly to the maintenance of the Protestant interests, and to the suppression of the petty feudal sovereigns yet existing in France, and possessing sufficient power to brave and embarrass their liege lord. It was through the able management of matters in Henry's days, that this anomalous and perilous state of things was brought to an end, and the real authority lodged in the hands of a single monarch. Besides aiding his master powerfully in such domestic concerns, Sully was employed in many foreign missions and negotiations. As ambassador from Henry, he had a confidential interview with Queen Elizabeth at Dover in 1601; and two years afterwards, he went to London on a mission to her successor, James I. Of the account given of the latter visit, we shall present some incidental snatches.

Sully, whose instructions chiefly related to the conjunction of France and England against the Spanish interests, found at Calais the vice-admirals of France, Holland, and England, all of them anxious for the honour of conveying him across the channel. By way of a compliment, he accepted the seemingly courteous offer of the English, and his going on board led to results which prove that the English sailors of that day were just the English sailors of the present. The French admiral, "De Vic, who only sought an opportunity of showing the English his resentment of the violences committed by their pirates, advancing, bearing the French flag on his maintop-gallant mast, I found these complaisant English were enraged at an offence which, according to them, was equally injurious to the King of England, and the King of France, whom I represented; and I had reason to think them still more rude and impolite, when, without deigning to consult me, *fifty shot* were immediately fired into De Vic's ship." Sully thought it wise to explain that the flag was raised in honour of Henry's ambassador; and he also deemed it prudent to make a signal for its being lowered, which was done just in time, as appears from another broadside having been prepared by the English, which they fired at "random." Sully and his extensive suite, notwithstanding this untoward opening incident, were received with great honours at Dover, whence they went by land to Gravesend, and, entering a rich royal barge, sailed up the Thames. The Tower gave him a salute of three thousand guns, the finest thing of the kind (he says) that he had ever heard. He had scarcely reached London, and taken up a temporary residence in a house there, when another untoward business occurred, of which he gives an account.

His people went out to houses of entertainment, and "at the same place they met with some English, with whom they quarrelled, fought, and one of the English was killed. The populace, who were before prejudiced against us, being excited by the family of the deceased, who was a substantial citizen, assembled, and began loudly to threaten revenge upon all the French, even in their lodgings. The affair soon began to appear of great consequence, for the number of people assembled upon the occasion was presently increased to upwards of three thousand, which obliged the French to fly for an asylum into the house of the ambassador. I at last imagined something extraordinary had happened, and having questioned Terrail and Gadancourt, they informed me of the particulars.

The honour of my nation, my own in particular, and the interest of my negotiation, were the first objects that presented themselves to my mind. I was also most sensibly grieved that my entry into London should be marked at the beginning by so fatal an accident; and at that moment, I am persuaded, my countenance plainly expressed the sentiments with which I was agitated. Guided by my first impulse, I arose, took a flambeau, and ordering all that were in the house (amounting to about a hundred) to range themselves round the walls, hoped by this means to discover the murderer, which I did without any difficulty by his agitation and fear. He was for denying it at first, but I soon obliged him to confess the truth. He was a young man, and the son of the Sieur de Combaut, principal examiner in Chancery, very rich, and a kinsman likewise of Beaumont, who entering at that moment, desired me to give young Combaut into his hands, that he might endeavour to save him. 'I do not wonder,' replied I to Beaumont, with an air of authority and indignation, 'that the English and you are at variance, if you are capable of preferring the interest of yourself and your relations to that of the king and the public; but the service of the king my master, and the safety of so many gentlemen of good families, shall not suffer for such an imprudent stripling as this.' I told Beaumont, in plain terms, that Combaut should be beheaded in a few minutes. 'How, sir,' cried Beaumont, 'behead a kinsman of mine, possessed of two hundred thousand crowns, an only son!—it is but an ill recompense for the trouble he has given himself, and the expense he has been at to accompany you.' I again replied, in as positive a tone, 'I had no occasion for such company;' and, to be short, I desired Beaumont to quit my apartment, for I thought it would be improper to have him present in the council, which I intended to hold immediately, in order to pronounce sentence of death upon Combaut.

In this council I made choice only of the oldest and the wisest of my retinue; and the affair being presently determined, I sent Arnaud to inform the mayor of London of it, and to desire him to have his officers ready the next day, to conduct the culprit to the place of execution, and to have the executioner there ready to receive him."

The mayor, however, to whose justice Sully finally delivered the culprit, let him escape at the instance of the relative, and, satisfied with Sully, the people seem to have done nothing further in the matter. Justice, it would seem, had not then come to the state in which Oliver Cromwell placed it, when Don Pontoleon Sa, the very brother of the Portuguese ambassador, was sent to the scaffold by the stern Protector, in spite of all entreaties, individual and national. Sully is induced by what passed on this occasion to give the following picture of our nation—not a very flattering one, but tinged to some extent with truth. "It is certain that the English hate us, and this hatred is so general and inveterate, that one would almost be tempted to number it among their natural dispositions: it is undoubtedly an effect of their arrogance and pride, for no nation in Europe is more haughty and insolent, nor more conceited of its superior excellence. Were they to be believed, understanding and common sense are to be found only among them: they are obstinately wedded to all their own opinions, and despise those of every other nation; and to hear others, or suspect themselves, is what never enters into their thoughts. Their self-love renders them slaves to all their capricious humours. What they at one time believe to have wisely performed, or firmly resolved, is at another time destroyed without their knowing, or being able to give a reason: they are accordingly so undetermined in themselves, that frequently one would not take them for the same persons, and from hence they themselves sometimes appear surprised on perceiving their own continued irresolution. If we examine what are called their maxims of state, we shall discover in them only the laws of pride itself, adopted by arrogance or indolence." Admitting the correctness of the charge of national vanity, we must observe that Sully's national prejudice has prevented him from seeing that it is probably in a great measure to this belief in our superiority that we owe our actual greatness in arms and arts.

Sully's account of accidental particulars connected with his embassy, is much more interesting than his description of his interviews with James I., of whose personal demeanour he says little. Their first meeting, however, must have been striking. Sully, attended by one hundred and twenty selected gentlemen of his large suite, and a party of the royal guards, went to see the king at Greenwich. "His majesty having sent to desire my appearance in his presence, I was above a quarter of an hour before I could get to the foot of his throne, occasioned both by the great numbers that were already there, and because I made all my retinue walk before me. The prince no sooner perceived me than he descended two steps, and would have descended them all, so very desirous he appeared to receive and embrace me, had not one of his ministers, who stood next him, whispered softly in his ear that he ought to go no farther. 'If,' said he aloud, 'I

* Dr Hufeland of Berlin has expressed his opinion that light merriment is good for digestion.

show this ambassador particular marks of honour, and such as are contrary to custom, I mean not thereby to give a precedent to others. I particularly love and esteem him for the affection which I know he has for me, for his firmness in our religion, and his fidelity to his master.' I dare not repeat all that he said to my advantage." At this and other meetings, Sully showed great tact, and was successful in getting James to form a treaty with Henry of the kind desired. On the whole, the ambassador formed rather a low estimate of James, of whom he pronounced on this occasion that he was the most learned fool in Christendom.

To describe his services and connexion with Henry his master, is, as mentioned before, to tell at once Sully's history, and to show his literary abilities. The slavery in which the king was held by his passions, was a great source of vexation to Sully, both on account of his personal love for him, and of the expenses attending such a course of life. One day, when the minister was resisting some improper application, the temporary favourite, D'Entragues, said impudently and haughtily to him, "To whom would you have the king grant favours, if not to his relations, courtiers, and favourites?" "Madam," replied Sully, "you would be in the right if his majesty took the money out of his own purse; but is it reasonable that he should take it out of those of his poor subjects, to gratify such people as you speak of?" Holding such sentiments, it may be conceived that Sully's administration was a continued blessing to his country. He was easy of access, and methodical in all his habits. Though sometimes galled into anger by his remonstrances, Henry raised him to the highest honours of the peerage, and, with his other posts, gave him the governorship of Poitou. Henry's death in 1610 terminated Sully's official career, and he received at its close a gratuity of 100,000 crowns. Occasionally, after this period, he was sent for to the councils of Louis XIII., and at these times he appeared in the antiquated garb of the old court. Some silly young courtiers laughing once at his appearance, "Sire," said the venerable minister to the king, "when your father, of glorious memory, honoured me by a call to his state consultations, he previously sent away the buffoons." The king felt the rebuke, and remained alone with Sully.

Sully died in 1641, at the age of eighty-two. His "Memoirs" and his memory have ever been highly esteemed in France.

SLAVE HUNTS IN EGYPT.

THE recent publication of a work entitled "Egypt and Mohammed Ali,"* by Dr R. R. Madden, has brought prominently into notice a variety of circumstances connected with the legalised system of slavery in Egypt, as well as the manner in which it is supported by the practice of hunting down and carrying off the unfortunate inhabitants of Nubia and Abyssinia. As little is popularly known on the subject, we propose, with the assistance of facts gleaned from the work of this intrepid and philanthropic writer, to bring it before our readers.

In all the undertakings of Mohammed Ali, with the ostensible view of civilising the nation of which he is the ruler, he appears to be animated by one prevailing sentiment, and that is, the desire to serve his own selfish purposes, and yet deceive the people of Europe, who, he is fully aware, have an eye to his public actions. In accomplishing this object, he has, by the aid of French tacticians, been eminently successful. The trick of his highness is generally well managed; it consists in issuing orders of the most liberal nature respecting any matter of serious complaint, for which he receives a great deal of praise, but which orders, except in particular instances, he takes good care shall never be carried into execution. Two or three years ago, when on an expedition into Eastern Africa, he found it his interest to be very much shocked with the practice of capturing slaves for sale within his dominions, and issued an immediate order that this barbarous trade should be prohibited. So pleasing a circumstance gave much satisfaction in England, and the Anti-Slavery Convention held in London sent an address applauding his generous and humane conduct. Dr Madden was the bearer of this document to his highness; but, greatly to his surprise, he found, on its presentation (August 1840), that the pacha had taken no step whatever to give effect to those orders for which he was now congratulated. The slave hunts and slave sales went on the same as ever.

Our author was much shocked to find the Egyptian despot so much less a man of humanity than English philanthropy had supposed, and he took leave to present to him a very bold address, in which he stated that there were three hundred slaves for sale at that moment in the markets of Cairo and Alexandria; that the number sold in the preceding twelve months was above ten thousand; and that the government not only permitted, but practised, the horrible traffic, the pacha's soldiers being regularly employed in seizing slaves in Nubia, and a tax upon their exportation being one of the resources of his treasury. Mohammed Ali equivocated, and threw the blame upon the law and the sultan; but his issuing licenses to slave-merchants is in itself sufficient to establish his guilt. The particulars which Dr Madden gives of the mutilation of children for certain purposes makes the flesh thrill with horror; and his description of slave-hunting in Nubia presents a picture of oppression which must stamp this plausible tyrant with everlasting infamy.

The number of persons carried off from the Nubian mountains between 1825 and 1839, omitting the thousands who were captured by the Bakkara, amounted to at least 100,000. As soon as the rainy season is over, the capturing excursion, called Gasna, commences, and the necessary number of camels, one for each soldier, and others for arms, ammunition, and tents, is demanded. The soldiers seize all that comes in their way, and in a few days all that is necessary is obtained. The capturing expedition consists of from 1000 to 2000 regular foot soldiers; 400 to 800 Mograbini (Bedouins on horseback) armed with guns and pistols; 300 to 500 of the militia (half-naked savages) on dromedaries, with shields and spears; and 1000 more on foot, with bucklers and small lances. "As soon as every thing is ready, the march begins. They usually take from two to four field-pieces, and only sufficient bread for the first eight days. Oxen, sheep, and other cattle, are generally taken by force before at Cordofan, although the tax upon cattle may have been paid. When they meet with a flock, either feeding or at the watering-places, they steal the cattle, and do not care whether it belongs to one or more persons; they make no reparation for necessary things, whoever may be the sufferer, and no objection or complaint is listened to, as the governor himself is present.

As soon as they arrive at the first mountains in Nubia, the inhabitants are asked to give the appointed number of slaves as their customary tribute. This is usually done with readiness; for these people live so near Cordofan, and are well aware that, by an obstinate refusal, they expose themselves to far greater sufferings. If the slaves are given without resistance, the inhabitants of that mountain are preserved from the horrors of an open attack; but as the food of the soldiers begins to fail about that time, the poor people are obliged to procure the necessary provisions as well as the specified number of slaves, and the Turks do not consider whether the harvest has been good or bad. All that is not freely given, the soldiers take by force. Like so many bloodhounds, they know how to discover the hidden stores, and frequently leave these unfortunate people scarcely a loaf for the next day. They then proceed on to the more distant mountains: here they consider themselves to be in the land of an enemy; they encamp near the mountain which they intend to take by storm the following day, or immediately, if it is practicable. But before the attack commences, they endeavour to settle the affair amicably; a messenger is sent to the sheik, in order to invite him to come to the camp, and to bring with him the requisite number of slaves. If the chief agrees with his subjects to the proposal, in order to prevent all further bloodshed, or if he finds his means inadequate to attempt resistance, he readily gives the appointed number of slaves. The sheik then proceeds to procure the number he has promised; and this is not difficult, for many volunteers offer themselves for their brethren, and are ready to subject themselves to all the horrors of slavery, in order to free those they love.

Here the most heart-rending scenes may be witnessed: for who is willing to separate himself from his home, from his parents, brothers and sisters, and relations?—who likes to forsake the cottage that has sheltered him from his infancy, and where he has spent so many happy hours in the society of those by whom he is beloved?—who likes to go forth to meet a horrible futurity, which promises nothing but misery, cruelty, and, what is perhaps most desirable, death?—and yet they feel the necessity that one of them should suffer in order to exempt the rest; the father may frequently be seen disputing with his son, the brother with his brother, as to which of them is to deliver himself freely into slavery, for every one wishes to save his affectionate and endeared relative.

The anticipation of falling into the hands of the unfeeling Turks, where nothing but misery and torments await them, to which they must submit—the prospect of being obliged to forsake all that is dear to them, and that for ever—overpowers them. They bedew the cheeks of those they love with their tears, while they press the last kiss, and take the last farewell; they then deliver themselves into the hands of their unfeeling, hardened tormentors. Sometimes they are obliged to be torn by force from the embraces of their friends and relations. The sheik generally receives a dress as a present for his ready services.

But there are very few mountains that submit to such a demand. Most villages which are advantageously situated, and lie near steep precipices or inaccessible heights, that can be ascended only with difficulty, defend themselves most valiantly, and fight for the rights of liberty with a courage, perseverance, and sacrifice, of which history furnishes us with few examples. Very few flee at the approach of their enemies, although they might take refuge in the high mountains with all their goods, especially as they receive timely information of the arrival of the soldiers; but they consider such flights cowardly and shameful, and prefer to die fighting for their liberty.

If the sheik does not yield to the demand, an attack is made upon the village. The cavalry and bearers of lances surround the whole mountain, and the infantry endeavour to climb the heights. Formerly, they fired with cannon upon the villages and those places where the negroes were assembled, but on account of the want of skill of the artillerymen, few shots, if any, took effect: the negroes became indifferent to this prelude, and were only stimulated to a more obstinate resistance. The thundering of the cannon at first caused more consternation than their effects, but the fears of the negroes ceased as soon as they became accustomed to it. Before the attack commences, all avenues to the village are blocked up with large stones or other impediments, the village is provided with water for several days, the cattle and other property taken up to the mountain; in short, nothing necessary for a proper defence is neglected. The men, armed only with lances, occupy every spot which may be defended, and even the women do not remain inactive; they either take part in the battle personally, or encourage their husbands by their cries and lamentations, and provide them with arms; in short, all are active, except the sick and aged. The points of their wooden lances are first dipped into a poison which is standing by them in an earthen vessel, and which is prepared from the juice of a certain plant. The poison is of a whitish colour, and looks like milk which has been standing; the nature of the plant, and the manner in which the poison is prepared, is still a secret, and generally known only to one family in the village, who will not on any account make it known to others.

As soon as the signal is given for the attack, the infantry sound the alarm, and an assault is made upon the mountain. Thousands of lances, large stones, and pieces of wood, are then thrown at the assailants; behind every large stone a negro is concealed, who either throws his poisoned lance at the enemy, or waits for the moment when his opponent approaches the spot of his concealment, when he pierces him with his lance. The soldiers, who are only able to climb up the steep heights with great difficulty, are obliged to sling their guns over their backs, in order to have the use of their hands when climbing, and, consequently, are often in the power of the negroes before they are able to discover them. But nothing deters these robbers. Animated with avarice and revenge, they mind no impediment, not even death itself. One after another treads upon the corpse of his comrade, and thinks only of robbery and murder, and the village is at last taken, in spite of the most desperate resistance. And then the revenge is horrible. Neither the aged nor sick people are spared, women, and even children in their mother's womb, fall a sacrifice to their fury; the huts are plundered, the little possession of the unfortunate inhabitants carried away or destroyed, and all that fall alive into the hands of the robbers, are led as slaves into the camp. When the negroes see that their resistance is no longer of any avail, they frequently prefer death to slavery; and if they are not prevented, you may see the father rip up first the stomach of his wife, then of his children, and then his own, that they may not fall alive into the hands of the enemy. Others endeavour to save themselves by creeping into holes, and remain there for several days without nourishment, where there is frequently only room sufficient to allow them to lie on their backs, and in that situation they sometimes remain for eight days. They have assured me, that if they can overcome the first three days, they may, with a little effort, continue full eight days without food. But even from these hiding-places, the unfeeling barbarians know how to draw them, or they make use of means to destroy them: provided with combustibles, such as pitch, brimstone, &c., the soldiers try to kindle a fire before the entrance of the holes, and by forcing the stinking smoke up the holes, the poor creatures are forced to creep out, and to surrender themselves to their enemies, or they are suffocated with the smoke.

After the Turks have done all in their power to capture the living, they lead these unfortunate people into the camp; they then plunder the huts and the cattle, and several hundred soldiers are engaged in searching the mountain in every direction, in order to steal the hidden harvest, that the rest of the negroes, who were fortunate enough to escape, and have hid themselves in inaccessible caves, should not find any thing on their return to nourish and continue their life.

As soon as they have obtained about 500 or 600 slaves, they are sent to Lobeid, with an escort of country people, and about fifty soldiers, under the command of an officer. In order to prevent escape, a sheba is hung round the necks of the adults. A sheba is a young tree, about eight feet long, and two inches thick, and which has a fork at the top; it is so tied to the neck of the poor creature, that the trunk of the tree hangs down in the front, and the fork closed behind the neck with a cross piece of timber, or tied together with strips cut out of a fresh skin; and in this situation the slave, in order to be able to walk at all, is obliged to take the tree into his hands, and to carry it before him. But none can endure this very long, and to render it easier, the one in advance takes the tree of the man behind him on his shoulder. It is impossible for them to get their head free, and it frequently happens that they have their necks wounded, which is followed by an inflammation, and sometimes even by death.

Boys, between ten and fifteen years of age, who cannot bear such a sheba, are tied together, two and two, with wooden clasps on their hands: this is done by placing the wood on the right arm of one, and on the left of another, above the wrist, and then lacing it tightly. Other boys are tied together, by two and two, with leather strings. Boys under the above-men-

* London: Hamilton and Adams. 1 vol. 1841.

tioned ages, as well as girls, women, and aged persons, are allowed to walk at liberty. Many a mother carries her sucking babe, of a few days old, in her arms; others have to carry on their backs, or in their arms, two or three of their children, as they are too young and feeble to walk by themselves. Old people, tottering with their staves, the sick and wounded, walk, surrounded by their daughters, wives, or relations, and are assisted and even carried occasionally by them. If one of these unfortunate persons remains behind the line but one step, he is immediately forced to proceed by blows from the butt-ends of the guns, or by stripes of the whip; and if they even then should not be able to move on, from ten to twelve of them are tied with their hands to a cord, one end of which is fastened to the pommel of a camel, and the dying thus dragged along. No pity is shown to those who sink down; they are not released, but dragged along with the rest, even if one should die before they arrive at the appointed halting-place. Before the caravan halts, no refreshment, either of food or drink, is given to the debilitated negroes; the unfeeling Turks have no compassion—even if a drop of water should be sufficient to refresh the feeble, it is not given to him, but he is left to perish."

Enough of this dreadful picture! Let us hope that European, or at least British public opinion, will in some way be brought to bear upon the smooth-tongued monster who is at the bottom of all these atrocities.

LETTERS FROM A LADY IN LONDON TO HER NIECE IN THE COUNTRY.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.

My dear Jane,—I arrived in London a few days ago, after a long and amusing tour with your uncle on the Continent; and having much to do in a very limited time, before coming home to Scotland, it was only yesterday that I could begin to look about me, or visit any of the interesting sights in this wonderfully large town. By the kindness of Mr ——, I was conducted to several public buildings in the early part of the day; but none of these afforded me so much pleasure as an exhibition to which I was taken in the evening—I mean the very curious wax-work at the Bazaar in Baker Street, the proprietor of which is Madame Tussaud.

Madame Tussaud, you must understand, is an elderly French lady, who, in the early part of her life, figured in the higher circles of Paris at the time of the Revolution. She was the niece and adopted daughter of M. Curtius, a Swiss medical gentleman, who was famous for his skill in modelling figures in wax; so much so, that the royal family of France invited him to Paris, where he was greatly patronised. His young niece becoming a proficient in wax-modelling under his kind directions, she also attained eminence in the art, and was employed at the royal palace to teach it to the Princess Elizabeth—a lady of amiable manners, who, with thousands of other persons equally worthy and unfortunate, perished during the revolutionary disorders. Under such respectable auspices, Madame Tussaud gained an entrance into the best society, and became personally acquainted with almost all the distinguished men of the day. When the revolution broke out, she was among the few connected with the aristocracy who were spared, and this she owed to her skill as an *artiste:* you see how much good may sometimes come of learning a useful art, which may either *embellish* life in prosperity or *support* it in the day of hard adversity. Well, Madame Tussaud was spared from the guillotine, because she was required by the revolutionary leaders to immortalise them by her craft. She made figures in wax of Robespierre, Marat, Danton, and a great many other worthies, dressing them, of course, in the new fashion of the period, called the costume of the *sans culottes.* She was also on many occasions employed to take models of heads which had been severed on the scaffold; the leaders of the terrorists, as they were called, not interfering to prevent her performing this melancholy task. By these and other means, Madame Tussaud was enabled to form a large and valuable collection of models of the most remarkable individuals in France—royalists, revolutionists, generals, men of science and literature, and also ladies of distinction. With this collection she afterwards came to England, where she was permitted by many distinguished personages to take models of them in wax; and here at last we find her, now advanced in years, exhibiting her unrivalled collection in one of the fashionable streets in the west end of London.

The exhibition is open during the day; but we had heard that the effect was much finer at night, and preferred seeing it under its best aspect. Externally there is nothing to indicate the singular scene which is going on within; and, on entering, you find yourself in an elegant, well-lighted lobby, surrounded by statues. A double staircase—that is, a flight of stairs leading from each side of the lobby—unites on a landing at the top, from which, by a door pannelled with mirrors, you gain entrance to a beautiful outer apartment, tastefully laid out with ornaments of various kinds—mirrors, vases, &c. The walls, doors, &c., being of white decorated with gold, have a lightness and elegance, the effect of which is very pleasing. At one side of the door, on entering, before a small table, sits the venerable proprietor, neatly dressed in black, bowing to the company as they come in or out. Here the money is taken; and you advance through a passage, tastefully decorated with white and gold, to the principal room. But here, my dear Jane, I regret my utter inability to convey to you, as distinctly as I could wish, the extraordinary appearance of things on entering. Imagine a room about a hundred feet long (perhaps more), and lofty in proportion, the walls hung with scarlet cloth, which, before reaching the ceiling, is terminated by a ledge running round the whole room; on this ledge are placed, at regular intervals, elegant vases, gilt, with a thick garland of gilt flowers festooned from vase to vase. Over the doorway is a gallery splendidly gilt, filled with musicians who play on various instruments. All the pillars and doors are of white and gilt, which lightens the effect produced by the scarlet walls. The whole place is brilliantly illuminated with gas, issuing from numerous lustres depending from the roof. With all this grandeur, take into account the crowd of figures, animate and inanimate, with which the apartment was filled—some in groups, some standing as if in doubt whether the objects before them were of flesh and blood, or merely artificial; every countenance impressed with the feeling of gratified wonder, and looking as if under the influence of a dream.

The first figure, on the right-hand side of the door, represents the inventor of the Infernal Machine, Fieschi—the person, you know, who attempted to destroy the King of the French; and as the head and eyes move in a manner perfectly natural, you are at first startled at being brought so immediately in contact with a person of character so infamous, and who appears to be in the act of discharging his terrific instrument of death, consisting of twenty-five gun-barrels, loaded with several inches of gunpowder, besides ball and slugs; but as there are so many pleasing and attractive objects courting the attention at every step, I shall not linger beside one which is only calculated to awaken feelings of horror. Near to this first figure, forming a delightful contrast to the French assassin, is the modelled figure of an infant asleep, a beautiful emblem of innocence and simplicity. It is told of this infant, that, in the year 1796, the Seine overflowed its banks, when the child was washed away in its cradle, but was rescued by some person who saw it floating down the stream. Bonaparte, having heard of the circumstance, had the child, who was a boy, taken care of till he was a proper age, when he had him placed at the Polytechnic School in Paris, and ultimately provided for him in the army. Again, in contradistinction to this, stands the figure of Edward Oxford, who lately gained an undesirable notoriety in consequence of his insane attempt to shoot the Queen, as she was driving in the Park. There is not anything particular in his appearance. He looks like a genteelish young man, who would not attract any attention but for his crime. The next group, which is to be regarded with a much greater degree of interest, represents Louis XVI. of France, his unfortunate queen, Marie Antoinette, and the dauphin. One is led to imagine that these must be true likenesses of the originals, from the circumstance of their having been exhibited at *La Petit Trianon* at Versailles, where they must have been visited by many who could judge of the correctness of the resemblances. They were taken from life in 1790. They are dressed in the costume of the period, and are represented as sitting on a sofa, or chair of state, the dauphin standing beside them. His figure or face must have been taken subsequent to 1790, as he was not born till 1785, and here looks at least eight or ten years of age.

Near this group, on the same side of the room, are Louis Philippe, and the present Emperor of Russia. The King of the French, who is dressed in the uniform of the National Guards, is a decided likeness. This figure and that of the Emperor of Russia were taken from life. Again, amongst the crowned heads may be noticed Henry IV. of France, in a suit of chevalier armour, and Charles II. of England, also wearing a suit of magnificent armour. On the right-hand side, the attention is arrested by the majestic figure of Mrs Siddons, in the dress and attitude of Queen Catherine, in the play of *Henry VIII.*; and near her is her celebrated brother, John Kemble, in the character of Hamlet. The faces of both are fine, and singularly expressive—such countenances as one looks for in vain in the every-day world. At a little distance, in a sitting attitude, is Shakspeare, but for whom, it is possible, the talents of the last-mentioned personages might not have been brought so conspicuously forward.

On this side of the room, in the centre, we are gratified with a representation of the marriage group of the Queen: Prince Albert is in the act of holding the ring, preparatory to placing it on the finger of her Majesty, while the Archbishop of Canterbury is performing his part of the ceremony with a look of great solemnity. The Queen is dressed in white satin, with a beautiful lace robe over it, and a train bordered with orange flowers. A wreath of the orange blossom encircles her head, from the back of which a white lace veil is arranged with great elegance. Across the breast her Majesty wears the order of the Garter. Prince Albert is dressed in a field-marshal's uniform—scarlet coat, &c., with the order of the Garter round his leg, over stockings of white silk.

On this side, also, there is Lord Byron, as if conversing with Sir Walter Scott, whose likeness was taken by Madame Tussaud, while in Edinburgh in 1828. There is a substantial respectability in Sir Walter's appearance, which, on a first glance, almost leads one to suppose that he is out of place, the scene around being one of intense brilliancy and glitter. He is dressed in a plain suit of black. Lord Byron's, I should suppose, is not what might be considered a fine likeness. The face is not so expressive or intellectual in its character as one is led to expect, in seeing a representation of this distinguished poet. His dress is partly concealed by a cloak thrown over his shoulders. The face is modelled from a bust of Lord Byron executed in Italy while he resided there. Another group, comprising the King of Hanover, Lord Brougham, Sir Francis Burdett, and Daniel O'Connell, occupies a position on this side of the room; as also the Earl of Leicester, a fine venerable-looking personage, Earl Spencer, and Lord Durham. At the upper end of the room is a fine commanding figure of the King of the Belgians, taken from life in 1817; and at a little distance apart is Queen Caroline, in a court dress of black velvet, and a hat with white feathers. This brings us to the upper end of the room, where a still more gorgeous scene opens up, showing a spacious recess or anteroom, the whole of which is seen at one glance, magnificently fitted up. The walls are hung, in the richest manner, with crimson silk velvet, and the floor laid with crimson; the whole got up in the most tasteful and superb style.

The sole occupant of this grand apartment is his late Majesty George IV., in his coronation robes. The figure is said to have been modelled from life; the attitude is at once easy and commanding. The king is decorated with the order of the Bath, the order of the Garter, and the Guelphic order. The principal robe, which is the identical one worn at the procession to Westminster Abbey on the day of the coronation, measures seven yards in length, by three in width; is of crimson velvet, splendidly embroidered with gold; and, with the parliamentary robe, and the imperial robe, which is of purple velvet, both of which are also exhibited, contains 567 feet of velvet and embroidery, and cost, along with the ermine lining, eighteen thousand pounds! The throne is also introduced on which the king received the allied monarchs. The crown, orb, and sceptre, which are arranged on a table, are correct copies of those used at the coronation. The jewels, of course, are imitation, but so dazzlingly brilliant, that it would take a good judge to discover the deception. After looking on this, and turning to the comparatively humble figure of Queen Caroline, the effect is painful. She is, as it were, standing a spectator of that splendour in which she was not allowed to participate. Beyond this opening, on the other side, is the Princess Charlotte, in a velvet dress, taken from a bust for which her royal highness sat on the day of her marriage. Near to this is the late Duke of York, in the robes of the order of the Garter, said to have been taken from life.

A fantastically dressed figure of Baron Swedenborg next attracts the attention. The costume is that of a senator of Sweden. This individual, you perhaps have heard, was the founder of a small religious sect of extraordinary opinions. The next objects of consequence are his late Majesty William IV., in an admiral's uniform, remarkably well executed; and Queen Adelaide, in a court dress of dark silk velvet, her countenance more distinguished for gentleness and mildness of expression than queenly dignity.

A little farther on is another of the royal brothers, the late Duke of Kent, in the robes and orders of the Bath and Garter; but the most conspicuous group on this side of the room exhibits a cluster of six persons, arranged with good effect. The centre figure represents Mary Queen of Scots, in a sitting attitude, enduring the withering and bitter rebukes of her censor, John Knox, who is backed by John Calvin and Martin Luther, in their black gowns and bands, with black caps. The introduction of these two latter gentlemen is not in accordance with historical facts, but they add to the effect *pictorially.* On the other side of Mary are figures of Queen Elizabeth and her father, Henry VIII. Henry, I must observe, is not in the least like the bluff Harry with whose face every one is familiar—it is the only failure in the room. The dress is quite correct, but the resemblance is not in the least like the portraits of Henry VIII. Queen Elizabeth does not appear to advantage by the side of her beautiful victim, Mary; her dress, however, is very good. Mary is dressed in a robe of black velvet, with a profusion of splendid old white lace—her look expresses patient submission.

On this side of the room there is a figure of Voltaire, as if addressing an old coquette, in the dress of the period—high-heeled shoes, powdered wig, ruffles, and buckram. A little farther on is a group of eminent personages, the most striking of whom is Mohammed Ali, in a Turkish costume, and which includes Lord Palmerston; Commodore Napier, in the uniform of an admiral; Joseph Hume, MP., Lord John Russell, and Sir Robert Peel, the three last-named gentlemen said to have been taken from life. Here we have Paganini playing on his violin, and near him a fine figure of the late Princess Augusta, in a splendid court dress of velvet and white satin, with a fine set of brilliants. Nearer to the door is an interesting figure of Madame Malibran, in a black velvet dress and black lace scarf; and underneath the pedestal on which she is placed, there is a humorous figure of Mr Liston, in the character of Paul Pry, with his everlasting umbrella under his arm; and beside him, sitting at a desk as if writing, with the pen in his hand, is Frost, the Chartist leader. It was some time before I discovered that this was

not a real person—I thought him a check-taker, or some official connected with the establishment.

I must now turn your attention to the middle of the spacious room. We have been all this time pushing our way along the sides; the crowd has become more dense, and it is only by manœuvring that we can make our way along. The centre is occupied by two distinct groups, both of them interesting in no small degree. The first represents the most celebrated characters of the late war, with the members of the Holy Alliance. Opposite, on a raised platform, is a pedestal, surmounted by an eagle, the favourite emblem of Napoleon, who is standing at a little distance pointing towards it. Behind him stands Marshal Ney. On the floor, by the side of Napoleon, are the Duke of Wellington, Lord Hill, and the Marquis of Anglesea. At the foot of the pedestal is seated the Emperor of Austria, in the white coat and uniform of the Austrian guards. His face is singularly mild and benevolent in its expression. Behind the emperor are the King of Prussia and Marshal Blucher. The Emperor of Russia, in the uniform of the Russian guards, occupies a conspicuous place, and is understood to be offering, on behalf of the allied monarchs, the kingdom of France to Napoleon. Next to the pedestal, behind, is Murat, King of Naples; and between him and Ney is Roustan, a favourite Mameluke, in an Egyptian costume, who is said to have saved Napoleon's life while in Egypt.

On the floor, on this side, is Prince Talleyrand, as if conversing with Bernadotte, King of Sweden; and next to him is Lord Nelson, in an admiral's uniform, from a cast taken from his face. Napoleon is dressed in the uniform of a chasseur of the Guard—a white kind of surtout-coat, with long boots—and bears the star of the Legion of Honour. His face is said to have been taken from life in 1815. This is a striking group altogether; bringing before you, as if living and breathing, those celebrated men with whose names every one is more or less acquainted. I know, my dear Jane, that your love of history will have enabled you, long ere this, to become familiar with not only their names, but with the parts which they played in the great transactions of their time.

Between this and the next group stands a figure of Madame Tussaud herself, dressed in a neat black silk cloak and bonnet. This is a capital deception. You would not for a moment suppose the figure to be artificial, did you not, perhaps, in the crowd, come up against it rather rudely, and having turned to apologise, you see that the eye is fixed as if looking upon a female who appears reclining on a couch asleep. There is a black lace veil thrown over the latter figure; and, to your amazement, you see the chest heaving, as if breathing gently in sleep. This is ingeniously contrived by springs, but looks so perfectly natural, that you can scarcely turn away. This sleeping beauty represents a young Frenchwoman, who was the widow of a lieutenant-colonel of the body-guard of Louis XVI., killed in defending the palace of the Tuilleries, in the attack of August 1792. This lady was so unfortunate as to incur the vengeance of Robespierre, was condemned by him to the guillotine, and perished at the age of twenty-two.

The second group exhibits the coronation of the Queen, who is seated on a throne in her crimson velvet robes. The crown has just been placed on her head by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is standing behind, as if imploring a blessing. The Queen is holding in her hand the orb and sceptre, the insignia of royalty. The archbishop is supported by the Archbishop of York on his right, and the Bishop of London on his left hand. Next the Queen, on the right, stands the Duke of Cambridge; then the Duchess of Kent, in a full coronation robe of velvet: next in order stands Lord Melbourne; next to his lordship is the Duke of Newcastle; and last, on this side, is Lord Lyndhurst, all robed as peers. At the other side of her Majesty is the Duke of Sussex, wearing the robes of a peer, and the collar of the Bath and star of St Andrew; next to him is Earl Grey; then the Duke of Sutherland, all of these being also in their robes; Earl Mulgrave comes next, followed by the Marquis of Londonderry, in the uniform of the 4th Hussars, wearing the order of the Guelph; and, lastly, the Duke of Devonshire, in a court dress, wearing the order of the Garter.

At the upper end, overlooking this scene, are three female figures, raised on pedestals, representing the three kingdoms, holding the appropriate emblems of the three countries—England, Ireland, and Scotland. They are dressed fancifully with helmets and white plumes.

There is one figure more, which I had almost forgotten, and he is not the least celebrated person in the room; this is Mr Cobbett, who is sitting on a form, as if admiring the scene around him. He is dressed in a plain grey suit, with his hat on. He wears spectacles, and holds a snuff-box in his hand, as if inviting his neighbours to partake. His head moves from side to side, and you might sit by him for an hour without discovering that he was not like yourself—a visiter. This, my dear Jane, closes my rambling account of Madame Tussaud's famed exhibition, which you must not allow yourself to associate in your mind with those tawdry and tinselled spectacles which are often to be seen in provincial towns; there is nothing paltry or mean, or got-up looking about it, but, on the contrary, every thing bears evidence of the excellent judgment and liberality of the indefatigable conductor, Madame Tussaud, who, I believe, changes the linen, laces, &c., every week or two, so that they are all beautifully clean and neat. Nor is there that stiffness or awkwardness in the figures that one might expect in things so purely artificial, the face and hands only being composed of wax, the rest of the person, I believe, is stuffed so as to resemble nature as closely as possible. Besides the apartments I have mentioned, there is a room which is shown separately, an extra charge being made for admission. This apartment is allotted to such personages as Burke, Robespierre, Courvoisier, &c.; but as the contemplation of these gentlemen could not be productive of any thing but horror, I thought it a pity to destroy the very pleasing impression which was left by the more interesting exhibition in the large saloon, and so I passed them over.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A MAP OF RACES.

Dr Kombst of Edinburgh has published a map of Europe, in which the locality of the various races is pointed out by means of colouring.* The idea is a good one, and the execution stamps the author as a man of ample knowledge and philosophical judgment. We could only wish that the colouring were executed with somewhat greater pains, and that the patches below, designed to serve for reference to the colours of the map, were on a larger scale, so as to ensure greater distinctness. The political history of European *countries* has long occupied a sufficient share of attention. It is now beginning to be discovered that a knowledge of the *race* to which the people of a particular country or district belong, is a much readier key to their character. We would therefore say, that a careful perusal of Dr Kombst's map, and the information condensed along its margins, would give more illumination than the reading of many volumes. It is instructive to see at a glance into what a narrow space (comprehending central Ireland, the north-west of Scotland, Wales, and Brittany) the Celtic aborigines of Europe have been pushed by the races of higher endowment and civilisation which came after them—and what comparatively large spaces are occupied by the Teutonic and Sclavonian tribes. Nor is it less so to observe the results of race characters in the institutions, civil and religious, of various countries.

Dr Kombst joins Dr M'Culloch and Dr Prichard in a theory which, we believe, has not as yet attracted much attention—namely, that the ancient Greeks were fundamentally a mixture of the Celtic and Teutonic branches of the Caucasian variety, the Teutones predominating in the Doric, and the Celts in the Ionian states. He believes the Heraclidæ to have been a later and additional body of Teutones thrown in upon the previously mixed inhabitants. He adduces, in support of this doctrine, various terms descriptive of persons which are only appropriate to the Teutones, as *xanthos*, fair-haired, applied by Homer to Menelaus; *glaukopis*, blue-eyed, applied to Minerva; *euknemides*, straight-legged, used by Homer with regard to the Achaians generally. Such terms, he says, could only exist in a country where the peculiarities they described were common, and where the opposite peculiarities were also prevalent, being in reality analogous to our names, Reid, Black, Brown, and the German Roth, Schwarz, Braun, &c. Not to speak of language, Dr Kombst points to resemblance of dispositions and manners, as shown in Ottfried Müller's work on the Dorians. Skulls found in ancient Greek tumuli exhibit a great resemblance to the skulls of the Germans. He adds—"An accurate study of Greek statuary, made in different capitals of Europe, especially at Paris, has given me the most evident proof that the sculptors themselves were aware of a difference of race amongst the Greeks, as far as exhibited by a different bodily appearance. We find there models of the Celtic and of the Teutonic variety; Hercules, for example, and Jupiter, are every inch of them Teutonic figures. Not to speak of what would probably be called ideal portraits, let us look at real ones, and we shall find that the most distinguished Greek philosophers, poets, orators, statesmen, had Teutonic heads." "I could likewise show that a great deal of Teutonic blood flowed in the veins of the Romans." After this, no one can be surprised to hear that "the Teutonic variety has every where conquered and trampled under foot, nay exterminated, the other varieties with which it met in its progress towards the west.

Amongst a number of general propositions, stated by the author, with regard to the varieties of mankind, we find the following:—"The different species and varieties have an instinctive consciousness of their natural physical difference, which may to a certain extent be overcome by a great degree of mental culture, but which in primitive conditions is expressed by a mutual aversion and disinclination for marriage. This peculiarity has often been denied by well-meaning but one-sided and abstract-thinking philanthropists; but the whole history of all ages shows it most distinctly to exist."

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS.

A knight of the whip, who seems to have a leaning to the temperance cause, addresses his brethren in a little pamphlet* respecting the customs of the Travellers' Room. He sets out by describing how, as an isolated class in the community, they "have made less progress in the melioration of their condition than perhaps any other, compared with the valuable opportunities they possess, and the sphere in which they move. How is this?" asks the knight of the whip; and, if the proposition be correct, we ask the same thing. The answer which casts up in the sequel is, that commercial travellers generally, though often disposed to enter on a course of improvement, are placed at a serious disadvantage, by being obliged to attend to certain usages with respect to their mode of living at inns. We shall allow the writer to explain his meaning by an extract from the works of Mr Dunlop. The travellers are met in the room appropriated to their use, and the solemn duty of dinner is in the act of performance.

"'When (proceeds Mr Dunlop, quoting from a previous writer on the subject) fish is leaving the table, the president inquires of the *vice* and the company what wine will be agreeable. The wines generally used in the commercial room are port and sherry. Sometimes other wines are introduced, but in such cases the party is a small and select one. The result of the president's inquiry is, usually, his desiring the waiter to bring in a bottle of sherry. This is placed on the right hand of the president, who takes wine with the vice, and afterwards with the other gentlemen at table. Should the party exceed eight in number, two bottles of sherry are ordered to come in both together. Pastry is paraded, succeeded by cheese, which is the signal for the president's ordering port wine. When the cloth is removed, clean glasses are placed before each person; and the president, filling his glass, passes the decanters to the gentleman on his left, who, after filling, pushes them to his neighbour, and so on, till they again arrive at the head of the table. When they have completed this tour, the president drinks 'The Ladies,' an act of gallantry which each gentleman immediately imitates. The bottles then describe the same circle as before, and then the health of the reigning sovereign is proposed. After these toasts, it depends upon the president whether each succeeding glass shall be consecrated by a toast or drunk in silence. If the former be the plan adopted, the vice-president is called upon by the president to give a toast, and after him every gentleman present, in succession. When the bill is called for, any person can rise and leave the table, *without any apology for his thus leaving; he has fulfilled his share in the proceedings, and can now quit the table sans reproche.* When you dine alone, you are expected to order a pint of wine. It is a usage of the room to order a glass of wine, or spirits and water, in the evening. The expenditure of one shilling in this way every night, is considered to be one of the claims of the innkeeper upon the frequenters of his commercial room, and the liquor is generally ordered, whether used or not.' It is not unusual, among some parties, to treat with drink those who give mercantile orders; and one informant has known of a traveller, who, having been supposed to have lost orders by not sufficient treating, was, in consequence, turned off by the house which employed him. The first time a traveller visits a particular town or county, he is fined in a bottle of wine to the company; and a certificate is given by the chairman that the fine has been paid. Not only are customers, in some cases, to be treated at or after giving orders, but also at settlement of accounts. In short, this class is as much fettered and enslaved by drinking usage as almost any among the working ranks; and it would evidently require an exertion of moral courage which few possess, to travel a large part of the year, and to controvert, single-handed, all the drinking usages of all the commercial rooms within the traveller's beat, or journey."

The knight of the whip of course arrives at the conclusion, that habits of intemperance are the ruin of commercial travellers. They spend much precious time worse than uselessly, injure their health, and empty their pockets; and all for what?—*the good of the house.* Such is the presumed and ostensible cause; but our knight thinks that the evil is also in no small measure owing to the inclinations of the travellers themselves. "Is a traveller cold with his outside ride?—he calls for a glass! Is he fatigued with carrying his bag from shop to shop?—he takes a glass! Are orders scarce, and his mind depressed?—he still calls for the other glass!! Is the dinner good?—then it ought to be enhanced by an extra glass!!!" The usages are therefore to be considered as chains not unwillingly borne. "Think," he adds, "of the personal example of these men; what attraction would it exhibit, and what good disseminate, were it uniformly marked by intelligence, sobriety, and the nobler virtues of human nature! In place of this, however, 'the road' is marked by puerile monotony, relieved only by eating and drinking, and the eternal, ever-present, ever-soothing idea—'I think I'll pull the bell, and have a glass of ——.'"

Our Knight endeavours to impress his brethren with the idea that they would do themselves much good and no small honour, by reforming the habits of the travellers' room, pulling the bell less frequently for their own gratifications, avoiding on all possible occasions to give treats, and organising such regula-

* Ethnographic Map of Europe. By Dr Gustaf Kombst, F.R.N.S.C., &c. Edinburgh: John Johnstone, and W. and A.K. Johnston.

* Our Commercial Travellers. By a Knight of the Whip. Glasgow: Gallie. 1841.

tions as to payment for food and lodging, as would "place the landlord on a right footing," not forgetting "a more seemly way of remunerating waiters." We possess no means of judging how far it would be possible to effect these reforms; but the subject is surely worthy of the attention of this numerous and respectable body of men. Certainly, there is no class of the community who have so much in their power in the way of improving the customs connected with inns and travelling.

SPENCER T. HALL, THE SHERWOOD FORESTER.

We are always glad to make our pages the vehicle of conveying to the world the history of merit and perseverance struggling against and overcoming the obstacles of fortune. What we most desire to see is the working-classes adopting for themselves—taking into the economy of their lives—a virtuous and patient endeavour to extract the greatest possible amount of good out of the toil and privation, more or less severe, which is the lot of their existence. We want to teach them that they can do infinitely more for themselves than any outward aid can accomplish for them. We want them to feel their responsibility to act with energy and forethought under their circumstances—to accustom them more and more to meet the hardships of life by virtuous and patient resolution—to bring them to think and reason correctly—and to induce them to cherish as patterns those of their own class whose lives attest the power of virtue and effort. "Diligent self-culture" is a phrase which must become a household word, and must be understood as practically as the commonest household duties.

About a twelvemonth since, a small neat volume, entitled "The Forester's Offering," came under our notice, purporting to be the production of Spencer T. Hall, a self-taught young man, pursuing the craft of an operative printer. Its contents are prose sketches of Sherwood Forest, of which its author is a native, and pieces in verse. The merits of the book would have claimed our attention, quite independently of the history of its composition; but author and volume taken together, we became considerably interested by it. The prose, which is divided into four chapters, relative to Sherwood Forest, its appearance and legends, is perhaps the least meritorious part of the production. Like most young authors, Mr Hall writes in too high-flown a style, and with too little regard to precision and brevity. We notice this circumstance, however, for Mr Hall's benefit. Should there be a subsequent edition of his volume, we recommend him to set out with telling where Sherwood Forest is—what is its extent and general character at the present day—is it all trees, or only patches of woodland intermingled with open fields—what roads are there through it—what are the occupations of its inhabitants—is the village of Edwinstone its capital, and what sort of a place is it—and so on, with various other interesting matters, which Mr Hall's knowledge of the district would easily enable him to give. Of his poetical efforts we can speak more favourably. From the poem "My Native Cottage," we copy these two stanzas. He is speaking of his mother.

"Oft, too, would'st thou describe my country's ports,
Crowded with gallant ships from every clime;
Her smiling palaces and frowning forts—
Whate'er of her was beauteous or sublime,
The fruit of modern taste or ancient time—
From domes remote that through old woodlands rise,
To cities crown'd with spires, that proudly climb,
And flash the sunlight back through summer skies—
Until my young soul swell'd with gladness and surprise.

And much I wish'd, as in my mind would grow
A sense of Britain's grandeur and her might,
That in her sons a warm desire might glow
To use their matchless power and skill aright,
And in the ways of love and truth delight.
For, oh! an early consciousness was mine,
That power misguided operates but to blight
All that is glorious, beautiful, benign—
And glooms a world with woe which else in bliss might shine."

We also very much admire the following verses, addressed to the sons of one of his friends on their return to school after vacation time:—

"Once more in vigour turn, dear boys,
To your scholastic duties;
From knowledge spring life's noblest joys,
Its comforts and its beauties.
Away, then, for the days of youth
Ye cannot spend more cheerly,
Or nobly, than in wooing truth,
Which, winning, prize most dearly.

For though youth's budding hopes may bloom,
In manhood but to vanish;
Time cannot learning's stores consume,
Nor care its pleasures banish.
Oh, no! its joys still round us glow,
When we through life have striven;
Since only blossoming below,
They ripen but in Heaven.

Then onward press with purpose true,
With ardour never-failing,
Since slighted chances late to rue
Is surely unavailing.
Your *means* of learning, strength, and skill,
And wit, I do not doubt them;
But having these, and not the *will*,
You'd better be without them.

Away, away! and ever may
Your tasks be light and pleasant,
As are your uncheck'd sports to-day,
While with your parents present.
And when ye to their arms return,
Fresh flowers of promise bringing,
No weed of vice be theirs to mourn
Among your virtues springing.

Oh! ever love them, and obey;
For as through life ye wander,
Most true you'll find this lowly lay,
Which oft and deeply ponder:
Hard hearts and false we meet and rue,
That rightly ne'er regard us;
But parents still are kind and true,
Though all beside discard us.

Farewell, then, for the days of youth,
Ye cannot spend more cheerly,
Or nobly, than in wooing truth,
Which, winning, oh prize dearly!
For learning's joys will round you glow,
When ye through life have striven;
Since only blossoming below,
They ripen but in Heaven."

Mr Hall's book has obtained for him great popularity in his native district of Sherwood. In a Sheffield newspaper now before us, we find a report of a meeting of the inhabitants of the Forest (Nov. 3, 1841), to the number of above a hundred, at the village of Edwinstone, to present to him a carved oak walking-stick; and as Mr Hall's speech, in returning thanks for the present, contains a history of his mind and fortunes, we shall conclude this notice by extracting the most material passages.

"It has been requested," said Mr Hall, "that on this occasion, for the encouragement of others in circumstances like my own, I should give a natural history of my mind, to the cultivation of which, under what the world generally calls *difficulties*, but which I only call *stimulants*, is to be attributed the gratifying position I now occupy among you. I was born on the 16th December 1812, and I am consequently near upon twenty-nine years of age. My mother is dead; but all the rest of the family, seven brothers and sisters, still live in or near my birthplace, which is a little thatched cottage, only one storey high, at Sutton in Ashfield, a small town three miles within the ancient western boundary of the Forest. One of the principal tributaries of the river Mann, that runs so beautifully through this village, passes by my father's door, and I have sometimes heard its murmurs when sitting on the hearth. The first deep poetical impression I recollect receiving, was when so young that my father was carrying me in his arms. It was from seeing the gardens all covered with white, and, in a breezeless morning, the snow falling slowly and solemnly, flake by flake, from a calm dim sky upon them. This was the early awakening of my mind to the sublimity of simple and common nature, which, because it is simple and common, we so little perceive and enjoy. I once received another impression akin to this, but from different causes. It was one bright February morning, when I was seven or eight years old; it was in a lane at Fulwood, about a mile from Sutton. The whole landscape was sparkling with gems of frozen dew—not hoar-frost, but that bright powdery scattering which is next akin to it. A little cluster of rustic cottages were sending up their smoke-wreaths just by, and a green holly-bush, the only green object to be seen, was sweetly glowing at a bend of the lane beyond them, making me feel, as if by stepping as far, I should be all that nearer to the coming spring. Well, it is a very wide landscape that spreads away from that spot, cut into diamonds by hedgerows, and dotted with cottages, farms, churches, villages, corn-stalks, windmills, villas, and all the other indications of quiet rural life, up to where the North Peak of Derbyshire brings its blue hills in a semicircle, and hems in the prospect. All this, in the sunshine, was very delicious; and quietly pondering over it, the love of rural beauty bewitched my heart, almost like the sweet and silent joy of the love of a young maiden. Such, with me, was the beginning of poetry.

I will now tell you the way in which I learnt to read. My father being a shoemaker, and having several tiers of last-rails in his workshop, got the alphabet printed in large and small characters, and had it pasted at intervals along the rails. As soon as I could begin to scramble about, I tried to walk by holding on these rails; the letters caught my eye; and so I learnt to read and walk together—thanks to the ingenuity of my father. I am free to attribute all my learning to this source; for though I never went to a charity school in my life, my whole education, books included, never cost so much as a pound. I began to work at seven years of age, being employed from that to eleven at winding cotton for the stocking-makers, and nursing a poor brother who could not help himself, and whom I partially cured by wandering out with him into the fields, where the fresh air strengthened him, whilst the scenery gladdened me. At eleven, I began to weave stockings myself; and to show you the sort of life we now led, take one illustrative anecdote, of which I could give a hundred. In addition to our cottage garden, we had then a one-acre field, which we used to plant alternately with potatoes and barley. One spring day, when I and my brothers had been getting on faster than usual in the stocking-frame, my mother came to us, and said, "Good lads, go on; and if you get your work done soon, you shall go with your father to roll the barley after drinking" (meaning tea-time). So away we went, and harnessed ourselves by shifts to a large stone roller, two at a time, our father taking his turn with the weakest of us; and so, after a good day's work in the stocking-frame, we *amused* ourselves at night by rolling the barley field.

At this time I had, through the kindness of a pawnbroker, the privilege of reading such books as had been pledged with him and not redeemed, of which I make this public acknowledgment with thankfulness. I had also access to the library of the national schoolmaster, Mr James Jennings, a highly respectable and kind man, who is now dead. I mention his name with gratitude and reverence. My leisure hours were often spent at a candlemaker's melting-house, where a merry and intelligent exciseman, of the name of Helston, who had seen something of life through his residence in various parts of the country, gave me a good deal of information. Mr Barrott, the chandler, was an affable and well-informed man, and was fond of conversing with me. He lent me the Life and Works of Dr Franklin, the reading of which gave my mind a new impulse, and determined me on running away, with a view to returning at some future time as a printer. The burning, the languishing, and occasionally the maddening sense of my rustic enthralment, at length broke bounds. [He proceeds to say, that when sixteen years of age, upon a cold evening in January 1829, with one shirt, one pair of stockings, a volume of voyages and travels, which he had purchased in sixpenny numbers, together with a few numbers of the "Dictionary of Arts and Sciences," all tied together in a bundle, and dressed in the plain and rustic fashion of a country Quaker, with only thirteenpence half-penny of cash in his pocket, he privately left the paternal mansion, determined at all hazards to push his way in some new field of industry.]

I will not tell you of all the hardships, and insults, and kindnesses, I met with; it would detain you too long. Three nights I lay without sleeping; the first in a damp bed in an inn at Nottingham; the second on the floor of a cold workshop in Loughborough, where I heard the watchman's half-hourly cry throughout the whole night, and found at day dawn that the snow had drifted under the door to the very sack I lay upon; the third night again at Nottingham, in the house of a poor but hospitable friend, where, though the bed was soft and dry, I could scarcely get a wink of sleep for intense thinking. The adventures of the next five weeks would fill a great book if written. At the end of that time, I called one day at the *Mercury* office in Nottingham. Mr Shaw, then one of its proprietors, had previously given a complimentary call on my father, and had seen me working in the stocking-frame, when I explained to him with great earnestness its mechanism and history, with which he seemed pleased. I now thought he would in turn show me how printing was performed. On entering the office, the workmen were highly amused with my rustic appearance. But rustic as I was, I had read Dr Franklin, and made myself master of many of the technicalities of the business, and Mr Shaw was surprised at the facility with which I used them. Determined not to return home, and having nobody to depend upon but myself, I called at the office again to ask if they could tell me of any situation that had been advertised. Mr Shaw told me they could not, but said if I would walk with him towards his house, he would have some talk with me. He said, he was sorry I was not younger, as there was a vacancy in the *Mercury* office for a lad, which in some respects might suit me. I asked why age should be an obstacle; he replied, it was not my age, but my size and the stiffness of my fingers from rustic occupations, which would prevent me succeeding as a compositor. I believe at that moment my heart swelled considerably beyond its usual size, as I eagerly answered, that "application alone could soon remedy that." He said, he was afraid that it would not; and I left him embarrassed with conflicting emotions. Next morning, however, he sent for me, and made proposals—that I should serve him for seven years, beginning with the lowest situation in the office; that I must be an out-door apprentice, and have four shillings a-week for the first year, five shillings a-week for the second, and so on to the end. He also said, that though that should be the stipulation, if I merited it, something better might be done in time. The engagement seemed hazardous; but I was anxious and hopeful, and accepted it. Shaw's advice on the occasion was very shrew and sound; he said, to make it tolerable, I must consider myself two years younger to begin with.

For one year I made four shillings a-week find me in food at Nottingham, with an occasional cake or lump of bacon from my mother at Sutton, and my father paid my lodgings and washing. At the end of the first year, my master was so well satisfied with me, that instead of giving me five shillings a-week, he said he would let me eat and sleep in his house. I accepted his offer, and had no cause to repent it. If all I earned had been for myself, I could not by any possibility have worked harder than I did. After I had been with him a few years, it was stipulated, that all I earned above four and twenty shillings a-week, independently of proving the columns, and helping to work off the second edition of the paper, should be my own for clothes and pocket-money. At this time, too, Mrs Shaw, who was a very kind woman, undertook that my washing and mending should be done in her house. I was well fed, and my extra work sometimes amounted to half-a-crown a-week. But working once, and often twice, a-week almost all night, soon seriously injured my health; and I lost half my eyesight, and one-third of the power of my lungs, at Not-

tingham. Yet still, God be thanked, I had many joys and comforts. Rural life and scenery never lost their charm, and on the banks of the Trent, or on Mapperley Hills, in reading, or in the society of good and intelligent men, my spare hours were seasons of pleasure and gratitude. At seventeen, I one day by accident picked up Bloomfield's "Farmer's Boy." On reading its very invocation, a new fire was kindled in my heart—the fire of poetry—the power of expressing my thoughts and feelings. The spirit which had struggled to express itself in painting rough sketches found vent; I shed tears of gratitude, and hastened to put in practice my new faculty, by attempting some lines descriptive of Clifton Grove, the beloved haunt of Henry Kirke White. From that time, I found the society of more important people. The Howitts were then all living at Nottingham, and honoured me with their notice and friendship.

When I was twenty-one, Mr Shaw suddenly lost his sight, and soon after his interest in the paper. I engaged to complete my term of service with Mr Bennett, the new publisher. Under my new engagement I had ten shillings a-week for the first year, and twelve for the second; but bad health often prevented me from working, when, of course, I got little or nothing. When my apprenticeship was ended, my master expressed himself so well satisfied with my conduct, that he offered, if I could raise a printing-office at my native place, to supply me on credit with materials for commencing business. Several kind and generous friends who knew me advanced the necessary capital, and little more than seven years from running away, I drove past my native cottage with a new printing-press and with a loved and loving wife." Owing to various causes, Mr Hall relinquished his printing business at Sutton, and became foreman in the office of Messrs Hargrove at York, the publishers of the *York Herald* and *York Courant*. He soon after published the volume we have noticed above.

He concluded his narrative thus:—"With regard to my future efforts, though uncertain in their course, their result must be good in the end, because I have laid down two unerring principles. The first is taught me by the great lesson of *circumstances*, which are the language of God; it is, that every act, and every word, dishonest or insincere, must inevitably defeat its own intent; and the other is that beautiful sentiment of John Galt, "That whenever we do a good action to another, it is the benevolence of heaven directing us to achieve some good for ourselves."

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

AN IRISH STORY.

It was about the close of the year 18—, when, in consequence of the apparent tranquillity which prevailed in Europe, the allied sovereigns had determined upon recalling the army of occupation from France, although the time stipulated for its remaining in that country had not yet expired. Many of our soldiers were returning to the respective places of their birth—some to spend among their friends the short period afforded by leave of absence, and others, who had obtained discharges, to pass the remainder of their days in peace. Anticipated joy cheered their homeward way; but, alas! in many instances, they were doomed to bitter disappointment: numbers returned only to find the grave closed over their dearest kindred—a parent, a wife, or a child. More than one veteran had passed scathless through the battle-field, to stand a stranger in the place of his nativity. All that he had once loved had ceased to live, and the only desire which remained to him was to be with them and at rest. Others, however, were less unfortunate; and many joyous greetings took place of husbands long parted from their wives, and of fathers, for the first time, perhaps, permitted to embrace their children, or to behold a grown-up lad or blooming girl where he had left but a baby at its mother's breast.

It was about the period of these events, when, on the afternoon of a fine autumnal day, two Irishmen of the lower order were in the act of separating for their homes. Just at the moment their attention was attracted by a stranger who was approaching; his air and appearance were at that period most likely to excite observation—his dress plain, but evidently new; a small bundle, suspended from a stick, hung over one shoulder; while his bold upright carriage and manly step indicated the practised soldier: a good judge would have pronounced him about thirty years of age.

"There," said one of the persons above alluded to, "goes a fine cliver fellow, Paddy. I'll engage it's returnin' from the wars he is, now that Bony's down. The sodgers 'll be gettin' lave to see their friends, you know, and it's well for them as has such smart chaps as that to boast of."

"He's a nice clane boy indeed, Mikey," replied the other, "and looks as if he hadn't been abroad for nothing; though it's not much, I'm thinkin', a sodger can save."

"That's the truth, Paddy; but, poor or rich, he'll be a welcome sight to them he's goin' to. It's not many the likes of him the bullets spared. Many a fine fellow lies cowld and stiff beyant the wather there: but he's just goin' your road, so he'll be company for you, and tell you all the news beside."

The subject of these remarks had just left the high road where the friends were conversing, and now continued his course in the same direction which Paddy was about to take; the suggestion of his companion was not lost on this person, the natural curiosity of whose disposition was also roused.

"Troth," he rejoined, "I believe I'll take your hint; it's a long road, you know—so, good-night."

Here the two parted; but to the latter we are now to request the reader's attention. Having overtaken the stranger, he accosted him with the usual salutation, and observed, that if he wished to hear of a resting-place for the night, he would be glad to serve him.

The stranger, though apparently little inclined for conversation, replied, that he had few relations alive, but wished to reach the house of a comrade's mother, which, as he had been informed, was in this neighbourhood, and where he had no doubt of obtaining lodgings.

"What's the name of the place?" asked the other; "maybe I could put you in a short road."

"——," returned the soldier; "and, if I was told right, it can't be very far off now."

"That's thrue enough," replied Paddy; "but it must be a long time since your friend left these parts, for nobody has lived there for many years back, since Peggy Marks was forced to lave it."

"That's his mother's name," rejoined the stranger, in a more hurried tone; "do you know any thing of her?"

"Sorra much of late," he replied; "but I was thinkin' it must be the same, for a son of hers, by a first marriage, listed ten years ago; a fine fellow he was, too; but we heard tell he was kilt in the wars."

"No such thing," said the soldier; "he's alive and well, and will soon get leave to come down and see his friends."

"Why, then, it's myself that's glad to hear that same," remarked Paddy. "I only hope thim that are his flesh and blood may say as much."

"Do you doubt it?" interrupted the other, earnestly.

"There's no answerin' for thim that's hardened in sin," he replied; "it wasn't long after her first husband died that Peg tuck to drink: she married a pedlar fellow that used to be rovin' about the country, gettin' a livin' nobody knew how; for though he carried a pack, sorra mortal ever saw him sell any thing. Poor Bill was quite a child then, and, you may be sure, hadn't an aisy life of it; he got the worst of usage—scouldin's and beatin's. But all didn't change his forgivin' heart; and when he grew up, he laboured hard for thim that never thanked him or said well he did. If it wasn't for him, I don't know what they'd have done, for you may be sure it wasn't much the pedlar worked. But such a state of things couldn't last; they druv the poor boy out in the end, on the wide world, to seek a shelter where he might. He came to me then, for a reason he had. He used to be lookin' at a little girl, you see, that was stoppin' with me at the time—a wife's sister's daughter. There was a recruitin' party in the country at the time, and, to make a long story short, he listed. It's myself that'll never forget the day he was marched away, with the red, and blue, and white ribbons in his hat, and the merry music playin' to keep up the crathurs' spirits. He needed something to cheer him, for his heart was aching, and the grief was heavy upon him. It was a sorrowful day to us all, and the tears were nearer to my own eyes then than now. But where's the use in talkin'?—he went away, and we never heard more about him. As for the mother, she and her husband went to the bad intirely, and at last were turned out of the farm; they went thin and lived in a bit of a place on the moor; but misfortune wasn't long in followin' them. The pedlar was taken up for a murder, and hanged; Peg herself, as the neighbours thought, didn't get out of the business with clean hands; but be that as it may, she escaped the law, and is now livin' on the moor, with the misformed crathur she had by the pedlar."

"I hope she behaves kinder to it than she did to her first son," remarked the soldier; "but what's become of the young woman you mentioned a while ago?"

"That's my niece, Mary Casey," returned the other; "she has been the constant crathur to poor Bill ever since—not that she mightn't have been married over and over again, for she had more than one offer that a girl might be glad to close on."

The soldier grasped the speaker's hand; what he said we shall not here relate; it is sufficient to say, that before they parted all reserve was over. Paddy, indeed, laboured hard to get him home with him that night, but in vain; he determined to seek the residence of Peg Marks; and so, having obtained directions how to proceed thither, exchanged a hearty good-night with his companion, and pursued the way alone.

His path lay along a rugged road, which must have been almost impassable in wet weather, while, under the most favourable circumstances, it was tedious and difficult. After threading its winding and uneven course for about a mile, our traveller at length arrived at the spot he sought; the cabin was easily recognised, for it was the only one in the place. On arriving at the door, he knocked once or twice without obtaining any answer, though he could plainly hear voices within: their exact expression, however, was not distinguishable; one thing alone could be inferred from the tone—whatever was being said did not proceed from satisfaction. This circumstance did not deter the visiter; he repeated his knocking much louder and with more effect. "Who's there?" uttered a hoarse and dissonant voice from within. "One that has travelled a long way, and is in want of a place to rest in for the night, and, besides, has a message for the good woman," was the reply.

"Eh! what's that? who's there?" asked another voice, hurriedly, as if excited by the words which had been spoken.

"One that would be glad of a word or two with Peggy Marks, and would ask a night's lodging, if convenient," was again the reply.

"What can you be wantin' wid me, good man? and who's thim that'd be sending a message to a poor disolate crathur? and, as to lodgings, is it to a poor widdy-woman you'd be comin', that hasn't as much as would buy a morsel of bread for herself and the poor orphan here?"

"I'd take nothing without paying for it," returned the soldier.

Here there was a low murmuring between the persons inside, which lasted for a few minutes, and was at length broken by one of them saying in a louder tone—"Open the door, Jemmy, aghra; let him come in, at any rate."

The command was instantly obeyed, and our traveller admitted. He stood for a moment or two gazing on the inmates of this miserable abode: the younger of the two, having closed the door carefully, resumed the seat which he had doubtless occupied previous to the interruption, at the side of the fire opposite to that at which the old woman was still sitting. The mother and son presented a picture which it was impossible to disregard, although the feelings excited by it must have been any thing but pleasing. There is, however, something in the sight of human degradation, which will often rivet our attention while it gives us pain: no doubt, it was under the influence of such a feeling that the stranger now stood mutely gazing on the two individuals before him. At the side opposite to the door, and crouched upon a low stool, close to the fire, sat the woman so often referred to; the dry furze which had been thrown upon the hearth, though at that moment sinking into embers, still continued to send forth a blaze, which shot a lurid glare around, and imparted to her countenance a most unnatural hue. That was a countenance, indeed, which required no additional circumstance to heighten its deformity—marked not only by the effects of dissipation, but distorted by the worst passions. Directly opposite the woman, as we have already observed, sat that singularly made creature—designated by our friend Paddy "a misformed thing"—with his dark grey eyes fixed with an *inquiring* gaze upon the person of the visiter. To convey an adequate idea of this *outré* being, is beyond the power of verbal description. His full height did not exceed four feet, of which the head formed a considerable part; this, without exceeding the limits of reality, we may say to have been equal in bulk to any two of an ordinary size. The room which they inhabited was truly fitted to be the abode of wretchedness: there was no light except what proceeded from the fire; this rendered horribly visible the living creatures near it, while it brought into shadowy outline the remoter objects of the place. These were in keeping with the poverty of the inmates. A few miserable articles of furniture, such as might barely accommodate them at meals, and a low settle-bed, comprised the whole. It should be observed that this was not the only room; for a partition, running from within about two yards of the door to the opposite wall, effected another, where the woman usually slept, the dwarf occupying the settle-bed just mentioned.

The soldier stood as if entranced, till roused by the voice of the old woman. "And what would ye be wantin' wid the widdy, honest man?"

He made an effort to reply, but so powerful was the effect of what passed before him, that he was for a time incapable of proceeding; and even when he did commence, there was a tremulous motion of the lips, and a faltering expression of the voice, that indicated an extreme degree of agitation. He succeeded, however, in explaining to her that he was the bearer of tidings from her son, who had lately returned from abroad with his regiment, and expected to see her shortly.

"Then it wasn't thrue he was kilt, after all, wasn't it?" she asked.

"No; he was wounded, and suffered very much," returned the soldier.

"Sure, bether couldn't happen him; neither *loock* nor grace ever attind thim that forgets the mother that bore them," observed the hag, in a somewhat louder voice.

"That's the thruth," interrupted the dwarf, who, having surveyed the stranger for a time, seemed to watch with some earnestness what was passing.

"It gave him great trouble that he ever enlisted," remarked the soldier; "but he never forgot his friends, and always intended returning after the war was over."

"But didn't he send any thing to his ould mother, barrin' the message?"

"Why, no, as he intended to be with her himself so soon," was the answer; "but if you're in want, I'll be willing to advance you a little for his sake."

"Eh! what?—did you say you'd give money, man?" she asked, with some earnestness; and again, after a short pause, during which she seemed to be busy with her own thoughts, hurriedly continued—

"But you were wantin' lodgings for the night, weren't you?—it's a poor place, you see, and hasn't much of accommidation."

"For that matter, a soldier isn't very choice at a pinch," he returned; "and it's not hard to please one that's tired with long travelling."

"But then you'd be likin' something to eat and *dhrink*, maybe; and what can the poor widdy and her orphan here spare?" she again observed.

"Indeed, you're right enough in that," he replied; "but if it could be got convenient, here's what'll get enough for all."

"Eh!" ejaculated the hag, with evident delight, as she stretched forth her hand to receive the soldier's money; and then turned to the dwarf: "Look here, Jemmy—look at the silver; it'll do your heart good;

sorra morsel of food has passed the poor crathur's lips today. Make haste, and go down to Mikey Brown's and buy somethin'; you'll know how to lay the money out."

The object of her instructions departed. We shall not follow him in the discharge of his commission. It is sufficient to say, that, after about an hour's absence, he returned amply provided, to the satisfaction of himself and mother. Nor is it necessary to tell how the interval of his absence was passed between the latter and her guest. On the reappearance of her son, however, she rose, and began to busy herself in preparing for the approaching meal. In the performance of this duty, she exhibited the full length of her person, which was considerably above the usual female standard, and presented a striking contrast to the diminutive proportions of her elfish-looking offspring. As she stood heaping fresh fuel on the blazing hearth, she might have suggested the idea of a witch engaged in some work of nocturnal incantation, while, to complete the illusion, the dwarf, like an attendant sprite, stood near, waiting with impatience the conclusion of her task. A candle was lighted, and all being at length arranged, the three partook of the repast. This having been finished, the spirits were produced, and the soldier urged to drink. He did so, but very moderately; and soon after, either from fatigue, or an unwillingness to join the intemperance which was evidently to follow, or perhaps from both causes, declared his intention of going to rest. He rose accordingly; the dwarf accompanied him into the other room, and having pointed to the bed, left him, a malicious grin heightening the deformity of the creature's countenance as he did so. The bed consisted merely of a little straw and a few miserable articles of covering. To one, however, who had been accustomed to lie in the open air, with nothing save the damp green grass of the battle-field for his pallet, this was not now a matter of any consideration. He threw himself down, dressed as he was, and tried to compose himself to rest. It was some time before he succeeded; melancholy thoughts possessed his mind. The voices of the wretched beings he had left were audible, though their expressions were not distinguishable—now louder, as if engaged in drunken altercation, and now sinking to a low and barely perceptible murmuring. More than an hour might have thus passed, when at length, worn out with fatigue, mental and bodily, he sunk into a profound sleep.

We may now return to the occupants of the adjoining room. The dwarf had drawn his stool close to that on which his mother sat; the cup was handed from one to the other; and each, in turn, plied the intoxicating draught, all the time maintaining a low conversation, which, it is almost superfluous to say, bore the most horrible import. At length the woman arose, and approached the door of the room in which the soldier lay, to listen if she heard any sounds that might indicate his being awake. All was still. Satisfied of this, she returned to the table, and taking the candle, proceeded to enter the apartment for the purpose of a closer examination. There was little occasion for fear; the object of her scrutiny lay in perfect unconsciousness of the work of treachery which was being plotted against him. There was, it is true, a heavy breathing, and now and then a convulsive sigh, that bespoke the presence of some troubled dream, and caused the hag to tremble. But no more—it passed, and he was again still. It was a moment not to be neglected: she moved stealthily away, and returning to the dwarf, beckoned him to rise.

But it is full time to make the reader acquainted with certain occurrences in another quarter. It will be remembered that Paddy, after parting with the soldier, had pursued his way home, where he arrived without any further incident. It was no small pleasure to him to hear from one of his younger children, who met him on the very threshold of the door, anxious to be the first to announce the news, that his niece Mary, who was expected on the following day from a situation which she had some time occupied, had already arrived—a pleasure which was considerably augmented by the approach of the girl herself, followed by the other members of the family, to meet him. "Throth, and it's yourself that's welcome, my colleen," cried the warm-hearted man, as he extended his broad arms to embrace her.

The girl so welcomed was in every way worthy of the kindness she experienced. In early life deprived of her parents, she had been taken by her uncle and aunt, and reared as their own child. As she grew up to womanhood, her form developed more than ordinary attractions, while her features displayed a regularity and beauty rarely to be equalled. It was not to be supposed that she should escape attentions from the youngsters of the neighbourhood; and, accordingly, at chapel or fair, she was the constant object of their rivalry. This she disregarded, for her affections had been early engaged; her young heart had been bestowed on one who well deserved the gift. William Molan, the son of Peg Marks by her former marriage, was the object of Mary's first and only love. In his many trials, she was a fond consoler—when harassed by the treatment of his unnatural mother, this excellent girl would cheer him with the hope of better days. And at last, when, driven from his paternal roof, and stung with shame for the infamy of his nearest kindred, he enlisted, her voice whispered the last words of comfort in his ear—she spoke of future happiness, and renewed her vows of constancy. Well and faithfully did she keep her word; for though the report of his death had long since arrived, she was still single, and hoping even against hope.

Mary and her friends were now, as may be supposed, happy in each other's society, the interchange of affectionate conversation passing from one to another. Paddy was evidently charged with a secret, the possession of which seemed to give him, in his own eyes at least, considerable importance. It was plain, however, that the subject, whatever it might be, could not long remain in his exclusive keeping; for, like many other persons burdened with a similar trust, he was determined not to allow the superiority which it gave him to be overlooked, and so kept constantly hovering round the forbidden topic, now slightly touching on it, and again checking the volubility which was near betraying him; until at last, all caution forsaking him, the whole broke forth beyond the power of recall.

"Aye, aye," he exclaimed, "there's the whole thruth for you, my colleen—you have it all now; Willie's alive and well, and will be here in the mornin'."

Sudden joy, like sudden sorrow, may be too powerful for the human frame; the extreme of either will produce a like result. Mary heard the announcement: it was too much—her heart throbbed wildly for a moment—her eyes lighted up, and then her vision became confused—she fainted for a few moments, but rallying under the sudden effort, she falteringly inquired—"And did he say nothing of"——

"Of yourself?" interrupted the uncle; "in troth, he did, my jewel; it's your own sweet self that's nearest to his heart; and if he had known you were here, I'll be bound he wouldn't have stopped where he did; he promised to be here in the mornin', for I tould him you'd be over from the castle thin."

Mary's strength now rapidly returned; and she asked eagerly, "But where did he go?"

"Why, you see," returned the other, "the fond heart is in him still; and he longed to see his ould mother, bad as she thrated him; he thought he wouldn't be known—and, in troth, it's not many 'd be able to tell the poor white-faced boy, that left here ten years ago, in the fine cliver fellow that's come home, with a cheek as brown as the hot sun could make it."

"And do you think she won't know him?" asked the girl, anxiously.

"Not she," he replied.

"Nor the other?" she again urged.

"The dwarf, you mane, I suppose?" said her uncle.

"Yes—yes," she exclaimed, in a more troubled tone; "wouldn't he know him?"

"It's thrue enough he might," replied Paddy. "What a fool I was not to think of it before! I'll set off at once," he observed, turning to Mary; "and rest aisy—you'll soon see him safe and well; it 'd be worth goin', late as it is, if it was only to say you were here."

"Oh, yes—yes!" urged Mary; "go, but not by yourself; you must take me with you—I couldn't stay behind."

Alarm completely overcame her bodily weakness; the purpose she had formed seemed to inspire her with strength for its execution. And though earnestly besought to remain, her resolution was unshaken—she could not be dissuaded. A horse and car, therefore, having been got ready, she and her uncle set off, accompanied by his eldest son, a stout lad of about seventeen years of age.

We shall leave them to pursue their way, while we precede them to the cabin of Peg Marks. But the scene which was there enacting by its vile inmates, under the influence of intoxication and the most malignant passions, cannot endure relation. Ere the friendly party arrived, the unfortunate wayfarer was no more. The terrible deed had just been completed, when a noise was heard outside; there was a sound of voices, and then a knocking at the door. The woman started in evident terror; she looked at the dwarf, and then again at the door. "Who can they be, Jemmy?" she asked—"at this time of night, too." He was silent; fear had completely overcome him, and the light fell from his hand. All was darkness: they could not long remain inactive; the knocking became louder, and the claim for admittance more urgent. "Go aisy to your bed, Jemmy," she whispered, "and let me answer them. Where's the candle?" He groped along the bedside, and, having found it, both crept to the outer room. The dwarf threw himself on the settle-bed, which we have already mentioned was that on which he usually slept, while his mother, approaching the door, exclaimed, in an angry tone—

"Who are ye? and what 'd ye be wantin' at such an hour as this?"

"Just a word or two with the soldier that's stoppin' here," answered a voice, which the reader will guess to be Paddy's.

"There's nobody here, honest man," she returned, "but the widdy woman and her poor orphan, that's lyin' sick there in his bed wid pure hunger."

"Oh, don't believe her, uncle!" exclaimed a female voice outside.

"That I won't," replied her good-natured uncle; and, putting his foot against the door, he drove the frail defence in with a loud crash.

The party entered. The old woman had retreated to the further part of the room—a gloomy light from the few burning embers that remained of the fire just rendering her form visible.

"And now," she exclaimed, "that you have got in, what betther are you?"

"Stir up the fire and make a blaze," said Paddy to his son, without attending to her question.

The boy proceeded to obey, and in doing so, found the candle which the dwarf had brought with him from the other room. This he hastened to light. He had scarcely done so, however, when a loud shriek from Mary called the attention of himself and his father. She was unable to utter a word, but stood pointing to the old woman. The cause of her terror was evident. The hag's hands and arms were profusely stained with blood; a large spot or two also marked her face. Cold horror thrilled to the very hearts of the beholders. "They've murdered him! they've murdered him!" at last cried Mary; and, with a strength inspired by the occasion, she rushed to the spot where the murderess stood—"Where is he? where is he?" she cried, in a frantic voice; "show me where you've put him—my own Willie?"

"Eh! who did you say?" asked the woman, earnestly.

"Willie Molan, your own son," answered Mary, in a wilder tone; "tell me where you've put him?"

The wretched mother heard not the latter part of the sentence; the name was enough. The full extent of her crime flashed horribly on her mind: she staggered a few paces back, and fell insensible to the ground.

We will not relate the sad scene that followed, when the body of the soldier was discovered. Poor Mary! that was the last night of earthly peace for her; she survived it, indeed, but the exertions she had made, and the shock she had received, were too much for a delicately constituted frame. She gradually sunk; and, within a year from that time, was at rest for ever. She lies buried by her lover's side, in the little churchyard of ——.

The old woman lay for some hours in a state of insensibility; when she recovered, the officers of justice had arrived. She raved, and horrible were the utterings of her raving; wherever her eyes turned, the vision of her murdered son seemed present. "There! there he is!" she would cry; "I see him now! Oh, spare me! spare me! Sure I didn't know it was himself." Then turning to the officers, she would ask, "Who are you? What 'd you be wantin' wid the widdy woman?" And then, changing her manner, she would cry imploringly, "Oh, take me to jail! *I* did it—*I* killed him; but let Jemmy go—the poor fatherless boy—won't you?" She had just repeated this request, when footsteps were heard approaching the door. She looked towards the spot; the sounds were nearer and nearer still; then two men entered, bearing between them something that resembled a human body. It was now daylight; the woman gazed intensely at their burden, and recognised the dwarf. "Let him go! let him go!" she exclaimed; "I did it! I did it!" Then rising, she approached the men with a beseeching air; but stopping suddenly, as she caught a closer view of the object which they bore, a wild and piercing cry broke from her, and she fell back again into the arms of one of the men who had been left in the cabin to guard her.

It will be necessary to explain, that, in the confusion which took place on the entrance of Paddy and his two companions, the dwarf had managed to escape. He hurried on through the fields, without any attention to the course he followed—fear, acting as a stimulus, drove him blindly forward. His lifeless body was found, by those sent in search of him, at the bottom of a deep gravel hole, into which it is supposed he fell in his flight.

The wretched mother was soon removed to the neighbouring town of ——, where, having been fully committed for the murder, she was shortly after tried and executed; not, however, without having made a full confession of all the circumstances of her crime.

MR SWAIN'S POEMS.

MR CHARLES SWAIN has republished his poems (Tilt and Bogue, London) in that form of typographical elegance and pictorial embellishment, of which Mr Rogers's "Italy" was, we believe, the first exemplar. Externally, of course, the volume is a most beautiful one; in matter, it has great attractions for all who can appreciate the breathings of the spirit of a gifted and amiable man—as the subjoined specimens will in part testify. The principal poem—entitled *The Mind*—though the topic is apt to appear too abstract for most readers, contains much fine poetry, all of which is harmonised by devout feeling. We observe the imprint of this volume to be that of a Manchester firm: if this be as it appears, we must say that the provincial has here come fully up to the finest productions of the metropolitan press.

BOYHOOD.

The dreams of early youth,
How beautiful are they—how full of joy!
When fancy looks like truth,
And life shows not a taint of sin's alloy:

When every heart appears
The temple of high thought and noble deed;
When our most bitter tears
Fall o'er some melancholy page we read.

The summer morn's fresh hours—
Her thousand woodland songs—her glorious hues
Oh! life's so full of flowers,
The difficulty *then* is where to choose!

The wonderful blue sky—
Its cloudy palaces—its gorgeous fanes;
The rainbow tints which lie
Like distant golden seas near purple plains;—

These never shine again,
As once they shone upon our raptured gaze;
The clouds which may remain
Paint *other visions* than in those sweet days!

In hours thus pure—sublime—
Dreams we would make realities: life seems
So changed in after-time,
That we would wish realities were dreams!

LOVE'S REMONSTRANCE.

What! for a word—an idle word!
And more in jest than earnest spoken?
Were I to note each breath I heard,
My heart would soon be changed—or broken!
'Tis not when words are *sweetest* said,
Love's living flower blooms there to meet us;
The flower of love may still be dead,
Although its fragrance seem to greet us!
Then weigh not thou a word so slight,
Nor keep thy gentle bosom grieving;
The tongue that finds things ever right,
Believe me, love, 's a tongue deceiving.

Oh, if my heart had sought thee less,
Mine eyes loved less to wander round thee,
That word of wounded tenderness—
That hasty word—had never found thee.
The *dew* that seeks the sun's fond gaze,
His golden lips in gladness beaming,
Meets death within his smiling rays—
His gilded fondness is but *seeming!*
Then weigh not thou a word so slight,
Nor keep thy gentle bosom grieving;
The tongue that finds things ever right,
Believe me, love, 's a tongue deceiving.

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CONSOLATIONS.

THE ills of life being so numerous and so besetting, it is a matter of great consequence to have a ready access to the magazine of consolations, and be able to apply these to our sores with dispatch and effect. I have long been a careful student of this branch of the economy of life, and therefore believe that I may be able to give some good hints upon the subject. It is, in the first place, above all things necessary to have all the proper consolations at one's finger ends, so that we may never be caught in a mischief that we cannot be readily reconciled to. For this reason, in the present paper, I adopt the plan of putting the various available consolations into an arrangement of almost dictionary-like perspicuity.

That others are as unfortunate as myself. This may be described as one of the cardinal consolations of humanity. It occurs with a facility which may almost entitle it to rank amongst those ideas which philosophers call instinctive. And it has this remarkable quality as a consolation, that, where the circumstances are such as to make it tolerably applicable, it precludes the necessity for all others. I well remember how powerfully it acted at school, when, being myself well thrashed, I had the satisfaction of looking along a whole row of companions, all of them under a perfect parity of cutaneous sensation. Whether it was that the evil, by being participated, was diminished, or that some mysterious sympathy came to soothe us in our distresses, I cannot tell. But of the comfort of having six or eight companions in misfortune there can be no doubt. Just so, when one has the misfortune, in mature life, to get into the Gazette, it is quite restorative to see a good long list of other poor fellows, beginning with the A's and ending with the Y's—or the Z's, if there are any—amidst which one's name takes only its own modest place, according to the situation of its initial in the alphabet. It is the same when one catches any unfortunate ailment, and is laid up by it. Sickness is relieved, pain assuaged, and languor inspirited, when we hear how many other people have taken the same complaint. And, to do mankind justice, there is a great disposition in one's friends to help one to such consolations. At least I can say for my own part, that I never took any ailment, even of the most out-of-the-way kind, not excepting some that I never had before heard of, but I was immediately informed by friends of numberless other people who were then lying ill of the very same malady. People know how agreeable it would be to themselves, were they unwell, to hear of others being similarly afflicted; and they accordingly proffer these consolations with a perfect assurance of their being attended with a good effect. I am not sure but it might be worth the faculty's while to consider how far such intelligence has a medicable property, and to administer it accordingly, in proper doses, as suited the necessities of the case.

If I don't get it nobody else gets it. This is a consolation very much akin to the former, and is calculated to be exceedingly efficacious in cases of disappointment. Like its amiable predecessor, it usually makes its first appearance in our early days. When the whole children of a family are clamouring for some delicacy or treat, or the exclusive possession of some toy or picture-book, decidedly the next thing to getting it one's self is hearing mamma declare that she will give it to none. This looks fair; it does not leave any one a word to say. So, in mature life, when a number of gentlemen are candidates for a particular post, it is really refreshing to the weary souls of those who have lost hope, when they learn that the office is to be suppressed. All must have experienced satisfactions of this kind. Suppose one is not getting on well at the bar, how gratifying at least to know that a hundred other men, quite as good as we, are just as much in lack of practice! Or, suppose a shopkeeper not getting above half the custom he would like to have, how thoroughly it calms his mind to know that not one person in the same line, in the whole street, is getting any more than himself! Despondency in such circumstances is entirely out of the question. There is not a more jocund set of men breathing than those very young barristers who get no business. And this just because no one of their set does any better than the rest. This consolation is therefore to be regarded in the additional character of a promoter of good fellowship and good humour. It keeps men sweet under circumstances which would otherwise be trying to the temper. There would be no such thing as envy in the world, if this excellent species of consolation were more generally applicable.

The thing was not worth having. This is another consolation appropriate to cases of disappointment. History informs us that, in very remote times, a certain fox one day made an attempt to get possession of certain grapes hanging a little beyond his reach, when finding it all in vain, he sagely remarked, that, the grapes being of an unusually acid kind, he was quite as well without them. Though this is the first instance on record of such an observation being made, we cannot doubt that, long before the times of this celebrated fox, men were accustomed to take their disappointments in a similar philosophical spirit. It is to be remarked of this consolation, that it naturally occurs only when the preceding one fails. We first would like to see no one else get it any more than ourselves; but, if destiny so wills that some other person does get it, then we instinctively resort to the consideration that the thing was not worth having. Some writers might be of opinion that, coming thus as a *dernier resort*, it is rather a shabby kind of consolation; but I, for one, cannot see the thing in that light, it appearing to me to be quite as legitimate to take up with one consolation after another fails, as it is for mariners in distress to leave their ship and take to the boat or a raft. Men must be guided in these matters by considerations of expediency alone, and not be deterred from using good and valid consolations by any absurdly piquish notions as to the relations in which they stand to each other. Let it at the same time be understood, that the former consolation is the preferable one, *if it can be had;* but perhaps this is a point on which there is no need for enlarging. The fox himself would have seen the gradation of the two ideas, and never would have thought of calling the character of the grapes in question, if he could have believed that they grew beyond the reach of men as well as foxes.

I am rather glad I did not get it. This is a modification of the above consolation, so slight as scarcely to be entitled to a separate place. Yet it is a very good and available consolation too. As the above proceeds upon an assumption of the worthlessness of the thing sought for, so does this upon an assumption of its being positively disadvantageous. It answers particularly well for a gentleman who has been jilted, the act of jilting affording in itself a sort of presumption that the lady was of a character not calculated to make her lover happy as a husband. Gentlemen may also apply it with advantage, when balked in their application for an office. They have only to satisfy themselves that the duties were irksome, paltry, or something else, and that the emoluments would have been under what they are realising by their profession. The only puzzling thing about the use of this consolation is that regard for consistency which all men are required to have. The jilted gentleman, for instance, may have been pursuing the object with the greatest eagerness, in the eyes of all the world, up to the moment when, unexpectedly, it has eluded his grasp. This is, of course, rather awkward. People may think that he would have gladly had the lady if he could. Yet such things can be got over. A little plausibility will go a great way to make the notion appear feasible, and the courtesy of society, or their indifference to the minutiæ of your affairs, will do the rest. There is, however, a superior plan of passing off the affair favourably to one's self. It takes a form of words such as, either, *Oh, I changed my own mind*, or, *I saw how things were likely to turn out, and gave up in time.* This, being a mere afterthought, designed to deceive others, is of course no consolation to one's self for the actual disappointment. But is it not a great matter at least to make others think that we have not been disappointed?

There are various forms of consolation for failure in securing applause, being the subject of evil-speaking, falling victim to popular delusions, unjust power, and so forth, which a judicious person will take care to be constantly provided with. A poet with three readers knows that he is at least admired by the sage few (the wise have always been a small number), and that posterity will do him justice. A defeated candidate on a parliamentary election may assure himself that he had all the independent voters on his side, and that it was only the overpowering force of corruption which carried the day against him. A gentleman, hearing he has been spoken of in very injurious and depreciatory terms by some person, probably heretofore supposed a friend, has it in his power to jump in a moment to a conviction that the ill-will of such a fellow is rather an honour, and that it only would be painful to be the subject of his praise. A philosopher whose views go a great way ahead of his age, and subject him to ridicule and calumny, the effect of which is to mar his fortune and make him universally shunned—what a glorious consolation he has in the reflection, that about five hundred years hence, mankind will be generally of his mind, and disposed to honour him as one of the greatest geniuses that ever lived! So also when the indiscreet patriot is condemned to exile, the galleys, or death, how more than consolatory must it be for him to know, that in the sentiments of a future generation, the decree will be reversed, and probably a pen drawn through his name in the record of the criminal court before which he now stands, without a single pitying eye around him. As for the young soldier who dies in the field of battle,

> "His king and his country to save,"

we have the authority of all the great lyrists from Tyrtæus to Burns, that it is a positive advantage, when compared with the natural close of the long dull life of a common citizen:

> "When victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
> Oh, who would not die with the brave!"

He is cut short, it is true, in his career, at a time when he rather enjoyed life; but then his *name*—will not it be inscribed in the proud rolls of fame, where it will live for ever? Even the sad case of a flag-of-truce, seized by a barbarous enemy and hanged as a spy, in contempt of all the rules of international law—he may at least take comfort in the assurance that his death will be amply revenged. This view was strongly put by the most noble Marquis of Montrose, in conversation with Captain Dugald Dalgetty, when it was

thought necessary that that gentleman should proceed on a mission to the great Argyle. When other persons in the royalist army declined the service, on account of the local situation of their estates with regard to that of Argyle, Montrose, we are told, "resolved to impose the danger and dignity upon Captain Dalgetty, who had neither clan nor estate in the Highlands upon which the wrath of Argyle could wreak itself. 'But I have a neck though,' said Dalgetty, bluntly; 'and what if he chooses to avenge himself upon that? I have known a case where an honourable ambassador has been hanged as a spy before now. Neither did the Romans use ambassadors much more mercifully at the siege of Capua, although I read that they only cut off their hands and noses, and suffered them to depart in peace.' 'By my honour, Captain Dalgetty,' returned Montrose, 'should the marquis, contrary to the rules of war, dare to practise any atrocity against you, *you may depend upon my taking such signal vengeance that all Scotland shall ring of it!*'" "That will do little for Dalgetty!" I grieve to say, was the answer of the proposed ambassador—an answer which can only be attributed to the corruption wrought in his nature by his long services as a mercenary soldier. A true hero would have been at once satisfied with the promise of such plenary vengeance as Montrose held out. Yet, we are bound to record, in honour of the captain, that, after all, he did undertake the office, and only escaped the consequences which he apprehended by a very narrow chance.

There are various tastes in consolations, as in most other things. Some take to one, some to another, quite naturally, just as the bent of their minds inclines them. "Others as ill off as myself"—"Nobody else gets it any more than I"—these have charms for a particular class of persons inspired by a strong sense of justice, which makes it appear odious that good and bad fortune should be distributed in a partial manner, to their disadvantage. "The thing was not worth having"—and, "I am rather glad I did not get it," are favourites with a class who have a remarkable power of forgetting their own recent wishes, and a singular knack of practising happy deceptions upon themselves. "I have all the sensible people on my side"—"Posterity will do me justice"—"I at least secure immortality"—and, "The rascals will smart for this yet," these are suitable to persons possessed of a strong power of abstraction, which makes the present seem nothing. There is another set of philosophers who delight in such as—"Well, I know it can't be helped"—"It is just my unlucky destiny"—and, "It will be all the same a hundred years hence." This is a peculiarly happy school. So little are they affected by the turns of Dame Fortune, that my only wonder is she continues to give herself the trouble of trying to annoy them.

There is, lastly, a form of consolation to which I must own I have myself a great attachment, conceiving that it rests upon somewhat larger views of man's position on earth than any of the rest. It consists in a firm reliance on the general good arrangements of a wise and benevolent Providence, which makes evil only an exception from present and apparent good, and often turns even evil to account for what may be called a deferred benefit. Knowing this to be the character of the arrangement of mundane affairs, and that life and all its blessings are held under an obligation to submit to that arrangement, I humbly endeavour to meet the troubles that befall me with composure and resignation. Evils I admit them to be: I see no good in seeking to extenuate them, or in looking complacently to the equal or greater woes of others. But, while the Great Arrangement obviously does not exclude evil, it as evidently comprises a gift to man of the power of bearing it in a rational and proper manner, and also certain moral medicaments of unfailing virtue. One of these is of a nature the very opposite to some of those above described, for it consists in the sympathy of friendly and unselfish natures—those Good Samaritans of the common world, who know not what it is to see suffering without wishing to relieve it—who would at all times pity rather than blame—and who, like surgeons attending a duel, may almost be said to watch for the occurrence of evil, that they may be instant in their endeavours to remedy it. Another is to be found in a firm unflinching spirit of submission—not the dogged teeth-clenched stubbornness of the Stoic, but the patience and meekness of a better philosophy. There is much, too, in the power of our old friend Time. A new day brings round new experiences and new feelings to obliterate the old. Finally, there is the knowledge of a chastening and improving effect from well-borne afflictions. In these considerations, and a few others less of a this-world kind, I respectfully submit that the *best*, because the *truest and least selfish*, consolations are to be found.

CUBA.

This great and opulent Spanish island is approaching a crisis, from the following circumstances:—Notwithstanding the treaty agreed to between the British and Spanish governments for the suppression of the slave-trade, and notwithstanding the orders successively dispatched by the cabinet at Madrid to the captains-general in Cuba, that colony continues to be the great shipping station of the West Indies for carrying on the infamous traffic with Africa; the captain-general denying all knowledge of this state of things, and, as every interested person in Portugal, Cuba, and Brazil is well aware, receiving all the while a capitation-present of about L.20,000 a-year for not seeing that which takes place right under his excellency's nose. Urged by the abolitionists on all sides, the British government is now insisting that the government of Spain shall carry out the treaty of 1835, by the simple plan of preventing any ship prepared for the slave-trade from quitting Cuba; while the British cruisers would prevent any vessel from arriving with a slave cargo. The government of Spain promises to do this: Cuba threatens that if this be attempted, she will either ally herself to the States of America, to which she would prove an invaluable accession, or that she will declare herself an independent country, which it is apprehended the government of Madrid would not be strong enough to prevent. In the mean time, many of the resident colonists are desirous to see the present infamous system broken up; and the slaves themselves, who far outnumber all the rest of the inhabitants, are acquiring dark intelligence of what has been done for their brethren in the neighbouring English islands, and thereupon are interchanging knowledge of power, and sentiments of unanimity and determination, that, though yet unspoken, are already causing the white tyrants to tremble in their sleep. Thus the entire society of Cuba is in a state of painful agitation. Without attempting to predict what may be the issue of this state of affairs, we think the present an opportune moment to inform the reader of the actual state of the slave-trade and of slavery in Cuba, principally availing ourselves of a very interesting work, entitled "Travels in the West, by David Turnbull, Esq.," recently published.

"As if to throw ridicule on the grave denials of all knowledge of the slave-trade, which are forced from successive captains-general by the unwearied denunciations of the British authorities, two extensive depôts for the reception and sale of newly imported Africans have lately been erected at the end of the Paseo or military road, constructed under the former governor-general Tacon, and just under the windows of his present excellency's residence; the one capable of containing 1000, the other 1500 negroes: and I may add, that these were constantly full during the greater part of the time (the close of 1838) that I remained at the Havanna. As the depôts serve the purpose of a market-place as well as of a prison, they have, doubtless for the sake of readier access, and to save the expense of advertising in the journals, been placed at the point of greatest attraction, where the Paseo ends, where the grounds of the captain-general begin, and where passes the new railroad into the interior, from the carriages on which the passengers are horrified at the unearthly shouts of the thoughtless inmates, who, in their eagerness and astonishment at the passing train, push their arms and legs through the bars of their windows, with the cries, the grimace, and gesticulation, which might be expected from a horde of savages placed in circumstances to them so totally new and extraordinary. Those *barracoons*, or depôts, appear to be considered by the foreign residents as the lions of the place. On the arrival of strangers, they are carried there as to a sight which could not be well seen elsewhere. A barracoon was one of the first objects the Prince de Joinville was taken to see on his first visit to the Havanna. On entering one of the barracoons, which are, of course, as accessible as any other market-place, you do not find so much immediate misery as an unreflecting visiter might expect. It is the policy of the importer to restore, as soon as possible, among the survivors, the strength that has been wasted, and the health that has been lost, during the horrors of the middle passage. It is his interest, also, to keep up the spirits of his victims, that they may the sooner become marketable, and prevent their sinking under that fatal home-sickness, which carries off so many during the first months of their captivity. With this view, during their stay in the barracoon, they are well fed, sufficiently clothed, very tolerably lodged; they are even allowed the luxury of tobacco, and are encouraged to amuse themselves, for the sake of exercise and health, in the spacious inner court of the building. I have been assured, also, that after leaving the barracoon, and arriving at the scene of their future toils, the overseer or *mayoral* finds it for the interest of his master to treat them for several months with a considerable degree of lenity, scarcely allowing them, if possible, to hear the crack of the whip, and breaking them in by slow degrees to the hours and the weight of labour, which are destined to break them down long before the period that nature has prescribed. The inmates of these sad receptacles, from their age, demeanour, and appearance, convey to the visiter a lively idea of the well-organised system of kidnapping to which the trade has been reduced, in order to make provision in the interior of Africa for the supply of the factories and slave-markets on the coast. The well-understood difficulty of breaking in men and women of mature age to the labours of the field, has produced a demand at the barracoons for younger victims, so that it is not, as formerly, by going to war, but by the meaner crimes of kidnapping and theft, and the still baser relaxation of social ties and family relations, that these human bazaars are supplied. The range of years in the age of captives, appears to extend from twelve to eighteen, and as the demand for males is much greater than for females, the proportion between the sexes is nearly three to one—I had almost said *in favour* of the masculine gender. In fact, this is very nearly the relative proportion between the sexes in most of the estates throughout the island. The facilities still left for the practice of the slave-trade, and the consequent cheapness of young Bozal, or native Africans, at the barracoons, make it more for the interest of the planter to keep up the numbers of his gang by purchase than by encouraging marriages."

We have next some extraordinary particulars of the mixed commission at the Havanna, of which the chief duty is to adjudicate on the claims of her Majesty's cruisers for the condemnation of the prizes they have captured, in consequence of their infraction of the existing treaties between Spain and Great Britain on the subject of the slave-trade. In the whole framework of this commission, and in the principles on which it is constituted, there is something exceedingly farcical. The tribunal consists of a commissary judge, and an arbitrator for each nation. Those representing Spain are the Conde de Fernandina and Don Juan de Montalvo y O'Farrel, both noblemen of high rank. The English commissary judge is Mr Kennedy, a gentleman who will long be remembered as the only member sent by an English constituency to the British House of Commons, who divided with Mr O'Connell in his celebrated motion for the repeal of the Union. "In the first instance, the two commissary judges hear the evidence adduced by the commander of the British cruiser in support of the claim of condemnation, together with the exculpatory proof of the captain or owner of the prize; but, as might be expected from the materials of which the court is composed, the commissary judges are very rarely agreed in opinion as to the judgment which ought to be pronounced; so that it becomes necessary, almost invariably, to call in one of the arbitrators to settle the difference in the capacity of umpire. To admit the intervention of both would lead to no practical result, as it has been found that the Spanish arbitrator adopts the views of the Spanish commissary with the most edifying uniformity; and the English functionaries are compelled, in self-defence, to follow the example. In this state of things, as often as the court is divided in opinion, since it is by no means a matter of indifference on which of the arbitrators the powers of an umpire shall devolve, the ingenious expedient has been resorted to, of appealing for the choice to a power which, according to the ancient mythology, has one quality in common with justice, that of being blind. The *dice-box is produced; the learned judges draw for the short straw;* or Dame Fortune is appealed to, by some other form of lottery, to determine which shall arbitrate—the Spaniard or the Englishman—between their dissident chiefs; so that it may be fairly said at the Havanna, and perhaps also at the other courts of Rio de Janeiro, Surinam, and Sierra Leone, that the condemnation of a slaver depends not nearly so much on fact, on law, or the merits of the case, as on the doctrine of chances!"

Under the treaty of 1835, vessels carrying the Spanish flag are, when *equipped* for the slave-trade, and proved to be so—which is not difficult, from the unique character of the fittings-up required for this purpose—as liable to capture by our cruisers as if they had slaves on board. Though Mr Buxton and other warm abolitionists were not satisfied with this treaty, Mr Turnbull assures us that, under its operation in 1839, the Spanish flag, as the banner of slave-ships, had already disappeared from the ocean. The Portuguese flag was next resorted to; but that protection is already beginning to be distrusted by slave speculators and captains, as the power given to our cruisers under a recent act of Parliament, embodying the terms to which Portugal had acceded, on receiving an indemnity of L.6,000,000 from England, is almost as effective against vessels using the flag and papers of that nation as in the case of ships professing to belong to Spain. The great shield of the slave-ships now is the flag of the United States. We are told that the refusal of the Americans to sanction a mutual right of search, will make it safer for a slaver to sail under their flag than under that of any of the governments—Spain, Portugal, or the Brazils—most deeply implicated in the crime. Our authorities at Sierra Leone say, that in a short time the American flag will

be the only one flying over the decks of the slave-ship. A famous American ship, built in the very first style of symmetry at Baltimore in 1838, of 460 tons burden, sometimes called the *Venus*, sometimes the *Duchess of Braganza*, but known beyond all question as a slaver, was visited on the coast of Africa by the officers of a British cruiser, who inquired what they were doing there. She showed her American colours, and answered that they were Americans; and that, as for the English, it was no business of theirs. It was matter of notoriety at the Havanna, that the *Venus* had landed two cargoes of slaves on the coast of Cuba. Mr Trist, the American consul at the Havanna, was informed of these facts, and reminded of the degree to which his government was pledged, with the other Christian powers, to suppress the slave-trade. Mr Trist treated the application of the English authorities as an insult on his government, and in a haughty tone declared, that "he would not recognise the right of any agent of any foreign government to interfere in any possible mode or degree in the discharge of his duties, or forbear repelling such interference if offered." This high tone was very much praised at home. Mr Trist, it must not, however, be forgotten, repudiated the interference of the British authorities very much on the ground that the part acting by our nation was but cant and hypocrisy. He declared that British fabrics were made expressly for the coast of Africa, and that great numbers of casks of shackles, of British manufacture, which could easily be traced to the houses from which they came, were every year imported into Cuba. "I have seen," says Mr Trist, "some of these casks passing through the custom-house here, without attracting any more notice from either officers or bystanders than so many boxes of Dutch cheese." We are afraid there is much melancholy truth in this assertion. Soon after this event, it was proved that the partners of the notorious Forcade, of the *Le Havre* slaver, were Englishmen, and that his house had been established by English capital! In short, there is no doubt of the fact, that, amongst the capitalists of London, there are at this moment several English PIRATES.

Our author, in the course of much valuable information, suggests, that while we are waiting to see what can be done with America, another great step towards the suppression of the slave-trade at the Havanna would be effected, if Spain could be prevailed upon to agree to a clause declaring that every Bozal—a newly imported African, whose appearance at once demonstrates the fact—should be declared free; for, under the present treaty, if the slaves can be once *landed*, they may be seized by the consignees without farther interruption. In his opinion, also, the prevention would be more effective if our cruisers were ordered to confine themselves especially to the west coast of Africa, whence all the slaves must come; and if our captains and crews were stimulated by the rewards of head-money and tonnage-money, the work would be more eagerly done. Mr Turnbull differs from the prevailing opinion, in stating that the majority of the native planters of Cuba are desirous that the slave importation should cease, but that the mother country wishes it to continue, as thereby, the fear of an insurrection of the slaves continually hanging over the masters, these would be more likely to preserve their reluctant allegiance to Spain. Amongst the motives actuating the former, are the admitted facts that one freeman will do as much work as any two slaves; and that all the labours of the plantation and of the manufactory might be as safely, and much more effectually, performed by white labourers, as has long been the case in the neighbouring island of Porto Rico. Cuba contains a large number of white peasants, robust and hardy; but it appears that as many as might be wanted could be obtained from the Canaries. The out-of-door part of the question is already admitted to be in favour of the endurance and power of the white man. Respecting the other part, Mr Turnbull says—"It is a very natural mistake that a Negro can support better than a white man a high artificial as well as a high natural temperature. The reverse has been completely demonstrated on board the British government steamers on duty within the tropics, where it has been proved that an African constitution is not so well suited as that of an European to withstand the heat of the furnace, or rather the frequent alternations of heat and cold, to which the stoker of a steam-boat, and the fireman and boilerman of a sugar-house, are equally exposed." Thus, it appears, the suppression of the slave-trade and slavery at this great emporium, is a question of a very mingled character, but which time will soon decide one way or another. At present, Cuba is a most prosperous colony: the population is nearly 1,000,000, more than half of which are coloured; but the island has surface enough to maintain several millions in plenty. Havanna is one of the finest harbours in the world. In a church in the town rest the bones of the great Christopher Columbus; his memory is held in solemn honour, the building being closed the whole year, except on his anniversary. There are valuable coal and copper mines in the island, but the want of roads is so great, that much of the worth of the minerals is lost in the expense and difficulty of a few miles' carriage. The citizens of the Havanna have found it cheaper to import coal from Liverpool, across 4000 miles of ocean, than to fetch it on horseback from their own excellent mine, only ten miles off! However, the spirit of enterprise is arousing the Spaniards of Cuba as well as those of the Peninsula. American speculators have been calculating amongst the creoles, and already forty-five miles of railway stretch from the metropolis into the interior. The Havanna was taken by the English in 1762, after a hard siege; but at the subsequent peace it was given up. Its fortifications have been since much strengthened; but the Americans say that England is determined to have Cuba, by hook or by crook, on the first decent opportunity; "and, therefore," said a late orator in Congress, "we shall begin the war with England by taking possession of Cuba!" But there is no end to speculations on the fate of this valuable island; so, in winding up our paper, we refer the reader interested in the politics of the Carribean Sea to Mr Turnbull's very entertaining work, and, in short, to those publications which make colonies and slavery their chief subjects.

THE LEGACY.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

IT would not have been easy—we could almost say impossible—to have found any where a more contented or a happier family than that of David Hunter, at the period when we first take up their history. Yet the Hunters were in but humble circumstances, the father and three sons being merely common workmen in a large bleaching manufactory, at very moderate wages. But what of that? They were contented, and that was enough.

David Hunter, the head of the family, was a truly respectable man for his station in life—quiet, sober, honest, and intelligent. His sons were not behind him in any of these particulars. They, too, were quiet, well-behaved lads. The family consisted, altogether, of a wife, the three sons just alluded to, and two daughters—the latter, like all the rest of the family, being remarkable for their industrious habits and the general propriety of their conduct.

But it was the love that the several members of this happy family bore to each other that formed the most remarkable feature of their communion, and which most particularly attracted the notice and excited the admiration of all who had an opportunity of marking it. And such opportunity had the whole parish in which they resided; for, in going to church, they invariably all went together, brother and sister linked arm in arm, and all talking so kindly, and looking so fondly in each other's faces—it was delightful to see them.

In church, too, it was a pretty sight to see how attentive the brothers were to their mother and sisters in pointing out the text and the psalm. These were trifling matters, indeed, but people of discernment saw a great deal in them. At home, too, it was equally pleasant to see the Hunters of an evening, after the father and the young men had returned from their work—the house clean and neat; the daughters busily employed in sewing; the mother in discharging her household duties; the father seated by the fire in his great wooden arm-chair, and the sons seated around him, engaged in lively and cheerful conversation. Great, indeed, though humble, was the happiness of the Hunters.

Their employer, who had a great esteem for David and his family, was in the habit of looking in upon them sometimes, after work hours, when making his usual rounds to see that all was right about the field. On these occasions, he never could refrain from saying something congratulatory to David, in reference to the quiet, cheerful, and affectionate conduct of his children. He had witnessed the domestic felicity of the family often; but every time he saw it, it struck him as forcibly as the first time.

"It would be no small matter, David," he said on one of these occasions, smiling as he spoke, "that would cause a difference in your family. I hardly think any thing could interrupt the harmony that reigns amongst you."

"Well, I believe," replied David, with a very excusable look of complacency, "that hardly any thing possibly could. There has never been the slightest difference amongst us yet, and I trust there never will." The sons and daughters replied to their employer's remark by raising their heads, and glancing at him with a smile which said as plainly as smile can say any thing—"A difference between us! No, no; such a thing can never be. We love each other too well and too sincerely for that."

Thus stood matters, then, with David Hunter and his family, and thus they remained for several years, with little or no change; only that David and his wife were getting a little older, and their sons and daughters farther on in life. But in their happiness and attachment to each other there was no change, unless an increase of such happiness and attachment can be so called.

David Hunter and his family were surprised one evening by a visit from the letter-carrier. He had not been at their house for two years before; and then it was with a very primitive-looking epistle, most abominably folded, sealed with a bit of resin instead of wax, and superscribed with a vile hieroglyphical sort of direction. It was from a very honest, decent man, however, a brother of David Hunter, who was a weaver in Bridgeton near Glasgow. No letter had they received from any quarter since then till now. But the letter that made its appearance now was of a very different description, being properly folded, carefully sealed, and altogether business-like. On its being handed in, David slowly put his hand into his capacious waistcoat pocket in search of his spectacles. These found and drawn forth, he deliberately opened them, and with equal deliberation placed them on his nose. All these preparatory proceedings gone through with due solemnity, David at length opened the mysterious letter, and, surrounded by his wondering and anxious but profoundly silent family, read as follows:—

"*London*, —— ——.

Sir,—We have much pleasure in informing you that you are named in the will of the late John Pitt, Esq. of Woodvale, Jamaica, for a legacy of L.5000.

We, in the mean time, merely advise you of the circumstance; but shall in a day or two address you again, with instructions as to proceedings necessary for putting you in possession of said legacy, also as to time and manner of payment. We are, sir, your obedient servants, GRESSEY AND GREGSON, *Solicitors*."

It is presumed to be unnecessary to describe the effect this extraordinary and most unexpected communication had upon David Hunter and his family. The reader will himself form a sufficiently lively idea of it, without our troubling him with a description. The legacy had been wholly unlooked for; the testator being a very distant relation, and a person with whom David had never had any correspondence, indeed, of whose existence he was hardly aware.

The news of the Hunters' legacy, notwithstanding the precautions taken by the family to keep the matter quiet for a little time, soon spread amongst the neighbours, who said that David's family, happy before, would surely now be ten times happier. It was reasonable to think so; for, if they were content and happy with very limited means, they would certainly be much more content and happy when these means became abundant. It was reasonable that it should be so—that on becoming richer they should become happier. Did it? We shall see.

In the course of a few days, David heard again from the London solicitors, who now wrote fully on the subject of the legacy, and gave him such instructions as put him in possession of the money in less than three months after. For some time subsequent to this event, no change whatever was observable in the family. Neither pride nor ostentation followed their good fortune. On the third or fourth Sunday, however, the neighbours and others who knew of and had observed their affectionate manner towards each other, were a good deal surprised at the unusual order in which they came to church. Formerly, as already noticed, they used to come in the most loving manner, arm in arm together; now they came in a string, all separate and wide asunder. There was observable, moreover, more or less of an angry and discontented expression on the countenances of all of them, which, contrasting so very strikingly as it did with their former cheerful looks, was very conspicuous, and attracted the notice of the more shrewd observers. Coming to church in this manner, they of course entered their pew in a straggling way, one after the other, at considerable intervals, and not together as formerly—another circumstance, indicative of some change of feeling, which did not escape the notice of the congregation; the report of their sudden acquisition of wealth having rendered them objects of special attention for a time. Neither did a total neglect of those little acts of courtesy to each other in church, of which we formerly spoke, elude the observation of those around them.

People were much surprised at this unusual deportment on the part of the Hunters, and wondered if any disagreement had sprung up among them, and if so, whether the legacy could have any thing to do with it. They said it would be strange if good fortune could do that which bad fortune had been unable to do—namely, destroy the happiness of the family; in this remark, alluding to a period when the Hunters had been in great distress from want of employment and illness together—trials which seemed only to increase their attachment to each other; while now it appeared to be precisely the reverse. But had any change really taken place in their feelings towards each other? By retrograding a little in their history we may ascertain this.

On the third day after the receipt of the legacy, David Hunter called his family around him, and told them that he wished to inform them of certain arrangements regarding the distribution of the legacy amongst them (including a provision for himself and wife), on which he had determined. He then proceeded to name to his sons the respective sums which he intended giving them to begin business with, and to his daughters the sum he intended giving them as dowry in the event of their marriage. Having concluded, David looked around for the approbation which he felt conscious he deserved. But what was his surprise and mortification when he perceived in every countenance the most unequivocal signs of disappointment and discontent! There was not one of his children, sons or daughters, pleased with their allotted portions.

Poor David endeavoured to meet their views by altering, modifying, and even by offering to increase the different sums by reducing the moderate proportion he intended retaining for himself; but to no purpose. No arrangement or distribution he could propose or suggest would satisfy the expectations or wishes of his children. They did not, indeed, complain

openly, much less by either loud or angry expressions; but there was gloom on every brow—sullenness and discontent on every countenance.

From this moment there was no longer any happiness in David Hunter's family. A feeling of jealousy and dislike was now engendered, which could never again be eradicated. Poor David saw and bitterly felt the change, and wished a thousand times that the legacy had gone to the bottom of the sea instead of coming to him, as he deemed it but a poor substitute for the domestic felicity he had lost. Here will be found a sufficient explanation of that difference of deportment which had attracted the notice of their neighbours.

David Hunter, seeing that there was no hope of restoring harmony amongst his children, who were now snapping and snarling at each other, morning, noon, and night, determined, however painful to his feelings it might be, to break up his family. In pursuance of this resolution, he recommended to each of his sons to betake himself to lodgings of his own, and to start in the world on his own account. To enable them to do so, he said, he would instantly pay them down the different sums he had determined on giving them respectively. His sons, though far from satisfied, sulkily acquiesced in the proposed arrangement; and, in a few days after, left their father's house, but in such sullen mood, that they would not tell him either where they were going or what they intended doing.

They never held any correspondence again. Each brother, thinking the others had got more than they ought to have done, and, of course, he himself less, never went near each other, but, on the contrary, continued to the end of their lives to entertain a feeling of the most bitter hostility to one another. Neither did any of them ever again visit their father, whom they all agreed in accusing of unjust dealing towards them.

Such was the consequence of the legacy; and it may be taken as another evidence of the well-known truth, that an accession of wealth is not necessarily, by any means, an accession of happiness.

ENGLISH POPULAR FESTIVALS.

We propose giving in the present volume of the Journal notices of the principal festivals or holidays observed generally by the English people, each notice being introduced into the number published most nearly to the time of the particular holiday in that case referred to. We shall thus have an opportunity of adverting to many curious old customs of the people, and many not less curious old notions of the popular mind, now alike rapidly fading and going into oblivion. We start with

CANDLEMAS DAY.

Candlemas day, a holiday of the Church of England, and the festival of the Purification of the Virgin in the Church of Rome, occurs on the 2d of February. It is observed with great pomp throughout the Catholic world. The name is derived from the ceremony which the Church of Rome dictates to be observed on this day, namely, a blessing of candles by the clergy, and a distribution of them amongst the people, by whom they are afterwards carried lighted in solemn procession. The more important observances were of course given up in England at the Reformation; but it was still, about the close of the eighteenth century, customary in some places to light up churches with candles on this day.

In an ancient English book of monastic rules, it is directed that, on the Purification of the Virgin Mary, the monks "shall go in surplices to church for candles, which shall be consecrated, sprinkled with holy water, and censed by the abbot. Let every monk take a candle from the sacrist, and light it. Let a procession be made, thirds and mass be celebrated, and the candles, after the offering, be offered to the priest."* Old English Catholic prayer-books give the service used on this occasion. The candles being brought to the altar, the priest says over them several prayers, one of which commences thus:—"O Lord Jesu Christ, who enlightenest every one that cometh into the world, pour out thy benediction upon these candles, and sanctifie them with the light of thy grace," &c. Another begins: "Holy Lord, Father Almighty, Everlasting God, who hast created all things out of nothing, and by the labour of bees caused this liquor to come to the perfection of a wax candle; we humbly beseech thee that, by the invocation of thy most holy name, and by the intercession of the blessed Virgin, ever a virgin, whose festivals are this day devoutly celebrated, and by the prayers of all thy saints, thou wouldst vouchsafe to bless and sanctifie these candles," &c. Then the priest sprinkles the candles thrice with holy water, saying "Sprinkle me with," &c., and perfumes them thrice with incense. Some consecratory prayers are then said, as—"I bless thee, O wax, in the name of the Holy Trinity, that thou mayest be in every place the ejection of Satan and the subversion of all his companions," &c. During the saying of these prayers, there are various bowings and crossings; and when the consecration is over, the candles are distributed by the priest to the people, each kneeling, and each kissing the candle as he receives it, and then the hand of the priest who delivers it; the choir meanwhile singing—"A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel!" After the distribution, a solemn procession is made, in which one carries the censor, another a crucifix, and the rest burning candles in their hands.*

At Rome, the Pope every year officiates at this festival in the beautiful chapel of the Quirinal. When he has blessed the candles, he distributes them with his own hand amongst those in the church, each of whom, going singly up to him, kneels to receive it. The cardinals go first; then follow the bishops, canons, priors, abbots, priests, &c., down to the sacristans and meanest officers of the church. According to Lady Morgan, who witnessed the ceremony in 1820—"When the last of these has gotten his candle, the poor *conservatori*, the representatives of the Roman senate and people, receive theirs. This ceremony over, the candles are lighted, the Pope is mounted in his chair and carried in procession, with hymns chanting, round the ante-chapel; the throne is stripped of its splendid hangings; the Pope and cardinals take off their gold and crimson dresses, put on their usual robes, and the usual mass of the morning is sung." Lady Morgan mentions that similar ceremonies take place in all the parish churches of Rome on this day.

It appears that in England, in Catholic times, a meaning was attached to the size of the candles, and the manner in which they burned during the procession; that, moreover, the reserved parts of the candles were deemed to possess a strong supernatural virtue:

> "This done, each man his candle lights,
> Where chiefest seemeth he,
> Whose taper greatest may be seen;
> And fortunate to be,
> Whose candle burneth clear and bright:
> A wondrous force and might
> Doth in these candles lie, which if
> At any time they light,
> They sure believe that neither storm
> Nor tempest doth abide,
> Nor thunder in the skies be heard,
> Nor any devil's spide,
> Nor fearful sprites that walk by night,
> Nor hurts of frost or hail," &c.†

The great antiquity of the festival of Candlemas is unquestionable. Its origin is almost lost in the mists of the middle ages. St Bernard, if we rightly understand Mr Hone's quotation of Butler, speaks of the procession as "first made by St Joseph, Simeon, and Anna, as an example to be followed by all the earth, walking two and two, holding in their hands candles, lighted from fire, first blessed by the priests, and singing." The festival is undoubtedly designed to commemorate the churching or purification of Mary; and the candle-bearing is understood to refer to what Simeon said when he took the infant Jesus in his arms, and declared that he was a *light to lighten the Gentiles*. Thus literally to adopt and build upon metaphorical expressions, was a characteristic procedure of the middle ages. It is alleged, however, that the festival is to be traced to ancient Roman times. An old English writer upon festivals says, that Candlemas was a Christian engraftment upon the festival of the Romans in honour of Februa, the mother of Mars, which was celebrated by women carrying torches and candles. It was, he says, Pope Sergius (a pontiff of the seventh century) who, seeing the Christian people persevering in the old Pagan custom, ordered that that custom should be continued for a Christian object—namely, as a celebration of the churching of the Virgin. Du Cange, again, says that Candlemas was substituted by Pope Gelasius for the candles which, in February, the Roman people used to carry in the Supercalia. Another explanation has been quoted from a sermon of Pope Innocent:—"The Gentiles," he says, "dedicated the month of February to the infernal gods; and, as at the beginning of it Pluto stole Proserpine, and her mother Ceres sought her in the night with lighted candles, so they, at the beginning of this month, walked about the city with lighted candles. Because the holy fathers could not utterly extirpate this custom, they ordained that Christians should carry about candles in honour of the blessed Virgin Mary; and thus, what was once done in honour of Ceres, is now done in honour of the Virgin." Apparently, in consequence of the celebration of Mary's purification by candle-bearing, it became customary for women to carry candles with them, when, after recovery from childbirth, they went to be, as it was called, *churched*. A remarkable allusion to this custom occurs in English history. William the Conqueror, become, in his elder days, fat and unwieldy, was confined a considerable time by a sickness. "Methinks," said his enemy the King of France, "the King of England lies long in childbed." This being reported to William, he said, "When I am churched, there shall be a thousand lights in France!" And he was as good as his word; for, as soon as he recovered, he made an inroad into the French territory, which he wasted wherever he went with fire and sword.

At the Reformation, the ceremonials of Candlemas day were not reduced all at once. Henry VIII. proclaimed in 1539—"On Candlemas day it shall be declared, that the bearing of candles is done in memory of Christ, the spiritual light, whom Simeon did prophesy, as it is read in the church that day." It is curious to find it noticed as a custom down to the time of Charles II., that when lights were brought in at nightfall, people would say—"God sends us the light of heaven!" The amiable Herbert, who notices the custom, defends it as not superstitious. Somewhat before this time, we find Herrick alluding to the customs of Candlemas eve: it appears that the plants put up in houses at Christmas were now removed.

> "Down with the rosemary and bays,
> Down with the mistletoe;
> Instead of holly now upraise
> The greener box for show.
>
> The holly hitherto did sway,
> Let box now domineer,
> Until the dancing Easter day
> Or Easter's eve appear.
>
> The youthful box, which now hath grace
> Your houses to renew,
> Grown old, surrender must his place
> Unto the crisped yew.
>
> When yew is out, then birch comes in,
> And many flowers beside,
> Both of a fresh and fragrant kin',
> To honour Whitsuntide.
>
> Green rushes then, and sweetest bents,
> With cooler oaken boughs,
> Come in for comely ornaments,
> To re-adorn the house.
> Thus times do shift; each thing in turn does hold;
> New things succeed, as former things grow old."

The same poet elsewhere recommends very particular care in the thorough removal of the Christmas garnishings on this eve:

> "That so the superstitious find
> No one least branch left there behind;
> For look, how many leaves there be,
> Neglected there, maids, trust to me,
> So many goblins you shall see."

He also alludes to the reservation of part of the candles or torches, as calculated to have the effect of protecting from mischief:

> "Kindle the Christmas brand, and then
> Till sunset let it burn,
> Which quench'd, then lay it up again,
> Till Christmas next return.
>
> Part must be kept, wherewith to teend
> The Christmas log next year;
> And where 'tis safely kept, the fiend
> Can do mischief there."

There is a curious custom of old standing in Scotland, in connexion with Candlemas day. On that day it is, or lately was, an universal practice in our part of the island, for the children attending school to make small presents of money to their teachers. The master sits at his desk or table, exchanging for the moment his usual authoritative look for one of bland civility, and each child goes up in turn and lays his offering down before him, the sum being generally proportioned to the abilities of the parents. Sixpence and a shilling are the most common sums in most schools; but some give half and whole crowns, and even more. The boy and girl who give most are respectively styled King and Queen. The children, being then dismissed for a holiday, proceed along the streets in a confused procession, carrying the King and Queen in state, exalted upon that seat formed of crossed hands which, probably from this circumstance, is called the *King's Chair*. In some schools, it used to be customary for the teacher, on the conclusion of the offerings, to make a bowl of punch and regale each urchin with a glass to drink the King and Queen's health, and a biscuit. The latter part of the day was usually devoted to what was called the *Candlemas bleeze*, or blaze, namely, the conflagration of any piece of furze which might exist in their neighbourhood, or, were that wanting, of an artificial bonfire. Here we probably have the relic of a different festival, that of St Blaze, whose *day* being the 3d of February, the after part of Candlemas day is of course his *eve*. St Blaze, or Blasius, was an early Bishop of Sebasta, in Armenia, and his name alone seems to have suggested the observances anciently connected with his festival in England. In the latter part of the last century, it was still customary to light fires on the hills upon St Blaze's eve. An old writer says, that on that day, "country women go about and make good cheer; and if they find any of their neighbour women a-spinning, they burn and make a blaze of fire of the distaffe." The woolcombers of Yorkshire have their great festival on this day in honour of St Blaze. There seems no better reason for the observances peculiar to his day or eve, than the jingling resemblance of his name to the word *blaze*. A sound was a reason in the days of our simple fathers.

Considering the importance attached to Candlemas day for so many ages, it is scarcely surprising that there is an universal superstition throughout Christendom, that good weather on this day indicates a long continuance of winter and a bad crop, and that its being foul is, on the contrary, a good omen. Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Vulgar Errors*, quotes a Latin distich expressive of this idea:

> "Si sol splendescat Maria purificante,
> Major erit glacies post festum quam fuit ante;"

which may be considered as well translated in the popular Scottish rhyme—

> "If Candlemas day be dry and fair,
> The half o' winter's to come and mair
> If Candlemas day be wet and foul,
> The half o' winter's gane at Yule."

A German friend at our elbow informs us that in his country there are two proverbial expressions on this

* Fosbroke's British Monachism.

* Hone's Every-Day Book, i. 201.

† Barnaby Googe's Translation of Naogeorgus, in the "Popish Kingdom." Ellis's Edition of Brand's Popular Antiquities.

subject: 1. The shepherd would rather see the wolf enter his stable on Candlemas day than the sun; 2. The badger peeps out of his hole on Candlemas day, and when he finds snow, walks abroad; but if he sees the sun shining, he draws back into his hole. It is not improbable that these notions, like the festival of Candlemas itself, are derived from Pagan times, and have existed since the very infancy of our race. So at least we may conjecture, from a curious passage in Martin's *Description of the Western Islands*. On Candlemas day, according to this author, the Hebrideans observe the following curious custom:—"The mistress and servants of each family take a sheaf of oats and dress it up in women's apparel, put it in a large basket, and lay a wooden club by it, and this they call Brüd's Bed; and then the mistress and servants cry three times, 'Brüd is come; Brüd is welcome!' This they do just before going to bed, and when they rise in the morning they look among the ashes, expecting to see the impression of Brüd's club there; which, if they do, they reckon it a *true presage of a good crop and prosperous year*, and the contrary they take as an ill omen."

A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

BADEN-BADEN TO BASLE.

A MORNING and forenoon's ride in a south-westerly direction brought us to Strasburg. Our carriage, on emerging from the valley of the Oes, entered the broad expanse of country through which winds the current of the Rhine, and which accordingly takes the name of the Rheinstrasse. Far on the right, in a westerly direction, the rugged outline of the Vosges mountains bounded the horizon, while on our left was the similar line of hills which terminate in the dark range called the Schwartz-wald, or Black Forest, of which there absolutely seems to be no end; for you may travel up the country for days, and there are the same dark masses fringing the great flat vale of the Rheinstrasse.

With a range of hills on the eastern and western horizon, the traveller finds not a hillock before him, as he penetrates towards Switzerland. The land is a dead level, partitioned into ill-cultivated fields, and bearing principally crops of hemp. We are, in fact, in one of the great hemp-growing districts of Europe. It grows in tall green stalks, not unlike bunches of hemlock, and apparently requires less assistance from skill or capital than most other crops. This is fortunate, as the peasantry who raise it are seemingly of a poor and toil-worn order. It being the time of hemp harvest, all were busy in their vocation. In every village, women and children sat before the doors stripping the fibres from the husky stalks; while the men were leading home from the fields waggons loaded with materials for their industry. The appearance of these vehicles bespoke the poverty of the people. They were of rude construction, on low wheels, and drawn by cows. Horses, as beasts of husbandry, we had some days ago seen for the last time, and cows had every where been pressed into the service. We see cows ploughing, cows harrowing, and cows drawing waggons in all quarters. I was told that the exercise is beneficial, but still have an opinion that there is something like shabbiness in making cows both give milk and draw carts at the same time, and that, after all, a cow never looks so respectable as when grazing, or chewing its cud in a dreamy contented humour, in a rich green paddock. At all events, much as there is to improve among us, I trust it will be long ere our statisticians, in summing up the amount of animate forces in England, will include the item of so many thousand "cow power."

Shortly after the hour of noon, the spires of Strasburg came prominently into view, at the distance of about two miles; and immediately approaching the Rhine, we crossed by a wooden bridge to the left bank. Here the country is so low and level as to be liable to flooding from the river, which, though hemmed in by artificial banks, has broken into various channels and creeks, making two or three swampy islands, partially covered with bushes and reeds. Passing through a poor-looking small town on the first island, we are again brought to the bank of the second main branch of the Rhine, forming the boundary of Germany. The two sides are connected by a long bridge of boats, anchored in the impetuous stream, the end which we are just leaving being honoured with the attendance of a sentinel in the uniform of Baden, and the other being similarly in charge of a French soldier—of whom there can be no mistake: his small stature, shambling figure, and dirty red trousers, at once mark the country to which he belongs. Another circumstance immediately reminded us we were now within the confines of France. At a custom-house by the wayside, we were brought to a halt, while the carriage and baggage were subjected to the search of a *douanier*. Nothing, of course, was found to justify this official scrutiny; but it would be unfair to complain of what every one must encounter on landing in any part of Great Britain. The French and English custom-house functionaries can claim equal honour in the dexterity with which they turn out the contents of a lady's *sac-de-nuit*.

Strasburg, which is reached at the distance of a mile from the Rhine, occupies a low swampy situation on the river Ill, which, divided into numerous channels, intersects the town in different directions, and forms wet ditches around it. Nothing is to be seen on approaching but heavy bastioned walls, emerging from dead pools of water and moist green meadows. Passports are demanded at the gates; we enter winding, gloomy, and badly paved streets, and are finally hurled into the Grand Place—an open square, in which our hotel is situated, and which possesses only one object of attraction, placed in the centre—a bronze statue of General Kleber, who was a native of the town. Although politically belonging to France, since it was taken by Louis XIV. in 1681, Strasburg is still essentially German. The greater number of signboards, and also the language of the inhabitants, are German; and we had the pleasure of hearing a German sermon in one of the churches, to a congregation composed, as usual, of women. The cathedral is the main, if not the only, object of interest in the town; and it was only to see it that we stayed a night in so abominable a place. The first sight of this remarkable edifice is rather disappointing; but it improves considerably on a closer inspection. Of two tall towers, which were designed to form its western extremity, only one is finished, and the other is docked off half way up—a number of Gothic cathedrals on the continent, however, being equally incomplete. The Strasburg cathedral is likewise by no means singular in being stuck nearly round with parasitical buildings, occupied either as shops of small traders or as a paltry order of dwelling-houses. That part which is free to the eye of the spectator, from the ground upwards, is the most magnificent and vast portion of the structure—the western termination, in which is the chief portal, between the elevations of the two towers. Although time-worn, dingy, and injured by revolutionary mobs, the exterior of the west end is excessively fine—certainly the finest and most gigantic piece of Gothic architecture which I had ever seen; and as we stood in the confined square in front, scrutinising its elaborate carvings and great height, we could not but alike admire the taste of the architects and the patient enthusiasm of the people who raised such a noble fabric. The building is not all of one era. A church which had existed from an early period on the spot, having been destroyed, partly by military violence and partly by an accidental fire, at the beginning of the eleventh century, the present edifice was begun on the ancient foundations in the year 1015, and, after various stoppages, was completed as we now see it in 1439. The first masons in Europe were employed in the great work, and crowds of inferior workmen came from all quarters to assist in the undertaking. The architect who planned and partly executed the grand portal and towers, and the two lateral portals, was the celebrated Erwin de Steinbach, who, dying in 1318, before the completion of his task, was succeeded by his son John and his daughter Sabine, whose genius was of the same high order. Many of the finest sculptures on the portals are the device of this accomplished female architect.

The western extremity, on which has been lavished such immense labour, has the grand portal in the centre, with two lesser doorways on each side. Each of these three main entrances is deeply vaulted, and altogether covered with figures in relief, representing scripture scenes or characters. Above the central and lofty doorway is the *rosace*, or rose window, resembling a richly carved wheel, filled with variously coloured glass, and measuring upwards of fifty feet in diameter. Above the storey in which is the rosace, there is another storey occupied by a row of tall windows in florid Gothic; while the numerous flying buttresses are also highly ornamented and full of historic figures, among which are pointed out Clovis, Dagobert, the Emperor Rodolphe of Hapsburg, and Louis XIV.—a personage who must have been stuck up at a comparatively recent period, after the capture of the town. The turret or spire which is completed is that on our left, in looking towards the entrance, and is therefore over one of the lateral portals.

This lofty spire, as is well known, is reckoned one of the most beautiful specimens of the light Gothic. Seen from the ground, it appears a tall open framework of sculptured stone, with an equally light shaft or buttress at each of its four angles, containing individually a stair, which to our eye appears like a cork-screw of stone winding aloft to the pointed pinnacle. That this elegant object of art has withstood the blasts of four centuries, is a sufficient proof of the skill of its ingenious architect.

Having satisfied ourselves with the exterior of the cathedral, we entered the edifice, and found the inner part equally interesting. The plan is the same as that of the minster at Canterbury, the choir being raised four or five feet above the level of the nave, which adds to the imposing effect. The total length of the interior is about 350 feet. Like most churches in France, the wide expanse of floor, and other parts, are not remarkable for cleanliness; and though in the midst of vespers, when some hundreds were kneeling in all directions, the beadle, a person in a uniform, with a long staff, at once stuck to us on seeing we were English, and piloted us through clusters of worshippers to every place worthy our observation. Lighting a candle at one of the shrines, he opened a wicket leading to certain vaults beneath the choir, which he described by the very appropriate name of the Chapelle de Saint-Sepulchre. At the bottom of a flight of steps, we found it as dark as midnight; but by a free use of the candle, the outlines of the horrid dungeon were perceived to embrace a stone altar, which is used in certain gloomy offices of religion in Holy Week, together with a group of poorly sculptured figures as large as life, representing Jesus and his disciples in the garden, at the moment when Judas, accompanied by Jews and Roman soldiers, enters on the scene. The loquacious official, who explained all these matters, pointed to a stair leading to a still lower depth, where he said we might see the foundations of the cathedral; but declining the invitation to descend to these nether regions, we made the best of our way to the daylight above.

The grand altar in the choir, a splendid erection of marble, constructed in 1763, is reckoned one of the finest things of its kind; but decidedly the most elegant object is the pulpit, resting against one of the lofty pillars in the open nave. We have nothing at all to compare with this work of art in England. It is of stone, richly sculptured in every part, resting on six small columns, with one in the centre, all niched and filled with finely-cut scripture figures; the overhanging roof is of the same exquisite workmanship. The whole is by the architect, J. Hammerer, who constructed it in 1487. In one part of the building is the clock, or *horloge astronomique*, which once rendered the cathedral famous. It is now in disuse, and of no sort of moment.

Leaving the nave, into which streamed the many-coloured rays of the evening sun through the gorgeous rosace, we, by permission, ascended the winding stair in the truncated tower to the platform at which it abruptly terminates. The ascent was quite safe, but so toilsome, that we had no wish to penetrate to the summit of the complete tower, which rises to a height of 474 English feet, or 24 feet higher than the highest Egyptian pyramid, and is therefore the most lofty work of art in the world. The height of the platform which we attained appears to be less than two-thirds of the adjoining tower, yet at this altitude, or nearly 300 feet from the ground, the whole country for fifty miles around lay spread out like a garden before us, with the branching Rhine winding through it like threads of silver. The town immediately beneath seemed a pent-up group of houses, with dingy roofs of brown flat tiles, and we gazed down upon the people as they moved to and fro in the market-place as one may be supposed to look upon the diminutive bustle of an ant-hill. A tolerably strong set of nerves is required to lean upon the stone balustrade which environs the turret; yet a story is told of a certain bold curé, who, in 1522, had the temerity to run round it, without falling. A gentleman, with more courage than discretion, at the beginning of last century, wished to imitate or excel the curé, and declared he would run three times round the top of the balcony. He performed two courses safely, but at the third his foot slipped, and he was instantly precipitated to the ground and killed. A faithful dog which accompanied him, wishing to follow its master, immediately plunged from the platform, and met with the same sad fate. To commemorate the event, the figure of a dog was carved in stone, and placed on the exterior of the edifice. A female, a number of years ago, committed suicide by throwing herself from the platform to the ground. In her descent, one of her shoes came off, and was caught on the point of one of the small projecting pinnacles; and there, as an architectural conceit, the figure of a shoe in stone was afterwards placed.

The view over the town from this lofty station, as well as a ramble through its streets, conveys a forcible impression of the miseries produced by hemming a populous city within fortified walls. Over the expanse of the town, I did not see a single inch of garden or any patch of green behind the houses; and the only little spot devoted to the culture of flowers was the flat roof of a house, to which earth and plants had been carried, doubtless by some lover of nature dwelling beneath. The buildings are generally very tall, and such is the apparent scarcity of room, that

in some streets each house contains a number of distinct establishments—the cellar laid out as tan-pits, the next floor a workshop, the next two or three as dwelling-houses, and the uppermost a drying loft for tobacco. Statistical returns respecting the mode of living in the walled towns of France, of which I think Strasburg must be among the most vile, disclose a state of things too painful to be entered upon.

Besides the monument of Kleber, the town has recently been ornamented with a statue of Guttemberg, the inventor of printing, who produced some of his earliest works here. Nobody can object to these memorials of respect from the inhabitants; but surely the best monument of Guttemberg is a free press, which the French unfortunately have not; and, in the present state of matters with the Strasburgians, it should, I imagine, be drains first, and public embellishments afterwards.

It was with no small gratification, that, at ten o'clock, on a beautiful Sunday morning, we took our seats in the omnibus which was to convey us to the station of the railway for Basle, situated a mile or two from the gates of the town. The road was crowded with parties, bound for holiday excursions; and when we arrived at the terminus of the railway, we found the place literally like a fair, with hundreds of men and women, in their best attire, waiting for the arrival of the train. The *chemin de fer* had been opened only a week or two before, and was highly popular. Extending to a length of between eighty and ninety miles, it is, I believe, the largest work of the kind yet accomplished by the French government; and for such a backward country as France, may be considered a really wonderful undertaking. Whether it will ultimately answer as a pecuniary speculation, I have no means of judging; but as it affords by far the readiest mode of reaching Switzerland, cutting off a tedious voyage in the steamer against the impetuous current of the Rhine, or the equally tiresome journey by voiture, it is likely to meet with encouragement. As is the case with all the railways on the continent, the fares are remarkably low. For three places in a first-class carriage, we were charged, for the whole distance to Basle, no more than 41 francs 85 centimes, or about 11s. 6d. for each person.

The train, after a little delay, having arrived, it was in a few minutes filled with passengers of all classes, and went off at a rapid and steady pace, the confidence of our party in the locomotive not being lessened by perceiving the word *Manchester* engraved on a plate on its side. The line of route proceeds through the ancient district of Alsace, the bulk of which is a broad strip of land between the Vosges mountains on our right and the Rhine on the left. In the course of the journey, the train stopped frequently at villages to take up and set down passengers, a number of whom were dressed in the peculiar costume once prevalent in Alsace. The figures of the women were highly picturesque. The various parts of the attire were of different brilliant colours, and from the fancifully decorated head there generally depended a stream of ribbons or beads. One young female, whose dress we scrutinised, was gaily set out in a scarlet petticoat and blue apron, surmounted by a green body ornamented with gold flowers; she had also a highly embroidered stomacher, a white linen jacket, laid in plaits down the breast, a flashy silk handkerchief round the neck; and on her head was a black cap, embroidered with gold and white beads, tied at the top with an enormous bow of black ribbons. The head-dress was almost universally black, and in most cases thickly sprinkled with golden flowers sewed in the material. The shape and appearance of the women by no means corresponded with these gaieties of attire. Their figures were generally uncouth, probably from severe toil in the fields, and the faces of some of the most aged, ensconced in antique glittering hoods, were so brown and puckered as scarcely to appear human.

As we approached the termination of our excursion, the signs of manufacturing industry became more and more apparent, in the form of factories with tall chimneys; and Mulhausen, which we closely passed, was to all appearance a manufacturing town in the course of rapid extension. Twenty thousand workmen, I am told, are employed in this busy town and its vicinity, chiefly in the preparation of printed calicoes and silks. Mulhausen was at one time the capital of a Swiss canton, but the district has been annexed to France since the year 1795; and thus the French are fortunate in having secured a tract of country animated with the industry and common sense of a Swiss German population.

At the distance of a few miles from Mulhausen, the hills of Switzerland, canton of Basle, begin to make their appearance before us, and we may be said to have arrived at nearly the southern extremity of the great plain which commences in the neighbourhood of Mayence, where the romantic scenery of the Rhine has terminated in the vine-clad eminences of the Rheingau. The Swiss hills which now lie before us, it is, however, necessary to remember, are confined to the left or western bank of the Rhine, the opposite side being still flat, and belonging to the Dukedom of Baden for many miles farther. With this prospect of a speedy conclusion to our trip, the railway train, in the space of five and a half hours from starting, drove up to its terminus at St Louis, a village within the frontier of France, at which an immense concourse of people from Basle were in the height of festivities, the day being the anniversary of the fête of St Louis, and therefore sacred at once to devotion and merriment. The public highway leading to Basle, at the distance of about a mile, was thronged very much, but not a single instance of intoxication came under our notice; and so, in the midst of hundreds of good-humoured excursionists, we were carried forward as in a flood towards the gates of this venerable member of the Helvetic republic. As the Swiss confederation, to its honour be it spoken, has no custom-house to torment travellers arriving within its territory, we were subjected to no sort of stoppage in entering Basle, and were driven at once to our hotel, the excellent and well-known house, the Drei Könige, or Three Kings, placed on the very brink of the green and rapidly flowing Rhine.

HAUNTED HOUSES.

We have found much amusement in a work recently published under the title of "Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions," the author of which is Mr Charles Mackay, known as a frequent contributor to some of the metropolitan periodicals, and as the writer of "The Thames and its Tributaries," as well as other productions of a light literary kind.* It may be said to consist of an extension of ideas slightly touched upon in the article headed "Moral Epidemics," which appeared in the present Journal. The Crusades, and various other cases of popular frenzy, form the objects of Mr Mackay's notice; and he writes of them in a lively, spirited, and sensible manner. As the "Witch Mania" and other common delusions have been recently discussed here at some length, we prefer to give, as a specimen of his work, a portion of the concluding chapter on "Haunted Houses." The first place, in a selection from cases of this nature, is justly due to the renowned Ghost of Cock Lane, which created a wonderful sensation in London at the period of its supposed appearance:—"At the commencement of the year 1760, there resided in Cock Lane, near West Smithfield, in the house of one Parsons, the parish clerk of St Sepulchre's, a stockbroker named Kent. The wife of this gentleman had died in childbed during the previous year, and his sister-in-law, Miss Fanny, had arrived from Norfolk to keep his house for him. They soon conceived a mutual affection, and each of them made a will in the other's favour. They lived some months in the house of Parsons, who, being a needy man, borrowed money of his lodger. Some difference arose betwixt them, and Mr Kent left the house, and instituted legal proceedings against the parish clerk for the recovery of his money.

While this matter was yet pending, Miss Fanny was suddenly taken ill of the small-pox, and, notwithstanding every care and attention, she died in a few days, and was buried in a vault under Clerkenwell church. Parsons now began to hint that the poor lady had come unfairly by her death, and that Mr Kent was accessory to it, from his too great eagerness to enter into possession of the property she had bequeathed him. Nothing further was said for nearly two years; but it would appear that Parsons was of so revengeful a character that he had never forgotten or forgiven his differences with Mr Kent, and the indignity of having been sued for the borrowed money. The strong passions of pride and avarice were silently at work during all that interval, hatching schemes of revenge, but dismissing them one after the other as impracticable, until at last a notable one suggested itself. About the beginning of the year 1762, the alarm was spread over all the neighbourhood of Cock Lane, that the house of Parsons was haunted by the ghost of poor Fanny, and that the daughter of Parsons, a girl about twelve years of age, had several times seen and conversed with the spirit, who had, moreover, informed her that she had not died of the small-pox, as was currently reported, but of poison administered by Mr Kent. Parsons, who originated, took good care to countenance these reports; and, in answer to numerous inquiries, said his house was every night, and had been for two years, in fact ever since the death of Fanny, troubled by a loud knocking at the doors and in the walls. Having thus prepared the ignorant and credulous neighbours to believe or exaggerate for themselves what he had told them, he sent for a gentleman of a higher class in life to come and witness these extraordinary occurrences. The gentleman came accordingly, and found the daughter of Parsons, to whom the spirit alone appeared, and whom alone it answered, in bed, trembling violently, having just seen the ghost, and been again informed that she had died from poison. A loud knocking was also heard from every part of the chamber, which so mystified the not very clear understanding of the visiter, that he departed, afraid to doubt and ashamed to believe, but with a promise to bring the clergyman of the parish and several other gentlemen on the following day, to report upon the mystery.

On the following night he returned, bringing with him three clergymen, and about twenty other persons, including two negroes, when, upon a consultation with Parsons, they resolved to sit up the whole night, and await the ghost's arrival. It was then explained by Parsons, that although the ghost would never render itself visible to any body but his daughter, it had no objection to answer the questions that might be put to it by any person present, and that it expressed an affirmation by one knock, a negative by two, and its displeasure by a kind of scratching. The child was then put into bed along with her sister, and the clergymen examined the bed and bed-clothes to satisfy themselves that no trick was played, by knocking upon any substance concealed among the clothes. As on the previous night, the bed was observed to shake violently.

After some hours, during which they all waited with exemplary patience, the mysterious knocking was heard in the wall, and the child declared that she saw the ghost of poor Fanny. The following questions were then gravely put by the clergyman, through the medium of one Mary Frazer, the servant of Parsons, and to whom it was said the deceased lady had been much attached. The answers were in the usual fashion, by a knock or knocks:—

'Do you make this disturbance on account of the ill usage you received from Mr Kent?' 'Yes.'

'Were you brought to an untimely end by poison?' 'Yes.'

'How was the poison administered—in beer or in purl?' 'In purl.'

'How long was that before your death?' 'About three hours.'

'Can your former servant, Carrots, give any information about the poison?' 'Yes.'

'Are you Kent's wife's sister?' 'Yes.'

'Were you married to Kent after your sister's death?' 'No.'

'Was any body else, besides Kent, concerned in your murder?' 'No.'

'Can you, if you like, appear visibly to any one?' 'Yes.'

'Will you do so?' 'Yes.'

'Can you go out of this house?' 'Yes.'

'Is it your intention to follow this child about every where?' 'Yes.'

'Are you pleased in being asked these questions?' 'Yes.'

'Does it ease your troubled soul?' 'Yes.'

[Here there was heard a mysterious noise, which some wiseacre present compared to the fluttering of wings.]

'How long before your death did you tell your servant, Carrots, that you were poisoned—an hour?' 'Yes.'

[Carrots, who was present, was appealed to; but she stated positively that such was not the fact, as the deceased was quite speechless an hour before her death. This shook the faith of some of the spectators, but the examination was allowed to continue.]

'How long did Carrots live with you?' 'Three or four days.'

[Carrots was again appealed to, and said that this was true.]

'If Mr Kent is arrested for this murder, will he confess?' 'Yes.'

'Would your soul be at rest if he were hanged for it?' 'Yes.'

'Will he be hanged for it?' 'Yes.'

'How long a time first?' 'Three years.'

'How many clergymen are there in this room?' 'Three.'

'How many negroes?' 'Two.'

'Is this watch (held up by one of the clergymen) white?' 'No.'

'Is it yellow?' 'No.'

'Is it blue?' 'No.'

'Is it black?' 'Yes.'

[The watch was in a black shagreen case.]

'At what time this morning will you take your departure?'

The answer to this question was four knocks, very distinctly heard by every person present; and accordingly, at four o'clock precisely, the ghost took its departure to the Wheatsheaf public-house, close by, where it frightened mine host and his lady almost out of their wits, by knocking in the ceiling right above their bed.

The rumour of these occurrences very soon spread over London, and every day Cock Lane was rendered impassable by the crowds of people who assembled around the house of the parish clerk, in expectation of either seeing the ghost or of hearing the mysterious knocks. It was at last found necessary, so clamorous were they for admission within the haunted precincts, to admit those only who would pay a certain fee, an arrangement which was very convenient to the needy and money-loving Mr Parsons. Indeed, things had taken a turn greatly to his satisfaction; he not only had his revenge, but he made a profit out of it. The ghost, in consequence, played its antics every night, to the great amusement of many hundreds of people, and the great perplexity of a still greater number.

Unhappily, however, for the parish clerk, the ghost was induced to make some promises which were the means of utterly destroying its reputation. It promised, in answer to the questions of the Rev. Mr Aldritch of Clerkenwell, that it would not only follow the little Miss Parsons wherever she went, but would also attend him, or any other gentleman, into the vault under St John's Church, where the body of the murdered woman was deposited, and would there give notice of its presence by a distinct knock upon the coffin. As a preliminary, the girl was conveyed to the house of Mr Aldritch near the church, where a large party of ladies and gentlemen, eminent for their acquirements, their rank, or their wealth, had assembled.

* Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions. London: Richard Bentley. 1841.

About ten o'clock on the night of the 1st of February, the girl having been brought from Cock Lane in a coach, was put to bed by several ladies in the house of Mr Aldritch; a strict examination having been previously made that nothing was hidden in the bed-clothes. While the gentlemen, in an adjoining chamber, were deliberating whether they should proceed in a body to the vault, they were summoned into the bedroom by the ladies, who affirmed, in great alarm, that the ghost was come, and that they heard the knocks and scratches. The gentlemen entered accordingly, with a determination to suffer no deception. The little girl, on being asked whether she saw the ghost, replied, "No; but she felt it on her back like a mouse." She was then required to put her hands out of bed, and they being held by some of the ladies, the spirit was summoned in the usual manner to answer, if it were in the room. The question was several times put with great solemnity; but the customary knock was not heard in reply in the walls, neither was there any scratching. The ghost was then asked to render itself visible, but it did not choose to grant the request. It was next solicited to give some token of its presence by a sound of any sort, or by touching the hand or cheek of any lady or gentleman in the room; but even with this request the ghost would not comply.

There was now a considerable pause, and one of the clergymen went down stairs to interrogate the father of the girl, who was waiting the result of the experiment. He positively denied that there was any deception, and even went so far as to say that he himself, upon one occasion, had seen and conversed with the awful ghost. This having been communicated to the company, it was unanimously resolved to give the ghost another trial; and the clergyman called out in a loud voice to the supposed spirit, that the gentleman, to whom it had promised to appear in the vault, was about to repair to that place, where he claimed the fulfilment of its promise. At one hour after midnight they all proceeded to the church, and the gentleman in question, with another, entered the vault, and took up their position alongside of the coffin of poor Fanny. The ghost was then summoned to appear, but it appeared not; it was summoned to knock, but it knocked not; it was summoned to scratch, but it scratched not; and the two retired from the vault, with the firm belief that the whole business was a deception practised by Parsons and his daughter. There were others, however, who did not wish to jump so hastily to a conclusion, and who suggested that they were perhaps trifling with this awful and supernatural being, which, being offended with them for their presumption, would not condescend to answer them. Again, after a serious consultation, it was agreed on all hands that, if the ghost answered any body at all, it would answer Mr Kent, the supposed murderer; and he was accordingly requested to go down into the vault. He went with several others, and summoned the ghost to answer whether he had indeed poisoned her. There being no answer, the question was put by Mr Aldritch, who conjured it, if it were indeed a spirit, to end their doubts—make a sign of its presence, and point out the guilty person. There being still no answer for the space of half an hour, during which time all these boobies waited with the most praiseworthy perseverance, they returned to the house of Mr Aldritch, and ordered the girl to get up and dress herself. She was strictly examined, but persisted in her statement that she used no deception, and that the ghost had really appeared to her.

So many persons had, by their openly expressed belief of the reality of the visitation, identified themselves with it, that Parsons and his family were far from being the only persons interested in the continuance of the delusion. The result of the experiment convinced most people; but these were not to be convinced by any evidence, however positive, and they therefore spread abroad the rumour that the ghost had not appeared in the vault, because Mr Kent had taken care beforehand to have the coffin removed. That gentleman, whose position was a very painful one, immediately procured competent witnesses, in whose presence the vault was entered and the coffin of poor Fanny opened. Their deposition was then published; and Mr Kent indicted Parsons and his wife, his daughter, Mary Frazer the servant, the Rev. Mr Moor, and a tradesman, two of the most prominent patrons of the deception, for a conspiracy. The trial came on in the Court of King's Bench, on the 10th of July, before Lord Chief-Justice Mansfield, when, after an investigation which lasted twelve hours, the whole of the conspirators were found guilty. The Rev. Mr Moor and his friend were severely reprimanded in open court, and recommended to make some pecuniary compensation to the prosecutor for the aspersions they had been instrumental in throwing upon his character. Parsons was sentenced to stand three times in the pillory, and to be imprisoned for two years: his wife to one year's, and his servant to six month's imprisonment in the Bridewell. A printer, who had been employed by them to publish an account of the proceedings for their profit, was also fined fifty pounds, and discharged.

The precise manner in which the deception was carried on has never been explained. The knocking in the wall appears to have been the work of Parsons' wife, while the scratching part of the business was left to the little girl. That a contrivance so clumsy could have deceived any body, cannot fail to excite our wonder. But thus it always is. If two or three persons can only be found to take the lead in any absurdity, however great, there is sure to be plenty of imitators. Like sheep in a field, if one clears the stile, the rest will follow."

Well may Mr Mackay express surprise that men capable of a moment's sound reflection should not have seen at once the utter absurdity of the supposition, that a supernatural being, if such had really been permitted to visit the living world, would have come to play the part of an invisible rat, to scratch upon bed-heads, pull down plates, and frighten poor old women, who had done nothing in the slightest degree connected with the mission of annoyance. Mr Mackay cites other instances of alarms scarcely less absurd, one of them of old date. A community of monks established near Paris by St Louis, having cast eyes of affection upon a handsome old palace in their neighbourhood, named Vauvert, commenced playing such pranks about it as caused it to be instantly reputed as haunted. By these means they actually succeeded in their object. We have another instance of a house being deserted, shunned, and finally sold for an old song, merely in consequence of an occasional noise ultimately traced to the clanking of a loose door in the lower storey. We recollect ourselves a house at Slateford, near Edinburgh, which for some weeks was an object of dread to all the country round, for no other reason than a derangement of the water-pipes.

The only other anecdote for which we can find room, is one relating to a remarkable case which also occurred within our recollection, and for some time was a theme of far-spread wonder. Like the Cock-Lane affair, it takes a strong hue of the ridiculous. "On the 5th of December (1828), the inmates of the farm-house of Baldarroch, in the district of Banchory, Aberdeenshire, were alarmed by observing a great number of sticks, pebble-stones, and clods of earth, flying about their yard and premises. They endeavoured, but in vain, to discover who was the delinquent; and the shower of stones continuing for five days in succession, they came at last to the conclusion that the devil and his imps were alone the cause of it. The rumour soon spread over all that part of the country, and hundreds of persons came from far and near to witness the antics of the devils of Baldarroch. After the fifth day, the shower of clods and stones ceased on the outside of the premises, and the scene shifted to the interior. Spoons, knives, plates, mustard-pots, rolling-pins, and flat-irons, appeared suddenly endued with the power of self-motion, and were whirled from room to room, and rattled down the chimneys, in a manner which nobody could account for. The lid of a mustard-pot was put into a cupboard by the servant girl, in the presence of scores of people, and in a few minutes afterwards came bouncing down the chimney, to the consternation of every body. There was also a tremendous knocking at the doors and on the roof, and pieces of stick and pebble-stones rattled against the windows and broke them. The whole neighbourhood was a scene of alarm; and not only the vulgar, but persons of education, respectable farmers, within a circle of twenty miles, expressed their belief in the supernatural character of these events, and offered up devout prayers to be preserved from the machinations of the Evil One. The note of fear being once sounded, the visiters, as is generally the case in all tales of wonder, strove with each other who should witness the most extraordinary occurrences; and within a week, it was generally believed in the parishes of Banchory-Ternan, Drumoak, Durris, Kincardine-O'Neil, and all the circumjacent districts of Mearns and Aberdeenshire, that the devil had been seen in the act of hammering upon the house-top of Baldarroch. One old man asserted positively, that one night, after having been to see the strange gambols of the knives and mustard pots, he met the phantom of a great black man, 'who wheeled round his head with a whizzing noise, making a wind about his ears that almost blew his bonnet off,' and that he was haunted by him in this manner for three miles. It was also affirmed and believed, that all horses and dogs that approached this enchanted ground, were immediately affected—that a gentleman, slow of faith, had been cured of his incredulity by meeting the butter-churn jumping in at the door as he himself was going out—that the roofs of houses had been torn off, and that several ricks in the corn-yard had danced a quadrille together, to the sound of the devil's bagpipes re-echoing from the mountain-tops. The women in the family of the persecuted farmer of Baldarroch also kept their tongues in perpetual motion; swelling with their strange stories the tide of popular wonder. The good-wife herself, and all her servants, said, that whenever they went to bed, they were attacked with stones and other missiles, some of which came below the blankets and gently tapped their toes. One evening, a shoe suddenly darted across a garret where some labourers were sitting, and one of the men, who attempted to catch it, swore positively that it was so hot and heavy he was unable to hold it.

Among the persons drawn to Baldarroch by these occurrences were the heritor, the minister, and all the elders of the kirk, under whose superintendence an investigation was immediately commenced. Their proceedings were not promulgated for some days; and, in the mean time, rumour continued to travel through all the Highlands, magnifying each mysterious incident the farther it got from home. There were, of course, some sensible and educated people, who, after stripping the stories circulated of their exaggeration, attributed all the rest to one or other of two causes—first, that some gipsies, or strolling mendicants, hidden in the neighbouring plantation, were amusing themselves by working on the credulity of the country people; or, secondly, that the inmates of Baldarroch carried on this deception themselves, for some reason or other, which was not very clear to anybody. The last opinion gained but few believers, as the farmer and his family were much respected; and so many persons had, in the most open manner, expressed their belief in the supernatural agency, that they did not like to stultify themselves by confessing that they had been deceived.

At last, after a fortnight's continuance of the noises, the whole trick was discovered. The two servant girls were strictly examined, and then committed to prison. It appeared that they were alone at the bottom of the whole affair, and that the extraordinary alarm and credulity of their master and mistress, in the first instance, and of the neighbours and country people afterwards, made their task comparatively easy. A little common dexterity was all they had used; and, being themselves unsuspected, they swelled the alarm by the wonderful stories they invented. It was they who loosened the bricks in the chimneys, and placed the dishes in such a manner on the shelves, that they fell on the slightest motion. They were no sooner secured in the county jail than the noises ceased, and most people were convinced that human agency alone had worked all the wonder. Some few of the most devoutly superstitious still held out in their first belief, and refused to listen to any explanation."

Though the materials of a great part of the volumes before us are by no means of a very novel character, the agreeable manner in which they are thrown together will amply repay the trouble of perusing the book, as, indeed, our citations will probably have satisfied the reader.

OPIUM-SMOKING IN CHINA.

The following is an extract from the private journal of Dr Hill, late surgeon of the bark *Sunda*, which was lost on the island of Hainan, in October 1839, and whose crew were conducted to Canton under protection of the Chinese government:—

"On the evening of our arrival at the city of Hainan (which is about six miles from the northern extremity of the island of the same name), one of the soldiers who formed our body-guard requested permission to smoke his opium in the apartment allotted to the captain, chief officer, and myself. To this, as we had not previously had an opportunity of properly witnessing the whole process, we cheerfully agreed.

The apparatus, which was contained in a leather-bag, consisted of a small box of opium, a pipe of a peculiar construction, a lamp, and a steel bodkin about six inches in length.

The opium, which was contained in a wooden box not much larger than a lady's thimble, was a clear, dark, semi-fluid substance, resembling tar or treacle, though of rather more consistence, and prepared, so far as I could understand, from the crude drug by boiling, straining, and evaporating.

The pipe, which was made of ebony, was about eighteen inches in length, and three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and had a brass bowl near its further extremity, which was closed. In shape, the bowl resembled a pear, having its upper surface smooth and flattened, with a small aperture in its centre, sufficient to admit a needle of moderate size. The use of the lamp and bodkin, which need not be described, will be seen presently.

Drawing a table with his apparatus to the side of a bamboo couch, upon which he seated himself cross-legged, after the manner of the Turks, our hero began by lighting the lamp, over which he placed a glass shade, so as to render the flame strong and steady, and prevent its smoking. He then took a small quantity of the drug (of the size of a pea) on the point of the bodkin, and held it for a few seconds in the flame of the lamp, when it swelled and took fire, emitting smoke of a strong aromatic and not unpleasant odour. Instantly blowing it out, he rolled it for a short time on the bowl of the pipe (by swiftly twirling round the bodkin between the forefinger and thumb), and again applied it to the flame of the lamp to undergo the same process for two or three successive times. After being sufficiently burned, he next introduced the bodkin into the aperture of the bowl, twisting it gently round, so as to detach from its point the opium which was left adhering to the edges. Lastly, having made a deep expiration, in order to expel the air as much as possible from his lungs, he put the pipe into his mouth, applied the bowl to the flame of the lamp, and took one long inspiration, by which the opium was almost entirely dissipated and converted into a dense smoke, which, after retaining in the chest for a short time, he emitted through his nostrils. The same process was repeated eight times in the course of twenty minutes, when he lay down on the couch and fell into a profound sleep, which lasted nearly three hours. On awaking, which he did of his own accord, he appeared stupid and confused, and seemingly not a little surprised at finding himself in the company of foreigners, when, recollecting himself, he burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.

In the present instance, that of a young man about twenty-four years of age, after the second inhalation of the drug, the eyes became full and sparkling, the face began to flush, and the pulse to increase in quickness and fullness; the breathing likewise became more fre-

quent, and the whole system seemed considerably excited. These symptoms continued to increase until the seventh application to the opium pot (which took place about a quarter of an hour from the commencement), at which time the pulse was full and bounding, and beating at the rate of 120 in the minute.

After the next two applications, which were completed within five minutes more, though much less dexterously than the previous ones, he appeared quite stupified by the drug, and lying down on the couch, instantly fell asleep.

Being desirous of ascertaining how long he would continue in this state, we did not disturb him, although he snored most profoundly, but allowed him to awake of his own accord, which he did in about three hours afterwards.

Considerable depression seemed now to have followed the previous excitement; the eyes, though still full and projecting, being dull and heavy, and the whole countenance having a languid and stupid expression. The breathing was likewise heavy, and the pulse considerably below the natural standard, being full and labouring, and scarcely beating sixty in the minute.

The immediate effect, therefore, of the drug in the present instance, and likewise in any other which afterwards came under my observation, was that of a strong stimulant. This, however, was soon succeeded by a still more powerfully sedative effect, which takes place sooner or later, according to the habits of the individual. An old hand will frequently smoke for hours before being completely under its influence; while a beginner, as we observed in the case of our cook, will sometimes be stupified by two or three whiffs.

Amongst the Chinese, the use of opium is almost universal, at least among the male portion of the community, and is far from being confined to the higher or wealthier classes, being equally prevalent amongst the very lowest, many of whom would rather want their dinner than be deprived of the intoxicating drug. Notwithstanding the severe penalties incurred by those found making use of it, it scarcely ever appeared to be made a secret of, smoking shops abounding in every town and village through which we passed. In addition to a tobacco-pipe, which each carried along with him, amongst our guard of honour (consisting of a head policeman, as he was called, half a dozen soldiers, four palanquin bearers, and three wheelbarrow men), there were generally to be found several opium pipes, which were made use of occasionally in the course of the day's march. Tobacco, however, was principally made use of during the day, the opium being reserved till the evening, when they would commence after supper, and smoke until they could no longer put the pipe into their mouths. As can easily be imagined, the habitual use of opium, at least as made use of by the Chinese, produces the most injurious effects upon the constitution —still more, probably, than that of ardent spirit. The peculiar languid and vacant expression, the sallow and shrivelled countenance, the dim and sunken eye, and the general emaciated and withered appearance of the body, easily distinguish the confirmed opium-smoker. The mind likewise soon participates in the general wreck of the body; and the unhappy individual, losing all relish for society, remains in a state of sottish indifference to every thing around him but the deadly drug, now his only solace, which sooner or later hurries its victim to an untimely grave.

The most inveterate opium-smoker that came under our observation, during a journey of two months through the interior of the country, was the head policeman, under whose charge we were from the island of Hainan to the mainland of China. This individual was evidently an old stager, and went through the operation with great neatness and dexterity. Commencing soon after he came on board (about five o'clock in the afternoon), he continued without intermission until midnight, when, tired with observing him, I fell asleep.

The refuse of the pipe likewise is much prized, especially where a superior specimen of the drug has been made use of, and is generally the perquisite of one of the servants, who forms it into pills by mixing it with a little oil, to which he treats himself while his master is in a state of oblivion."

PILE-DRIVING MACHINE.

A very simple yet very admirable machine for driving a double row of piles, has recently been imported from the United States. It was built at Utica, and has the national name "Brother Jonathan" inscribed on it. It is now in operation at Smith's Timber Wharf, Pedlar's Acre, where it can be seen driving the piles for the causeway and abutment on the Surrey side of the New Hungerford Market Bridge, now in progress. The hammers, or weights, or, as they are more usually called by pile-drivers, the "monkeys," are elevated to a height of thirty-five feet or thereabouts, along grooves in perpendicular leaders, by means of a locomotive steam-engine of ten horse power, fixed on a platform, on which the whole of the machinery is placed. The power of the blow given by each of these hammers exceeds 600 tons, and drives a pile of twenty-seven feet long, and as thick as the thickest piles used in embankments and for cofferdams, nearly its whole length into the earth in about eight minutes, or perhaps less. It drives two piles at the same time. A circular horizontal saw is worked by the engine, which in a few seconds cuts the tops of the piles even, and enables the trucks, or small wheels on which the platform is supported, to come forward as fast as the piles are driven, and cut them even at the top; the platform is propelled by a one-horse power by the engine. The power of this machine is absolutely astounding. It is an important application of steam-power, likely to produce very beneficial results in public works, in the formation of sea-banks, and in all operations on a large scale where rapidity of execution and precision are required. The machine was used in America for driving piles for railroads, and travelled by its own power upwards of two hundred miles, driving piles and making its own road through swamps and districts heretofore impervious. The machine has, moreover, the power of drawing piles out of the earth as quickly as it drives them in, and can be applied to the raising of blocks of stone and all heavy weights that require an extraordinary power.—*Standard.*

CAPTAIN CHARLES GRAY'S POEMS.

Captain Gray informs us, in the preface to an elegant volume entitled "Lays and Lyrics,"* that he has just retired from the marine corps, after a service of thirty-six years. A more cheerful soul or a gentler nature never went upon the half-pay list. He has thought proper to employ some of the first of his leisure in preparing a selection of the occasional rhymes of a lifetime, and pleasant lively verses they generally are—perhaps, in some instances, a little too Anacreontic for these sober times. Some of them are agreeable adaptations to the old melodies of Scotland; others are designed for new tunes. Another large portion of the Lays and Lyrics are of the character of *vers de societié.* We extract a specimen of both departments:—

WHEN AUTUMN HAS LAID HER SICKLE BY.†

When Autumn has laid her sickle by,
And the stacks are theekit to haud them dry;
And the sapless leaves come down frae the trees,
And dance about in the fitfu' breeze;
And the robin again sits burd-alane,
And sings his sang on the auld peat stane;
When come is the hour o' gloamin grey,
Oh, sweet is to me the minstrel's lay!

When Winter is driving his cloud on the gale,
And spairgin about his snaw and his hail,
And the door is steekit against the blast,
And the winnocks wi' wedges are firm and fast,
And the ribs are ryppet, the cannel a-light,
And the fire on the hearth is bleezin bright,
And the bicker is reamin wi' pithy brown ale;
Oh, dear is to me a sang or a tale!

Then I tove awa' by the ingle-side,
And tell o' the blasts I was wont to bide,
When the nichts were lang, and the sea ran high,
And the moon hid her face in the depths of the sky,
And the mast was strain'd, and the canvass rent,
By some demon on message of mischief sent;
Oh, I bless my stars that at hame I can bide,
For dear, dear to me is my ain ingle side!

CHRISTMAS.

A RUDDER-HEAD REVERIE.

In that famed place no longer cruising,
Where William kissed his "black-eyed Susan,"
Driven by the tide, toss'd by the breeze,
Rides our good ship, the Ramilies.
Others may "slumber on the ocean,"
But we've found out "perpetual motion;"
And things shall go a little hard,
If some one claims not the reward.
Some stomachs are so very nice,
Rolling upsets them in a trice;
And pitching gives them such a fit,
Poor souls! they cannot pick a bit!
Let winds pipe loud, let billows roar,
We eat and drink like folks on shore.
But what is this? As I'm a sinner
'Tis Christmas, and we've nought for dinner!
Already lour the distant skies;
The angry white-topp'd billows rise;
O'er head the rack is scudding fast,
And heavy moans the coming blast;
On flagging wing sails slowly by
The sea-mew, with a wailing cry.
What sad portentous signs are these?
How quick they turn our swans to geese!

Four jolly Mids have we invited,
Whose stomachs, no doubt, are delighted;
And shall their fondest wishes *go* out
Like candle-snuff? Shall then no *blow-out*
Delight the maws of hungry fellows?
Must *salt junk* fill our empty bellies?
Shall we have nought but beef and biscuit,
Instead of *soft tack*, fowl, and brisket?
Forbid it! Neptune's watery train,
That live below, or skim the main.

Alas! what will not patience teach;—
The surf is rolling on the beach;
And down comes Lapslie, hat in hand—
"At Deal, to-day, no boat can land!"
And all our hopes of Christmas fare
Vanish, like witches, in the air!
The rich sirloin, all smoking hot,
Like baser shin, has gone to pot:
The goose—oh, name it not!—the goose
Is killed and stuffed for others' use;
Or borne away, on ample pinions,
Regardless of our sage and onions.
'Tis clear our evil stars prevail—
We'll ne'er lay salt upon her tail.
The fowls have all been "bought and sold;"
The curry is too hot to hold!
The mince, so nicely baked in pies,
Is fruitless as a sailor's sighs,
When fast he scuds before the wind,
And leaves his lass and heart behind.
The ham, well dried a month before,
We only *smoke it* from the shore;
And, were we Jews of Abram's line,
On it might be allowed to dine;
But no—at distance here we stand,
And only view the promised land.
The veal—pray, messmates, do not frown—
Not it, but we, are quite *done brown:*
The tongue that tickles every palate,
Is mute within some butcher's wallet;

The pig on which I thought to dine,
Lies grunting with his fellow swine!
And greens uncut adorn the plain—
M———r may *green* for them in vain.
For such "good cheer" we may not look—
We all must dine with *Humphrey's Duke;*
Our Christmas gambols we have played till,
And danced to "Sandy lick the ladle!"
To bear with this is not in nature,
I therefore vote we *cob the cat'er.*

* Menzies, Edinburgh. † Music by P. M'Leod, Esq.

MAXIMS.

Never, unless you are an expert horseman, attempt to show off a spirited animal before your friends, else you may be made to kiss the dust; for the horse is a sagacious brute, and soon discovers the incapacity of his rider. Never sign an accommodation bill, for when once "on the *ice,*" it is impossible to predict the result. Never laugh at your own jokes, at least until the risibility of the company has been excited, when etiquette may perhaps permit you to give a gentle guffaw by way of accompaniment. Never, in talking to your next neighbour, vociferate as if you were "hailing a ship at sea;" it is the custom of uneducated boors, with whom you stand a chance of being identified. Never condemn your neighbour unheard, however many the accusations which may be preferred against him: every story has two ways of being told, and justice requires that you should hear the defence as well as the accusation; and remember that the malignity of enemies may place *you* in a similar predicament. Never, if you are in the habit of giving recitations, allow yourself, from the indiscreet and hyperbolical encomiums of friends, to suppose that you are a Roscius; and keep in mind that you may be flattered to be laughed at. Never get into a passion because others will not agree with you in opinion; you are not infallible, and moreover, diversity of opinion is the very life and soul of conversation; at the same time, we confess there are some dogmatists who never speak "rhyme nor reason," and who sadly try the temper. Never trouble others with the recital of your misfortunes: communications of this description are never pleasing; and, at all events, sympathy cannot counteract the decrees of fate; and, moreover, if you are given to such disclosures, you will be dubbed "knight of the rueful countenance"—a personage who is no favourite at convivial meetings, or, indeed, any where. Never refuse, if it be in your power, to aid the unfortunate; a generous act is always followed with a glow of happiness, far surpassing any mere animal gratification. Never harbour animosity towards a friend for a mere hasty expression; forgiveness is a godlike quality, and a true friend is so scarce a commodity, that he should not be repudiated on slight grounds; but those who injure you from "malice prepense," should be shunned as you would avoid a tiger.—*Edinburgh Observer.*

PEOPLE OF COLOUR AT BELIZE.

By this time I had twice passed the whole length of the principal street, and the town seemed in the entire possession of blacks. The bridge, the market-place, the streets and stores, were thronged with them; and I might have fancied myself in the capital of a Negro republic. They are a fine-looking race, tall, straight, and athletic, with skins black, smooth, and glossy as velvet, and well dressed; the men in white cotton shirts and trousers, with straw hats, and the women in white frocks with short sleeves and broad red borders, and adorned with large red ear-rings and necklaces; and I could not help remarking that the frock was their only article of dress, and that it was the fashion of these sable ladies to drop this considerably from off the right shoulder, and to carry the skirt in the left hand, and raise it to any height necessary for crossing puddles. On my way back, I stopped at the house of a merchant, whom I found at what is called a second breakfast. The gentleman sat on one side of the table, and his lady on the other. At the head was a British officer, and opposite him a mulatto; on his left was another officer, and opposite him also a mulatto. By chance a place was made for me between the two coloured gentlemen. Some of my countrymen, perhaps, would have hesitated about taking it, but I did not; both were well-dressed, well-educated, and polite. They talked of their mahogany works, of England, hunting, horses, ladies, and wine; and, before I had been an hour in Belize, I learned that the great work of practical amalgamation, the subject of so much angry controversy at home, had been going on quietly for generations; that colour was considered mere matter of taste; and that some of the most respectable inhabitants had black wives, and mongrel children, whom they educated with as much care, and made money for with as much zeal, as if their skins were perfectly white.—*Stephens's Incidents of Travel in Central America.*

SUPERSTITION IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

A lad, about eighteen years of age, on Wednesday night, a few weeks ago, disappeared under strong excitement; and it is supposed threw himself off the bridge at Melksham, into the Avon, and was drowned. To recover the body, his friends on Saturday were firing a gun along the banks of the river, believing that the report would burst the caul and raise the corpse to the surface. On Monday, they beat a drum along the bank, believing that the drum would cease sounding when opposite the corpse! Of course, both methods failed.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

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THE STORY OF A PICTURE.

In the year eighteen hundred and something, Henry Cummins awoke one morning and discovered—what very much surprised "the world" when they heard it, and almost astonished himself, namely—that he was penniless! In three years he had run through the savings of a life; for his father, a plodding man of business, had bequeathed above thirty thousand pounds to his only child, having previously given him what is called "a good education"—a term which is, alas! too often a sad misnomer. What is commonly called a "good" education, sometimes turns out to have been a very "bad" one. Although a tradesman, old Mr Cummins had an amiable weakness (if weakness it must be called), yclept family pride, and his anxious hope was, that Henry would resuscitate the honour of the family. Yes, he belonged to a family which had been renowned through several generations; but as virtue and honour do not always fill the purse, and as in this unromantic age it is found absolutely necessary to pay butchers and bakers, it was thought advisable for a younger branch of the genealogical tree to strike fresh root in the plebeian but extremely invigorating soil of trade. Mr Cummins had been the younger branch destined for this healthful process, and Henry had been intended for the bar, the father's dreams of course picturing him on the woolsack. But a lavish allowance for his pocket, and the gratification of every wish not absolutely vicious, while yet in his teens, were not precisely the means to render him a steady or a studious man. He was twenty when his father died, and he came into uncontrolled possession of his property a year afterwards; so, considering that he found it quite impossible the first year to live on four times the sum that his trustee allowed him, and that he did contrive, and not very mysteriously, to borrow some thousands during that period, it is not surprising that at the end of three years, as we have said before, he awoke one morning and found himself without a penny. He made other discoveries, too, at the same moment. He found that, paying the price of his whole fortune, he had not, after all, purchased happiness; and when the first stunning sensation of extreme *un*happiness and affliction which his different discoveries occasioned had a little abated, there sprung up in his mind a wonderful growth of good resolutions for the future, and some sort of inward assurance, which was better than all, that told him he had energy enough to carry them out.

But the question was, what first should be done? After a little while, all visionary plans and speculations melted into the one strong sense of the necessity of selling at once horses and carriages, house, furniture, and every species of available property, with the proceeds of which he hoped to discharge debts still outstanding, and have perhaps a trifle to begin the world with. Now, abstractedly, a chair is but a chair, a table but a table, yet every one will allow the power that even inanimate objects possess of twining themselves around the heart, until a final separation is absolutely painful. Henry Cummins was perfectly aware of this fact, as on the morning of the sale he walked through every room of his house, for the last time, among his household gods. There they were, every one ticketed, and standing uncomfortably forward, as if they had already taken leave of their master, and were inviting themselves to the notice of the strangers who walked through the rooms. Had the weather been dull and cloudy, nature would have seemed in unison with the spendthrift's feelings; but the sun streamed in most unsympathisingly, as if to mock his anguish, and (what perhaps he also observed) to throw a very unbecoming degree of light upon faded damask, cracked china, and tarnished gilding. It is possible that he might have given a rough guess at the different prices which might have been expected had a cloudy sky veiled such imperfections, yet it was not that which made his cravat feel something too tight, or produced the nervous twitches which might have been remarked about his mouth; for though tears—those exhalations of intense agony, a *man's* tears—did rise to his eyes, pride drove them back. It was very strange that his father's arm-chair, or his mother's work-table, should produce such emotions, and yet they oppressed his heart most strongly when he observed a stranger pause, with all the assurance in the world, to examine a certain old picture. Now, it chanced that this was about the only thing to which the sunshine was favourable, for, without streaming upon it, a flood of light nevertheless illumined the apartment, and, coming from the right direction, brought out beauties that might otherwise have remained unobserved.

It was, indeed, an exquisite painting—no matter by which of the old masters; and it had belonged to the Cummins' family for several generations. It was a landscape scene with figures; the season bright gorgeous summer; and the picture was among Henry Cummins' earliest recollections and associations. In the days of frocks and pinafores he had played before it, looking up sometimes, and almost wondering if the shadows would ever grow longer, or the knot of harvest people ever finish the day's labour. And in years later than those of frockhood, he had tried his daring hand in copying the great original, only, it must be confessed, to throw palette and brushes away in disgust; and in recent times he had pointed out its beauties to admiring visiters, while it had been the silent witness of his follies—silent, surely, because he would not listen, for now to the mind's ear it spoke trumpet-tongued reproaches. There it hung, in its old-fashioned frame, ticketed No. 27. Had that ticket supernatural powers?—for, verily, to the vision of Henry Cummins, the figures seemed starting to life, as they looked down sorrowfully and reproachfully at him. The stranger, whose glance the picture had arrested, was a little old gentleman, dressed in brown, who held by the hand a beautiful girl of about twelve years old. The fairy-like child was soon satisfied with looking at the picture, and slipped her hand from that of her grandfather, the better to observe a China monster, which had caught her attention; and then the little old man drew out his spectacles, stepped somewhat nearer to the painting, and putting his arms behind his back, and clasping with one hand the wrist of the other, stood for full five minutes in a dream of delight. He was aroused from it by a joyous laugh of the child, for the grotesque image had been irresistible. The child's laugh grated on the heart of Henry Cummins almost as much as the bright sunshine had done; and though he gazed at her full in the face, as she shook back the thick curls which shaded it, and besought "grandpapa" to buy the green and purple monster, he certainly did not perceive she was the most beautiful object in the room—if the truth must be told, he thought her a noisy troublesome child.

The little old gentleman promised to buy the monster, and telling Julia that the sale would commence in half an hour, he led her down stairs, and put her into a carriage which was waiting, and which quickly drove off. All this Henry Cummins beheld from a window, though he could not hear what directions were given to the coachman. However, in another minute the little old gentleman had returned to the drawing-room, but he passed by the picture without noticing it again, and after giving rather an indifferent glance to some other objects, seated himself within a few paces of the auctioneer's desk. Henry Cummins wondered if he meant to bid for the picture, and felt almost decided to buy it in himself; but he did not wish to make himself known to the auctioneer, and so determined to bid as a stranger. The sale began, and the china monster, which was in the first page of the catalogue, was knocked down to the little old gentleman. It had been run up to a sum far beyond its value, for the purchaser had shown he was determined to have it. Perhaps he took a hint from this circumstance, or, perhaps, he was in reality an experienced bidder, and had only from some accident been off his guard in a trifling matter; however this might be, when the picture was put up for sale the old gentleman's voice was not heard at all. It is true the auctioneer must have received, from time to time, telegraphic dispatches from somebody, as, without the bidders being always heard, "going—going"—was followed by higher and higher offers. At last, as if himself out of patience, the auctioneer sharply let fall his mystical symbol, even before Henry Cummins could determine on an advance, and a nod of the head proclaimed that the picture belonged to the little old gentleman. He looked remarkably happy, for he would willingly have given hundreds for that which he had purchased for thirty-five pounds. Once more he approached the painting, gazing now with a sort of parental admiration; but this time Henry Cummins was at his elbow. A quick beating of the heart had superseded the thickness in his throat as the latter exclaimed—"Sir, I will give you twenty pounds for your bargain!"

"Sir, I would not take fifty," returned the other.

"What will you take?" rejoined Henry.

"Nothing you can offer. Sir, I mean to keep the picture;" and the old gentleman clasped his arms behind his back, in his favourite attitude of determination.

"I was deputed by Mr Cummins," exclaimed Henry, after a moment's pause, "to buy in this painting; it is much prized by him, having many old family associations, and at the last moment he repented having offered it for sale. You would not have had it, sir, had the auctioneer been a second less quick in his decision."

"Lucky for me, lucky for me, that he was so sharp; and I have nothing to do with the repentance of such a young scapegrace as Mr Henry Cummins."

"Do you know him, sir?"

"Enough to know that the picture is much safer in my possession than in his. I suppose he is going to turn shoe-black, or something of that sort; he can't be fit for any thing better, I should think."

"They say he is going to India—a friendless, moneyless adventurer."

"Eh! what!—well, it is never too late to reform; but I can't let him have the picture for all that. Good morning, sir; my carriage is waiting"

There are mysterious chords in our nature, which trifles may sometimes awaken to the holiest purposes; and the feelings which this incident drew forth formed the key-stone to the strong arch of Henry Cummins' good resolutions—an arch which spanned his future life. He had hitherto, like thousands of young men in similar circumstances, lived a life of pure heedlessness—taking no thought of the morrow—ignorant of the value of money—and concerned only in the paltry and fleeting enjoyments of the senses; but while his long, and fond, and earnest farewell gaze rested upon that picture, he understood, for the first time, that we have duties in this world to perform, beyond mere

enjoyment or the maintenance of one's own existence, and he turned away calmer, more collected, almost happier, than he had felt for many a day.

Ten years passed away, bringing about their strange revolutions; ripening youth to manhood, and tainting the pride and vigour of maturity with decay—sweeping many a loved one from our hearth, but weaving fresh ties around the heart, as a ruin that is supported by the sweet young flowers which twine there; and yet the older we grow, the more stubborn are such tendrils, though, if they do enwreath themselves, it is with ties that can scarcely be severed. Ten years, then, working their wondrous changes, had passed away, when, on a bright sunshine morning, a stranger arrived at one of London's regal-looking hotels. He was a passenger from India, by the good ship Ariel, and there came in his train a due proportion of those ponderous packages and chests with which the Anglo-Indians very properly encumber themselves—perhaps as containing a sort of ransom money with which to buy back the regard and affection of which absence may have robbed them. The stranger at the ——, however, had few friends in England, although he brought home several chests; one especially the *cognoscenti* would have selected at a venture, as containing the most precious deposits, though its solid black leather exterior might have seemed unpretending to the inexperienced. Now, if the truth must be told, the stranger had returned to England for three especial reasons; two will be told presently, the other was to find a wife. Whether he was of opinion that, as second-rate goods are manufactured for exportation, so, speaking generally, they are not first-rate *parties* which find their way to the Indian market of matrimony, the chronicle of his life declareth not, though the fact of his not having "suited himself" while abroad, would suggest the idea that he might be a little fastidious, and that, although a successful man of business, and a thorough man of the world, there might still exist in his mind a belief in the divinity of love—call it, if you will, a vein of romance, but in some natures it can never be worked out, and does almost ever exist with the loftiest order of minds. Well, then, the "black chest" contained gifts for this imaginary being—for, of course, she would be worthy to be robed with the delicate filmy muslins of Dacca (fit for Titania and her court), or to move beneath the graceful folds of the soft and peerless Cashmere.

But we must return to the little old gentleman, mentioned long ago. Ten years seemed to have passed him by with a very slight and friendly greeting. There sat Sir James Howard, so very like his former self that one might have fancied the suit of brown he wore was the identical apparel alluded to before; perhaps a very keen observer might have remembered that, ten years ago, there were a few dark hairs amid the snow-drifts of time, whereas now all were white; perhaps, too, his habitual stoop was a little more remarkable, and his hand (that great test of age) a little more wrinkled; but the bright, intelligent, good countenance, seemed just the same as ever. His house was a short distance from London, and he sat in a favourite morning room, the walls of which were decorated with gems of art; books, also, were there, not *too* formally arranged; and the French windows opened into a flower-garden, admitting the summer breeze laden with sweets. A servant entered with the card of "Mr Henry Cummins," and Sir James desiring him to be admitted, the stranger entered the room. Simultaneously with offering his apologies for intruding, the latter glanced round the apartment, while an anxious expression gathered upon his countenance.

"I fear, Sir James, I am scarcely remembered," exclaimed Henry. And Sir James put his finger to his brow as if to invoke recollection, before he replied, "The name is familiar to me, though I cannot exactly tell how."

"You—you—Sir James, you purchased a picture that once belonged to me."

"You! Are you *that* Mr Cummins?" rejoined Sir James, eyeing his visiter from top to toe, with a look that plainly indicated he remembered Henry's early career, and the circumstances which had led him to predicate that the "scapegrace" must turn shoe-black. That could not have been the occupation of the gentlemanly, indeed distinguished-looking, person now before him; and Sir James recollecting, with the lightning flash of thought, every particular connected with the sale, gave a shrewd guess at the object of Henry Cummins' visit, and—grew a little out of temper. Yes, as faithful historians, we must confess he felt cross; for, as the sun has spots, so the dear, good, little, old gentleman had one fault—he was, on particular subjects, of an irritable temper. The picture he still retained, and prized highly. Inclination was at war with the promptings of his own kind, warm, fresh, evergreen heart, and the more the former succumbed, the more peevish in manner did he grow.

It is almost needless to hint that the object of Henry Cummins' visit was to regain it at any pecuniary sacrifice. He was a proud young man, and yet he bore the reproaches with meekness which Sir James could not help insinuating, and owned his errors frankly. "I can assure you, Sir James," he said, "when I sought for and accepted a situation in India from an old friend of my father, it was with the most anxious desire to redeem past errors—errors which, I may take leave to say, were of the heart not of the head; and in all my exertions in that distant field of enterprise, I was not less animated by repentant feeling than by the hope and belief of regaining the picture which fortune had made yours; in short, *that* picture has been the soul of my reformation. I am now blessed with the means of independence; and here, then, I appear with the wish to gain back the object of my long-cherished desires."

Sir James was not unmoved by the ingenuous appeal; but he was inexorable. Henry, in some respect, felt himself to be ill-used; yet of what should he complain? Surely, a man has a right to retain the purchase he has lawfully made. Although continuing obdurate to all offers, Sir James had the condescension to ask his visiter to walk into the drawing-room to look at the picture. Henry followed, trembling; for while it was unredeemed, he felt the painting would gaze upon him like a reproving spirit. There it was, in the centre of one side of the room, and provided with a new and gorgeous frame; the light, too, was most favourable. What memories did it bring back to the spendthrift's mind! His mother's gentle touch, her loving kiss—his father's counsel—the voices of early friends—and the forms of all—and scenes of long, long ago—seemed vividly to pass before him. Like the buried cities which lay for centuries at the volcano's foot, so there are thoughts and feelings which rest entombed beneath, not destroyed by, the lava ashes of time and circumstances. To his heart and fancy the figures did not look at him reproachfully as he had expected them to do, but seemed to wear an expression more of sorrow than of anger, and he felt that he would have given much to be alone with the picture for an hour, for Sir James stood by him, with his arms clasped behind as formerly, muttering audibly, "No, I will never sell this picture."

Poor Henry was summoning his courage for the leave-taking, and gazing like a lover at a mistress who could never be his, when a joyous laugh, evidently proceeding from the adjoining room, fell upon his ear; it jarred upon his spirits, and seemed almost as discordant as that he well remembered ten years before. The voice and laugh were peculiar, and he felt certain the tiresome child was near. Of course, a moment's thought convinced him that the child must be now a woman; but he felt almost sure she had red hair, had a strong impression that she squinted, and associated her as well, in some incongruous manner, with a laughing hyæna. One more appeal before he departed; it was this:—"Sir James, if I survive you, will you direct your executors to sell me the picture? or will you give me the power, in case I should die first, of willing it into my family, by any pecuniary arrangement with my heirs and yours which you may like to make?"

"Well, perhaps, it may be yours after my death."

And so they parted.

Poor Henry Cummins returned to his hotel vexed and disappointed. He had taken the precaution of leaving his address with Sir James, in case the latter should change his mind, which did not, however, appear a very probable event. Out of spirits, and perhaps a little out of humour, the day dragged wearily on. In the evening he strolled out for an hour, and bethought himself of walking down the street in which was his former home. The old house, which he had left bare and tenantless, was now lit up for a party; it seemed as if every thing that day were destined to assume an uncongenial unsympathising air; and he bent his steps homeward more desponding than ever. On his arrival he found a huge packing case in his apartment, and a note from Sir James Howard. The eccentric old gentleman kept his word—he did not *sell* the picture, he *gave* it to a reformed spendthrift! Yes, there it was, and in the old frame too. To be sure, some people might have hinted that the handsome one was reserved for another favourite, but they would have done Sir James injustice. He knew human nature well, and he knew that the kindly feeling displayed in the preservation and recollection even of an old picture-frame would not be lost on the heart of Henry Cummins.

Our space forbids us to describe minutely Henry Cummins' second visit to Sir James Howard; how the cheerful aspect of the different apartments failed now to oppress or deject him; or how even a certain laugh seemed musical. But the second visit was not the last, for the reformed spendthrift had won an eccentric but sincere and lasting friend. He was introduced to Julia, and assuredly there was nothing about her to recall his former unfavourable impression. Her eyes were as straight as his own (and *they* were rather handsome ones), but of the deep blue of a violet, and her hair of that sunny brown that even "an enemy" would call auburn. They became intimate, and Henry grew to delight in the rich voice and joyous laugh; and Julia had a heart, and could weep sometimes:

> "For the heart which is soonest alive to the flowers,
> Is always the first to be touched by the thorns."

One day he sat beside her at the piano, and remarking (not for the first time) that her hands were whiter than the ivory, he bethought him of a certain diamond which was in the "black chest" among other unset gems, and he was sure it could never find so fit a home as on one of those snowy fingers. It was presented—accepted; and as the chest was opened, he found, among other half-forgotten treasures, an ivory work-box, looking as if it belonged to her; there was room for her name on it, and he thought of having Julia Howard engraven, but he recollected she might marry, and so the blank space remained. In another week some other thought caused the black chest to be again inspected; but when he came to close it, the contents had been so much disturbed, that without removing an embroidered cashmere, the lid *would* remain obstinately gaping. He took out the cashmere, paused for a moment, smiled, as if some agreeable thought occurred for the first time—and—and Decea muslins, cashmeres, boxes, fans, card-cases, attar, chains, rings, unset diamonds, &c. &c., found but one mistress. In less than three months from that day, more pretty things than one were engraved—Julia Cummins. Thus were two of the ardent wishes of Henry Cummins accomplished, and the third was in his own power to fulfil. Although the career in India, which had blessed him with an ample fortune, had unfitted him to pursue the study of the law, he understood that *conduct* sheds as much lustre on a family as the display of *talents: that* was in his power; and if vanity is sometimes pained by the recollection of the name he might have won, he owns that the punishment is just, though, while he regrets the past, he feels gratefully happy that he has redeemed it. So true is it that "there is a future to all who have the virtue to repent and the energy to atone."

CATACOMBS OF PARIS.

The origin of the great catacombs, or receptacles for the dead, attached to the French capital, is in every point of view curious and interesting. Previously to the latter end of last century, the burial-places of the city were in a condition at once disgusting and destructive to human health. One of the early French kings had bestowed a piece of the royal suburban grounds on the inhabitants as a place of interment; and this spot, the site subsequently of the church of the Innocents, continued for nine or ten centuries to serve as the sole or principal receptacle for the dead in Paris. Not only was this the case, but the cemetery was also applied to its purposes in a manner unusually dangerous. Large pits were formed, each about thirty feet deep and twenty feet square, and into these coffins were lowered, one tier above another, without any intervening earth, until the pits were filled. Each was then covered with a thin layer of soil. The common number of bodies cast into every excavation amounted to from twelve to fifteen hundred; and, in the thirty years preceding 1780, nearly ninety thousand bodies had been thus deposited in the charnel-holes of the Innocents. Once in every thirty or forty years, it had been customary to execute the frightful task of opening and emptying these pits; but, in the case of great numbers of the older ones, this task had long ceased to be fulfilled, and they accordingly remained unmoved, though so choked up with the matter of corruption as to rise above the level of the adjoining streets, and seriously to affect the air in the ground-flats of the houses. It was supposed that, from the time of Philip Augustus, more than 1,200,000 bodies in all, had been interred in the cemetery of the Innocents; and as the mouldering bones, even when the pits were cleaned out, were merely conveyed to an arched gallery surrounding the burial-ground, it might be said that some portion of all that had ever lain there still remained.

When all men of science and sense were beginning to recognise the necessity of remedying this evil, another cause of peril and alarm chanced to agitate the city of Paris; but, fortunately, the one was found capable of serving as a remedy for the other. Quarries of stone had been opened in the immediate vicinity of Paris at an early period of its history, and had been wrought to a large extent in the course of successive ages, to supply materials for the increasing city. In consequence, a vague notion existed among the inhabitants, that the city was considerably undermined. Little attention was paid to the matter till 1774, when some alarming shocks and falls of houses aroused the fears of the government. A regular survey took place, and the result was the frightful discovery, that the churches, palaces, and almost all the southern parts of the city of Paris, rested upon immense irregular excavations, and stood the greatest risk of ere long sinking into them. A special commission was immediately appointed to take the proper steps for averting such a catastrophe; and the necessity of such a commission was made strikingly apparent on the first day of its operations, by an accident in the Rue d'Enfer. A house in that street sunk down in an instant, eight-and-twenty metres below the level of its court-yard.

When all the labyrinths of the quarries were inspected, and plans taken of them, the alarm of the Parisians was far from being abated. Every quarrier had habitually worked, it appeared, where he chose or where he could; and, in many cases, excavation was found *below* excavation, the whole running to almost interminable lengths, while the pillars that had been left were found in almost all cases to be totally insufficient to bear permanently the enormous weight above. In various instances, the roof had sunk considerably, and in others, large masses had actually fallen, rendering it almost marvellous that the city should not long before have become a mass of ruins. The great aqueduct of Arcueil, which passed over this scene of hidden peril, had in reality suffered some shocks, and if the risk had not been timeously discovered, it can scarcely be doubted that the ultimate issue would have been the charging of the quarries

with water and the sapping of the city. The commission began its work of cure, aided by a very large body of workmen. Great pains were taken in cutting galleries from labyrinth to labyrinth, to ascertain the extent of the mischief, and in vaulting and propping every part that seemed to require such support. The extent of the quarries, however, rendered the labour gigantic, and, long ere matters were permanently put in order, the happy idea of converting these excavations into receptacles for the refuse of the charnel-house of the Innocents, had occurred to M. Lenoir, the inspector of the city police. The suggestion was made public, and approved of by the Council of State, who, in 1785, decreed the opening of the charnel-pits of the Innocents, and the removal of the bones of the dead to the quarries. The first step was to make an entrance into the quarries by a flight of seventy-seven steps, and to sink a shaft from the surface, down which the relics of mortality might be thrown. At the same time, the workmen below walled off that portion of the excavation designed for the great charnel-house, and properly supported the roof. On the 7th of April 1786, all the preparations being completed, the new catacombs were consecrated with much solemnity, and on that same day the work of removal began. Bones and partially preserved coffins were brought by night to the shaft in funeral cars, followed by robed priests chanting the service for the dead. The nature of the task, the glare of the torches, and, above all, the hollow rattling and echoing of skeletons, bones, and broken wood, in their fall down the shaft, sent back as the sounds were by the vaults below, rendered the whole scene peculiarly impressive and awful.

But the relics of human beings, in their ordinary condition, were not the most remarkable part of the materials transferred from one site to another on this occasion. The pits of the Innocents exhibited immense masses of the soft white substance called *adipocire*, into which the bodies had been converted, and which had been noticed under similar circumstances at former periods. Adipocire had some of the mingled qualities of wax and tallow, being capable of use in the manufacture of candles. Respect, however, for what had once been the human body, of course dictated the consignment of the masses of adipocire found in the pits of the Innocents, to the new catacombs under the Plaine de Mont-Rouge.

The catacombs of Paris received in succession the contents of the smaller cemeteries of Saint-Eustache and Saint-Etienne-des-Gres, after those mentioned. There, too, the victims of the revolution found a ready and roomy abode; and when the popular fury demolished a number of the churches, the bones lodged in them after the old fashion were removed to the same great receptacle. Between 1792 and 1808, the catacombs received the exhumations of twelve other minor cemeteries in and around Paris. Between 1808 and 1811, new excavations, made in the cemetery of the Innocents for the passage of a canal, rendered it necessary to convey a large quantity of additional relics to the catacombs; and a few other churches and cemeteries were emptied into them in the course of the next few years. Having thus made use of the quarries, and poured into them in all an immense quantity of human remains, the Parisians did not adopt the catacombs, as perhaps they might wisely have done, as their general burying-place. On the contrary, they created various new cemeteries above ground, though under comparatively excellent regulations, as the famous Père la Chaise and Montmartre sufficiently testify.

The revolutionary disturbances impeded the operations still requisite to render the vast quarries and catacombs of Paris stable and safe. The ordinary vaults became, consequently, full of cracks, water filtrated through the roofs, and fresh downfalls seemed impending. The air was rendered noxious by the want of circulation. In 1810, M. de Thury, the architect, began to make new repairs. He built new pillars, and formed channels for removing the water. Air was introduced simply but effectively, by luting the upper half of a broken bottle, with the neck outermost, into the wells which supply the houses above with water, and which had been made to descend through the quarries to the ground below, like so many round towers. By uncorking these bottle-necks, air is let in at will. As regarded the catacombs, the bones lay in heaps thirty yards high in some places, and the workmen had to make galleries through them, and pile them along the walls in regular order. Such as exhibited disease were arranged into an osteological cabinet. In short, order and security were, for the first time, truly introduced into the arrangements of this subterranean world.

The catacombs of Paris remain, generally speaking, nearly in the same condition as left by M. de Thury, though various minor improvements have been added, to render the place more interesting to visitants. Three staircases, of which the best known is that of the *Barrière d'Enfer*, conduct the modern visiter into the vaults. On entering, a black line is to be noticed traversing the centre of the passages, and forming a guide through them, which the most familiarised visiter cannot safely neglect. On the right and left of the first gallery, that of the Rue St Jacques, several others are seen stretching away under the plain of Mont Rouge. The visiter cannot penetrate far, until he sees startling marks of the fall of rocks, and beholds stalactites hanging down in abundance from the walls. In the gallery under the street St Jacques, is also seen the great aqueduct of Arcueil, with its supporting columns. By various sinuosities, the visiter arrives at the gallery of Port Mahon, so called from a sculptured view of the taking of that fort executed by Decure, an invalid soldier. He perished there by a fall of the rocks, while the chisel was yet in his hand. A fountain was here discovered by the workmen, and a basin made for their use, with a small subterraneous aqueduct. It was first called the Well of Lethe, and was inscribed with a couplet from Virgil; but a Scriptural quotation, more appropriate to the place, now marks its site—"Whosoever drinketh of this water, shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water I shall give him, shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him, shall be to him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." It contains a few gold-fish, which seem to bear that dark abode very well, as we find them mentioned by visiters both of 1818 and 1832. A few other inscriptions are to be found here, such as Dante's famous line—

"Leave hope behind, all ye who enter here."

A fire is also kept burning, in an antiquely-shaped vase, to purify the air of the vaults.

A mineralogical collection of some interest has been formed from the various strata composing the sides of the galleries. But the most interesting collection here is the Museum of the Dead. On approaching the catacomb galleries, the visiter finds the vestibule to be in the form of an octagon. Its gate is flanked by two pillars, and is inscribed above with some lines of poetry. The interior of the catacombs is arranged with propriety and decorum. The crypts holding the divisions of piled bones have each of them different names, some of which are appropriate, others absurd. There is the crypt or niche of Eternity, for example, that of Death, and that of the Resurrection, each marked by corresponding inscriptions. There is also a niche for the victims of the Revolution, with some Latin lines above, which may be rudely Englished—

"These, when fierce Discord had usurp'd the throne,
Prompter of crimes—and law and right were scorn'd—
By bloody ruthless men were done to death."

Among the inappropriately named crypts may safely be reckoned those to which the names of Ovid, Anacreon, and some others, have been applied. An album, as might have been anticipated, is among the other appendages of the catacombs.

The other galleries of these great excavations need not be named or described in detail. One general feature marks them all, and it is worthy of mention, as reminding us most forcibly that these vaults are not simple objects of curiosity, or to be thought of merely as pleasant spectacles, but are to be lamented as the possible sources of calamity and ruin to the great city under which blind neglect allowed them to be formed. Constant attention to them is imperatively demanded to secure the safety of the capital of France, and the provision adverted to consists in every subterranean street being numbered precisely like the one occupying the ground above. This is necessary in order to apply new supports, on the slightest indication of danger, to the exact point where they are required.

CATLIN'S WORK ON THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

Of all the works yet published on the subject of the aboriginal inhabitants of North America, no one, it seems to us, can be compared in point of accuracy and extent of research with that of Mr George Catlin, newly reprinted in Great Britain from the American edition.* A surprising amount of time and labour has been devoted by the author to the collection of materials for his task. Born on the banks of the Susquehannah in Wyoming, Mr Catlin was originally set to the study of the law; but, unable to resist the strong bent of his genius, he turned aside from the legal profession, and became a painter in Philadelphia. A few years afterwards, a deputation of noble-looking Indians came to the city, and made so deep an impression on his fancy, that he resolved not only to visit these "beautiful models" of the human form in their native wilds, but also to devote his lifetime to the task of illustrating, by pictorial representations, the history and customs of this people, destined, it would seem, to be known to future ages only by such records, timeously formed. Sacrificing to this great object the society of a beloved family, and all the comforts of home, Mr Catlin set out in 1832 for the Upper Missouri, with the fixed resolve that nothing short of the loss of life should prevent the full completion of his purpose. In the course of the succeeding *eight* years, he traversed North America almost from end to end, saw and mixed with forty-eight Indian tribes, composing a large portion of the two millions of red people yet in existence, examined personally into all their peculiarities, and, finally, accumulated a noble gallery of portraits and a rich museum of curiosities, calculated to form at once a lasting monument to himself, and an invaluable record of Indian persons, manners, and habiliments.

This is a long exordium, but Mr Catlin, combining all the qualities of the traveller, artist, and historian, merits no sparing notice. His two volumes, large octavo, and closely printed, are full of most interesting matter, and contain, besides, not less than *four hundred* beautiful illustrations, engraved from the original paintings. From the large stores of varied matter which Mr Catlin presents to us, we shall take leave to lay before the reader, in the first place, one of the author's experiences as a wandering traveller. He was one day riding across an Upper Missouri prairie, where the grass is seven or eight feet high, with three companions, one an Indian guide of the name of Pah-me-o-ne-qua, or the *red thunder*. Three of the party sat down to their mid-day meal, but the Indian stood aloof, sad and thoughtful. "This is the plain of *fire grass*," said he, "where the fleet-bounding wild horse mingles his bones with the red man, and the eagle's wing is melted as he darts over its surface." Notwithstanding these ominous words, after gazing long around, he gracefully sank down on the grass, and his relieved companions chatted cheerfully by his side. But on a sudden "Red Thunder was on his feet—his long arm was stretched over the grass, and his blazing eyeballs starting from their sockets. 'White man,' said he, 'see ye that small cloud lifting itself from the prairie?—he rises! the hoofs of our horses have waked him! The Fire Spirit is awake—this wind is from his nostrils, and his face is this way.' No more; but his swift horse darted under him, and he gracefully slid over the waving grass as it was bent by the wind. Our viands were left, and we were swift on his trail. The extraordinary leaps of his wild horse occasionally raised his red shoulders to view, and he sank again in the waving billows of grass. The tremulous wind was hurrying by us fast, and on it was borne the agitated wing of the soaring eagle. His neck was stretched for the towering bluff, and the thrilling screams of his voice told the secret that was behind him. Our horses were swift, and we struggled hard; yet hope was feeble, for the bluff was yet blue, and nature nearly exhausted. The sunshine was dying, and a cool shadow advancing over the plain. Not daring to look back, we strained every nerve. The roar of a distant cataract seemed gradually advancing on us—the winds increased, the howling tempest was maddening behind us—and the swift-winged beetle and heath hens instinctively drew their straight lines over our heads. The fleet-bounding antelope passed us also; and the still swifter long-legged hare, who leaves but a shadow as he flies. Here was no time for thought; but I recollect the heavens were overcast—the distant thunder was heard—the lightning's glare was reddening the scene—and the smell that came on the winds struck terror to my soul. * * * The piercing yell of my savage guide at this moment came back upon the winds; his robe was seen waving in the air, and his foaming horse leaping up the towering bluff.

Our breath and our sinews, in this last struggle for life, were just enough to bring us to its summit. We had risen from a *sea of fire!* 'Great God!' I exclaimed, 'how sublime to gaze into that valley, where the elements of nature are so strangely convulsed!' Ask not the poet or painter how it looked, for they can tell you not; but ask the naked savage, and watch the electric twinge of his manly nerves and muscles, as he pronounces the lengthened 'Hush—sh—,' his hand on his mouth, and his glaring eyeballs looking you to the very soul.

I beheld beneath me an immense cloud of black smoke, which extended from one extremity of this vast plain to the other, and seemed majestically to roll over its surface in a bed of liquid fire; and above this mighty desolation, as it rolled along, the whitened smoke, pale with terror, was streaming and rising up in magnificent cliffs to heaven.

I stood secure, but tremblingly, and heard the maddening wind, which hurled this monster o'er the land—I heard the roaring thunder, and saw its thousand lightnings flash; and then I saw behind the black and smoking desolation of this storm of fire."

Another adventure, illustrative of life on the prairies, occurred to Mr Catlin when travelling alone. Alarmed at the violence of an epidemic at Fort Gibson on the Arkansas, he resolved to leave the baneful spot, and ride across to the Missouri, over a nearly desolate tract, five hundred miles in breadth. Though much dissuaded, he started on his journey, with no companion but his old friend *Charley*, a clay-hued horse of the Camanchee wild breed. After twenty-five days of perfectly solitary travelling, Mr Catlin had an adventure when he rested for the night. "I generally halted on the bank of some little stream, at half an hour's sun, where feed was good for Charley, and where I could get wood to kindle my fire, and water for my coffee. The first thing was to undress Charley and drive down his picket, to which he was fastened, to graze over a circle that he could describe at the end of his lasso. In this wise he busily fed himself until nightfall; and after my coffee was made and drank, I uniformly moved him up, with his picket by my head, so that I could lay my hand upon his lasso in an instant, in case of any alarm that was liable to drive him from me. On one of these evenings when he was grazing as usual, he slipped the lasso over his head, and deliberately took his supper at his pleasure, wherever he chose to prefer it, as he was strolling around. When night approached, I took the lasso in hand and endeavoured to catch him, but I soon saw that he was determined to enjoy a little freedom; and he continually evaded me until dark, when I abandoned the pursuit, making up my mind that I should inevitably

* Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians. By George Catlin. London: Published by the Author at the Egyptian Hall. 1841.

lose him, and be obliged to perform the rest of my journey on foot. He had led me a chase of half a mile or more, when I left him busily grazing, and returned to my little solitary bivouac, and laid myself on my bear skin, and went to sleep.

In the middle of the night I waked, whilst I was lying on my back, and on half opening my eyes, I was shocked to the soul, by the huge figure (as I thought) of an Indian standing over me, and in the very instant of taking my scalp. The chill of horror that paralysed me for the first moment, held me still till I saw there was no need of my moving—that my faithful horse Charley had 'played shy' till he had filled his belly, and had then moved up, from feelings of pure affection, or from instinctive fear, or, possibly, from a due share of both, and taken his position with his forefeet at the edge of my bed, with his head hanging directly over me, while he was standing fast asleep."

Intending to take another glance at the comprehensive contents of these volumes, we shall go on with extracts taken almost at random on the present occasion. Reaching the country of the Camanchees, on the upper parts of the Red River, he found this large tribe to be one of those whom the introduction of horses by the Spaniards had totally altered in character and position. Great troops of wild horses, small, but strong and delicately limbed, traverse the prairies here, and the Camanchee almost lives in the saddle. He wars on horseback, and his main sports are equestrian. "Racing horses, it would seem, is a constant and almost incessant exercise, and their principal mode of gambling; and, perhaps, a more finished set of jockeys are not to be found. The exercise of these people, in a country where horses are so abundant, and the country so fine for riding, is chiefly done on horseback; and it 'stands to reason,' that such a people, who have been practising from their childhood, should become exceedingly expert in this wholesome and beautiful exercise. Amongst their feats of riding, there is one that has astonished me more than any thing of the kind I have ever seen, or expect to see, in my life; a stratagem of war, learned and practised by every young man in the tribe, by which he is able to drop his body upon the side of his horse at the instant he is passing, effectually screened from his enemies' weapons, as he lies in a horizontal position behind the body of his horse, with his heel hanging over the horse's back—by which he has the power of throwing himself up again, and changing to the other side of the horse, if necessary. In this wonderful condition, he will hang whilst his horse is at fullest speed, carrying with him his bow and his shield, and also his long lance of fourteen feet in length, all or either of which he will wield upon his enemy as he passes; rising and throwing his arrows over the horse's back, or, with equal ease and equal success, under the horse's neck. This astonishing feat, which the young men have been repeatedly playing off to our surprise as well as amusement, whilst they have been galloping about in front of our tents, completely puzzled the whole of us, and appeared to be the result of magic, rather than of skill acquired by practice. I had several times great curiosity to approach them, to ascertain by what means their bodies could be suspended in this manner, where nothing could be seen but the heel hanging over the horse's back. In these endeavours I was continually frustrated, until one day I coaxed a young fellow up within a little distance of me, by offering him a few plugs of tobacco, and he in a moment solved the difficulty, so far as to render it apparently more feasible than before; yet leaving it one of the most extraordinary results of practice and persevering endeavours. I found, on examination, that a short hair halter was passed around under the neck of the horse, and both ends tightly braided into the mane, on the withers, leaving a loop to hang under the neck, and against the breast, which, being caught up in the hand, makes a sling into which the elbow falls, taking the weight of the body on the middle of the upper arm. Into this loop the rider drops suddenly and fearlessly, leaving his heel to hang over the back of the horse, to steady him, and also to enable him when he wishes to regain his upright position on the horse's back.

Besides this wonderful art, these people have several other feats of horsemanship, which they are continually showing off; which are pleasing and extraordinary, and of which they seem very proud. A people who spend so very great a part of their lives actually on their horses' backs, must needs become exceedingly expert in every thing that pertains to riding—to war or to the chase; and I am ready, without hesitation, to pronounce the Camanchees the most extraordinary horsemen that I have seen yet in all my travels, and I doubt very much whether any people in the world can surpass them."

The Indians, again, who live farther north from Mexico, and who are compelled to live as their fathers did, far excel the Camanchees in all ball-plays, games, and sports performed on foot, and these form much of the business of Indian life. To entertain our readers, we quote one scene which Mr Catlin saw at a great Indian dance at St Anthony on the Upper Mississippi. "During this scene, a little trick was played off in the following manner, which produced much amusement and laughter:—A woman of goodly size, and in woman's attire, danced into the ring (which seemed to excite some surprise, as women are never allowed to join in the dance), and commenced sawing the air, and boasting of the astonishing feats of bravery she had performed—of the incredible number of horses she had stolen—of the scalps she had taken, &c. &c.; until her feats surpassed all that had ever been heard of—sufficient to put all the warriors who had boasted to the blush. They all gave assent, however, to what she had said, and apparently credence, too; and to reward such extraordinary feats of female prowess, they presented to her a kettle, a cradle, beads, ribbons, &c. After getting her presents, and placing them safely in the hands of another matron for safe keeping, she commenced disrobing herself; and, almost instantly divesting herself of a loose dress, in the presence of the whole company, came out in a soldier's coat and pantaloons, and laughed at them excessively for their mistake. She then commenced dancing and making her boasts of her exploits, assuring them that she was a man, and a great brave. They all gave unqualified assent to this, acknowledged their error, and made her other presents of a gun, a horse, of tobacco, and a war-club. After her boasts were done, and the presents secured as before, she deliberately threw off the pantaloons and coat, and presented herself at once, and to their great astonishment and confusion, in a beautiful woman's dress. The tact with which she performed these parts, so uniformly pleased, that it drew forth thundering applause from the Indians, as well as from the spectators; and the chief stepped up and crowned her head with a beautiful plume of the eagle's quill, rising from a crest of the swan's down."

At another opportunity, we shall present a further notice of these highly interesting volumes.

LETTERS FROM A LADY IN LONDON TO HER NIECE IN THE COUNTRY.

STAFFORD HOUSE.

My dear Jane,—As my last letter appears to have afforded you some degree of gratification, I am again tempted to address you, in the hope that this epistle may prove equally amusing to you. Since I last wrote, I have been making the best use of my time, to dispose of which judiciously in London requires no small degree of management. Some days ago, I was fortunate enough to procure a note of admission to Stafford House, the town residence of the Duke of Sutherland. This is not one of the common sights of London, no one being admitted without an order from the Duke or Duchess of Sutherland. Along with two friends, I availed myself of the privilege which had been obtained, on Friday last, and what I saw on that occasion will be the subject of my present communication.

Stafford House is next to St James's Palace, the back looking towards St James's Park, and the front entrance looking in the same direction as the front of the palace; the side windows command a view of the door of St James's, which is not in the front of the building—at which door, I believe, the Queen always enters. The drive or carriage-road leading to the park, divides Stafford House from the Palace of St James's. The house is a large, handsomely built, square edifice, possessed originally by the Duke of York, after whose death it became the residence of Mrs Coutts, afterwards Duchess of St Albans. It was ultimately bought by the late Duke of Sutherland; but the furnishing and arrangements internally were not completed until after it came into the possession of the present noble proprietor, who has spared nothing that could add to the effect of the internal decorations.

The main entrance to Stafford House is surmounted by a stone pediment supported on pillars. On entering the lobby, which is laid with black and white floor-cloth, you find yourself reflected in the opposite doors, which are entirely composed of mirror glass. There is a small apartment on the right and another on the left side of the door, for the accommodation of the porter, I suppose. You ascend one or two steps, and by a side door are admitted into a long corridor, lighted by a window looking to the front. This gallery is hung with pictures, and along each side there are close cabinets, painted cream colour, containing books. The tops of these cabinets, which were about four feet high, are of white marble, surmounted with busts, vases, and various kinds of ornaments. There are, besides a fine portrait of the present duke by Sir Thomas Lawrence, marble busts of the duke and duchess, beautifully executed, the one on the right and the other on the left hand in walking along. At the extremity of this corridor, we were admitted to a moderately sized apartment, in which there were some of the finest landscape paintings I ever saw—what made them so singularly pleasing was their appearing *perfectly natural*. We were led from this into an apartment on the right, where there is a bronze statue of the present Marquis of Stafford, the eldest son of the duke, in a Highland dress. The walls of this room are of green satin damask. We passed again through the first room to another, the walls of which are graced by some of Wilkie's paintings. On one side is a fine portrait of Lady Grosvenor, which had had the effect of at one time inspiring a groom of the chambers with a passion for painting, which he indulged by making a very tolerable copy. The Countess-Duchess of Sutherland took the picture, and rewarded the aspiring groom handsomely. This house appears to be favourable to the development of genius, for we were told of another person, a boy, who acted as a kind of supernumerary in the butler's pantry, and who tried to copy a portrait of the duke. He was also taken notice of and encouraged. Next to this is the drawing-room, a fine large room, with two handsome fire-places, the mantel-pieces being of white marble, beautifully carved. The walls are hung with yellow satin damask; the sofas, chairs, &c., of yellow and blue satin damask. In the middle of the room there is a raised pillar, of some kind of white composition, with a thick wreath of gilding twining round it. This pillar supports a globe or ball of bronze, encircled by a belt of gilt, with numerical figures round it. Under the ball there are little bronze figures, holding up a serpent, and the head of the serpent acts as a hand of a clock, the machinery being within the ball, which revolves, the figures indicating the time: round the base of the pillar is a circular sofa. In the next room, over the mantel-piece, is a splendid full-length portrait of the Duchess of Sutherland, with a beautiful child seated on her knee. Opposite to this is a picture by Martin—the Assuaging of the Waters of the Deluge. This is the last of the suite of rooms on the ground-floor to the back, all of which look into St James's Park. You issue from this into another long corridor, corresponding exactly with the one on the other side by which we entered, also filled in the same tasteful manner with some very fine paintings, vases, &c. There were two pictures, so beautiful that we could have lingered before them for hours. These represented the children of the Duke of Sutherland—lovely little creatures, elegant in form and feature, and gracefully grouped together.

I find myself obliged to allude so frequently to members of the family, that it seems necessary I should acquaint you with a few particulars respecting it. You are aware of an immense county in the north of Scotland, called Sutherland, which is composed entirely of mountains, valleys, and lakes. This wholly belonged, from the latter part of the twelfth century, to a family supposed to be of Flemish origin, who took their name from it, and became its earls, as a title inferring the possession of and dominion over the land. The Earls of Sutherland continued to exist in an unbroken line of succession for many ages, taking part in most of the great transactions of their time. I may mention, for instance, that the Earl of Sutherland was the first person who signed the National Covenant, on its being brought before the people in the Old Greyfriars' Church in Edinburgh, in the year 1638, the object of the document being to unite the Scottish people in resistance to Charles I. A numerous clan and following recognised the Earl as their chief, calling him, in their own language, *Morar Chat*, or the great man of the Clan Chattan. At length, after an unbroken line of seventeen earls, the late countess succeeded, when an infant of fifteen months old, notwithstanding a powerful legal opposition from two male relatives. She was called by the Highlanders the *Banie Morar Chat*, or Woman Morar Chat. She was one of the cleverest peeresses of her day, being in particular a remarkably good draughtswoman. It was her fortune to marry an English nobleman of ancient lineage, and property immense as her own, though perhaps not covering so large a piece of the globe's surface—George Earl Gower, afterwards Marquis of Stafford. In the latter part of their lives, this couple, by the favour of William IV., became Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, a title which has now descended to their eldest son. It used to be said of the Duke of Sutherland, that his income was equal to a thousand pounds a-day. Some years before you knew the world, he executed upon the Countess's Highland estates a change of a most remarkable nature, converting what had formerly been an enormous cluster of small farms, where the people in general lived very miserably, into a series of large sheep-farms, where the people are few but comparatively affluent and comfortable, the superfluous people being mostly removed to villages on the coast, where they practise fishing and other industrious arts. The change was productive of great discontent, and not in every case effected without somewhat strong measures; but it is every where acknowledged that the views of the marquis (for such was then his title) were good, and that he himself meant that no one should suffer in any respect; and, while Sutherlandshire now sustains as large a population as ever, it cannot well be doubted that the individuals composing it are much better off, in all essential points, than they ever were before. You may believe, as I was walking amidst the splendours of Stafford House, I was constantly thinking of the connexion of the family with various scenes in my native country of a very different kind—from ancient Dunrobin on the Sutherlandshire coast, where they once lived in a single lofty tower, to Leven House in the suburbs of Edinburgh, where the late Duchess-Countess was born in 1765—a mansion then considered a neat villa for a nobleman's residence,

but now fallen into a very poor condition, and generally occupied by a very humble class of people.

In the corridor last mentioned, we found a bronze cast taken from the face of Napoleon after death. The features are sharp and angular, although the outline of the face is that with which every one almost is familiar. From one side of this gallery we were led into the grand hall and magnificent staircase, which exceeds any thing I have ever seen or imagined. There is a similar entrance from the opposite gallery, so that you can approach from either side. This hall is 73 feet high, and in space 79 feet by 50. The proportions are on a noble scale, and every thing is in keeping with the grand plan. The floor is black and white, and the walls are of variously coloured scagliola, inlaid with a transparent kind of spar, and highly polished, so that one might mistake it for some precious kind of stone. To relieve the great expanse of the walls, which would otherwise meet the eye with a tame effect, parts are raised in such a manner as to appear panelled. A spacious gallery runs round three sides of this hall, supported by bronze figures; and on one side, in the lower hall, stands a superb table of porphyry. The ceiling is white, richly gilt; and under the dome is a row of windows, each divided from the other by a figure (of which there are twelve), the upper half being of bronze, and the lower part terminating in a gilt scroll. The figures appear to support the dome on their heads. The effect of this at night, when brilliantly illuminated, must be very grand: we were told that there are a hundred lights in the hall and staircase, besides a row of jets *outside* the windows in the roof, which pour in a flood of softened light—like brilliant stars, I should suppose.

We were now taken up the grand staircase, which branches off on each side; that on the right leading to the private apartments of the duchess, and the left taking us to the public rooms. The gallery is very spacious, with a massive balustrade running round, the effect heightened by beautiful pillars of grey marble, of immense height. The doors opening out on the gallery are all panelled with mirror-glass; and by one of these, on the right hand, we were conducted through a small room purposely fitted up as a stove-room, for heating plates, &c., adjoining the grand dining-room. The latter is a beautiful apartment indeed, and evinces more than any thing the exquisite taste of the proprietor of this princely mansion. I think the length was 80 feet by 50; but I may mistake in this. The floor is of inlaid oak, highly polished; the walls are white, with an elegant gilt scroll. At each end, the room is contracted, forming a recess, supported with massive pillars of white, fluted with gold; at the upper end is the sideboard for the display of plate—all above and behind it being of mirror-glass, which will reflect not only the plate but the company. The ceiling is superbly decorated, being divided into compartments of white, and richly ornamented with gold; from the centre depends one large chandelier, lacquered with gold. There are two fireplaces, of richly carved white marble, and opposite to them a window, the only one in the room, looking to the front of the house. The dining-room was used, for the first time, last year, on the occasion of the Queen and Prince Albert visiting the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. The entertainment was laid here, and a splendid one it would be, I have no doubt. Unknown to her Majesty, the band of the Guards was concealed somewhere about the gallery, and when she had entered, struck up the national anthem; this appeared to gratify the royal visiters not a little. A small, curiously-formed chamber or ante-room, leads from the dining-room to the grand saloon, the largest apartment in the house, being 124 feet long, by 33 feet in the centre, where it widens, contracting to 24 feet at each end. The floor is polished oak, the walls a sort of cream colour, and the furniture crimson velvet and gold. In the centre stands a semicircular sofa, at least 20 feet long, covered with crimson velvet, the back high, and covered with the same rich material; a sort of broad ledge or finish, of white marble, runs all the way along the top, and terminates in an elegant scroll and figure at each end. The ceiling is lofty, and is in the same style as that of the staircase; windows of ground glass, surmounted by a sort of oblong pediment supported by fanciful pillars of gilt. On each side of the fire-place there is a splendid painting by Murillo—one representing the Prodigal Son, and the other the Angels appearing to Abraham.

There are various portraits in the room, all more or less interesting, most of them by the old masters. The windows in the side of this room look towards St James's, and that at the end looks into the Park, and commands a view of Westminster Abbey. The use of this beautiful room was kindly given by the Duchess of Sutherland, a year or two ago, to some of the most distinguished musical performers in London, who combined their respective talents in aid of the Polish refugees. The saloon was fitted up as a concert-room, and had the effect of drawing a crowded audience, for the opportunity of seeing the interior of Stafford House was itself a powerful attraction. The state drawing-rooms lead off from the saloon; but neither these nor the private apartments were shown. We had no reason to complain, however; we had seen enough to impress us with gratified wonder at the exquisite taste and refined ingenuity which have been displayed by the duke in the fitting up of this splendid mansion. In descending the stairs, we found on the wall opposite a series of mirrors: this, we were told, is the grand door of entrance leading from the outer lobby; so that, when this splendid door is thrown open, the staircase is seen from the lobby. These glass panels, we were told, were fitted up at the cost of L.700. So much, dear Jane, for the "sight" of Stafford House, than which I could scarcely wish you a greater treat; but, until such time as you can accomplish this, I hope you will rest contented with this gossiping description from your affectionate aunt.

PROVISION AGAINST THE EVIL DAY.

One remarkable feature of the social condition of this country, is that, while the upper classes have real and well-secured funds to depend upon in all contingencies, and while the middle classes have generally business funds not to be exhausted in a short time, and by life-assurance can and to a great extent do secure their widows and orphans against want, the working-classes in general live from hand to mouth, not only making no provision for those they may leave behind them, but scarcely assured of having the means of putting over a week's sickness, without being obliged to have recourse to some humiliating expedient. This is a deplorable state of things; for, while the competitive system lasts, he who is always on the verge of dependence is necessarily the slave of those to whom he looks for succour. A right condition of the working-classes would, we apprehend, include the idea of their being perfectly self-dependent.

To this end it seems absolutely necessary that they should husband their gains in such a manner as to enable them to provide against the usual evils of life. Their gains are either sufficient for this purpose, or they are not: if they are, it is an obvious duty that they should be used for that amongst other purposes; if not, then the predicament of the working-classes is in some way wrong, and should be amended. Assuredly, while this large portion of the community has to look to the middle and upper classes for succour in every kind of distress, to however small an extent that succour may be required, in so far do they forfeit their independence and suffer a moral deterioration. They ought to be enabled, by the correctness of their views on these points, and by the amount of their gains, to ensure themselves against every casualty, even the temporary failure of employment. All who are acquainted with the doctrine of probabilities, know that to ensure against even that last peculiar casualty would be merely a matter of calculation, and easily practicable if a sufficiently large number were to unite.

Passing in the mean time from the general question, let us consider the means which at present exist to enable working-men to provide against the evils of their lot. We once showed (No. 357) by what simple means a union of working-men could provide themselves and their families with medicines and medical attendance, thereby rendering themselves quite independent of infirmaries and dispensaries—institutions which, though necessary in the present state of society, and creditable to the good feelings of the wealthier classes, are in reality a degradation to the classes benefited by them. Let us now see by what means an association of working-men could provide that each, during sickness, should have an independent means of support, and also enjoy an income when the days for toil are past.

It is well known that institutions for these objects have long existed under the name of *Friendly* or *Benefit Societies*. A disposition to enter into and support such societies may be said to be general amongst the labouring portion of the community; yet not by any means so general as could be wished, while it is equally to be lamented that many of the societies which do exist, are founded upon no certain calculations, so that their permanence cannot be depended on, and many of their members must be disappointed of the object they have in view.

We cannot sufficiently impress upon all who have to do with friendly societies, that, if these have not been founded on calculations, and calculations of a proper kind, no good is to be expected of them. Supposing a friendly society to contemplate a weekly aliment in sickness and an annuity in old age, the points to be ascertained for its right foundation, are—first, what is the amount of time per annum in the ensuing life of each member, which may be expected, from the average of a vast number of like cases, to be spent by him in sickness?—and, second, how many out of each set at a certain age, may be expected to survive sixty, and for how long? A wide range of experience makes it possible to calculate these things with some degree of precision. That patriotic body, the Highland Society of Scotland, obtained returns from a great number of friendly societies, from which tables were compiled for the purpose of showing the true probability of sickness and mortality amongst the working-classes. It is now acknowledged that, from the imperfection of the returns, these tables give too favourable a view of the case, and would be an unsafe basis to ground upon in practice. Yet we may enter a little into them for the sake of illustration. It appeared that, between twenty and thirty years of age, a man has the chance of being a little more than half a week per annum indisposed. For each year there is an exact amount—as, for instance, at the age of twenty-eight, he has the chance of being just about six-tenths (0·603) of a week sick; but we need not here specify so closely. Between thirty and forty, the probable annual duration of sickness is a little higher, or about two-thirds of a week overhead (strictly from 0·621 to 0·758 parts of a week). At forty-six, his chance is a-week per annum. At fifty-seven, it rises to two weeks. A man's whole chance of sickness, from his twenty-first to his sixtieth year, inclusive, is nearly forty-two weeks. Above that period of life, the days of disability multiply fast. At seventy, he is nearly eleven weeks out of the fifty-two seriously unwell.

Since the Highland Society made these observations, the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge has exerted itself in a similar way, and a theoretical table has been compiled by Mr Edmonds. We shall present the results of all the three investigations in a tabular form, showing the proportion of sick out of 100 persons living at certain intervals of age:—

Ages.	Scotch Benefit Societies.	English Benefit Societies.	Mr Edmond's Theoretical Table.
20 to 30	1·14	1·54	1·72
30 to 40	1·32	1·83	2·30
40 to 50	1·97	2·56	3·10
50 to 60	3·60	4·32	4·51

In these three tables there is, it will be observed, a considerable difference. We may mention, that some societies in Edinburgh have found their experience of sickness exceed the Highland Society rate by, at an average, 87 per cent.; a result which we find accounted for in a very intelligible way by a report of the Edinburgh Compositors' Society. In the societies from which the Highland Society obtained returns, the extension of relief was considered as a kind of charity, and applications were therefore only made in extreme cases. But in the societies in question, the pension during sickness is regarded as a right, and therefore freely taken.

A few years ago, some interesting observations were made with respect to the large body of men employed as artisans and labourers in the dockyards at Woolwich, Chatham, Portsmouth, &c. In the three years included in the observations, 1831, 2, and 3, there was that general uniformity of result which tends to give confidence in the arrangements made in consequence of such inquiries. We shall give the results for 1831 and 2, as the number of men was nearly the same in those years, namely, 2079 and 2002. The cases of diseases in the two years were, respectively, 697 and 888; of hurts, 357 and 325; the total days of sickness, respectively, 15,072 and 14,225. If we might be justified in taking this body of working-men as a criterion, it would appear that, in the year, every 1 man in 6 of this class is seriously hurt, and that 2 in 5 fall ill. Each man is liable to have an attack of illness, either spontaneous or caused by external injury, every two years; and at an average each disease lasts 14 days. *When we see these painful contingencies presented in so distinct and certain a form, the necessity of providing against them becomes strikingly apparent.*

Amongst the East India Company's labourers in London—men selected at first as sound and strong, but working and also dwelling in somewhat unfavourable circumstances, in the centre of a crowded city—it was found, by a calculation made a few years ago, that, between the ages of 20 and 30, there were sick 1·36 per cent.; between 30 and 40, 1·38; between 40 and 50, 1·46; between 50 and 60, 1·91; being a less rapid advance of sickness with advancing age than has been observed in other cases.

From the difference observed in these and other cases, it would appear necessary, in forming a friendly or benefit society, to look to data adapted to the special class who are to form it.

What, in a general view, are the proper principles for forming a benefit or friendly society, which shall include a provision for both sickness and old age? It is clear, in the first place, from what we have seen, that the contributions of the various members should have a respect to their different ages. We may have an idea of a benefit society in its simplest form, if we suppose a hundred men, of exactly 33 years of age, to associate, and make such a payment at first as may be sure to afford each man that shall fall sick during the ensuing year one shilling a-day during the term of his sickness. Taking (for the sake of illustration) the Scottish tables, we find that, amongst such a body of men, there will be about 66 weeks of illness in the course of the year. This, multiplied by 7, gives the whole sum required, L.23, 2s., or a little more than 4s. 6d. each, which, less by a small sum for interest, will accordingly be the entry-money of each man. A society of individuals of different ages, each paying the sum which would in like manner be found proper to his age, would be quite as sound in principle as one on the above simple scheme. It is only a step further to equalise each man's annual payments over the whole period during which he undertakes to be a paying member.

We shall suppose that the superannuation allowance or pension is contemplated as commencing at 60 years of age. It is necessary to consult tables of mortality, in order to ascertain how many may be expected to reach that age, and how long each of these has a chance of surviving it. We have so recently treated of tables of mortality (under the article Rates for

Life Assurance, in No. 505), that we shall not say much on this subject. The table presented by the Highland Society, as proper for friendly societies, is a mean of the Northampton, Carlisle, and Swedish tables, and may be regarded as tolerably safe for both life-assurance and annuity schemes. It shows, that of 1005 persons of 21 years of age, no fewer than 528 reach the age of 60, 336 that of 70, and 127 that of 80; thus making it evident *how absurd it is for a working man to think that he has an extremely small chance of growing old, so as to need a provision.*

Another point for consideration is the rate at which the funds of the society may be improved. In most cases, we believe, it is best for such societies to rest content with taking advantage of the privilege which they enjoy by act of parliament, to deposit their money in the savings' banks, in which case they obtain for it (considering the half-yearly payment of interest) about L.3, 17s. 6d. yearly.

The scheme of a right benefit society may be further illustrated by the actual arrangements of one of approved character, which happens to be well known to us. We allude to the Edinburgh School of Arts' Friendly Society, established about thirteen years ago. This society, although originating with certain of the members of and friends to the School of Arts (a species of mechanics' institution, and taking its name), is not otherwise connected with that institution, but is open to all persons, male and female, residing in Edinburgh. It has three separate funds or schemes—namely, a *Sickness Fund*, *Deferred Annuity Fund*, and a *Life Assurance Fund*. *One share* of the sickness fund entitles the member during sickness to 10s. a-week for 52 weeks, 7s. 6d. a-week for other 52 weeks, and 5s. a-week for all future period of sickness until the age of 60 or 65, according to the age of superannuation fixed at entry; and thereafter his contributions cease, and he enters to the enjoyment of the *Deferred Annuity Fund*, one share of which entitles the member to an annuity of L.8 a-year, commencing at the age of 60 or 65, as fixed at his entry. One share of the Life Assurance Fund is a sum of L.10 payable at the member's death. In this case, as in the others, the contributions cease at the age of 60 or 65.

The rates are calculated from the Highland Society's sickness table, increased by 50 per cent., which in this case may be considered as sufficient (seeing that only sound healthy men are admitted), and a mortality table compounded of the Northampton, Carlisle, and Swedish, assuming the rate of interest at 4 per cent. accumulated yearly; and the only charges for management are 2s. 6d. entry-money to each fund, and 1s. a-year payable by each member of each fund.

The following is an example of the payments required for *one share* in all the three funds; namely—

Payments to Cease at the age of Sixty.

Age.	Annual Payment.	Monthly Payment.
25	£1 10 5	£0 2 6½
30	1 17 3	0 3 1½
35	2 6 3	0 3 11½

Payments to Cease at Sixty-five.

Age.	Annual Payment.	Monthly Payment.
25	£1 5 9	£0 2 2
30	1 10 7½	0 2 6½
35	1 17 5	0 3 1½

So that a person of the age of 25, for an entry-money of 7s. 6d., and a payment of 2s. 2d. a-month until the age of 65—or L.1, 5s. 9d. a-year—may secure an allowance of 10s. a-week during sickness for 52 weeks—7s. 6d. a-week for other 52 weeks—and 5s. a-week during the whole remaining period of sickness, until the age of 65, an annuity of L.8 a-year during life after 65, and a sum of L.10 at death.

Or, for 4s. 4d. a-month, or L.2, 11s. 6d. a-year, double of these allowances.

At an examination of the society's transactions and funds in December 1840, it was found that, after twelve years of business, when the deaths of unfree members, or persons who died in the first year of membership, were deducted, the mortality was within that allowed for by the tables, and that all the three funds were in a good condition, each showing a surplus over what was necessary to make good the claims to which it was liable, when the value of the future contributions was taken into account against the value of the promised benefits.

This society numbers 250 members, which is far below what might be expected in so large a city, even making every allowance for other existing means of provision.

We would hope that the present paper will be of some little service in calling the attention of the working-classes to the benefits which they have it in their power to confer upon themselves by means of rightly constituted benefit societies. To make themselves independent during sickness and old age, and to ensure that their wives and children shall have something to look to in the event of their decease—what objects of a merely this-world kind can be nobler! It costs money and a little restraint on immediate desires to accomplish these ends, but it does not cost, upon a right system, nearly so much as might be supposed; and though it were to cost more, would it not be worth while? We verily believe that the working-classes are not generally informed as to the principles of benefit societies, or they would take much more extensive advantage of them than they do. Every one who resorts to such a society makes an advance in a true moral condition, and gives incalculable strength to his position in life, and the peace of his own mind.

POPULAR ENGLISH FESTIVALS.

SHROVE-TUESDAY.

Shrove-Tuesday may occur on any day between the 2d of February and the 8th of March, being the day antecedent to that commencing Lent. [In the present year it falls on the 8th of February.] Throughout Christian Europe, it has been customary, from early times, to preface the solemnity and sober living of the forty days of Lent with one, two, or more days of unlimited merriment, sport, feasting, and playing of practical jokes, as if men were anxious to season themselves for what they felt to be a period of dullness, by giving themselves the disgust of satiety with every thing cheerful. In Rome, as is well known, this merry prologue to Lent is called the Carnival, meaning the farewell to flesh—no such food being used during the ensuing forty days. In England, the same period is styled Shrove-tide, from its being customary, in an early age, for the people to confess their sins, and be *shrived*, or *shrove*, at that time. They also had the name of Collop-Monday for the day before Shrove-Tuesday, while Ash-Wednesday was the title of the first day of Lent. In Scotland, where no religious observance of this season has been in use for centuries, Shrove-Tuesday is slightly known as St Fasten's Eve or Fastren's E'en.

Collop-Monday, it may be remarked, got its name from a custom all over England of dining on collops (steaks of salted meat) and eggs on that day. The boys on that day went about in bands, singing,

> "Shrove-tide is nigh at hand,
> And I am come a-shroving;
> Pray, dame, something,
> An apple or a dumpling,
> Or a piece of truckle cheese
> Of your own making,
> Or a piece of pancake."

On this day it is a regular practice of the boys at Eton to write Latin verses, in all kinds of metres, in praise of Bacchus, and fix them to the college doors. Perhaps this is a vestige of a supposed connexion between the Christian festivals of this season with the Gentile rejoicings and festivities of the same period of the year in honour of the god of wine.

Shrove-Tuesday has been from time immemorial in England a day of unusual merriment, feasting, and sport. "Welcome, merry Shrove-tide!" sings gentle Master Silence. At an early period of the day, the bells were set a-ringing, generally by the people themselves, and it was from that time till a late hour in the evening held allowable to indulge in an unlimited preparing and devouring of pancakes. So conspicuous was this fare on the occasion, that the day was sometimes called Pancake Day. Shakspeare makes his clown in "All's Well that Ends Well" speak of something being "as fit as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday." It will be recollected that the parishioners of the Vicar of Wakefield "religiously ate pancakes at Shrove-tide." Hear also our quaint old friend, the Water Poet—"Shrove-Tuesday, at whose entrance in the morning all the whole kingdom is inquiet, but by that time the clock strikes eleven, which (by the help of a knavish sexton) is commonly before nine, there is a bell rung called Pancake Bell, the sound whereof makes thousands of people distracted, and forgetful either of manners or humanity. Then there is a thing called wheaten flour, which the cooks do mingle with water, eggs, spice, and other tragical, magical enchantments, and then they put it by little and little into a frying-pan of boiling suet, where it makes a confused dismal hissing (like the Lernian snakes in the reeds of Acheron), until at last, by the skill of the cook, it is transformed into the form of a flip-jack, called a pancake, *which ominous incantation the ignorant people do devour very greedily.*" It is curious to learn from old Hakluyt, that pancakes were also eaten in Russia at this time. A poem published in 1634,* thus speaks of the custom in England:—

> "It was the day whereon the rich and poor
> Are chiefly feasted with the self-same dish;
> When every paunch, till it can hold no more,
> Is fritter-filled as well as heart can wish;
> And every man and maid do take their turn,
> And toss their pancakes up for fear they burn;
> And all the kitchen doth with laughter sound,
> To see the pancakes fall upon the ground."

It was customary to present the first pancake to the greatest slut or lie-a-bed of the party, "which commonly falls to the dog's share at last, for no one will own it their due."† Some allusion is probably made to the latter custom in a couplet placed opposite Shrove-Tuesday in Poor Robin's Almanac for 1677:

> "Pancakes are eat by greedy gut,
> And Hob and Madge *run for the slut.*"

In the time of Elizabeth, it was a practice at Eton for the cook to fasten a pancake to a crow upon the school door; and, till a recent period, the under-clerk at Westminster School was accustomed on this morning to enter in solemn wise, preceded by the beadle and other officers, and throw a pancake over the screen which divides the forms of the upper from those of the under scholars.

The revels of Shrovetide were of a very miscellaneous order—some being innocent, and others, we grieve to say, much the reverse. We shall first advert to those of an innocent character. The chief of these seems to have been foot-ball, which was conducted with great spirit, the old looking delightedly at the feats of the young. At Alnwick, the ball is thrown to the populace from the walls of the castle. The apprentices of London, all of whom were let loose from serious occupation on this day, enjoyed the sport in Finsbury Fields. The sport continues to be practised with great vigour at the villages of Kingston and Teddington, in the vicinity of London, where the people have to put hurdles and bushes over their windows to protect them from the balls. But we are not aware of any part of the kingdom where this Shrovetide sport is kept up with so much energy as at the village of Scone, near Perth, in Scotland. The men of the parish assemble at the cross, the married on one side and the bachelors on the other; a ball is thrown up, and they play from two o'clock till sunset. A person who witnessed the sport in the latter part of the last century, thus describes it:—"The game was this: he who at any time got the ball into his hands, ran with it till overtaken by one of the opposite party; and then, if he could shake himself loose from those on the opposite side who seized him, he ran on; if not, he threw the ball from him, unless it was wrested from him by the other party, but no party was allowed to kick it. The object of the married men was to *hang* it, that is, to put it three times into a small hole on the moor, which was the *dool*, or limit, on the one hand: that of the bachelors was to *drown* it, or dip it three times in a deep place in the river, the limit on the other: the party who could effect either of these objects won the game; if neither won, the ball was cut into equal parts at sunset. In the course of the play, there was usually some violence between the parties; but it is a proverb in this part of the country, that 'A' is fair at the ba' o' Scone.'" A similar foot-ball play took place at Inveresk in the county of Edinburgh.

Taylor, the Water Poet, alludes to the custom of a fellow carrying about "an ensign made of a piece of a baker's mawkin fixed upon a broom-staff," and making orations of nonsense to the people. Perhaps this custom may have been of a similar nature and design to one practised in France on Ash-Wednesday. The people there "carry an effigy, similar to our Guy Faukes, round the adjacent villages, and collect money for his funeral, as this day, according to their creed, is the burial of good living. After sundry absurd mummeries, the corpse is deposited in the earth."‡ In the latter part of the last century, a curious custom of a similar nature still survived in Kent. A group of girls engaged themselves at one part of a village in burning an uncouth image, which they called a *holly boy*, and which they had stolen from the boys; while the boys were to be found in another part of the village burning a like effigy, which they called the *ivy girl*, and which they had stolen from the girls; the ceremony being in both cases accompanied by loud huzzas.† These are fashions, we humbly opine, smacking of a very early and probably pagan origin. At Bromfield, in Cumberland, there used to be a still more remarkable custom. The scholars of the free school of that parish assumed a right, from old use and wont, *to bar out the master*, and keep him out for three days. During the period of this expulsion, the doors were strongly barricaded within; and the boys, who defended it like a besieged city, were armed in general with guns made of the hollow twigs of the elder, or bore-tree. The master, meanwhile, made various efforts, by force and stratagem, to regain his lost authority. If he succeeded, heavy tasks were imposed, and the business of the school was resumed and submitted to; but it more commonly happened that all his efforts were unavailing. In this case, after three days' siege, terms of capitulation were proposed by the master and accepted by the boys. The terms always included permission to enjoy a full allowance of Shrovetide sports.‡

Of a similar jocular character is a custom kept up at Leicester. There is in this ancient town an open space called the Newarks, of a cross form, accessible by three gates, and surrounded by tall buildings. In the afternoon of Shrove-Tuesday, three men take possession of this place, armed with waggon whips, and each attended by another man carrying a bell. These fellows, who are called Whipping Toms, claim a right to flog every body entering or passing through the Newarks whom they can catch, and this as long as the attendant bellman can keep ringing his bell. The amusement consists in surrounding the bellman and silencing his bell, for during the cessation of ringing the whipper is powerless: this, however, is a service of some hazard, and requires the combined address and activity of the young men who take part in the frolic. As soon, however, as a Whipping Tom finds his companion silenced, and subject to the laugh of the spectators, he hurries with his attendant bell to the rescue, and the scene becomes one of considerable mirth and animation, and many daring attempts are made to capture the succouring bell and increase their amusement on the one hand, and to liberate the captured bell and get both whips into action on the

* Pasquil's Palinodia. † Notes to Tusser Redivivus, 1744.

* Morning Chronicle, March 10, 1791.

† Gentleman's Magazine, 1779.

‡ Hutchison's History of Cumberland.

other. By the three outlets from the place escape is easy; in a nook called Little London, if you can attain it, you are entitled to sanctuary. The bustle, activity, and address, elicited by the whole affair, and the merriment of the spectators as bells are captured or luckless wights subjected to whipping, render it an afternoon of great excitement, which the young especially talk of for months before and after.*

We have now to advert to some of the sports of this day, which cannot be considered as of an innocent character. The chief and most conspicuous of these was the practice of *throwing at cocks*. It seems to have been universal in England a century ago, and perhaps still lingers in some of those places which William Howitt calls nooks of the country, where modern refinements have not yet penetrated in great strength. It will be recollected that Hogarth makes this sport the first subject in his series of pictures entitled the *Four Stages of Cruelty*. The poor animal was tied to a stake by a short cord, and the unthinking men and boys, who were to throw at it, took their station at the distance of about twenty yards. Where the cock belonged to some one disposed to make it a matter of business, twopence was paid for three *shies* at it, the missile used being a broomstick. The sport was continued till the poor creature was killed outright by the blows. Such tumult and outrage attended this inhuman sport a century ago, that, according to a writer in the Gentleman's Magazine, it was sometimes dangerous to be near the place where it was practised. Hens were also the subjects of popular amusement at this festival. It was customary in Cornwall to take any one which had not laid eggs before Shrove-Tuesday, and lay it on a barn-floor to be thrashed to death. A man hit at her with a flail; and if he succeeded in killing her therewith, he got her for his pains. It was customary for a fellow to get a hen tied to his back, with some horse-bells hung beside it. A number of other fellows, blindfolded, with boughs in their hand, followed him by the sound of the bells, endeavouring to get a stroke at the bird. This gave occasion to much merriment, for sometimes the man was hit instead of the hen, and sometimes the assailants hit each other instead of either. At the conclusion, the hen was boiled with bacon, and added to the usual pancake feast. Cock-fights were also common on this day. Strange to say, they were in many instances the sanctioned sport of public schools, the master receiving on the occasion a small tax from the boys under the name of a *cock-penny*. Perhaps this last practice took its rise in the circumstance of the master supplying the cocks, which seems to have been the custom in some places in a remote age. Such cock-fights regularly took place on Fasten's E'en in many parts of Scotland till the middle of the eighteenth century, the master presiding at the battle, and enjoying the perquisite of all the runaway cocks, which were technically called *fugies*. The greatest of our alarmists must surely allow that in some small particulars we have improved upon the customs of our forefathers.

Latterly, an idea seems to have prevailed that the cocks martyred upon Shrove-Tuesday were typical, from the identity of their name in Latin (*Galli*), of our great national enemies the French. And we can easily imagine some country justices being led by this notion to encourage the sport, thinking that every *shy* taken at the unfortunate cock was fostering a salutary hatred of the French in the breasts of those who were yet perhaps to fight their country's battles. There was even a supposition, to which Hearne the antiquary gave some countenance, that the practice took its rise at the time when Henry V. was pursuing his wars in France, being designed to show that the English could as easily overthrow the Galli of their own species as the Galli of the farm-yard. A writer in the Gentleman's Magazine of 1737, suggests that perhaps we find a trace of this notion in the architectural conceit placed over the portal of Blenheim House, where a monstrous lion is seen tearing to pieces a harmless cock. And he adds a just sentiment with regard to the Shrovetide cock-throwings, supposing them to have the above object in view—"'Tis a low mean expression of our rage, even in time of war." But the idea of a reference to the French is totally inadmissible, when we find that the custom existed long before the commencement of our wars with France. Another popular notion is, that it took its rise in consequence of a very early incident in our history. "When the Danes were masters of England, and lorded it over the nations of the island, the inhabitants of a certain great city, grown weary of their slavery, had formed a secret conspiracy to murder their masters in one bloody night, and twelve men had undertaken to enter the house by stratagem, and, seizing the arms, surprise the guard which kept it; and at which time, their fellows, upon a signal given, were to come out of their houses and murder all opposers: but when they were putting it in execution, the unusual crowing and fluttering of the cocks about the place they attempted to enter at, discovered their design; upon which the Danes became so enraged, that they doubled their cruelty, and used them with more severity than ever. Soon after they were forced from the Danish yoke, and to revenge themselves upon the cocks, for the misfortune they involved them in, instituted this custom of knocking them on the head on Shrove-Tuesday, the day on which it happened. This sport, though at first only practised in one city, in process of time became a national divertisement, and has continued ever since the Danes first lost the island." Such is the story told, it seems, by an old German author named Cranenstein, who writes of the customs observed by Christian nations.* We need scarcely remark that it seems insufficient to account for a sport of so peculiar a nature and so universal.

The other Shrovetide observances were chiefly of a local nature. The old plays make us aware of a license which the London prentices took on this occasion to assail houses of dubious repute, and cart the unfortunate inmates through the city. This seems to have been done partly under favour of a privilege which the common people assumed at this time of breaking down doors for sport, and of which we have perhaps some remains, in a practice which still exists in some remote districts, of throwing broken crockery and other rubbish at doors. In Dorsetshire and Wiltshire, if not in other counties, the latter practice is called *Lent Crocking*. The boys go round in small parties, headed by a leader, "who goes up and knocks at the door, leaving his followers behind him, armed with a good stock of potsherds—the collected relics of the washing-pans, jugs, dishes, and plates, that have become the victims of concussion in the hands of unlucky or careless housewives for the past year. When the door is opened, the hero, who is perhaps a farmer's boy, with a pair of black eyes sparkling under the tattered brim of his brown milking-hat, hangs down his head, and, with one corner of his mouth turned up into an irrepressible smile, pronounces the following lines:—

> 'I be come a-shrovin,
> Vor a little pankiak,
> A bit o' bread o' your biakin;
> Or a little truckle cheese o' your own miakin.
> If you'll gie me a little I'll ax no more,
> If you don't gie me nothin, I'll rottle your door.'

Sometimes he gets a bit of bread and cheese, and at some houses he is told to be gone; when he calls up his followers to send their missiles in a rattling broadside against the door."† It is rather remarkable that, in Prussia, and perhaps other parts of central Europe, the throwing of broken crockery at doors is a regular practice at marriages. Lord Malmesbury, who in 1791 married a princess of that country as proxy for the Duke of York, tells us, that the morning after the ceremonial, a great heap of such rubbish was found at her royal highness's door.

* Hone's Year Book, 539.

NOTICE TO AN HUMBLE CLASS OF EMIGRANTS.

A CORRESPONDENT who was desirous of receiving some distinct information on the subject of Canadian emigration, which unfortunately we had it not in our power to afford, lately made application to the Emigration Agent at Montreal, and has been favoured with a reply which he has placed in our hands to make public. The reply is written on the back of a printed document, which we present first. It is entitled—"Notice to persons desirous of settling at the Owen's Sound Settlement, situated in the upper part of the province of Canada," and is dated "Crown Lands' Office, 1st November 1840."

"Notice is hereby given, that a road through the crown land from the north-west angle of the township of *Garrafraxa to Owen's Sound, upon Lake Huron*, is opening at the expense of government. Lots of fifty acres of land each will be laid out on each side of the road.

Settlers who have never obtained a grant of land from government, may obtain a lot of fifty acres on the following conditions:—

1st, They are to make application to the commissioner of crown lands, or to the agent on the ground, whenever they shall be ready to become resident on the tract to be granted. 2d, Upon giving a satisfactory account of their means of providing for themselves, until a crop can be raised from the ground, they will receive a ticket from the commissioner at the Crown Lands' Office, entitling them to locate the land. 3dly, Upon application to the agent in the first place, he will forward a statement to the Crown Lands' Office, of the applicant's age, family, and means of settlement, upon which, if approved, authority for location will issue. 4thly, The tickets issued will be useless to any but the applicants, and unless presented to the agent within one month from the date, they will not be received by him. Any person who shall receive a ticket, and who shall not proceed to the settlement within one month; or who, having been placed upon land there, shall abandon it, will be considered as having lost all claim to receive land. 5thly, Settlers will be required to clear, and place once under crop, one-third of the land located, and to reside on the land until this settlement-duty is performed; and after one-third of the grant shall have been cleared and under crop, the settler shall be entitled to his patent, free of expense. 6thly, The settlement-duty is required to be done within four years from the date of the ticket. 7thly, Settlers who are under the necessity of being temporarily absent from their locations, will apply to the resident agent, stating the length of their intended absence, and the reason for it, which will be entered on the agent's book, if the reason for absence seems sufficient; and any person who shall absent himself, without being permitted to do so by the agent, or who shall remain away from the settlement for a longer time than such permission shall authorise, will be considered as having forfeited his location. 8thly, An assignment, or attempt to assign any ticket or location, will also be considered as a forfeiture of all right in the locatee or the assignee; or if it shall appear that the locatee has previously obtained a grant of land from government, his new location shall be forfeited. 9thly, In all cases of abandonment of location, the located land will be considered immediately open for new location or sale. 10thly, As it is not the intention of the government to offer the settlers any assistance, further than the free grant of land, and the opening of the road, applicants are specially desired to consider for themselves, whether or not they have the means of maintaining themselves and their families until crops can be raised from the ground.

Government agents have been appointed at the northern and southern extremities of the settlement, and further information may be obtained on application to Mr John Telfer, Owen's Sound, and Mr James M'Nabb, Garrafraxa. R. B. SULLIVAN, Commissioner Crown Lands."

The letter of reply to our correspondent, dated "Emigrant Office, Montreal, 9th Ootober 1841," is as follows:—

"Sir—The gentlemen composing the Emigrant Society here, placed your letter (dated 23d August) in my hands, in reply to a considerable portion of which I have deemed it not amiss, for your information and that of your farming acquaintance, to send the annexed printed notice. Land may be had on the same principle at the Kennebec and Lambton settlements, in the lower part of the province, by the intending settler applying, on his arrival at Quebec, to A. C. Buchanan, Esq., Chief Emigration Agent.

Healthy settlers, who are steady, industrious, and economical, cannot fail in rapidly improving their condition in this truly fine country. Farmers, farm-labourers, coopers, joiners, blacksmiths, brickmakers, bricklayers, stone-masons, plasterers, and common carpenters, generally succeed well in this country. It would be well to bring out all your tools. All intending settlers should endeavour to reach here on or before the 1st of June, especially agriculturists; and I consider it highly imprudent of any man to quit his native country without feeling confident that he has sufficient means to support his family at *least* two or three months after his arrival here. By you and your friends calling at my office on your arrival, it will be to me a pleasurable duty to afford you *all* such information as I humbly conceive (from twenty-seven years' experience) is calculated to render essential service. It is a matter of course, that those who can bring most money and property, are, with good management, likely to prosper most rapidly; you, as an industrious joiner, will doubtless do well in this country, especially by having at the same time from fifty to one hundred acres of good land, in an eligible situation, upon easy terms of payment, which, no doubt, I can put you in the way of obtaining—though the first instalment (especially should there be a few acres cleared and a small hut upon it) is generally expected to be paid about the time of taking possession of it. It may be necessary for me to observe, that no kind of emigrants receive government aid in being forwarded to work, except such as are totally destitute, with large families.

Improved farms can be purchased on favourable terms. Practical British farmers, with some means, always succeed remarkably well here: by prudence and perseverance, their capital increases rapidly. For the general good of your friends and the public, should you see fit to make it known, I deem it proper to observe, that men engaged in the silk, cotton, or woollen manufactures, such as weavers, spinners, printers, dyers, &c., will at this time find no employment here in their respective callings, and are obliged to betake themselves to the task of the day-labourer, and cannot at all times during the season be certain of obtaining that employment; and but few of these classes that have reached forty or forty-five years of age become expert labourers, and when they settle on land, the process of clearing is slowly and unskilfuly executed, and poverty, as their lot, is scarcely to be avoided. I have the honour to be, &c., JAMES ALLISON, General Emigration Agent, Montreal."

* Sir W. Ellis's Edition of Brand's Popular Antiquities.

† Hone's Year Book, 1599.

DULL TALKERS.

Some praters are so full of their own gabble, and so fond of their own discord, that they would not suspend their eternal monotonies to hear the wit of Sheridan or the point of Swift; one might as well attempt to stop the saw of a task-working stone-cutter by the melodies of an Æolian harp. Others, again, there are who hide that ignorance in silent gravity that these expose by silly talk, but they are so coldly correct, and so methodically dull, that any attempt to raise the slumbering sparks of genius by means of such instruments, would be to stir up a languishing fire with a poker of ice. There is a third class, forming a great majority, being a heavy compound of the two former, and possessing many of the properties peculiar to each; thus, they have just ignorance enough to talk amongst fools, and just sense enough to be silent amongst wits. But they have no vivacity in themselves, nor relish for it in another—to attempt to keep up the ball of conversation with such partners, would be to play a game of fives against a bed of feathers.—*Lacon.*

HOOD'S COMIC ANNUAL.

This lively little work holds on in its annual career, as full of jokes as ever, the quality of the material being no way deteriorated from that of former years. In the volume which made its appearance at the beginning of 1842, we find the following clever *jeu d'esprit* on the practice of asking for autographs. It purports to be a letter from Mr Hood to D. A. A., Esquire, Edinburgh:—

"Sir,—I am much flattered by your request, and quite willing to accede to it; but, unluckily, you have omitted to inform me of the sort of thing you want. Autographs are of many kinds. Some persons chalk them on walls; others inscribe what may be called auto-lithographs, in sundry colours, on the flag-stones. Gentlemen in love delight in carving their autographs on the bark of trees; as other idle fellows are apt to hack and hew them on tavern benches and rustic seats. Amongst various modes, I have seen a shop-boy dribble his autograph from a tin of water on a dry pavement. The autographs of the Charity Boys are written on large sheets of paper, illuminated with engravings, and are technically called Pieces.' The celebrated Miss Biffin used to distribute autographs amongst her visiters, which she wrote with a pen grasped between her teeth. Another, a German Phenomenon, held the implement with his toes. The Man in the Iron Mask scratched an autograph with his fork on a silver plate, and threw it out of the window. Baron Trenck smudged one with a charred stick; and Silvio Pellico, with his fore-finger dipped in a mixture of soot and water. Lord Chesterfield wrote autographs on windows with a diamond pencil; so did Sir Walter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth. Draco, when Themis requested a few *sentences* for her album, dipped his stylus in human blood. Faust used the same fluid in the autograph he bartered with Mephistopheles. The Hebrews write their Shpargotua backwards; and some of the Orientals used to clothe them in hieroglyphics. An ancient Egyptian, if asked for his autograph, would probably have sent to the collector a picture of what Mrs Malaprop calls 'An Allegory on the Banks of the Nile.' Aster, the archer, volunteered an autograph, and sent it bang into Philip's right eye. Some individuals are so chary of their handwriting, as to bestow, when requested, only a mark or cross; others more liberally adorn a specimen of their penmanship with such extraneous flourishes as a cork-screw, a serpent, or a circumbendibus, not to mention such caligraphic fancies as eagles, ships, and swans. Then, again, there are what may be called Mosaic autographs, *i. e.* inlaid with cockle-shells, blue and white pebbles, and the like, in a little gravel walk. Our grandmothers worked their autographs in canvass samplers; and I have seen one wrought out with pins' heads on a huge white pin-cushion, as thus:—'Welcome sweat Babby. Mary Jones.'

When the sweetheart of Mr John Junk requested his autograph, and explained what it was, namely, 'a couple of lines or so, with his name to it,' he replied that he would leave it to her in his will, seeing as how it was 'done with gunpowder on his left arm.'

There have even been autographs written by proxy. For example, Doctor Dodd penned one for Lord Chesterfield; but to oblige a stranger in this way is very dangerous, considering how easily a few lines may be twisted into a rope. According to Lord Byron, the Greek girls compound autographs as apothecaries make up prescriptions, with such materials as flowers, herbs, ashes, pebbles, and bits of coal. Lord Byron himself, if asked for a specimen of his hand, would probably have sent a plaster cast of it. King George the Fourth and the Duke of York, when their autographs were requested for a keepsake, royally favoured the applicant with some of their old Latin-English exercises. With regard to my own particular practice, I have often traced an autograph with my walking-stick on the sea-sand. I also seem to remember writing one with my fore-finger on a dusty table, and am pretty sure I could do it with the smoke of a candle on the ceiling. I have seen something like a very badly scribbled autograph made by children with a thread of treacle on a slice of suet dumpling. Then, it may be done with vegetables. My little girl grew her autograph the other day in mustard and cress. Domestic servants, I have observed, are fond of scrawling autographs on a teaboard with the slopped milk; also of scratching them on a soft deal dresser, the lead of the sink, and, above all, the quicksilver side of a looking-glass—a surface, by the by, quite irresistible to any one who can write and does not bite his nails. A friend of mine possesses an autograph—'Remember Jim Hoskins'—done with a red-hot poker on the back-kitchen door. This, however, is awkward to bind up. Another, but a young lady, possesses a book of autographs, filled just like a tailor's pattern book, with samples of stuff and fustian. The foregoing, sir, are but a few of the varieties; and the questions that have occurred to me in consequence of your only naming the genus, and not the species, have been innumerable. Would the gentleman like it short or long? for Doppeldickius, the learned Dutchman, wrote an autograph for a friend, which the latter published in a quarto volume. Would he prefer it in red ink, or black—or suppose he had it in sympathetic, so that he could draw me out when he pleased? Would he choose it on white paper, or tinted, or embossed, or on common brown paper, like Maroncelli's? Would he like it without my name to it—as somebody favoured me lately with his autograph in an anonymous letter? Would he rather it were like Guy Faukes's to Lord Monteagle (not Spring Rice), in a feigned hand? Would he relish it in the aristocratical style, *i. e.* partially or totally illegible? Would he like it—in case he shouldn't like it—on a slate? With such a maze to wander in, if I should not take the exact course you wish, you must blame the short and insufficient clue you have afforded me. In the mean time, as you have not forwarded to me a tree or a table—a paving-stone or a brick wall—a looking-glass or a window—a teaboard or a silver plate—a bill-stamp or a back-kitchen door—I presume to conclude that you want only a common pen-ink-and-paper autograph; and, in the absence of any particular direction for its transmission, for instance, by a carrier-pigeon, or in a fire-balloon, or set adrift in a bottle, or per waggon, or favoured by Mr Waghorn, or by telegraph, I think the best way will be to send it to you in *print*.—I am, sir, your most obedient servant, Thomas Hood."

ON THE DEATH OF A BOY.

The autumn leaves are fading fast,
And rustling in the chilly blast;
And some around us, old and grey,
Have fallen scar'd, and fast as they.

But weep not, weep not, theirs had been
A sunny morn, a noon serene;
And in the evening of their day
They laid them down, and slept away.

Yet, why these tears upon my cheek?—
These woman's yearnings wildly weak?—
These longings for the dear, the dead—
The early rose, whose leaves are shed?

No more on earth that little hand
With brother's love shall clasp mine own—
Like bird to a far distant land,
That voice (to *me* so sweet) is flown.

A fibre from my heart is riven!
A life-drop from my heart is shed!
Ay! but thy spirit—*that's* in Heaven—
'Tis but the *dust* that's with the dead!

I'll gaze on yon bright star, and see
The home where thou art dwelling now—
Methinks soft wings are fanning me—
They soothe, they cool, my fever'd brow!

I'll listen to the wind's soft swell,
And fancy thine the gentle sounds;
They sigh not forth a sad farewell—
Thus in my ear the murmurs dwell,
"We'll meet where endless love abounds!"

I'll weep no more—no more I'll sigh!
I feel, dear boy, thy presence nigh;
And still, methinks, thy spirit clings
Around me in my wanderings.

A. G.

ENLIGHTENED ENTERPRISE.

A little enlightened enterprise in a single individual, comparatively obscure, often leads to great results; and therefore no man, in his efforts to begin any branch of trade, should be discouraged either because he is unknown to fame or possesses slender means of immediate success. Enterprise on a small and at first unheeded scale, is indeed the foundation of almost all great professional undertakings. We have a striking and honourable instance of this in the history of type-founding in Scotland. Exactly a century ago, types were for the first time cast in Scotland, and a trade begun in an article for which our northern kingdom is now highly celebrated. The introducer of this elegant art was Alexander Wilson, a native of St Andrews, at whose university he received a liberal education. After completing his studies, he went to London, and, while studying medicine in the British metropolis, he accidentally visited a type-foundry, where a close examination of the process convinced him that he could effect great improvements in the art. He communicated his ideas to an acquaintance, also a native of St Andrews, and they removed to that city in 1742, where they opened a foundry, at which, as already observed, the first types in Scotland, worthy of the name, were cast. Their success exceeded their most sanguine expectations, and their increasing connexion with Ireland induced them to remove the foundry to Glasgow in 1744, where it rapidly obtained a remarkable celebrity, and where Mr Wilson was so highly esteemed as a man of science, that he was appointed professor of astronomy in the university. This venerable gentleman left a family, who inherited his abilities; his grandsons now carry on most extensive foundries of types in Edinburgh, London, and Dublin; and from their own and their father's establishment have gone forth other founders, whose taste and skill have added to the glory of the profession. Young men inclined to feel daunted with obstacles may treasure these valuable facts in their remembrance.

CAPTAIN TAYLER'S BREAKWATER.

Various notices have lately been given in the newspapers of this invention. It is well known that in severe storms on our coast, ships are not safe even in certain harbours, the sea rolling in upon them with immense fury; hence the plan of building breakwaters, or huge mounds of masonry, opposite the mouths of harbours, by which the force of the sea is lessened. But this method of protecting harbourages being excessively expensive, Captain Tayler, of the Royal Navy, has invented a breakwater which floats, and, while answering all the purposes of a solid breakwater, can be placed at perhaps a hundredth part of the expense. His scheme is so simple and ingenious, that it seems wonderful it was not thought of sooner. It consists of placing in the water an obstacle which will yield to the action of the waves, yet deprive them of their violence. Here we are called on to recollect that, when waves advance, it is not the water which is advancing, but the force which has been communicated to the water. The rolling force of the waves, then, according to Captain Tayler's plan, and as far as we understand it, is to be met by a hollow framework, which receives it and brings it to a calm. If the obstacle were solid, it would be beat to pieces; but being open, it is constantly filled with water, and this water receives the force into its tranquil bosom. Moored off the most iron-bound coast, this species of breakwater will afford a retreat to any number of vessels, and be the means of saving much life and property. It is pleasing to find science thus extending her operations in the cause of humanity and national advancement.

MEMORY.

Dr Rush of America relates two or three very pleasing anecdotes of the freshness with which the memory preserves the rural scenery of early life:—When the physician visited a sick woman whom he had known in childhood, she was lying in typhus fever, and all hope of her recovery was nearly over. Two little words, like a fabulous talisman, seemed to bring back her wandering thoughts. The "eagle's nest" was the brief exclamation of Dr Rush. The tree had grown upon her father's farm; and all the scenery of her youth grew up again at the mention of it. From that moment she began to recover. Another fact, of a different description, is related by the same author:—An Italian gentleman died in New York, of yellow fever. In the beginning of his illness he spoke English; in the middle, French; at the close, Italian. These anecdotes correspond in illustrating the mysterious revival of memory amid the gloom of life, and when the sun had almost set. The vivid distinctness of the recollection, at the last hour of existence, is not more remarkable than solemn.—*Fraser's Magazine.* [We believe that the revival of recollection near death can be accounted for physiologically: it has been stated to us, that the activity of the brain at that period, is a result of the great effort which nature makes to rally, and throw off the cause of disease. The renewed recollection of a forgotten language has been explained by phrenologists.]

POPULAR DELUSIONS.

Maitland, in his "History of London," gravely informs us, that one of the projects which received great encouragement, was for the establishment of a company "to make deal-boards out of saw-dust." This is, no doubt, intended as a joke; but there is abundance of evidence to show that dozens of schemes, hardly a whit more reasonable, lived their little day, ruining hundreds ere they fell. One of them was for a wheel for perpetual motion—capital one million; another was for "encouraging the breed of horses (in England), and of improving of glebe and church lands, and repairing and rebuilding parsonage and vicarage houses." Why the clergy, who were so mainly interested in the latter clause, should have taken so much interest in the first, is only to be explained on the supposition, that the scheme was projected by a knot of the fox-hunting parsons once so common in England. The shares of this company were rapidly subscribed for. But the most absurd and preposterous of all, and which showed, more completely than any other, the utter madness of the people, was one started by an unknown adventurer, entitled, "A company for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is." Were not the fact stated by scores of credible witnesses, it would be impossible to believe that any person could have been duped by such a project. The man of genius who essayed this bold and successful inroad upon public credulity, merely stated in his prospectus that the required capital was half a million, in five thousand shares, L.100 each, deposit L.2 per share. Each subscriber, paying his deposit, would be entitled to L.100 per annum per share. How this immense profit was to be obtained, he did not condescend to inform them at that time, but promised that in a month full particulars should be duly announced, and a call made for the remaining L.98 of the subscription. Next morning, at nine o'clock, this great man opened an office in Cornhill. Crowds of people beset his door; and when he shut up, at three o'clock, he found that no less than one thousand shares had been subscribed for, and the deposits paid. He was thus, in five hours, the winner of L.2000. He was philosopher enough to be contented with his venture, and set off the same evening for the continent, and was never heard of again.—*Mackay's History of Popular Delusions.*

THE SUMMERS FROM 1816 TO 1841.

1816—Extremely cold and wet throughout: one of the worst harvests ever known. 1817—Very cold and wet in July and August, but very fine in September, which favoured the harvest. 1818—Intensely hot and dry; the thermometer twice at 89 degrees, and often above 80 degrees. 1819—A very fine hot summer: the month of August intensely hot: scarcely any thunder. 1820—A fine summer on the whole, and very productive. 1821—Some very hot days occasionally, but for the most part cold and showery. Immense rains during harvest, which did great damage. 1822—A splendid year: hot and dry for the most part, but heavy rain at times, with much thunder. A very abundant harvest. 1823—A very cold showery summer. In July it rained every day except the 24th: very little thunder. 1824—Very fine and warm throughout, but never intensely hot. The thermometer stood highest September 1, and was at 79 degrees. 1825—Very hot almost throughout. July 18, the thermometer stood at 90 degrees, which is the highest observation in the course of all these summers. 1826—The hottest and driest summer ever known: it began early and continued late. The thermometer was twice at 88 degrees, and often at 84 degrees. 1827—Hot and dry, but not to such an extremity as in the preceding summer: much thunder. 1828—Immense rains, which began July 9, and continued almost without cessation. Large floods July 16 and 30. Heavy thunder-storms; bad harvest. 1829—A very cold stormy summer. In September the rains were very heavy. In 1830—Very cold and wet, especially in June: much thunder. 1831—Warm, gleamy, showery, and electrical. A sickly summer; great number of insects, especially house flies. 1832—Moderate for the most part, without much inclination either one way or the other. 1833—Very fine, the early part especially; an abundant harvest. 1834—A very fine hot summer, but heavy rains at the end of July; an early and productive harvest. 1835—Hot and dry, with some showery exceptions; another abundant harvest. 1836—In the midland counties dry weather predominated. Remarkable for the almost entire destruction of the turnip crop by the fly. Harvest not amiss. 1837—A fair average of hot weather, but preceded by a very severe spring; harvest deficient. 1838—A cold wet summer, and a late unproductive harvest. 1839—Very heavy rains, almost without cessation; the harves not unproductive, but much damaged. 1840—A fine warm summer, with intense heat in August: fine harvest weather; feed deficient. 1841—Fine and warm in May and June; wet and cold in July and the beginning of August; fine harvest weather at the end, and in September.—*Farmer's Almanac.*

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ECCENTRIC MORALS.

THE natural feelings are subject to many strange aberrations and depravities. The Negro of Soudan would probably pronounce the most beautiful lady at Almack's a fright, and point for the true standard of loveliness to some overgrown black Venus, the result of ten years of maternal cramming. The African gentleman's taste would be held by some to imply that the ideas of men on these points are all matter of habit or prejudice; but this would be rather a rash way of judging. The wonder may, we think, be accounted for by supposing that the faculty giving the sense of the beautiful has been in him dormant for lack of all that could excite or train it, and that habit and prejudice have only reconciled him to an object absolutely not calculated to be agreeable to this feeling in most men. In the same way, we conceive, some men become accustomed to swallow with a kind of relish potions which to the bulk of mankind appear, and therefore really are, bitter and nauseous. The tale told of a king of antiquity, who, by taking poison in little but gradually increasing quantities, came at last to be a mass diffusing death all around, while himself remained in good health, is, though evidently an exaggerated case, yet one generally consonant with what we know to be possible: otherwise how should Coleridge have been able to take a pint of laudanum in a day? There have even been appetites so depraved, that the mud of the streets became a treat—though, probably, in such cases, it is not the perversion of habit so much as the derangement of disease. It would not perhaps be more absurd to conclude from such instances that man had no natural election between a good joint and a lump of soil, than to suppose, because the Negroes admire ugly objects, that there is no *to kalon*, or absolute *beautiful*.

So it is with almost all the finest feelings of our nature. To observe the conduct of mothers in this country, one would suppose that the protection of the infant was a principle in no instance to be broken through. An English lady seems to experience the bitterest agonies of alarm and distress, if the least danger of any kind threaten the helpless innocent that lies in her bosom. Here, at least, we would think, is a feeling which nothing on earth could corrupt or pervert. Yet, unfortunately, we know that the Spartans exposed deformed or sickly children, and that Roman parents had by their laws a right to do so; that the Mingrelians, a people who professed Christianity, were accustomed to bury their offspring alive, with the view perhaps of repressing population; and that the Chinese practise infanticide on a large scale. Such things, however, do not argue that there is no natural feeling dictating a love of and care for the young, and that all these things are only matters of custom. They only, in our opinion, show that the feeling may be weak and comparatively dormant in some nations, as we know it to be in some individuals amongst ourselves, or else may be overpowered by some principle temporarily stronger. The Mingrelians and Chinese may be amongst those nations who have no great endowment of the faculty which gives the love of children; and, in the case of the Spartans, we all know that their regard to the public interest was sufficient in them to subdue the natural feeling, even on the supposition of its being of average strength and activity. It is worthy of remark, that the vivacity of this feeling does not absolutely depend on civilisation: while the Chinese murder their infants, the Esquimaux, a much less enlightened people, are remarkable for an extreme tenderness towards them. Nor does this feeling always rise in proportion with the respectability of the lower animals: the felinæ and apes are perhaps the most philoprogenitive of all creatures.

Parental and filial affection are recognised as strong feelings amongst us, and it is difficult to imagine how a son could ever become an indifferent object to a father, or how a mother could ever regard the death of one of her stately striplings as even a tolerable, much less a pleasing, event. Yet a Roman magistrate would coolly condemn his son to death for a state offence; and a Grecian mother was delighted to receive home, stretched on his shield, the lifeless body of the youth who had fallen fighting for his country. Aksoukor Bourshi, the Dispenser of Fortune, as he was called, a gallant prince of Mossul, fell a victim to the daggers of a fanatical sect whose creed recognised assassination as the most meritorious of all acts. The populace seized the murderers, whom, with one exception, they tore in pieces. The mother of the assassin who was spared, hearing of the catastrophe, expressed the greatest joy, and dressed herself in all her finest attire, believing her son to have been killed in what she believed to be the best of causes. When she learnt that the young man still lived, she blackened her face, and cut off her long flowing hair, the eastern signs of extreme woe. In all these cases, we see one principle overpowering another, the latter, however, being probably, in some of these nations, the weaker of the two naturally.

There can, we think, be no other rational way of accounting for those eccentricities as to morals for which some nations have been remarkable. Lycurgus, as is generally known, legalised theft, and only punished it when a blundering rogue was caught in the fact. He was so eager to make his people intellectually sharp, that this license did not seem too dear a way of effecting the object. So also the Grecian philosophers, in their anxiety to advance their national interests, not only sanctioned piracy, but held it to be laudable. The whole history of Greece is a remarkable illustration of the power of a sentiment akin to what we call public spirit, to extinguish the natural emotions of the individual bosom.

Even the instinct of self-preservation, so universally active, the mainspring of human actions, has been, as we well know, overpowered by other feelings. The Hindoo devotee prostrates himself under the car of Juggernaut in a most contented and cheerful state of mind. The widow of the same nation, if left to her choice, in general would rather burn with her deceased husband than not. They think they are making a good bargain in so doing, and, firm in their faith, no qualm comes over them. The Highlander of old would gladly take the death-blow aimed at his chief, so that he could save that venerated person. Here the sacrifice was dictated by merely a habit of reverence, which made the chief's life seem preferable to his own. He contemplated no selfish advantage, but, on the contrary, made a pure sacrifice of self. Yet it was only one feeling, after all, overpowering another.

Our common notions respecting the destruction of a fellow-creature, in other circumstances than those of conflict, or for the purpose of self-defence, represent it as an act from which man instinctively revolts, and which, if it be unfortunately committed, is ever after a source of the most bitter uneasiness of feeling. We think of the murderer as haunted through life with horrible recollections, harassed by remorse, and suffering an expiatory death every day, until true death at length comes, amidst unspeakable horrors, to close a scene which no one can look on without shuddering. It is, nevertheless, true that there are large bodies of people who practise murder without the experience of the slightest uneasiness either at the moment or afterwards. Such are the Thugs of India, of whom various well-authenticated accounts have been presented to the public within the last few years. They are a kind of sect, or set of religionists, who waylay and kill travellers for the sake of booty. "There is not a Thug," says Captain Sleeman, "who feels the slightest remorse for the murders which he may, in the course of his vocation, have perpetrated, or assisted in perpetrating. A Thug considers the persons murdered precisely in the light of victims offered up to the goddess; and he remembers them as a priest of Jupiter remembered the oxen, and a priest of Saturn the children, sacrificed upon their altars. He meditates his murders without any misgiving; he perpetrates them without any emotion of pity; and he remembers them without any feeling of remorse. They trouble not his dreams, nor does their recollection ever cause him any inquietude in darkness, in solitude, or the hour of death." How are we to reconcile the rule, in this case, with so large and every way so remarkable an exception? It is also to be remembered that there has been such a thing as a nation of assassins somewhat nearer to our doors than the Thugs; and that, within Christendom, religion has often been brought to bear either for the prompting of homicide or its justification. When Louis D'Orleans assassinated Jean Sans Peur in 1407, Jean Petit, a Norman Cordelier monk and doctor of laws, undertook to justify the act by *twelve* arguments in honour of the twelve apostles! The Smithfield fires were lighted, and the bell of St Germain l'Auxerrois was rung, for the supposed glory of God. John Knox "spoke merrily" of the murder of Cardinal Beaton, and united himself to the murderers, although of the general character of that preacher there cannot be a doubt that it included many noble points. We would have to write volumes instead of paragraphs, if we were to dip deeper into the annals of religious persecution; suffice it, in one word, to say that, from beginning to end, they show the natural feelings of humanity obscured by the predominance of other and depraved feelings.

The aberrations of the religious feeling itself are most extraordinary, and such as investigation would perhaps never exhaust. The first element of this feeling is unquestionably the principle of worship—and to what objects has worship been paid, from the ugly caricatures of humanity which some Asiatic nations set up as idols, to the Grecian Jupiter and Apollo, respective emblems of majesty and beauty—from the sacred cow of Egypt to the Lama of Thibet! Worship implies an object presumedly superior to the worshipper; but these objects could never be rationally held superior to those who pay or have paid them reverence. Yet they were or are sincerely, devoutly worshipped. Between the true object, an Almighty Unseen Deity, and these substitutes of ignorance and delusion, what an interval! Yet still there can be no doubt that the veneration of men has been, and is, excited by such objects.

The sense of justice and truth is not less liable to depravation. Of truth, barbarous nations have scarcely a trace; of justice, they have very little. Some semi-enlightened nations, as, for example, the Chinese, are scarcely any better in either respect. And even amongst the most enlightened nations, we find some odd ideas and practices. It is not assuming at all, but only stating a recognised fact, that there are scores of voters in almost every borough in England, who cannot see the least impropriety in selling their votes for a sum of money, and would be prepared to defend the act as one perfectly indifferent in all respects except with a regard to their own interest. Classes

pursue their own interests, not only without the least regard to the interests of other classes, but in open defiance of them. We find each profession and set of men looking to some code of its own, which habit places above the decalogue in their estimation. A barrister will use every effort to save from conviction the wretch who cannot be allowed to continue in his career without the greatest danger to society; and a statesman will denounce a minister as a traitor to his country and an enemy to the laws, yet be ready next minute to protest that he only meant the charge in a parliamentary sense, and entertains not a thought injurious to the personal character of his opponent. All of these are great monstrosities; but we pass them by every day without remark, custom having reconciled us to them.

On attempting to analyse the various causes which produce aberrations of the natural feelings, we find reason to think that the following are the chief. There is, first, that condition of a feeling which we find in utterly savage tribes—a state in which it is either so small in positive endowment, or so ill developed, that it scarcely can be said to exist at all. Hence the African's admiration of fat black females—the unscrupulous destruction of children by some savage tribes—the veneration which many other barbarous nations pay to ugly blocks of wood or stone, as supposing them to be gods. In these cases we only see the blundering of a faculty as weak and aimless as the movements of a newly born animal. There is next a condition of a faculty little superior to the above, which is sometimes found in partially civilised nations: for example, the feeble state of conscientiousness amongst the Chinese. Here we may remark that, because a nation has made some progress, it is not to be supposed that all the mental faculties are, in it, to spring forward into one uniform degree of activity. There is not one partially enlightened race which does not show some striking deficiencies. A great deal of the shortcomings which we wonder at in certain races are to be attributed to this cause. Next, we behold, in civilised nations, one feeling overpowered by another—as the family affections of the Greeks by public spirit, and their sense of justice by an anxiety to cultivate intellectual sharpness. The monstrous practices of Thugs, assassins, and persecutors, are to be explained by a consideration of the blinding effect of erroneous religious views. Absorbed in some delusive notions, these persons come to sink all considerations of justice and humanity, and are willing to commit any species of wickedness that a contemplated greater good may be attained. It is a great though common mistake to speak of such men as unacquainted with mercy: Philip II. of Spain, while conducting his atrocious persecutions in the Netherlands, sent bread and clothing to the people of Brussels suffering under a famine. The feelings are in their case only overcome by an extreme of fanaticism, against which judgment makes no appeal. Next, there are many aberrations which arise from interested and selfish views entertained by a great body of men. In that case, probably, a consideration that the object sought is for the benefit of many others besides one's self, reconciles many to the error, or is what makes it appear passable. Every one, too, feels his share of the responsibility so light, and is so supported in his error by multitudes around him, that he is encouraged to stand out in the bad cause. Finally, the peculiar arrangements which society takes, and the effects of laws and institutions, occasion many anomalous moralities, to which custom easily reconciles all the parties concerned.

But while every one of the feelings is thus liable to appear, under various circumstances, dull, dormant, vanquished, or depraved, we are assured that such feelings nevertheless exist, by finding them all acting with vigour in some one or another of the children of men. That there *is* a feeling for the beautiful, Greece and Italy have amply proved. There *is* a fundamental feeling to pronounce thieving wrong, because most nations in the least removed from the savage condition pronounce it to be so. There *is* a feeling to protect the young, because, though some few kill them, the great mass consent in acting quite otherwise. There *is* a right humanity, because, while a few have been found to act mercilessly, and without remorse, the bulk of mankind are inclined quite the contrary way. All the peculiar morals, then, of which instances have here been given, are only eccentricities, or departures from a right code. The practical good to be deduced from the argument, is its giving us a light to detect the moral fallacies into which custom and prejudice are apt to lead us. It prompts us to look out beyond the narrow circle of local, temporary, and class morals, to see the operation of just principles in the great world. It is a common resource of the unjust and merciless to sneer at all standards of right and wrong, and take refuge from blame in the many examples of the aberrant and depraved. The more clearly that these can be established in their true character, as only exceptions from rules which the Creator has himself written in the human heart, the less influence, it may be presumed, will they have in seducing the easy and weak from the right path.

"ENGLAND IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY."*

This is a work after the fashion of Mrs Hall's "Ireland," in form, embellishment, and mode of publication, as well as in the matter and manner of the composition. Two "parts" are published, the respective commencements of two series into which the work is divided (Southern and Northern), and respectively devoted to Cornwall and Lancashire. When we contrast the aptness and elegance of the wood and steel engravings, the beauty of paper and print, and the liveliness and intelligence of the writing, with the corresponding features of "The Beauties of England and Wales," we are disposed to think that as great improvements have been made, during the last thirty years, in the business of preparing books, as in any other constructive business followed in England. We cordially recommend the book to our readers, as one calculated at once to grace their drawing-rooms, and to acquaint their children with what is too much overlooked in education—the topographical and social features of their native country. We would instance the well-written and well-illustrated account here given of the Lancashire factory system, as a very remarkable example of the efforts now made to gratify and enlighten the public through media the most humble. We find that the southern division is under the care of Mr Cyrus Redding, and the northern under that of Dr W. C. Taylor.

The peculiar features of Cornwall, as a store of almost every kind of mineral wealth, and the seat of a population in many respects different from the rest of the English people, are well brought out by Mr Redding. The reader is surprised to be informed that traces of the ancient connexion of the Phœnicians and Jews with Cornwall are to be found in various Hebrew names of places, as Paran-zabulon, Phillack, Menachan, Zephni, Bonithon, and Marazion. The inhabitants are remarked to be people of kind and agreeable manners—the men larger and more active than most Englishmen, and the women peculiarly unaffected and free from constraint. It appears that Queen Elizabeth remarked, that "the Cornish gentlemen were all born courtiers, with a becoming confidence," a description that would have applied equally well to the gentlemen of the kindred race of Scottish Highlanders in the last century, and perhaps to the *real* Irish gentlemen of the present day, thus marking the ineffaceable characteristics of races.

At Week St Mary there is a charity and grammar-school, founded in the time of Henry VIII., by a lady who was a native of the place, and whose history, as Mr Redding remarks, would do well for a romance. Thomasina Bonaventura, when a girl, kept sheep upon the neighbouring moor. "A London merchant, who happened to be travelling that way, saw her, and observing something about her which pleased him, begged her of her poor parents, and took her to London. The wife of the merchant dying, her master was so taken with her comeliness 'and her good thewes,' say the historians of the day, that he married her, and left her a rich widow. She married a second husband, and was a second time left a widow. A third time she married a Sir John Perceval, who was Lord Mayor of London; and outliving him, she retired to her native parish, and employed her fortune in useful purposes. She repaired highways, built bridges, endowed maidens, released prisoners, and clothed the poor. In her will, which is extant, dated 1512, it is found that her first husband's name was Thomas Bumsby. She bequeaths legacies to a brother; and makes a 'cousin,' named Dinham, who married her sister's daughter, legatee, leaving to him the care of her grammar-school. To the vicar of Liskeard she leaves a gilt goblet, to remind him to pray for her; and twenty marks towards building the church of St Stephen, at Launceston."

Near an old place called Stratton, our author found a smart little watering-place, called Bude Haven, getting up, with an excessively smart little hotel, and a great deal of petty bustle. Pretension—the sin of English society—is just budding. "This judgment we formed from a sentence which dropped from a waiter at the hotel—a female, as many of the waiters are in Cornwall. The bell was rung.

'Did you ring, sir?'

'A little water; there is none in the tea-pot.'

'Yes, sir.'

'Can't you bring in a tea-kettle?'

'The urn is coming, sir; we don't use tea-kettles, like the Stratton people,' with a slight flourish of the head. There was something unpromising in this remark—this incipient effort to be exclusive—it was not a good omen. Stratton was an ancient town when Bude was a sand-bank.

'I shall be obliged for some toast, Mary; but, perhaps, the Stratton people only eat toast?'

'Yes, sir,' replied Mary, blushing as if she felt the reproof, and going out of the room after the toast.

'They do that at Stratton,' may in future serve for a gibe at any thing done out of the mode."

Dr Taylor, in approaching the subject of the factory system, disclaims the power of thoroughly comprehending or describing it. "Some influences are too extensive, others too minute, and all are in such constant action, that it is scarcely possible to find the moment of repose when an examination of their constituent parts might be attempted. Even those who have resided in the manufacturing districts all their lives, and who have been neither incurious nor uninterested spectators of the changes which machinery has wrought, are ready to confess that there is much in the system which either escapes their ken or baffles their comprehension; that there are agencies at work, viewless as the wind—'they hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth;' and this must necessarily be the case; for, until machinery has worked out all its results, the condition of society which it produces must be regarded as in a state of transition.

Transition is necessarily associated with doubt—we know what we are, but know not what we may be—there are those who hope for change, and there are those who fear it. These feelings are not always the dictates of self-interest: hope from change often arises from nobler causes than dissatisfaction with the existing state of things, and fear of change must not always be attributed to the dread of seeing advantages afforded to the many, which are now monopolised by the few; men on all sides are actuated by better motives than those for which their opponents give them credit: the errors most commonly attributed to principles will in the great majority of instances be found to arise from false or imperfect perceptions of facts."

After a full description of the actual mechanism of the factories, he adds—"The most scrupulous attention is paid to cleanliness in almost every mill; those which were exceptions are fast disappearing. But cleanliness is found in Manchester where it would be least expected, among the firemen and attendants on the boilers. The coals are raised from their bins in a yard by a series of buckets, similar to those of the dredging machines used for deepening the beds of rivers; thence they are emptied into a waggon with a drop-bottom, which moves on a railway over the feeding-hoppers attached to each furnace, and are supplied to the fires in the exact proportion required to generate steam necessary for the work.

Not only are the floors and walls kept free from the slightest impurity, but the overseers take care that the children should keep themselves neat. They go round every morning, and reprove those who have failed to wash themselves after breakfast; the delinquents are without excuse, as soap, water, and towels, are provided gratuitously for their use. In many mills, boxes and nests of drawers are provided, in which the female operatives deposit their street dresses, and put on their working clothes before they begin their labours. There is also a separate washing and dressing room for the women, from which, as well as from their other places of retirement, the male operatives are carefully excluded. We have been much interested by observing the difference of appearance between the females when at work, and when they are going home to dinner; they do not exhibit any trace of their occupation when they appear in the street; many of them, indeed, display in the arrangement of their dress and person a neatness and taste not unbecoming a higher walk of life.

The proper ventilation of the rooms is now regarded as an object of primary importance in the construction of mills. Taylor's mill, near Preston, is in this respect a perfect model; it has in every room a double system of ventilators—the series at the top of each room removing the foul air, while fresh air is supplied by those near the floor.

The mills are warmed by steam-pipes, from which some portion of the steam is permitted to escape and mix with the surrounding atmosphere. A moist warm temperature is essential to the perfection of cotton manufactures, and especially to the spinning of the finer yarns; but the influence of such an atmosphere on the health of the operatives appearing questionable, we sought information from various medical gentlemen who had enjoyed long opportunities for observing the vital statistics of factories. They unanimously condemned the system of warming apartments by stoves or hot-air pipes;* they declared that a dry heated

* London: How and Parsons. 1842.

* Dr Taylor writes as if this were newly ascertained. It has for some time been generally admitted by those who have given any attention to the subject, that air heated by contact with iron at a high temperature is desiccated or deprived of moisture by the process, and thus made unsuitable to human necessities. Pipes heated by steam or hot water, since they never can rise above 212 degrees at most, are well calculated to warm the air of apartments, and will be consistent with health, if ventilation be at the same time attended to.

atmosphere is pernicious, and referred to the experience of the calico-printers, and of those who are in the habit of using Arnott's stoves. We subsequently found that bleachers and calico-printers have generally adopted the system of heating by steam, in consequence of the ill effects produced by dry hot air on the health of the operatives.

Regularity and precision are required in all the operations of a cotton mill, and these are enforced by the accurate working of the machinery. Accidents from the machinery are of very rare occurrence; the most dangerous parts of the turning shafts, which almost alone are perilous to the incautious, are either protected by wooden boxes or placed where there is rarely occasion to pass them. The driving-straps are dangerous only to those who voluntarily encounter peril. Were the proprietors to leave the dangerous parts of their machinery so exposed as to produce great liability to accident, they would not only be needlessly cruel, but stupidly blind to their own interests. Any accident would produce a derangement of machinery, the repairing of which would cost infinitely more than the cases or boxes necessary to prevent its occurrence. In one mill, we are told that slight cuts and bruises were frequently occasioned by the tricks which young operatives played upon each other when employed to oil the machinery; but in most of the instances in our inquiry from the operatives respecting the frequency of accidents, they laughingly asked if we thought work-people were such fools as to hurt themselves designedly.

Most modern mills are built fire-proof; those which are not so, have generally a fire-engine of their own, in the use of which the operatives are occasionally exercised. It is now also the favourite plan to have the cotton raised by a crane in its raw state to the upper storey; it then descends from floor to floor, in the successive stages of its manufacture, until, on the ground floor, it is woven into cloth by the power-loom.

The amount of capital invested in a spinning-mill is usually calculated by the number of spindles required, which not unfrequently amount to one hundred thousand. Some years ago the cost of a mill was estimated at L.1 per spindle; but in consequence of the progress of mechanical improvement, the cost is not now rated higher than 13s. 4d. per spindle. The rapidity with which the great engineering houses can stock a mill, with all its engines and machinery, is scarcely credible; they are enabled to do so by having accurate wooden models of all the several parts, from which castings are easily taken, and the framework is thus got ready with the greatest expedition."

Dr Taylor adverts to the book-stalls of Manchester, and, in connexion with one which formerly stood near the entrance into Salford by the bridge, narrates the following curious history:—"Some thirty or forty years ago a young carpenter, in a Welsh county, was drawn for the militia; he had no taste for a soldier's life, with its great dangers and small pay. In addition to the ordinary mysteries of his own trade, he had acquired great skill in turning, was a tolerable wheelwright, and, when no more experienced workman could be had, was found able to mend the machinery of a mill, and even to suggest some mechanical improvements which his neighbours were too obstinate to adopt. After a very brief period of service, he deserted and came to London, where he obtained employment in a lathe manufactory. Here he soon became conspicuous for his mechanical skill, and the ingenuity of his contrivances to diminish labour and perfect the machines he constructed. While he was rapidly advancing in the confidence of his employer and the estimation of his comrades, he happened to meet in the street a sergeant belonging to his former regiment, by whom he was recognised. It was necessary for him to quit London, in order to escape the consequences of his desertion; he sought shelter and employment in several provincial towns, and at length came to Manchester. He had no acquaintances in the town, and was for some time unable to procure work: during this interval of reluctant leisure, his attention was attracted by the sight of some mathematical books on the old stall in Salford; he stopped to look at them, entered into conversation with the proprietor, who was an intelligent humorist, and soon inspired him with an interest in his fortunes.

One morning, as the adventurer went to consult his friend at the book-stall on his chances of obtaining employment, a gentleman came up to purchase some work on practical mechanics. As he turned over the plates, which appeared very complex, he got a little puzzled, and said to himself, in a half-whisper, 'I cannot understand this!' His perplexity and anxiety were so evident, that the young stranger was induced to come to his assistance; he explained the diagrams in such lucid and simple language, that the gentleman was prompted to inquire into his history. The tale was soon told; and the keeper of the book-stall added to it, that since the young man had come to Manchester, he had been very anxious to procure work, and that he had employed the interval in the study of mathematics.

'Do you understand any thing of the management of lathes, young man?' asked the gentleman.

'Yes, sir, for lathe-making was the business in which I was engaged.'

'Well, come to my house to-morrow. I have got down a lathe from one of the first makers in London; but owing to some peculiarities in its construction, I fear that I cannot easily find a person qualified to set it up.'

On the morrow the young man went at the appointed time to the house of his new employer. The lathe was unpacked, and he at once recognised it as one of his own construction. He mentioned the fact to the gentleman, and identified his work by specifying some private marks on the machinery. When his task was accomplished, the young man solicited and obtained leave to try some experiments on turning spindles. He produced some specimens so obviously superior to the spindles then in use, that his patron was induced to advance him a sum sufficient to set him up in the turnery business. The new spindles were soon eagerly sought; their maker at the same time gained opportunities of becoming acquainted with the several processes of a cotton mill, and as he studied them, improvement after improvement was opened to his mind. His fame as a mechanist rapidly increased; men of wealth sought a partnership with the man of talent; capital was supplied to carry out the suggestions of ingenuity; and at the present moment the hero of this history is at the head of an establishment the fame of which extends through both hemispheres. After having heard this history, it was impossible to avoid feeling some regret for the disappearance of the old book-stall in Salford."

THE BRONZE HORSE.

A NEAPOLITAN LEGEND.

It is now some eighty years since there lived, in a vast old palace in one of the narrow streets that run behind the Strada Toledo in Naples, the Principe (Prince) di San Silvestro. A very distant relation of the family to whose honours he had succeeded, he had passed all his younger days in obscurity in one of the provinces with his father, who, proud of his high birth, but without the means of supporting it in the style of his equals, preferred vegetating in solitude with his only son, rather than permit him to endeavour to raise the fortunes of his house again, by entering any profession that might tarnish the dignity of his ancient name.

Shortly after the death of his father, the prince came into his inheritance, which in reality added but little to his wealth, as it consisted merely of the old gloomy Palazzo Cavallo, which was much dilapidated, and totally unfurnished, excepting a few rooms which had been inhabited by the late prince—an eccentric character, who lived so retired, and with so little show, that it was the surprise of every one how he could have squandered a very considerable fortune, when, at his death, all his estates were obliged to be sold for the payment of his debts. The new prince removed to Naples immediately upon the demise of his relation; having lost both his father and his wife in the course of the preceding year, he had now no tie to the country, and was desirous of giving his son the advantage of a superior education to what a retired province could afford him.

They were soon quietly established in their new abode; Constantino was sent to a college; and the prince, who was very little known in Naples, continued to live almost as much secluded as he had done in Calabria. Upon taking possession of the Palazzo Cavallo, he found that the only remains of its ancient magnificence consisted in a very fine colossal statue of a bronze horse, which was placed upon a high pedestal in the centre of the court; and it frequently occurred to him how gladly he would dispose of it if a purchaser would present himself, without his pride being hurt by offering it for sale.

One winter evening, several years after his taking up his residence in Naples, when it was nearly dark, a little old man, bending double apparently from age, and with his hat so much pulled over his face as scarcely to allow any of his features to be visible, entered the court of the palace, and, meeting one of the prince's servants, he inquired if he might speak with his master.

The prince, who was disengaged, desired he might be admitted, and to his surprise the stranger (who, by his accent, seemed a foreigner), apologising for his intrusion, told him that the reason of his visit was to inquire if he had any objection to sell the bronze horse he had seen in the court below, as he wished to become its purchaser. The prince replied, that he was willing to dispose of the statue, provided a good price could be had, but that the very lowest sum he would take was 4000 ducats. This the other declared was far above its value: however, after continuing to discuss the point for some time, he at last offered 3500 ducats, which the prince agreed to accept; and the old man said he would return on the following morning to remove the horse, and bring an order upon a well-known banker for the stipulated sum. He then departed, leaving the prince very much at a loss to guess what could have induced this singular-looking being to make such a purchase; and suspecting that it must be a hoax of some one who was acquainted with his necessities, he scarcely expected to hear any thing more of the matter. However, next evening the old man called at the gate, and sent up by the porter bills for the 3500 ducats, correctly made out upon the before-mentioned banker, along with a note from the unknown, requesting a receipt for them, adding, that he had been prevented bringing workmen to carry away the statue that morning, but that he should certainly return for it on the morrow.

The prince, well pleased to find he was not to meet with a disappointment, hastened to give the desired receipt; but when the porter descended with it to the court, the man was nowhere to be seen, and, after waiting some time in expectation of his reappearing, he went up stairs again to inform his master of the fact. More than ever amazed, the prince could in no way account for such conduct, but the next morning the first thing he did was to go himself to the banker's to find out if the money had been actually placed there. Contrary to his almost extinguished hopes, the bankers replied, that the day before a little man (answering the description the prince gave) had called and paid them 3500 ducats on the prince's account, and had received from them a receipt for the same; the signature he gave seemed some Jewish name, which none of them had ever heard before.

As soon as the prince had received his money, he hurried home, with no small curiosity, to see the mysterious personage again; but no tidings had been heard of him during his absence. The bronze horse remained in solitary grandeur in his place; and from that day forward, the Jew, or whoever he might be, never more made his appearance at the Palazzo Cavallo. So strange was the event, that the prince could not help mentioning it to all his acquaintances, and much inquiry was made in every direction, to endeavour to throw some light upon the affair, but all in vain; and after a time, except by the prince himself, the matter was entirely forgotten.

It might be about five years after the sale of the horse, that the prince was one morning awakened in great haste, at the early hour of six o'clock, by the sudden entrance of the Abbate Selvaggi (an old antiquarian friend of his), while he was yet in bed. "Get up, get up, my friend," said he, "we must go instantly and examine your bronze horse. I have made a great discovery; but I will explain nothing until we have convinced ourselves with our own eyes of the extraordinary truth." The prince ran with the abbate to the statue, when the priest, after a glance, exclaimed, "It is true!—they *have* taken out his eyes!" The abbate then stated to the surprised prince, that he had been just called to the deathbed of the confessor of the prince's late father, and had received from the dying man a most extraordinary confession in writing. After expressing regret for a deed of guilt committed, the dying man's confession narrated, that he had been the confessor of the late Principe di San Silvestro, who, many years ago, had confided to him that he had formed the resolution, on account of a vow he had made, to place two brilliants, of immense size and value, as eyes in the head of his bronze horse. The confessor had aided in the act, and added, that he strongly suspected (although he outwardly appeared to be a strict Catholic) that the reason of the prince's doing so extraordinary a deed proceeded from a remnant of the superstitious veneration for horses, which had secretly been cherished in Naples long after the inhabitants were converted to Christianity. But if such was the case, the prince never confessed it. Years rolled on, and the transaction remained a profound secret; the prince was a strange, eccentric person, considered half crazy by every one, who passed his days and nights in poring over ancient lore, and receiving no visiters, unless it was some one who brought him manuscripts or legends of antiquity, for which he was always ready to give a good price. A short time before his death, the confessor used frequently to meet at his house a little old man of foreign appearance (who, the reader may guess, was the mysterious purchaser of the bronze horse). He had travelled much, and evidently became soon in high favour with the prince, whom he supplied with much of his favourite literature, and they used to be shut up for weeks together over their books. On the death of the prince, the priest was tempted by the stranger with an offer of 10,000 ducats to let the other take away the brilliants and keep the secret. The priest yielded; the strange old man kept his promise, and at once disappeared, leaving his accomplice to deep remorse. This was the confession.

It may be well imagined what was the vexation of the Principe San Silvestro, on receiving the foregoing communication from his friend the abbate. To hear that he had been deprived of wealth, probably more than sufficient to put him upon an equality with the richest of the Neapolitan nobles, would have been a severe trial to any one; but the prince had been so long accustomed to privations, that he no longer felt disappointments so keenly as he did in his younger days: for his son's sake alone he would have desired riches. "God has so ordered it," said he to himself, with a sigh; "I am not born to be fortunate; however, five thousand ducats are better than nothing, and will assist me in fitting out my boy when he leaves college."

In the mean time, the prince's son, the young Constantino Fiorillo, grew up the pride and joy of his fond father, who, by strict economy, had been enabled to give him an excellent education; and gay, handsome, and accomplished, he was beloved by all his companions in college, who, being sons of the first noblesse in Naples, were much superior to him in fortune. But Constantino as yet felt not the difference of their positions. At college all were equal; and when, at the age of eighteen, they returned to their families, several young men with whom he had contracted a warm friendship continually invited him to visit them; and at length the Duca di Laurino, the father of his most favourite young friend (who was carried

off suddenly by an illness of a few days), procured for him the commission his son had held in the *Guardio Corpo*, or King's Body Guard, which was then, as it is now, considered the first regiment in Naples, and only the sons of the nobility were admitted into it.

One evening, during a very gay carnival, the young Conte di Lesino called to carry his friend the Principino with him to a ball at the Duc de St Marguerite's, who was then French ambassador at the court of Naples; and on their way thither, the count exclaimed gaily, "Prepare to surrender your hitherto insensible heart to-night. Constantino, I am going to show you the prettiest girl that has appeared this winter, the beautiful Cecile de Montemar—only do not try to supplant me, as I fully intend doing her the honour of making her Contessa di Lesino. My father has given his consent to the match; she is the only child and heiress of Monsieur de Montemar, a stranger Frenchman, whose wealth, report says, is immense."

The ball had commenced, for it was late when the friends arrived; and the count hurried forward in search of the subject of their conversation, leaving Constantino standing near the door, quietly waiting for the conclusion of the dance. A friend introduced him to a young lady of surpassing beauty. It chanced to be Mademoiselle de Montemar, and the young prince danced with her, to the admiration of all, both being alike perfect in the exercise. But, to Constantino's surprise, M. de Montemar at last hurried up, and, with something like anger and rudeness, placed his daughter in charge of the Conte di Lesino. The ball had no further charms for Constantino, nor did Cecile de Montemar herself appear to relish her change of position. During the continuation of the carnival, Constantino had opportunities of seeing Cecile, and a strong mutual passion sprung up between them; but the young lady informed him of a peculiar personal aversion expressed for him by her father. From this time their intercourse was half a secret one, and carried on through the kind Duchesse de St Marguerite. It had the effect of firmly rivetting the chains of love, in the case of both, though that love was still unacknowledged. Meantime, the Conte di Lesino continued the father's avowed favourite.

The carnival was at length concluded; and after the expiration of a few weeks more, the count determined to bring his fate to a decision, and made a formal offer of his hand to Mademoiselle de Montemar, having hitherto only spoken to her father on the subject, who had always endeavoured to keep up his hopes, simply cautioning him not to be too precipitate in making his declaration; but the impetuous Neapolitan would wait no longer, and urged his suit with much eagerness, but at the same time with the air of one assured of success. What was his surprise, then, when Cecile firmly declined his proposals, adding, that she knew his addresses were encouraged by her father's sanction, and she feared her refusal would displease him if he knew it. "But why," continued she, "need he be acquainted with it? Be generous, Monsieur le Conte, and let what has passed be buried in oblivion. I do not love you, therefore I cannot become your wife; but I shall be the most grateful of your friends, if you will grant my request, and conceal from my dear father that you have ever spoken to me on this subject."

The eyes of the Italian flashed fire as she concluded, and his countenance lowered; but Cecile had turned her face from him while she spoke, afraid to witness the reception of her refusal. With a strong effort, the count repressed the passionate language that rose to his lips; and merely replying, "You shall be obeyed, Mademoiselle," he bowed profoundly and left the room. Cecile, in the innocence of her heart, was overjoyed that he had received her answer with so much calmness, and delighted to think that the affair was settled, and, as she hoped, without offending her father; she flew to her friend the duchess, and with a radiant smile communicated the above particulars, adding, "How very happy I am that I shall never more be annoyed by his attentions!" "And you think that the count will be satisfied to give you up so easily?" asked the duchess; "do not flatter yourself he will; however, I am glad that you have answered him so decidedly, and we shall hope the best. But let us think no more of your rejected swain for the present—you must come with me and choose a dress for a grand masked call, which is to be given by the Marchese Severino on the marriage of his son. It is expected to exceed all the carnival fêtes in splendour and I intend that my dear Cecile shall be its brightest ornament."

Cecile, however, begged to be allowed to go to the ball as a simple peasant of Provence, and the duchess consented, taking herself also a French character, that of the Duchesse de la Valliere. It was on this occasion that the young Constantino found a chance of openly avowing his love for Cecile. His kind friend, the Duchesse de St Marguerite, gave him a hint of the masked characters chosen by herself and Cecile, and he went to the same ball as a Provençal troubadour, to have an opportunity of lingering appropriately by his fair countrywoman's side. The issue of the prince's avowal of his passion was to him deeply mortifying. Cecile was affected even to tears; but his declaration only seemed to recall her to a remembrance of her father's aversion and her forgotten duties. She bade Constantino think of her no more and left the ball, overpowered by conflicting feelings. The principino soon followed.

On that same night his father died suddenly. The grief of the young prince was violent and deep. Having had but one parent from his early infancy, all the warm and enthusiastic feelings of his heart had been concentrated in his love for his father, and, until he met with Cecile de Montemar, no other attachment had found a place there. He therefore sunk almost into despair on finding himself alone, as it seemed, in the world, without any natural connexion on whom he could rely; and the affairs of his late father were left in such disorder, that there was scarcely a sum at his command sufficient to keep him above actual want. The latter misfortune weighed but little upon him in the present state of his mind; it only made him withdraw himself still more from the world. He could not bear to tax the generosity of the Duc de St Marguerite and many kind friends who would have offered him assistance, and he often seriously contemplated shutting himself up in a monastery for life. For a year after the death of his father, he remained almost entirely confined to his own palace; and his gay companions, finding they were constantly denied admittance to him, by degrees gave up the attempt; so that the prince, who had so lately been the life of all their parties, soon faded from their memories, as if he had never existed. The only recreation in which he indulged, was in taking long solitary rambles in the environs of Naples, and one of his most favourite resorts was to the lovely little Lago d'Agnano; he would linger for hours by the most retired side of it, carrying a fowling-piece in his hand, but rarely making use of it. Reclined upon the grass, his thoughts would wander back to the happy days he had spent on his first entrance into life, and of the bright sunbeam that had crossed his path, in the vision of his Cecile; and often the shades of evening had long fallen ere he sought again his solitary home. One night he had taken a longer ramble than usual, having sauntered for several hours in the romantic woods of Actroné, the king's preserve, the ascent to which is by a winding road from one extremity of the lake, and the sun had set some time before he reached the broad path, skirted by trees, which runs along the left side of the water. He had advanced in it but a little way, when he overtook a lady and gentleman; the latter, seemingly an invalid, and very feeble, was leaning heavily on the arm of his companion, and Constantino started as he once more heard the voice of Mademoiselle de Montemar, who said anxiously, "Dear papa, I fear you have walked too far; you are fatigued; you will never reach the carriage. Henri," she added, to the servant who attended them, "go on and bring it back to us, and we shall await you here."

Constantino withdrew behind the trees, that he might escape observation, while Cecile seated her father upon the grass, and placed herself beside him. The servant had not left them above a few minutes, when suddenly two men, who had been concealed behind a bank on the other side of the road, sprung out upon them; one of them seized the old De Montemar, and, gagging his mouth to prevent him calling out, he was proceeding to tie his hands, when a shot from the gun of Constantino laid him prostrate on the earth. The other man, meanwhile, had caught up the fainting Cecile in his arms, and proceeded to carry her off with great rapidity across a field towards a hut at some distance; but the moment Constantino saw his shot had taken effect, he flew to the rescue of his beloved, loudly calling upon the ravisher at his peril to stop and release the lady. The former turned, and seeing the prince was unarmed, he laid the insensible Cecile on the ground, and, drawing his sword, rushed at once upon him; but Constantino was prepared, and pulling out a stiletto he always carried about with him, he struck it with all his force into his assailant's right arm, the pain of which obliged the latter to drop his sword and stagger back, when Constantino instantly possessed himself of it. The Conte di Lesino (for it was he) seeing the victory lost, fled with the greatest precipitation, and was soon out of sight. The prince cared not to follow him; all his anxiety was for Cecile, who had now begun to revive. He durst not leave her to call for help, but, to his inexpressible relief, he saw De Montemar's servant running towards them, with whose assistance he conveyed Mademoiselle de Montemar to the place where they had left her father. She had now recovered her consciousness, but was nearly relapsing again on finding that the dreadful shock had been too much for the enfeebled frame of her parent, who was so exhausted that he could scarcely make any answer to their inquiries. The carriage having now arrived, Constantino, at the earnest entreaty of Cecile, accepted a seat in it to Naples. Little conversation passed during the drive: Cecile's looks, more than words, spoke her gratitude, but her father engrossed all her attention; his faintness increasing so much that they were often obliged to stop, fearing he would expire ere they could reach home with him. On arriving at length at De Montemar's palace in the Chiaja, Constantino only remained till he saw the invalid carried to his room; he then dispatched a servant in all haste for a physician, and sent another to inform the Duc and Duchesse de St Marguerite of the catastrophe; then pressing the hand of the weeping Cecile, he took his leave, saying he should return early the next morning to inquire for them both. It may be imagined that, after the agitating scenes he had been engaged in, sleep did not visit his eyes, and the earliest dawn of day found him again at De Montemar's door. The report the servants gave of the latter was very unfavourable; he continued to sink, and the physician declared it his opinion that he could not survive another day. While they were conversing together, Mademoiselle de Montemar's maid entered with a note, which she said she had that moment been desired by her mistress to send to the Principe San Silvestro. Constantino tore it open, and read these words—"My dearest father earnestly desires to see you; lose no time, I beseech you, in coming to us." He instantly followed the maid to the sick man's chamber, at the door of which he was met by Cecile, who led him up to the bedside of the dying De Montemar. The old man, feebly turning his eyes towards him, stretched out his hand, saying, "You have saved my child from worse than death, Monsieur, and there is but one reward worthy of you; I rejoice that my life has been spared long enough to do you justice. Take her," continued he, uniting his hand with that of Cecile, "and may the blessing of an unfortunate and repentant man rest with you both!" Then, turning to the Duchesse de St Marguerite, he added, "Retire, my dear friend, and take Cecile with you for a short time—I have some private instructions I wish to give to the prince, as my son, which it would only pain my darling child to hear." The ladies accordingly withdrew, when De Montemar, addressing Constantino, said, "Will you swear solemnly that you never will make known to my beloved Cecile what I am going to reveal to you? It would only increase all my other sufferings in these my last moments, the idea that she would despise her poor father's memory, and I humbly trust that my present repentance may in some degree wipe away my sins. May I depend upon your secrecy?" Constantino eagerly gave the desired promise, and De Montemar continued thus—"In me, prince, you behold the purchaser of your father's bronze horse. I know you are acquainted with all the circumstances of the transaction, from the confession of the old priest who was my accomplice in the guilty deed, so I need not repeat them to you; but open that cabinet, and touch a spring you will see at the back of it, that I may give you proofs of my identity." Constantino obeyed, and on opening the secret drawer, he beheld to his amazement the two small frames which had contained the diamond eyes he had heard so much of, with the original eyes which had been taken out to make room for them. "Can you forgive me," said the expiring man, "for thus having robbed your good father of his riches, and deprived you for so long a time of your just rights? Could I but give you an idea of the misery my guilty conscience has occasioned me for many years, you could not refuse me your compassion. My health has by degrees sunk under it, and it scarcely required the shock of the last night to snap the slender cord asunder. When I met you last winter, my unhappiness was redoubled—I seemed to read in your eyes that you were informed of my guilt; and when I perceived your attachment to my daughter, I was haunted by the fear that you might disclose the secret to her—for which cause, more than your want of fortune, I forbade her having any intercourse with you. My full intention was, as soon as I should unite her to the Conte di Lesino, and thus secure for her the illustrious station in society I was ambitious of, to confess all to you, restore your property, and then seclude myself in a monastery for life. Cecile's firm refusal to accept the count's proposals disconcerted my plans; and at her earnest entreaty, I at last consented to give him a formal dismissal, the consequence of which has been his rash attempt of last night." De Montemar here paused to recover his breath, and Constantino hastened to assure him, that in the father of his beloved Cecile all was forgiven, adding, that his only desire was to gratify him in any remaining wish he might have.

"Bless you, my dear son," said De Montemar, his eyes overflowing with tears, "I am undeserving of such goodness; but I have one last request to make, which, if not very repugnant to your feelings, I trust you will comply with. All my estates are in France, to which country my daughter is most fondly attached; to Naples you have no tie, no friends, no property, to interest you—will you then become a Frenchman, take my name, and make your home in Provence? If you can agree to this, you will make me die happy; for—it may be a weakness—but I feel that if you remain in Naples, one day or other, by some chance, the degrading tale of my unworthy conduct may reach the ears of poor Cecile, and with her sensitive feelings, I am convinced she could not survive the knowledge" ——

The old man's voice here became inarticulate, and he shortly after expired in the arms of his daughter. Constantino determined to respect De Montemar's dying request; and shortly after his union with Cecile, they bade adieu to Naples, and sailed for France, where they established themselves. Constantino faithfully kept his promise, and his wife never suspected the fatal secret. The bronze horse still remains in the court of the Palazzo Cavallo, where it may be seen by all curious inquirers. The legend respecting it is probably now almost forgotten, or treated as a fable, unless by those who are so fond of the marvellous as to give eager credence to all such ancient records.

"THE TOURIST OF THE WOODS."

The transplanting of a large number of the Celtic population of the Highlands to Canada, has had the effect of introducing Gaelic as a vernacular tongue into North America, and of perpetuating in that distant land many traditions respecting the home country, which are perhaps already lost in Scotland. This localisation of Celts, still using their original and ancient language in the woods of America, is, we think, an exceedingly interesting fact in the progress of races. That this tongue will at no distant day disappear and be superseded in America, as it has been at home, by the more serviceable language of England there cannot be the smallest doubt; in the meanwhile however it is gratifying to know that our Celtic brethren across the Atlantic are not by any means shut out from the blessings of literature because they cannot read our common English. They have Bibles in Gaelic: clergymen preach to them in Gaelic; and during the last year they have had a Gaelic newspaper—*Cuairtear nan Coillte*, or "The Tourist of the Woods." This paper, which is published weekly at Kingston, and has, appropriately enough, for its motto, *Clann nan Gaidhail an gualibh a cheile*—"Highlanders shoulder to shoulder," is designed to circulate useful information among the Scoto-Celtic immigrants on the subjects of labour, agriculture, improvement of lands, the best fields of industry, means of transport from place to place, &c., together with a

large share of matter of mere amusement, chiefly relative to the old country. We observe, from a number before us, that in future a portion of the paper is to consist of English translations of the principal articles in Gaelic, for the benefit of those immigrants who do not understand the Gaelic tongue.

While expressing our best wishes for the success of this creditable effort to improve the condition of emigrants from the Scottish Highlands, we cannot imagine that any means could be more advantageously employed for keeping alive the warmest feelings of patriotism towards the mother country in our North American possessions.

POPULAR ENGLISH FESTIVALS.

ST VALENTINE'S DAY.

ST VALENTINE'S DAY is the 14th of February. It is now almost every where, we suspect, a degenerated festival, the only observance of any note consisting merely of the sending of jocular anonymous letters to parties whom one wishes to *quiz*, and this confined very much to the humbler classes. The approach of the day is now heralded by the appearance in the printsellers' shop windows of vast numbers of missives calculated for use on this occasion, each generally consisting of a single sheet of post paper, on the first page of which is seen some ridiculous coloured caricature of the male or female figure, with a few burlesque verses below. More rarely, the print is of a sentimental kind, such as a view of Hymen's altar, with a pair undergoing an initiation into wedded happiness before it, while Cupid flutters above, and hearts transfixed with his darts decorate the corners. Maid-servants and young fellows interchange such epistles with each other on the 14th of February, no doubt conceiving that the joke is amazingly good; and, generally, the newspapers do not fail to record that the London postmen delivered so many hundred thousand more letters on that day than they do in general. Such is nearly the whole extent of the observances now peculiar to St Valentine's Day.

At no remote period it was very different. Ridiculous letters were unknown; and, if letters of any kind were sent, they contained only a courteous profession of attachment from some young man to some young maiden, honeyed with a few compliments to her various perfections, and expressive of a hope that his love might meet with return. But the true proper ceremony of St Valentine's Day was the drawing of a kind of lottery, followed by ceremonies not much unlike what is generally called the game of forfeits. Misson, a learned traveller, of the early part of the last century, gives apparently a correct account of the principal ceremonial of the day. "On the eve of St Valentine's Day," he says, "the young folks in England and Scotland, by a very ancient custom, celebrate a little festival. An equal number of maids and bachelors get together; each writes their true or some feigned name upon separate billets, which they roll up, and draw by way of lots, the maids taking the men's billets, and the men the maids'; so that each of the young men lights upon a girl that he calls his *valentine*, and each of the girls upon a young man whom she calls hers. By this means each has two valentines; but the man sticks faster to the valentine that is fallen to him than to the valentine to whom he is fallen. Fortune having thus divided the company into so many couples, the valentines give balls and treats to their mistresses, wear their billets several days upon their bosoms or sleeves, and this little sport often ends in love."

A more recent writer states how the ceremony was conducted, not many years ago, in a rural situation in the south of Scotland. This person, with a friend, had wandered from his road on the evening of the 14th of February, and at last was obliged to apply for the hospitality of the inhabitant of a modest mansion which chance threw in his way. "The good man heard our story, welcomed us to a seat beside a blazing fire of wood and turf, and appeared delighted with our coming. We found ourselves in the house of rendezvous for the lads and lasses of a neighbouring village to celebrate St. Valentine's Eve. Our entrance had damped the pleasantry, and inquisitive eyes were directed towards us; it was our business to become familiar with our new acquaintances, and the pastimes were renewed. Our sudden appearance had disturbed the progress of the village schoolmaster, who had finished writing on small slips of paper the names of each of the blooming lasses of the village. Each lad had dictated the name of her he loved. These precious slips of paper were now put into a bag and well mixed together, and each youth drew out a ticket, with hope that it might, and fear lest it should not, be the name of his sweetheart. This was repeated three times; the third time was the conclusion of this part of the sport. Some drew beloved names the third time with rapturous joy, others drew names of certain respectable widows and old ladies of the village, introduced by the art of the schoolmaster, and the victims mourned their unpitied, derided sufferings. After the lasses, the names of the young men were written and drawn by the girls in the same manner, and a threefold success was secretly hailed as a suretiship of bearing the name of the fortunate youth. The drawing of this lottery was succeeded by the essence of the amusement, for the valentines were to be 'relieved.' The relieving of the valentine was a scene of high amusement. Each young man had a right to kiss the girl whose name he drew, and at the same time deliver to her the slip of paper; the mirth of this ceremony was excessive. Those who were drawn, and not present, were to be relieved with a gift of inconsiderable value, as a token of regard."*

In that curious record of domestic life in England in the reign of Charles II., Pepys's Diary, we find some notable illustrations of this old custom of relieving valentines. It appears that married and single were then alike liable to be chosen as a valentine, and that a present was regularly given to the choosing party. Mr Pepys enters in his diary, that on Valentine's Day, 1667, "This morning came up to my wife's bedside (I being up dressing myself) little Will Mercer to her valentine, and brought her name written upon blue paper in gold letters, done by himself, very pretty; and we were both well pleased with it. But I am also this year my wife's valentine, and it will cost me L.5; but that I must have laid out if we had not been valentines." Two days after, he adds —"I find that Mrs Pierce's little girl is my valentine, she having drawn me; which I was not sorry for, it easing me of something more that I must have given to others. But here I do first observe the fashion of drawing of mottoes as well as names, so that Pierce, who drew my wife, did draw also a motto, and this girl drew another for me. What mine was, I forget; but my wife's was 'Most courteous and most fair,' which, as it may be used, or an anagram upon each name, might be very pretty." Noticing, soon afterwards, the jewels of the celebrated Miss Stuart, who became Duchess of Richmond, he says—"The Duke of York, being once her valentine, did give her a jewel of about L.800; and my Lord Mandeville, her valentine this year, a ring of about L.300." These presents were undoubtedly given in order to *relieve* the obligation under which the being drawn as valentines had placed the donors. In February 1668, Pepys notes as follows—"This evening my wife did with great pleasure show me her stock of jewels, increased by the ring she hath made lately, as my valentine's gift this year, a Turkey-stone set with diamonds. With this, and what she had, she reckons that she hath above one hundred and fifty pounds' worth of jewels of one kind or other; and I am glad of it, for it is fit the wretch should have something to content herself with." The reader will understand wretch to be used as a term of endearment.

Notwithstanding the practice of *relieving*, there seems to have been a disposition to believe that the person drawn as a valentine had some considerable likelihood of becoming the associate of the party in wedlock. At least, we may suppose that this idea would be gladly and easily arrived at, where the party so drawn was at all eligible from other considerations. There was, it appears, a prevalent notion amongst the common people, that this was the day on which the birds selected their mates. They seem to have imagined that an influence was inherent in the day, which rendered in some degree binding the lot or chance by which any youth or maid was now led to fix his attention on a person of the opposite sex. It was supposed, for instance, that the first unmarried person of the other sex whom one met on St. Valentine's morning in walking abroad, was a destined wife or a destined husband. Thus Gay makes a rural dame remark—

> "Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
> Their paramours with mutual chirpings find,
> I early rose just at the break of day,
> Before the sun had chased the stars away:
> A-field I went, amid the morning dew,
> To milk my kine (for so should housewives do);
> Thee first I spied—and the first swain we see,
> In spite of Fortune, shall our true-love be."

A forward miss in the *Connoisseur*, a series of essays published in 1754-6, thus adverts to other notions with respect to the day:—"Last Friday was Valentine's Day, and the night before, I got five bay-leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle; and then, if I dreamt of my sweetheart, Betty said we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure, I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yolk, and filled it with salt; and when I went to bed, ate it, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers' names upon bits of paper and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water, and the first that rose up was to be our valentine. Would you think it?—Mr. Blossom was my man. I lay a-bed and shut my eyes all the morning, till he came to our house; for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world."

* Hone's Year Book, p. 200.

St Valentine's Day is alluded to by Shakspeare and by Chaucer, and also by the poet Lydgate (who died in 1440), who thus writes—

> "Seynte Valentine. Of custome yeere by yeere
> Men have an usaunce, in this regioun,
> To loke and serche Cupides kalendere,
> And chose theyr choyse, by grete affeccioun;
> Such as ben *move* with Cupides mocioun,
> Takyng theyre choyse as theyr sort doth falle:
> But I love oon whiche excellith all."

One of the earliest known writers of valentines, or poetical amorous addresses for this day, was Charles Duke of Orleans, who was taken at the battle of Agincourt. Drayton, a poet of Shakspeare's time, full of great but almost unknown beauties, wrote thus charmingly

TO HIS VALENTINE.

> "Muse, bid the morn awake,
> Sad winter now declines,
> Each bird doth choose a mate,
> This day's St Valentine's;
> For that good bishop's sake
> Get up, and let us see,
> What beauty it shall be
> That fortune us assigns.
>
> But lo! in happy hour,
> The place wherein she lies,
> In yonder climbing tower
> Gilt by the glittering rise;
> Oh, Jove! that in a shower,
> As once that thunderer did,
> When he in drops lay hid,
> That I could her surprise!
>
> Her canopy I'll draw,
> With spangled plumes bedight,
> No mortal ever saw
> So ravishing a sight;
> That it the gods might awe,
> And powerfully transpierce
> The globy universe,
> Out-shooting every light.
>
> My lips I'll softly lay
> Upon her heavenly cheek,
> Dyed like the dawning day,
> As polish'd ivory sleek:
> And in her ear I'll say,
> 'Oh thou bright morning-star,
> 'Tis I that come so far,
> My valentine to seek.
>
> Each little bird, this tide,
> Doth choose her loved peer,
> Which constantly abide
> In wedlock all the year,
> As nature is their guide:
> So may we two be true
> This year, nor change for new,
> As turtles coupled were.
>
> Let's laugh at them that choose
> Their valentines by lot;
> To wear their names that use,
> Whom idly they have got.
> Such poor choice we refuse,
> Saint Valentine befriend;
> We thus this morn may spend,
> Else, Muse, awake her not.'"

Donne, another poet of the same age, remarkable for rich though scattered beauties, writes an epithalamium on the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to Frederick Count Palatine of the Rhine—the marriage which gave the present royal family to the throne—and which took place on St Valentine's Day, 1614. The opening is fine—

> "Hail, Bishop Valentine! whose day this is;
> All the air is thy diocese,
> And all the chirping choristers
> And other birds are thy parishioners:
> Thou marryest every year
> The lyric lark and the grave whispering dove;
> The sparrow that neglects his life for love,
> The household bird with the red stomacher;
> Thou mak'st the blackbird speed as soon
> As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon—
> This day, more cheerfully than ever shine,
> This day which might inflame thyself, old Valentine!"

The origin of these peculiar observances of St Valentine's Day is a subject of some obscurity. The saint himself, who was a priest of Rome, martyred in the third century, seems to have had nothing to do with the matter, beyond the accident of his day being used for the purpose. Mr Douce, in his Illustrations of Shakspeare, says—"It was the practice in ancient Rome, during a great part of the month of February, to celebrate the Lupercalia, which were feasts in honour of Pan and Juno, whence the latter deity was named Februata, Februalis, and Februlla. On this occasion, amidst a variety of ceremonies, the names of young women were put into a box, from which they were drawn by the men as chance directed. The pastors of the early Christian church, who, by every possible means, endeavoured to eradicate the vestiges of pagan superstitions, and chiefly by some commutations of their forms, substituted, in the present instance, the names of particular saints instead of those of the women; and as the festival of the Lupercalia had commenced about the middle of February, they appear to have chosen St Valentine's Day for celebrating the new feast, because it occurred nearly at the same time. This is, in part, the opinion of a learned and rational compiler of the 'Lives of the Saints,' the Rev. Alban Butler. It should seem, however, that it was utterly impossible to extirpate altogether any ceremony to which the common people had been much accustomed—a fact which it were easy to prove in tracing the origin of various other popular superstitions. And, accordingly, the outline of the ancient ceremonies was preserved, but modified by some adaptation to the Christian system. It is reasonable to suppose, that the above practice of

choosing mates would gradually become reciprocal in the sexes, and that all persons so chosen would be called Valentines, from the day on which the ceremony took place."

A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

BASLE TO BADEN-EN-SUISSE.

We took leave of the reader just after having entered Basle,* to the close neighbourhood of which we had been rapidly transferred by the railway train from Strasburg. We were then, at last, in Switzerland—we had reached the land of hills, and Alpine glaciers, and picturesque valleys, after a long though not uninteresting journey from the banks of the Scheldt; and the proper business of our excursion may be said now to have commenced.

The time of our entrance to the ancient city of Basle was a beautiful Sunday afternoon, and well calculated to show us a feature in the manners of the place. All the shops, except those in which fruit, tobacco, or other trifles were sold, were closed, and the streets, composed of tall stone houses, many of which possessed well-stanchioned windows, wore an air of tranquil decorum. Yet there was not that austerity which I had been taught to expect in the habits of the people. At a number of the doors sat groups of two or three females, in their best attire, enjoying the calm and rather sultry evening; fountains of pure water gushed forth in heavy jets, giving an air of liveliness to the thoroughfares; and hundreds of men and women were crowding homewards from festivities beyond the barriers. The government, it appears, is rigorous in enforcing Sabbath observance; but as France, with its merry piping village of St Louis, is within two miles of the gates of the town, and Baden lies at a short distance on the other side of the river, the law, as it may be supposed, is somewhat limited in its operation.

One of the first places to which we wandered in the course of the evening was the bridge across the Rhine, where a front view of the town, sloping down the steep bank to the river, gives a good idea of the place. The appearance of the Rhine is startling. It comes rolling from the upper country, a beautiful light green flood, of about a hundred yards in breadth, and in passing presses close upon the foundations of the houses on the lower part of the sloping hill on the left, and by a bend is speedily lost in the flat country on the right. Many of the houses being painted white, with green jalousies, and the upper parts of the town being decorated with spires, or jagged with peculiar-shaped edifices, the scene is both lively and impressive. Immediately below the bridge, at a slip of quay, rests the small steamer which conveys passengers to and from Strasburg, on certain days of the week; but beyond this it does not go, in consequence of the impetuosity of the stream. The bridge, stretching boldly across the river, is constructed chiefly of wood, supported on stone piers, and seems placed in a perilous situation; yet it is of great antiquity, and has withstood numberless shocks during the floods of spring, when the snow-clad peaks begin to send down their annual tribute of waters. At the further end of the bridge, is a small town called Little Basle, where we observed much less appearance of decorum than in its larger prototype; estaminets were crowded with smokers, and outside a coffee-room, on the brink of the river, there were spread a number of small tables, at which persons were enjoying themselves, in a free and easy way, with cigars and the light wines of the country.

Not at all disposed to prolong our investigations on the present occasion, we quietly took refuge at our hotel, and made Basle the subject of more minute examination on the morrow, when the town had resumed its every-day appearance. In the course of our rambles, and in whichever direction we penetrated, it was gratifying to observe an air of great substantiality and wealth; another distinction is appreciated, in comparison with French towns—we see few soldiers, and these of a respectable appearance, and there is on all sides a more wholesome atmosphere of trade and industry. The principal manufacture in the town is that of ribbons, which are as beautiful as those of France, and are exported on a large scale. The town has long been reputed as one of the richest places in Europe for its size (about 22,000 inhabitants), and it continues to be the residence of a set of cautious money-lenders, who exert an influence even over the distant exchanges of Amsterdam and Paris. A number of them, also, are understood to have lent capital to establish and support factories in Mulhausen and Alsace (the adjacent part of France), where the fabrication of tissues of various kinds is at present conducted on a scale resembling that of any English manufacturing district. The ribbon manufacture was considerably benefited by the settlement of weavers from France in the year 1685, when, by the revocation of the edict of Nantes, Louis XIV. drove great numbers of Protestants into other countries for protection. At present, nearly 12,000 individuals are believed to be engaged in this trade in Basle and its neighbourhood. The business is conducted on an enterprising but not rash scale; bankruptcies are of rare occurrence; and the workmen are generally in comfortable circumstances. A considerable number of them are proprietors of the cottages in which they reside, and for the last thirty years they have supported a Savings' Bank, which is rich in accumulated earnings. The government of the canton, with judicious consideration, takes care that no citizen shall grow up in a state of ignorance dangerous to the community—parents are compelled, on pain of imprisonment, to send their children to school until their tenth or twelfth year; and for those who cannot afford to pay, the education is gratis. Besides the higher academies, there are several schools at which special instruction is given in drawing, ornamental design, &c., in order to improve the tastes and habits of the operative classes.

Murray, I don't know with what truth, tells us that, when somewhat more ardently religious than at present, the piety and mercantile spirit of the tradesmen of Basle were remarkably exhibited in the mottoes and signs placed over their doors; one of these blazons, over the threshold of a butcher, is recorded to have had the following appendage of elegant versification:—

> "Wacht auf ihr Menschen und thut Buss;
> Ich heiss *zum Goldenen Rinderfuss*."

Which may be translated—

> "Wake, and repent your sins with grief;
> I'm call'd the Golden Shin of Beef."

We did not see any thing of this sort, but observed a tolerably well-filled flesh-market, considering it was Monday morning, and the bakers' shops already steamed with shelves of substantial loaves, the price of which, as we observed by tickets outside, was regulated by a magisterial tariff. All tourists speak admiringly of the fountains of Basle. They are, indeed, pretty and refreshing; and one wonders where all the water comes from. Yet, after all, these fountains are a barbarous mode of supplying a town with water; and it would be infinitely more to the purpose to introduce pipes and cisterns into every dwelling-house. A peculiarity is here for the first time observed in the construction of the houses, which continues through all Switzerland, and is a natural consequence of surrounding towns with walls. I allude to the practice of devoting the lower floors as stables, and, to make the matter worse, causing the entrance to these receptacles to be under the roof of the same small covered court into which certain windows of the dwelling-house above are opened. We had an opportunity of enjoying this very agreeable proximity to the cavalry of the establishment in the Drei Könige; and in almost every house we slept in for the succeeding four weeks, we were equally fortunate. As in Edinburgh, where the vicious fashion of building tall houses has been perpetuated long after the necessity for huddling up the population within a given space had passed away, so, in the Swiss towns, the fashion of making stables in the lower storeys, even of the finest residences, is much too inveterate to be easily swept away. With this peculiarity as a drawback, we perceived sundry instances of improvement in architecture, and had occasion to admire an elegant suite of buildings, recently erected in the higher and more open part of the town, for the university.

Basle is a very small state, consisting, in fact, of little else than the town. Anciently, the city, with its adjacent territory, formed a part of the German empire; but in 1501 it was admitted into the Swiss confederation, from which time till 1798, when the French altered the face of affairs, it was a republic managed by an aristocracy of citizens. On the 20th of January 1798, the burgomaster and grand council thought fit to enact, that all citizens in town and country should possess equal privileges; and all, accordingly, benefited by this decree till 1814, when its provisions were reversed, and the aristocracy of the town resumed their former superiority, leaving the country without an adequate representation. Now commenced a regular storm of politics, country *versus* town, which lasted till 1830, when the second French Revolution giving encouragement to the party who had been thrust out of power, the quarrel was referred to the argument of sword and bullet. It was a most distressing thing to see this ancient republic, of about twelve square miles and 40,000 inhabitants, breaking into civil war; but all the remonstrances of the diet failed to bring about an amicable settlement. The town made some concessions, but the day was gone by for half measures; and, after a world of wrangling, in August 1833, the town forces, amounting to several thousand men, with 12 pieces of artillery, marched against those of the country. The movement was badly conducted; the *campagnards* or countrymen defeated them by a sudden onslaught; and the Basleois, completely routed, left 100 men dead on the field. The diet now took energetic measures to settle the disturbances, and ordained a separation into two cantons, called Basle Ville and Basle Campagne, the latter consisting of two-thirds of the original canton. Each sends a deputy to the diet; but the two make only one vote when they agree, and if they differ, the vote is not to be reckoned. By this arrangement, the town of Basle retains its constitution; having first, in order to secure it, lost a hundred citizens, and entailed upon itself that invariable attendant on wars—a public debt.

After seeing all that we thought worth looking at in the town, we gladly left its confined streets, and set off on our excursion in the voiture of a *lohnkutscher*. A lohnkutscher is one who owns a carriage and a pair of horses, which he lets out for hire, occasionally himself acting as driver. Around every inn you see a crowd of such persons; and I rather believe the hotel-keepers give them and their horses free quarters, as a premium for bringing customers. The lohnkutscher is a civil fellow, generally speaks French, has no particular dress, and is on the whole not extortionate. His regular fare is twenty francs per day, provided you bring him back to where you started; but as this is seldom the case, he practically receives thirty francs per day, ten francs being counted for back fare. If he behave well, which he is almost certain to do, you give him a gratuity of two or three francs over and above his stipulated charge. He will accommodate himself to all the whims of the voyageur—start at any hour, stop where he wishes to come out and walk, and will take him in a leisurely way from thirty to forty miles in the day, including a stoppage of an hour somewhere for dinner. We were fortunate in picking up a singularly good-humoured person to take us in charge, Louis by name; and, being a native of Vaud, French was his vernacular tongue. Louis was a highly respectable man, dressed, when on duty, like a substantial yeoman, in a round hat and olive-coloured greatcoat, and only shifting into a blue linen blouse when engaged in the business of the stable. With respect to manners, he was an agreeable mixture of German steadiness with French acuteness and civility. Whenever we came within sight of any scene of historical interest or picturesque beauty, Louis's laughing round face was turned round to the carriage, and, with whip outstretched to the spot, he obligingly opened his store of knowledge on the subject.

Under the auspices, then, of this useful conductor, behold us sallying from the garrisoned portal of Basle, on our way to Zurich, which lies at the distance of fifty-three English miles, in a south-easterly direction. Excellent as were Louis's horses, it would have been impossible to proceed that length in a single day, even had it been desirable; and our minds were at any rate made up to take the journey quite leisurely, visiting, as we went along, the highly interesting union of the three great tributaries of the Rhine—the Aar, the Reuss, and the Limmat; and stopping for the night at the comparatively little-known watering-place of Baden in Argau, or, as it is called by the French, Baden-en-Suisse.

Our route lay for several miles over an undulating piece of country, with the Rhine on our left, and uplands and hills of various heights on our right. The view of the light-green river, occasionally procured through openings in the bushes and sloping banks, with the open country of Baden beyond, backed by the hilly range of the Black Forest, was very pleasing; but not more so than rich green hill-sides and vales on our right, all evidently devoted to some useful purpose in husbandry, and here and there dotted with masses of trees. We now began to see cottages and farm-houses standing alone, both by the roadside and at a distance. It was also apparent that there was nothing here like those large seignorial tenures which are common in Baden. The country was partitioned into fields, under tolerable culture, for grain crops; and many parts were thickly studded with vineyards, that looked more promising than what I had seen farther down the Rhine. The farms, I was told, seldom exceeded forty acres, and they were generally not more than half of that size: being, for the greater part, the property of those who cultivated them, we had now an opportunity of seeing in actual practice that division of property which has been often described as the perfection of the social condition. I shall not generalise at present on this much-debated question, and content myself with saying, that, in the course of the day's journey, a new light broke in upon our ideas of Swiss romance. The cottages of the peasantry, I regret to say, were any thing but cleanly or decent in external aspect, and sundry villages we passed through would have vied, in point of dirtiness, with the dirtiest village in Scotland. At one of the largest of these villages or small towns, called Frick, we were brought to a halt to dinner about one o'clock; the sun glaring with intolerable splendour, and the heat excessive. Not a soul was astir on the burning street, as we descended at the door of what we found to be a good and well-provided inn. Nothing was to be seen alive but a few stray hens scratching on the numerous dunghills, or ducks paddling in the green stagnant pools with which every habitation was provided. With a temperature at nearly 100 degrees Fahrenheit in the sun, I leave any one to judge if this could be called a wholesome state of affairs.

The continuation of our ride was through a country which improved in interest as we advanced; and being now in the Roman Catholic canton of Argau or Argovie, churchyards full of glittering crosses, and figures by the roadside, were occasionally passed. Having wound our way up a long ascent between two woody hills, a splendid view burst upon us at the summit of the vale of the beautiful winding Aar. In the extreme distance on the east, high ranges of hills formed a background to the scene; farther in front, on the top of a craggy height, stood the castle of Hapsburg, the cradle of the imperial family of Austria, now a few jagged ruins; beneath, and still nearer us, was the Aar, pursuing a serpentine course amidst richly-clothed banks; and, descending the long sloping path, we saw it pass onward to the town of Brugg, beyond which it vanished round a corner of a vine-clad steep. Brugg, to which we were soon brought, lies in a hollow on both sides of the river,

* The proper pronunciation of this word is *Basil*, though the French pronunciation, *Baal*, is also common

and is neat and substantial in appearance. Here we crossed the Aar; and, at the distance of little more than a mile beyond the town, came upon the equally if not more beautiful vale of the Reuss; then, crossing this stream also, at a short distance beyond, having gained another rising ground, we had before us the river Limmat, rolling onward through a similarly beautiful vale. The spectacle was striking, and telling Louis to give the horses a rest, we descended to examine it at our leisure. Advancing from the road to a position where we could command the most advantageous view, the three valleys lay stretched out in their varying sinuosities before us, the mountainous country on the south, whence the waters originated, gradually declining in height, till the dividing boundaries of the three rivers melted into a common centre, and the waters were conjoined into a single stream. These waters are the drainage of all central and northern Switzerland, and we afterwards had occasion to visit their main sources—the lakes of Brienz and Thun, whence issues the Aar; the lakes of Zug and Lucerne, which contribute the Reuss; and the lake of Zurich, which sends forth the Limmat. All are of a lightish green colour, and to our eye the Reuss appeared the largest of the trio. In the race to effect a junction of streams, the Reuss also falls first into the Aar, which, thus vastly increased, runs on a short way till struck upon by the Limmat; the Aar, therefore, has the honour of imparting its name to the united waters, which, after flowing a distance of ten miles to the north, fall into the Rhine and double it in size; the other or primary branch of the Rhine being a similar drainage from above the lake of Constance, and flowing by Schaufhausen to this spot, where it is thus so largely increased.

We spent so much time over this scene of beauty, and I should add historical interest—for the spot before us, on the peninsula formed by the junction of the Aar and the Reuss, was in early ages the site of the great Roman station of Vindonissa, within the broad limits of which, in after times, rose the castle of Hapsburg—that twilight began to draw its curtain around us, while still several miles from our resting-place for the night; and resuming our journey, by a road up the left side of the Limmat, which impetuously shot on its way between high woody banks, the broad disk of the autumnal moon rose over the distant eminences, and, guided by its gentle light, we arrived in due time at the gates of Baden.

Here there was some little difficulty. Originally built under the shadow of a feudal castle on an adjoining height, now in ruins, Baden is at present a walled town, greatly deteriorated by poverty, and we had no wish to have any thing to do with it. A huge vaulted portal, in its decayed wall, stood hospitably open, the doors having been long since removed, and the idea of defence laid aside; but this offered no inducement for our entering the place, and, conducted by Louis, we turned off by a path to the left in search of the boarding-houses at the springs—in fact, the true or practical Baden, the ancient town being only Baden theoretical. Our way was down a long declivity closely overhanging the Limmat, which we heard rushing beneath us, but could scarcely see, as the lofty bank on the farther side shut out the moon's beams from the profound hollow into which we were slowly descending. By Louis's care, we were at length safely landed within the courtyard of the Stadthof, an extensive hotel and boarding-house.

On the morrow, when awakened by the sound of voices without, we found ourselves lodged in a building most romantically situated within the margin of the river, and which was evidently crowded with visiters. We had seen no scene so singular since leaving home. The small town was composed of an irregular cluster of buildings of high and low degree, but mostly hotels of great size, planted at the bottom of the steep bank, and leaving only space for a shady promenade along the side of the Limmat. On the opposite or left bank the ground was equally precipitous, but facing the south was laid out principally as vineyards, with a strip of a village at the foot, to which a wooden bridge gave the readiest access. Among the various hotels and lodging-houses in different quarters, there was a concourse of visiters from Germany as well as distant cantons of Switzerland, fully as numerous as at Spa, but much less *distingué* than at Baden-Baden.

The spot has been celebrated since the days of the Romans for its sanative waters, which are hot and of a sulphureous quality. There are sixteen springs, all rising within perhaps thirty feet of the river: one gushes out near the walls of the Stadthof, within the bed of the stream, and has been covered with a neat stone building, from which the water is drawn for the use of the baths. The aggregate quantity of water thrown up is about a hundred gallons per minute, the springs flowing with equal vigour and heat both day and night. The temperature, if I might judge from feeling, was about 90 degrees Fahrenheit. Every hotel has a spring and baths, the former rushing out as an ever-running fountain in an open court or covered arcade, to which all residents have access. For the benefit of the public, or, properly speaking, visiters of a poorer order, there is a free fountain in the confined patch of street, and here in early morning hundreds were in attendance. I was told that the sending of poor patients to the baths and springs is performed as a conscientious duty by the authorities of almost every canton; public contributions are also made at the bath-houses for the benefit of the humbler order of visitants. Some idea of the great estimation in which the waters are held, may be obtained from the fact that between the 6th of June and 26th of September 1840, 19,530 persons had arrived and spent more or less time in attendance. The bulk of the residents at the time of our visit were a more respectable body of people than we saw any where else in Switzerland in one spot. There were apparently few or no French or English; and the amusements consisted either in loitering about the beautiful banks of the Limmat or making excursions in chairs and on the backs of donkeys to various scenes of interest in the neighbourhood.

THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA.

The institution of the Knights of Malta was one of greater importance and utility in its day than is generally imagined. However slight may be the merit accruing from the Crusades for the recovery of the Holy Land, they are entitled to share in it largely; but they have higher claims, of a much later date, upon the gratitude of the Christian world. Almost by the unaided exertions of this band of brothers, the Ottoman power was held in check, and its extension materially impeded, on the eastern coasts of Europe. This was a great service to the whole of that continent. The Knights of Malta effected, on the bosom of the Mediterranean, what John Sobieski effected on the plains of Austria; and their names should be embalmed along with his in the memory of Christendom.

Towards the middle of the eleventh century, when the Holy Land was entirely in the power of the Mahommedans, the Egyptian caliph, Monstaser-Billah, was induced to permit the erection of a Christian chapel in the city of Jerusalem, with two hospitals, one of them dedicated to St John the Almoner. These were intended for the relief of the numerous pilgrims who then visited Palestine from all Christian countries. After Godfrey of Bouillon conquered the Holy City in 1099, the Hospital of St John became a place of great note as an establishment for healing the wounded and the sick, and was converted by Gerard, its rector, from a secular to a religious institution. He, with his brothers and sisters of charity, formally abjured the world, and assumed as their dress a black gown, having on the left breast a white cross. At the same time, a number of illustrious crusaders, burning with pious zeal, entered the body; and Godfrey of Bouillon endowed it with lands in Brabant. His example was speedily followed by other princes and barons of Europe, until the order grew wealthy, and founded many new houses both in Asia and Europe. The next step was the conjunction of the military with the religious character. Raymond du Puis succeeded to the rectorship; and, having been a brave soldier in his day, he was induced, by the reiterated attacks made on the Christians at their first settlement in the East, to propose to his companions, most of them old soldiers like himself, to join the profession of arms to their other duties. The summons sounded like a trumpet in the ears of the veterans, and Raymond du Puis became the first Grand-master of the Order of the Knights-Hospitallers of St John. Three classes were established in the order—that of the Knights, who were required, at first at least, to prove a noble extraction; that of Chaplains, who were non-military; and that of Half-Knights, or Serving Brothers, who were not of high birth, and whose duties lay both in the hospital and the field. The establishment of commanderies, as the houses were called, in different countries, rendered it proper to establish divisions called Languages in the order, as one for England, one for Germany, and so on. These were at first seven, and finally nine in number. Noble youths from all Europe soon swelled the order of the Hospitallers into a numerous force, and one of great strength, in times when a single mounted knight, cased in armour, was a match for half a dozen of the ordinary soldiery. Their wealth also enabled them to hire large bodies of mercenaries to aid in their enterprises; and their European houses, or commanderies, served as depôts, whence auxiliaries were continually drafted to the wars.

This formidable body remained in Palestine during the entire period of its occupation, complete or partial, by the Latin Christians, witnessing the whole of the nine crusades, rendered necessary by the inveterate determination of the Mahommedans to recover their lost possessions. During all this time, they existed but to fight, having scarcely one month of perfect repose; and in fight they exhibited the most desperate valour on all occasions, though the abstemiousness of their rules was relaxed by degrees. They remained in the Holy Land after kings and barons had all yielded up the cause in despair. At length, in the year 1291, the Sultan Saladin drove them from their last stronghold of Saint John d'Acre, and compelled them to take refuge in Cyprus, then under a Latin king. They there summoned all their commanderies to send members and supplies, and were soon enabled once more to establish themselves as a powerful naval as well as military body. Their views were to harass the Mahommedans of Syria and Egypt by sea. One expedition more they made against the Saracens of Jerusalem; but they found both that city, and the other fortresses of the country, to be in so ruinous a state, that the approach of the Egyptian sultan forced them to fly to their ships. It was immediately after this step that Fulk de Villaret, twenty-fourth grand-master of the order, seeing the hopelessness of any secure settlement of it on lands not its own, projected a great and important conquest—that of the island of Rhodes. Rhodes is about one hundred and twenty miles in circumference, and close on the coast of Asia Minor. It was at this time nominally a possession of the Greek emperor, Andronicus; but in reality was in the power of Saracenic pirates, mixed with Greeks of the same stamp. Fulk de Villaret gathered his war-galleys, and made a bold descent on the isle. The resistance was obstinate, and years elapsed ere the knights succeeded in planting the standard of the white cross on the walls of Rhodes. But they persisted in the siege till they made it their own.

The fate of the Knights Templars, almost at this very moment, showed the importance and necessity of such a fixed settlement. Returning to its European commanderies, this wealthy order, the rival of that of the Hospitallers in fame and power, became soon a subject of jealousy and avaricious envy to the monarchs of the time, and especially to Philip of France. In concert with the pope, that sovereign, under colour of forged charges of criminality, wrested its property from the order, and subjected its members to imprisonment, tortures, and death. Other countries also abolished the order, but without the same accompanying barbarities. Philip of France was partly disappointed, for the Pope forced him to accede to a general edict, giving the Templar possessions to the Knights of St John.

The latter body was greatly increased in power by these accessions, and it became more common than ever for the younger nobility of Europe to enter the order of the Hospitallers. Riches brought with it augmented luxury and many evils, but the knights were still kept in high military condition. A new race of the followers of Mahommed appeared against them. *Othman* (the Bone-Breaker), who gave a permanent name to the Turkish nation, possessed, with a tribe of Turkomauns, the region of Asia Minor adjoining Rhodes. He attacked the knights in their city; but, though one of the most tried and renowned warriors of his race, he failed to make the slightest impression on them. Similar assaults were renewed in more alarming shapes in the course of the years immediately succeeding. Betwixt the year 1310, when the order settled at Rhodes, and the year 1453, when the Turks took Constantinople, and founded a new empire, the Knights of St John fought many great battles, by sea and land, with the two Mahommedan powers in their neighbourhood, the Egyptian and Turkish. It is amazing to reflect, that this comparatively small body of men should not only have foiled so many efforts made by these powerful sovereignties to reduce them and take their stronghold, but should have even obtained possession of Cos and other Greek islands, captured Smyrna and held it for a long period, and made various expeditions against Syria and other places, as if possessed of the population and resources of a strong and warlike nation. They proved an unextractible thorn in the sides of the foes of Christianity.

Our space will only permit of a mere sketch being given of the career of the order; but we may allude specially to one event, the most important in its annals. The hour came at length for the fall of Rhodes, after the knights had held it for more than two hundred years. Solyman the Magnificent resolved at any price to oust them from their stronghold. We quote from Sutherland's history of the order, in the passage that follows. In June 1522, "a signal from Mount St Stephen intimated to the Rhodians that the Turkish fleet was in sight. Countless sails studded the Lycian Strait; and tumult and wailing instantly rose from every quarter of the city. The gates were formally shut, and public prayers were offered up in the churches, imploring Heaven to grant the victory to the champions of the Cross. This done, the whole population hurried to the ramparts and towers, to behold the terrible armament that threatened them with destruction. Four hundred sail swept past the mouth of the haven with the pomp and circumstance of a triumphal pageant; and on board this mighty fleet were 140,000 soldiers, exclusive of 60,000 serfs, torn from the forests of the Danube, to serve as pioneers." Six hundred knights, with less than five thousand regular troops, and a comparatively weak body of citizens and peasants, formed the whole force prepared to oppose this immense armament, the leader of which, Solyman in person, told his troops that he had come to Rhodes "to conquer or die." For upwards of three months, the most awful scenes of carnage took place daily, after the siege had begun. For one man who fell among the knights, twenty fell among the Turks; but even this proportion was ruinous to the former. In one assault, fifteen thousand Turks were slain. By degrees, every one of the ramparts of Rhodes was in ruins, yet still the knights and their grand-master, a venerable old man, were unconquerable. They filled the breaches with their mailed bodies. Frequently, Solyman half-resolved to give up the struggle, and frequently he threatened his officers with death for their want of success. He proposed various capitulations, and by capitulation was the siege finally closed. The knights were unvanquished, but Rhodes was untenable. Twelve days were given them to embark their property; and, on the 1st of January 1593, the remnant of the Rhodian Christians went on board their galleys, a homeless band. Before that departure, Solyman, who had in him great points of character sought an interview with L'Isle

Adam, the grand-master. "For a time the two warriors eyed each other with piercing glances. The venerable and majestic port of the grand-master won the admiration of the youthful despot; and he magnanimously requested his interpreter to console the Christian chief with the assurance, that even the bravest of men were liable to become the sport of fortune. He invited him, at the same time, to embrace the Mahommedan faith, and enter his service, since the Christian princes, who had abandoned him in his extremity, did not merit the alliance of so redoubted a chief; and, by way of a bribe, promised to advance him to the highest dignities in his empire, and make him one of his chosen councillors. The grand-master answered, that were he to dishonour his grey hairs by becoming a traitor and renegade, he would only show how unworthy he was of the high opinion which his conqueror entertained of him; and that he would far rather retire into obscurity, or part with life itself, than be accounted a recreant and apostate by his own people. Solyman dismissed the venerable knight with honour; and said to Achmet Pasha, who was in attendance, 'It is not without regret that I drive this unfortunate old man, full of sorrow, from his home.'"

The Knights of St John had still their commanderies, rich and powerful, over Europe, though Henry VIII., about this very time, abolished the order in England. But their importance was yet sufficient to procure for them the cession of the island of Malta, where their numbers were soon recruited. Removed in some measure, however, from the sphere of Turkish and Egyptian operations, the knights came now into hostility with new enemies of their faith. The African coasts swarmed at this time, as they also did at a much later date, with pirates, who filled their coffers with gold, and their dungeons with captives, from the European states. In concert with the Emperor Charles, the Knights of Malta undertook a great expedition against the two Barbarossas, the most famous pirates of the day, who had gained sovereign power in Algiers and Tunis, by expelling the rightful princes. Tunis and Goletta were conquered on this occasion, chiefly by the dauntless valour of the Knights of St John, and the rightful governments were re-established. But, in a future expedition, the order lost a great force before Algiers, and a garrison of theirs was expelled with vast loss from Tripoli.

For the next half century, the knights waged incessant war with the piratical Mahommedans, both of Africa and the Turco-Grecian islands. The importance of their services to European commerce was fully shown by the renewed attempts of the Ottoman Porte to suppress them. In 1565, one great attempt was made by 30,000 Turks on the island. The assault of the small fort of St Elmo will show the bravery of the knights in a fair light:—"At daybreak on the 16th of June, the Turkish galleys commenced a furious cannonade against the seaward rampart; and at the same time the land batteries shattered into ruin the still remaining fortifications. This done, the Osmanlis entered the ditch to the sound of their proud but barbarous music; and, at the discharge of a signal-gun, rushed impetuously to the assault, covered by 4000 harquebusiers and cross-bowmen, who, from their post in the trenches, shot down every Christian soldier who showed himself in the breach. Behind that deadly gap stood the knights and their scant battalion, armed with pikes and spontoons, and forming, as it were, a living wall. Between every three soldiers stood a knight, the better to sustain the courage of those who had nothing of chivalrous renown to uphold them. In vain did the Turks dash themselves on this impenetrable phalanx. When swords and pikes were broken, the Christian soldiers grappled with their antagonists, and terminated the death-struggle with their daggers. The burning hoops were of eminent service in this combat; and the cries of the wretches whom they begirt, added greatly to the horror of the fight. It was a cheering circumstance to the defenders of the fort, that the conflict was maintained under the eyes of their friends in the Bourg, who they feared had begun to doubt their bravery. Amid the thunder of the artillery, and the groans of the dying, their ears were gladdened at intervals by encouraging shouts wafted across the haven from the distant ramparts; and the guns of Forts St Angelo and St Michael played incessantly, and with considerable effect, on the Turkish lines. At the end of six hours, the knights, covered with wounds, and blistered by the scorching rays of the sun, had the consolation to hear a retreat sounded from the enemy's trenches; and the Turks reluctantly retired, leaving behind them 2000 dead." When the *last* defender fell, the Turks became masters of St Elmo. But they were ultimately driven from the island, with a loss of 25,000 men.

The order was congratulated by all Europe on this occasion. For the next century, it continued to maintain maritime combats of lesser note, chiefly in contest with the African pirates. But its utility and its wealth gradually departed. Each of the powers of Europe became owners of great fleets, which reduced the galleys of St John to total insignificance; and there being no longer occasion for their services, the possessions of the knights slipt by degrees from their grasp. Besides, islands could no longer be wrested even from Mahommedans, or expeditions made against them; treaties and alliances bound both parties to peace. At length, in the time of the sixty-ninth grand-master, Bonaparte appeared before Valetta, the Maltese capital, and, after a feeble show of opposition, took possession of the island. The inhabitants seem to have been utterly tired of the rule of the knights; and the latter ceded Malta to the French, by a treaty which bound them at once to quit the isle. They received petty annuities in lieu of this their ancient possession.

The British expelled the French; but the knights returned to Malta no more. An attempt at the re-establishment of the order was made by Paul of Russia, which ended in nothing. Thus fell the renowned brotherhood of the Knights Hospitallers of St John. The extent of their possessions at one time, as well as those of the Templars, is shown by the numberless places, in Britain and elsewhere, to which they have permanently given names.

MELANCHOLY MOMENTS.

It is not pain, it is not grief,
That weigheth down my spirit now;
A holier feeling craves relief
For burden'd breast, for burning brow:
Nor pain nor grief might thus me bow,
Nor theirs the sorrow of the hour;
A deeper sadness this, I trow,
Bound on me by some sterner power.

Hast ever long'd to weep thy fill,
And felt that thou in vain must pine—
Felt fall on thee the leaden chill
Which freezes tears within their shrine?
Hast ever loved a full blue eye
Whose heaven mote ne'er upon thee shine?
Or seen a bosom heave the sigh
Thou knew'st was no response to thine?

Hast ever felt full many a thought
Of tenderness within thee swell,
By Nature to thy spirit taught,
Yet blighting that wherein they dwell?
Thy misery to love too well,
Since doomed still to love alone—
Affection sickening in her cell,
For lack of things to rest upon.

And hast thou known what 'tis to gaze,
In pensive musing, fancy free,
Back on the joyous sunny days
Of boyhood and of infancy?
Hast felt the rushing memories press,
And wish'd the troublers not to be?—
Mementos of thy loneliness!—
Then, stranger, thou canst feel for me.

And if a mother's eye did bless
Thine own, and fondly on thee smiled,
A mother's bosom once did press
Thine own—though only when a child:
Or if a sister fair and mild
Hath laid her soft cheek thine upon,
Then fathom thou the anguish wild
Born of the thought that *both* are gone.

Dearer than home to exile's thought,
Than to the hero battle's van,
Than science to the sage she taught,
Or chieftain to his Highland clan—
Dearer than to the deluged earth
The bow of hope that heaven did span,
Dearer than all the world is worth—
Is woman to the heart of man!

Prate not of friends: there is a smart
That mocks at friendship's nicest skill;
There is a void within the heart
That even friendship may not fill:
There is within a mystic will,
Aye calling at the spirit's shrine—
A something that demandeth still
A breast to blend and beat with thine:—

A breast will be thine own for aye,
Will bleed at ought that brings thee pain,
Will languish when thou art away,
And leap when it on thine hath lain.
Oh give me such, or else give back,
Ye years, the blessedness ye've ta'en!—
The springiness my spirits lack—
And let me be a boy again!

D.

GUANO MANURE.

The sterile soils of the South American coast are manured with a substance called guano, consisting of urate of ammonia and other ammoniacal salts, by the use of which a luxuriant vegetation and the richest crops are obtained. Guano has lately been imported in considerable quantities into Liverpool and several other English ports, and is now experimentally employed as a manure by English agriculturists. A consideration of its composition and mode of action cannot therefore fail to be acceptable. Much speculation has arisen as to the true origin of guano, but the most certain proof is now afforded that it has been produced by the accumulation of the excrements of the innumerable sea-fowl which inhabit the islands upon which it is found. Meyen, the latest writer upon this subject, completely coincides with this opinion, for he says—"their number is Legion; they completely cloud the sun when they rise from their resting-place in the morning, in flocks of miles in length." Yet, notwithstanding their great number, thousands of years must have elapsed before the excrements could have accumulated to such a thickness as they possess at present. Guano has been used by the Peruvians as a manure since the twelfth century; and Rivero states that the annual consumption of guano, for the purposes of agriculture, amounts to 40,000 fanegas (7600 quarters). The increase of crops obtained by the use of guano is very remarkable. According to the same authority, the crop of potatoes is increased forty-five times by means of it, and that of maize thirty-five times. The composition of guano points out how admirably it is fitted for a manure; for not only does it contain ammoniacal salts in abundance, but also those inorganic constituents which are indispensable for the development of plants.—*Professor Liebig's New Work.*

WAR.

What, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net purport of war? To my own knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil, in the British village of Dumdrudge, usually some five hundred souls. From these, by certain "natural enemies" of the French, there are successively selected, during the French war, say thirty able-bodied men: Dumdrudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them; she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, another build, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing, they are selected; all dressed in red, and shipped away at the public charge, some 2000 miles, or say, only to the south of Spain; and fed there till wanted. And now, to that same spot in the south of Spain, are thirty similar French artisans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like manner wending; till at length, after infinite effort, the parties come into actual juxtaposition, and thirty stand fronting thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word "Fire!" is given, and they blow the souls out of one another; and, instead of sixty brisk useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury and anon shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the devil is, not the smallest. They lived far enough apart, were the entirest strangers nay, in so wide a universe, there was even, unconsciously by commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! their governors had fallen out; and, instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot.—*Carlyle's Sartor Resartus.*

BENEFIT OF A FREE PRESS.

A free press is the parent of much good in a state. But even a licentious press is a far less evil than a press that is enslaved, because both sides may be heard in the former case, but not in the latter. A licentious press may be an evil, an enslaved press must be so; for an enslaved press may cause error to be more current than wisdom, and wrong more powerful than right; a licentious press cannot effect these things, for if it gives the poison, it gives also the antidote, which an enslaved press withholds. An enslaved press is doubly fatal—it not only takes away the true light, for in that case we might stand still, but it sets up a false one, that decoys us to our destruction.—*Lacon.*

TULIPOMANIA IN HOLLAND.

When the Tulipomania infected Holland, and single roots were sold for many hundred pounds, we are told—"People who had been absent from Holland, and whose chance it was to return when this folly was at its maximum, were sometimes led into awkward dilemmas by their ignorance. There is an amusing instance of the kind related in Blainville's Travels. A wealthy merchant, who prided himself not a little on his rare tulips, received upon one occasion a very valuable consignment of merchandise from the Levant. Intelligence of its arrival was brought him by a sailor, who presented himself for that purpose at the counting-house, among bales of goods of every description. The merchant, to reward him for his news, munificently made him a present of a fine red-herring for his breakfast. The sailor had, it appears, a great partiality for onions; and seeing a bulb, very like an onion, lying upon the counter of this liberal trader, and thinking it no doubt very much out of its place among silks and velvets, he slily seized an opportunity, and slipped it into his pocket as a relish for his herring. He got clear off with his prize, and proceeded to the quay to eat his breakfast. Hardly was his back turned, when the merchant missed his valuable *Semper Augustus*, worth 3000 florins, or about L.280 sterling. The whole establishment was instantly in an uproar; search was every where made for the precious root, but it was not to be found. Great was the merchant's distress of mind. The search was renewed, but again without success. At last some one thought of the sailor. The unhappy merchant sprang into the street at the bare suggestion. His alarmed household followed him. The sailor, simple soul! had not thought of concealment. He was found quietly sitting on a coil of ropes, masticating the last morsel of his onion. Little did he dream that he had been eating a breakfast whose cost might have regaled a whole ship's crew for a twelvemonth; or, as the plundered merchant himself expressed it, 'might have sumptuously feasted the Prince of Orange and the whole court of the stadtholder.' Anthony caused pearls to be dissolved in wine to drink the health of Cleopatra; Sir Richard Whittington was as foolishly magnificent in an entertainment to King Henry V.; and Sir Thomas Gresham drank a diamond, dissolved in wine, to the health of Queen Elizabeth, when she opened the Royal Exchange; but the breakfast of this roguish Dutchman was as splendid as either. He had the advantage, too, over his wasteful predecessors; their gems did not improve the taste or the wholesomeness of their wine, while his tulip was quite delicious with his red-herring."—*Mackay's History of Popular Delusions.*

ULTIMATE SUCCESS OF GOOD SCHEMES.

Many schemes ridiculed as Utopian, decried as visionary, and declaimed against as impracticable, will be realised the moment the march of sound knowledge has effected this for our species—that of making men wise enough to see their true interests, and disinterested enough to pursue them.—*Lacon.*

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THE TWO MISS SMITHS.

A TRUE STORY.

IN a certain town in the west of England, which shall be nameless, there dwelt two maiden ladies of the name of Smith; each possessing a small independence, each residing, with a single maid-servant, in a small house, the drawing-room floor of which was let, whenever lodgers could be found; each hovering somewhere about the age of fifty, and each hating the other with a restless and implacable enmity. The origin of this aversion was the similarity of their names; each was Miss C. Smith, the one being called Cecilia, the other Charlotte—a circumstance which gave rise to such innumerable mistakes and misunderstandings, as were sufficient to maintain these ladies in a constant state of irritability and warfare. Letters, messages, invitations, parcels, bills, were daily mis-sent, and opened by the wrong person, thus exposing the private affairs of one to the other; and as their aversion had long ago extinguished every thing like delicacy on either side, any information so acquired was used without scruple to their mutual annoyance. Presents, too, of fruit, vegetables, or other delicacies from the neighbouring gentry, not unfrequently found their way to the wrong house; and if unaccompanied by a letter, which took away all excuse for mistake, they were appropriated without remorse, even when the appropriating party felt confident in her heart that the article was not intended for her; and this not from greediness or rapacity, but from the absolute delight they took in vexing each other. It must be admitted, also, that this well-known enmity was occasionally played upon by the frolic-loving part of the community, both high and low; so that over and above the genuine mistakes, which were of themselves quite enough to keep the poor ladies in hot water, every now and then some little hoax was got up and practised upon them, such as fictitious love-letters, anonymous communications, and so forth. It might have been imagined, as they were not answerable for their names, and as they were mutual sufferers by the similarity, one having as much right to complain of this freak of fortune as the other, that they might have entered into a compact of forbearance, which would have been equally advantageous to either party; but their naturally acrimonious dispositions prevented this, and each continued as angry with the other as she could have been if she had had a sole and indefeasible right to the appellation of *C. Smith*, and her rival had usurped it in a pure spirit of annoyance and opposition. To be quite just, however, we must observe that Miss Cecilia was much the worse of the two; by judicious management Miss Charlotte might have been tamed, but the malice of Miss Cecilia was altogether inexorable.

By the passing of the Reform Bill, the little town wherein dwelt these belligerent powers received a very considerable accession of importance; it was elevated into a borough, and had a whole live member to itself, which, with infinite pride and gratification, it sent to parliament, after having extracted from him all manner of pledges, and loaded him with all manner of instructions as to how he should conduct himself under every conceivable circumstance; not to mention a variety of bills for the improvement of the roads and markets, the erection of a town-hall, and the reform of the systems of watching, paving, lighting, &c., the important and consequential little town of B——.

A short time previous to the first election—an event which was anticipated by the inhabitants with the most vivid interest—one of the candidates, a country gentleman who resided some twenty miles off, took a lodging in the town, and came there with his wife and family, in order, by a little courtesy and a few entertainments, to win the hearts of the electors and their friends; and his first move was to send out invitations for a tea and card party, which, in due time, when the preparations were completed, was to be followed by a ball. There was but one milliner and dressmaker of any consideration in the town of B——, and it may be imagined that on so splendid an occasion her services were in great request—so much so, that in the matter of head-dresses, she not only found that it would be impossible, in so short a period, to fulfil the commands of her customers, but also that she had neither the material nor the skill to give them satisfaction. It was, therefore, settled that she should send off an order to a house in Exeter, which was the county town, for a cargo of caps, togues, turbans, &c., fit for all ages and faces—"such as were not disposed of to be returned;" and the ladies consented to wait, with the best patience they could, for this interesting consignment, which was to arrive without fail on the Wednesday, Thursday being the day fixed for the party. But the last coach arrived on Wednesday night without the expected boxes; however, the coachman brought a message for Miss Gibbs, the milliner, assuring her that they would be there the next morning without fail.

Accordingly, when the first Exeter coach rattled through the little street of B——, which was about half-past eleven, every head that was interested in the freight was to be seen looking anxiously out for the deal boxes; and, sure enough, there they were—three of them—large enough to contain caps for the whole town. Then there was a rush up stairs for their bonnets and shawls, and in a few minutes troops of ladies, young and old, were seen hurrying towards the market-place, where dwelt Miss Gibbs—the young in pursuit of artificial flowers, gold bands, and such-like adornments—the elderly in search of a more mature order of decoration. Amongst the candidates for finery, nobody was more eager than the two Miss Smiths; and they had reason to be so, not only because they had neither of them any thing at all fit to be worn at Mrs Hanaway's party, which was in a style much above the entertainments they were usually invited to, but also because they both invariably wore turbans, and each was afraid that the other might carry off the identical turban that might be most desirable for herself. Urged by this feeling, so alert were they, that they were each standing at their several windows when the coach passed, with their bonnets and cloaks actually on—ready to start for the plate!—determined to reach Miss Gibbs's in time to witness the opening of the boxes. But "who shall control his fate?" Just as Miss Cecilia was stepping off her threshold, she was accosted by a very gentlemanly-looking person, who, taking off his hat, with an air really irresistible, begged to know if he had "the honour of seeing Miss Smith"—a question which was, of course, answered in the affirmative.

"I was not quite sure," said he, "whether I was right, for I had forgotten the number; but I thought it was sixty," and he looked at the figures on the door.

"This *is* sixty, sir," said Miss Cecilia; adding to herself, "I wonder if it was sixteen he was sent to," for at number sixteen lived Miss Charlotte.

"I was informed, madam," pursued the gentleman, "that I could be accommodated with apartments here—that you had a first floor to let."

"That is quite true, sir," replied Miss Cecilia, delighted to let her rooms, which had been some time vacant, and doubly gratified when the stranger added, "I come from Bath, and was recommended by a friend of yours, indeed probably a relation, as she bears the same name, Miss Joanna Smith."

"I know Miss Joanna very well, sir," replied Miss Cecilia; "pray, walk up stairs, and I'll show you the apartments directly. (For," thought she, "I must not let him go out of the house till he has taken them, for fear he should find out his mistake.) Very nice rooms, sir, you see—every thing clean and comfortable—a pretty view of the canal in front—just between the baker's and the shoemaker's; you'll get a peep, sir, if you step to this window. Then it's uncommonly lively; the Exeter and Plymouth coaches, up and down, rattling through all day long, and indeed all night too, for the matter of that. A beautiful little bed-room, back, too, sir—Yes, as you observe, it certainly does look over a brick kiln; but there's no dust—not the least in the world—for I never allow the windows to be opened: altogether, there can't be a pleasanter situation than it is."

The stranger, it must be owned, seemed less sensible of all these advantages than he ought to have been; however, he engaged the apartments: it was but for a short time, as he had come there about some business connected with the election; and as Miss Joanna had so particularly recommended him to the lodging, he did not like to disoblige her. So the bargain was struck: the maid received orders to provision the garrison with bread, butter, tea, sugar, &c., &c., whilst the gentleman returned to the inn to dispatch Boots with his portmanteau and carpet-bag.

"You were only just in time, sir," observed Miss Cecilia, as they descended the stairs, "for I expected a gentleman to call at twelve o'clock to-day, who I am sure would have taken the lodgings."

"I should be sorry to stand in his way," responded the stranger, who would not have been at all sorry for an opportunity of backing out of the bargain. "Perhaps you had better let him have them—I can easily get accommodated elsewhere."

"Oh dear, no, sir; dear me! I wouldn't do such a thing for the world!" exclaimed Miss Cecilia, who had only thrown out this little inuendo by way of binding her lodger to his bargain, lest, on discovering his mistake, he should think himself at liberty to annul the agreement. For well she knew that it *was* a mistake: Miss Joanna of Bath was Miss Charlotte's first cousin, and, hating Miss Cecilia, as she was in duty bound to do, would rather have sent her a dose of arsenic than a lodger, any day. She had used every precaution to avoid the accident that had happened, by writing on a card, "Miss Charlotte Smith, No. 16, High Street, B——, *opposite the linen-draper's shop;*" but the thoughtless traveller, never dreaming of the danger in which he stood, lost the card, and, trusting to his memory, fell into the snare.

Miss Cecilia had been so engrossed by her anxiety to hook this fish before her rival could have a chance of throwing out a bait for him, that, for a time, she actually forgot Miss Gibbs and the turban; but now that her point was gained, and she felt sure of her man, her former care revived with all its force, and she hurried along the street towards the market-place, in a fever of apprehension lest she should be too late. The matter certainly looked ill; for, as she arrived breathless at the door, she saw groups of self-satisfied faces issuing from it, and, amongst the rest, the obnoxious Miss Charlotte's physiognomy appeared, looking more pleased than any body.

"Odious creature!" thought Miss Cecilia; "as if she supposed that any turban in the world could make her look tolerable!" But Miss Charlotte did suppose

it; and, moreover, she had just secured the very identical turban that, of all the turbans that ever were made, was most likely to accomplish this desideratum—at least so she opined.

Poor Miss Cecilia! Up stairs she rushed, bouncing into Miss Gibbs's little room, now strewed with finery. "Well, Miss Gibbs, I hope you have something that will suit me?"

"Dear me, mem," responded Miss Gibbs, "what a pity you did not come a little sooner. The only two turbans we had are just gone—Mrs Gosling took one, and Miss Charlotte Smith the other—two of the beautifullest—here they are, indeed—you shall see them;" and she opened the boxes in which they were deposited, and presented them to the grieved eyes of Miss Cecilia.

She stood aghast! The turbans were very respectable turbans indeed; but, to her disappointed and eager desires, they appeared worthy of Mahomet the prophet, or the Grand Sultana, or any other body, mortal or immortal, that has ever been reputed to wear turbans. And this consummation of perfection she had lost!—lost just by a neck!—missed it by an accident, that, however gratifying she had thought it at the time, she now felt was but an inadequate compensation for her present disappointment. But there was no remedy. Miss Gibbs had nothing fit to make a turban of; besides, Miss Cecilia would have scorned to appear in any turban that Miss Gibbs could have compiled, when her rival was to be adorned with a construction of such superhuman excellence. No! the only consolation she had was to scold Miss Gibbs for not having kept the turbans till she had seen them, and for not having sent for a greater number of turbans. To which objurgations Miss Gibbs could only answer, "That she had been extremely sorry, indeed, when she saw the ladies were bent upon having the turbans, as she had ordered two entirely with a view to Miss Cecilia's accommodation; and, moreover, that she was never more surprised in her life than when Mrs Gosling desired one of them might be sent to her, because Mrs Gosling never wore turbans; and if Miss Gibbs had only foreseen that she would have pounced upon it in that way, she, Miss Gibbs, would have taken care she should never have seen it at all," &c., &c., &c.—all of which the reader may believe, if he or she choose. As for Miss Cecilia, she was implacable, and she flounced out of the house, and through the streets, to her own door, in a temper of mind that rendered it fortunate, as far as the peace of the town of B—— was concerned, that no accident brought her in contact with Miss Charlotte on the way.

As soon as she got into her parlour, she threw off her bonnet and shawl, and plunging into her armchair, she tried to compose her mind sufficiently to take a calm view of the dilemma, and determine on what line of conduct to pursue—whether to send an excuse to Mrs Hanaway, or whether to go to the party in one of her old head-dresses. Either alternative was insupportable. To lose the party—the game at loo, the distinction of being seen in such good society—it was too provoking; besides, very likely people would suppose she had not been invited; Miss Charlotte, she had no doubt, would try to make them believe so. But then, on the other hand, to wear one of her old turbans was so mortifying—they were so very shabby, so unfashionable—on an occasion, too, when every body would be so well-dressed! Oh, it was aggravating—vexatious, in the extreme! She passed the day in reflection—chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies; recalling to herself how well she looked in the turban—for she had tried it on; figuring what would have been Miss Charlotte's mortification if she had been the disappointed person—how triumphantly she, Miss Cecilia, would have marched into the room with the turban on her head—how crest-fallen the other would have looked; and then she varied her occupation by resuscitating all her old turbans, buried in antique bandboxes deep in dust, and trying whether it were possible, out of their united materials, to concoct one of the present fashionable shape and dimensions. But the thing was impracticable: the new turban was composed of crimson satin and gold lace, hers of pieces of muslin and gauze.

When the mind is very much engrossed, whether the subject of contemplation be pleasant or unpleasant, time flies with inconceivable rapidity; and Miss Cecilia was roused from her meditations by hearing the clock in the passage strike four, warning her that it was necessary to come to some decision, as the hour fixed for the party, according to the primitive customs of B——, was half-past seven, when the knell of the clock was followed by a single knock at the door, and the next moment her maid walked into the room with—what do you think?—the identical crimson and gold turban in her hand!

"What a beauty!" cried Susan, turning it round, that she might get a complete view of it in all its phases.

"Was there any message, Sue?" inquired Miss Cecilia, gasping with agitation, for her heart was in her throat.

"No, ma'am," answered Sue; "Miss Gibbs's girl just left it; she said it should have come earlier, but she had so many places to go to."

"And she's gone, is she, Susan?"

"Yes, ma'am, she went directly—she said she hadn't got half through yet."

"Very well, Susan, you may go; and remember, I'm not at home if any body calls; and if any message comes here from Miss Gibbs, you'll say I'm gone out, and you don't expect me home till very late."

"Very well, ma'am."

"And, I say, Susan, if they send here to make any inquiries about that turban, you'll say you know nothing about it, and send them away."

"Very well, ma'am," said Susan, and down she dived to the regions below.

Instead of four o'clock, how ardently did Miss Cecilia wish it were seven; for the danger of the next three hours was imminent. Well she understood how the turban had got there—it was a mistake of the girl—but the chance was great that, before seven o'clock arrived, Miss Charlotte would take fright at not receiving her head-dress, and would send to Miss Gibbs to demand it, when the whole thing would be found out. However, no message came: at five o'clock, when the milk-boy rang, Miss Cecilia thought she should have fainted; but that was the only alarm. At six she began to dress, and at seven she stood before her glass in full array, with the turban on her head. She thought she had never looked so well; indeed, she was sure she had not. The magnitude of the thing gave her an air, and indeed a feeling of dignity and importance that she had never been sensible of before. The gold lace looked brilliant even by the light of her single tallow candle; what would it do in a well-illuminated drawing-room! then the colour was strikingly becoming, and suited her hair exactly—Miss Cecilia, we must here observe, was quite grey; but she wore a frontlet of dark curls, and a little black silk skull-cap, fitted close to her head, which kept all neat and tight under the turban.

She had not far to go; nevertheless, she thought it would be as well to set off at once, for fear of accidents, even though she lingered on the way to fill up the time, for every moment the danger augmented; so she called to Susan to bring her cloak, and her calash, and her overalls, and being well packed up by the admiring Sue, who declared the turban was "without exception the beautifullest thing she ever saw," she started; determined, however, not to take the direct way, but to make a little circuit by a back street, lest, by ill luck, she should fall foul of the enemy.

"Susan," said she, pausing as she was stepping off the threshold, "if any body calls, you'll say I have been gone to Mrs Hanaway's some time; and, Susan, just put a pin in this calash to keep it back, it falls over my eyes so that I can't see;" and Susan pinned a fold in the calash, and away went the triumphant Miss Cecilia. She did not wish to be guilty of the vulgarity of arriving first at the party; so she lingered about till it wanted a quarter to eight, and then she knocked at Mrs Hanaway's door, which a smart footman immediately opened, and, with the alertness for which many of his order are remarkable, proceeded to disengage the lady from her external coverings—the cloak, the overalls, the calash; and then, without giving her time to breathe, he rushed up the stairs, calling out, "Miss Cecilia Smith;" whilst the butler, who stood at the drawing-room door, threw it open, reiterating, "Miss Cecilia Smith;" and in she went. But, oh! reader, little do you think, and little did she think, where the turban was that she imagined to be upon her head, and under the supposed shadow of which she walked into the room with so much dignity and complacence. It was below in the hall, lying on the floor, fast in the calash, to which Susan, ill-starred wench! had pinned it; and the footman, in his cruel haste, had dragged them both off together.

With only some understrappings on her cranium, and altogether unconscious of her calamity, smiling and bowing, Miss Cecilia advanced towards her host and hostess, who received her in the most gracious manner, thinking, certainly, that her taste in a head-dress was peculiar, and that she was about the most extraordinary figure they had ever beheld, but supposing that such was the fashion she chose to adopt—the less astonished or inclined to suspect the truth, from having heard a good deal of the eccentricities of the two spinsters of B——. But to the rest of the company, the appearance she made was inexplicable; they had been accustomed to see her ill dressed, and oddly dressed, but such a flight as this they were not prepared for. Some whispered that she had gone mad; others suspected that it must be accident—that somehow or other she had forgotten to put on her head-dress; but even if it were so, the joke was an excellent one, and nobody cared enough for her to sacrifice their amusement by setting her right. So Miss Cecilia, blessed in her delusion, triumphant and happy, took her place at the whist table, anxiously selecting a position which gave her a full view of the door, in order that she might have the indescribable satisfaction of seeing the expression of Miss Charlotte's countenance when she entered the room—that is, if she came; the probability was, that mortification would keep her away.

But no such thing—Miss Charlotte had too much spirit to be beaten out of the field in that manner. She had waited with patience for her turban, because Miss Gibbs had told her, that, having many things to send out, it might be late before she got it; but when half-past six arrived, she became impatient, and dispatched her maid to fetch it. The maid returned, with "Miss Gibbs's respects, and the girl was still out with the things; she would be sure to call at Miss Charlotte's before she came back." At half-past seven there was another message, to say that the turban had not arrived; by this time the girl had done her errands, and Miss Gibbs, on questioning her, discovered the truth. But it was too late—the mischief was irreparable—Susan averring, with truth, that her mistress had gone to Mrs Hanaway's party some time, with the turban on her head.

We will not attempt to paint Miss Charlotte's feelings—that would be a vain endeavour. Rage took possession of her soul; her attire was already complete, all but the head-dress, for which she was waiting. She selected the best turban she had, threw on her cloak and calash, and in a condition of mind bordering upon frenzy, she rushed forth, determined, be the consequences what they might, to claim her turban, and expose Miss Cecilia's dishonourable conduct before the whole company.

By the time she arrived at Mrs Hanaway's door, owing to the delays that had intervened, it was nearly half-past eight; the company had all arrived; and whilst the butler and footmen were carrying up the refreshments, one of the female servants of the establishment had come into the hall, and was endeavouring to introduce some sort of order and classification amongst the mass of external coverings that had been hastily thrown off by the ladies; so, when Miss Charlotte knocked, she opened the door and let her in, and proceeded to relieve her of her wraps.

"I suppose I'm very late," said Miss Charlotte, dropping into a chair to seize a moment's rest, whilst the woman drew off her boots, for she was out of breath with haste, and heated with fury.

"I believe every body's come, ma'am," said the woman.

"I should have been here some time since," proceeded Miss Charlotte, "but the most shameful trick has been played me about my—my—Why—I declare—I really believe"—— and she bent forward, and picked up the turban—the identical turban, which, disturbed by the maid-servant's manœuvres, was lying upon the floor, still attached to the calash by Sukey's unlucky pin.

Was there ever such a triumph? Quick as lightning, the old turban was off and the new one on, the maid with bursting sides assisting in the operation; and then, with a light step and a proud heart, up walked Miss Charlotte, and was ushered into the drawing-room.

As the door opened, the eyes of the rivals met. Miss Cecilia's feelings were those of disappointment and surprise. "Then she has got a turban too! How could she have got it?" and she was vexed that her triumph was not so complete as she had expected. But Miss Charlotte was in ecstacies. It may be supposed she was not slow to tell the story; it soon flew round the room, and the whole party were thrown into convulsions of laughter. Miss Cecilia, alone, was not in the secret; and as she was successful at cards, and therefore in good humour, she added to their mirth, by saying that she was glad to see every body so merry, and by assuring Mrs Hanaway, when she took her leave, that it was the gayest party she had ever seen in B——. "I am really ashamed," said Mrs Hanaway, "at allowing the poor woman to be the jest of my company; but I was afraid to tell her the cause of our laughter, from the apprehension of what might have followed." "And it must be admitted," said her husband, "that she well deserves the mortification that awaits her when she discovers the truth."

Poor Miss Cecilia *did* discover the truth, and never was herself again. She parted with her house, and went to live with a relation at Bristol; but her spirit was broken; and, after going through all the stages of

a discontented old age—ill temper, passion, peevishness, and fatuity—she closed her existence, as usual with persons of her class, unloved and unlamented.

A CHAPTER ON THE SOPHISMS.

Logic, if we adopt the latest and most authoritative definition, is to be viewed "as the science, and also as the art, of reasoning." * In either capacity it plainly has to do, not only with the exposition of valid modes of argument, but with the detection of such as are false and fallacious. In systems of logic, therefore, a place is properly devoted to the statement and discussion of the doctrine of Sophisms.

This and the related term *sophist*, both derived from the Greek adjective for *wise*, are not necessarily significant of wrong reasoning and a dishonest reasoner. The latter, indeed, was at first a name of honour, corresponding to our own *philosopher* or *sage*, as is evinced by its application to such men as Solon, the famous Athenian legislator. The title, however, was also conceded to those less calculated to maintain its dignity. Addicting themselves to subtle disputations on tedious trifles; playing with arguments as they would with chessmen; making victory rather than truth the object of their efforts; labouring less to clear their own intellectual vision than to fling dust in the eyes of their opponents—the professors of wisdom soon involved their distinctive appellation in their own disrepute and disgrace. By a natural coincidence, the kindred word *sophisma*, strictly and etymologically denoting a wise saying, came to mean a verbal imposture, a quirk, or fallacy. It is of importance in studying logic to keep clearly in view the distinction between this term and *paralogism*. The latter word is appropriated to palpable violations of the first principles of reasoning; the former denotes violations committed under the appearance of conformity. A *paralogism* is an enemy at once detected and disarmed; a *sophism* is an assassin wearing the mask of friendship.

The classification of the sophisms is no easy task; and, generally speaking, it has been but ill performed. The logicians, in this department, have given a very unworkmanlike specimen of their own lauded art. Nothing can be more indistinct and perplexing, as well as barbarous, than the nomenclature they have conferred on the various modes of fallacious reasoning. The utmost confusion on this head prevails in the common systems of logic: this writer cites as an example of one error what that refers to another; so that a single sophism is often bandied about, like a pauper of ambiguous parentage, through a goodly moiety of the thirteen parishes of Aristotle. A simpler division of the territory and population is, we think, not quite impracticable; the task has been facilitated, if not completely achieved, by the admirable work of Dr Whately. In the distribution we have fixed on, at least in its minor details, practical utility has sometimes been consulted rather than scientific precision.

Errors in reasoning may all be resolved into two grand orders. The fault, in the first instance, may reside in the *expressed argument*, or syllogism, in which the conclusion does not follow from the premises it is apparently involved in; or, secondly, it may lurk in the *concealed process of thought*, dexterously suggested by the sophist, by means of which false premises are regarded as proved, and a false though logically legitimate conclusion is of course necessitated; or in which a conclusion, likewise logically fair, and probably true as matter of fact, but irrelevant or only partially relevant to the point at issue, is admitted as applicable and decisive. In the one class the link is wanting which should bind the inference to the previous positions; in the other, that is absent which should connect either with the real subject of dispute. A sophism, then, which is inseparable from the form of the expression, may perhaps with propriety be styled *syllogistic*; while one attaching to the subject-matter may fall to be treated as *extra-syllogistic*. It is obviously as respects the latter sort that the human mind is most open to deception; and it must at the same time be allowed that logic is here, where her aid is most essential, able to lend it but in scanty measure. The candid will, however, remember that even the meanest modicum of such service is of value, and will not quarrel with an art for failure where absolute success is plainly unattainable.

First, then, of *syllogistic fallacies*; which, indeed, by excessive generalisation, might be comprised under the other class, since they are resolvable into the impression that the same or similar terms are always representative of the same or similar ideas. It is much more convenient, however, to consider them separately.

* "Elements of Logic," by Archbishop Whately—introduction.

Errors of this description may proceed, in the first instance, *from confounding allied meanings of the same term*. Sometimes a word is used both in its primary and in a transitive sense. An instance in point occurs in Mr Burke's Essay on Taste, prefixed to his celebrated disquisition on the Sublime and Beautiful. "It may perhaps appear," he observes, "that there is no material distinction between *the wit and the judgment*, as they both seem to result from different operations of the same faculty of comparing. But in reality, whether they are or are not dependent on the same power of the mind, they differ so very materially in many respects, that a perfect union of *wit and judgment* is one of the rarest things in the world." The words *wit* and *judgment* have each, in the above passage, two distinct significations—the powers thus denominated respectively, and the products of both in peculiarly lively exercise. The inference, of course, does not hold, and the objection it is intended to meet remains unanswered.

Sometimes a metaphorical sense is slipped in, in lieu of the literal. We have heard that a popular orator thus managed to turn to his own account the misfortune of a rival, absent, it seems, from delicate health. "The gentleman has said he cannot venture himself in such an atmosphere, but this is the atmosphere in which I delight to breathe." With an excited crowd, this flimsy artifice, we believe, succeeded in procuring for a stout pair of lungs the applause due to distinguished patriotism.

Occasionally, the extension of a term is changed. Thus Hume, in his Essay on Miracles, argues as if what is granted of ordinary were true of universal *experience*. Because events of this order have not come under the observation of most persons, it is concluded that they could never have come under the observation of any. A like ambiguity has sometimes arisen from the vague application of *authority*. Referring to the writer last named, in his capacity of historian, we may think fit to pronounce him an excellent authority; but unless the term be expressly guarded, we may be represented as intimating our approval of his ethical and metaphysical speculations. By *prophet* we usually understand a person supernaturally commissioned to foretell events; in the works of Mr Carlyle, he is simply a man of commanding genius and vast practical power. *Mystery*, formerly meaning simply a thing unknown, now denotes invariably a thing that cannot be known. The notion popularly attached to *wealth* differs widely from the use of the term by writers on political economy; and much practical mischief has resulted from the belief that a country is prosperous just in proportion as it amasses specie. In these cases and the like, serious mistakes have been generated, and risen to the rank of established and unimpeachable principles, through sheer inattention to the variations of terms. The more closely, indeed, the shades of meaning blend with each other, the more twin-like the similarity that subsists betwixt them, the greater becomes the difficulty of detecting the fraud. Beyond a certain point, indeed, of difference, the most obtuse intellect will refuse to be imposed on. It is absurd, therefore, in an enumeration of fallacies, to assign a place to a glaring play upon words. Though the pun may puzzle, it can never mislead. "He who is most hungry eats most: he who eats least is most hungry; therefore he who eats least eats most." We immediately discover that *eats* in the first member of the syllogism is equivalent to *will eat*, while in the second it stands for *has eaten*; and the apparent contradiction is solved and laughed over.

A second class of errors in reasoning, belonging to the same general order, may arise *from the oversight of certain differences betwixt related terms*. It is often, for example, taken for granted that words springing from a common root only vary among themselves as parts of speech, whereas in fact the radical meaning may have become considerably modified. *Schemer* denotes an artful, truckling, unprincipled individual—qualities which it would be most unfair to ascribe to every man that chanced to be the author of a *scheme*. The two terms are related to each other, but a *devout* man is not therefore a *devotee*. In some instances, however, the derivative and primitive differ too plainly for either to become available for the purposes of sophistry. A mind that would fail to detect the transition from *art* to *artful*, from *pity* to *pitiful*, and the like, must be under the influence of principles of association no less peculiar than those which led the Laird of Ellangowan, in Guy Mannering, to give justice embodiment in a justice of the peace.

To this head we would also refer the disingenuous use of *pseudo-synonymes*—that is, terms corresponding generally, but not alike expressive of the required shade of distinction. To *murder*, and to *put to death*, both indicate agency with a similar result; but the former phrase determines that agency to be criminal, while the latter affixes no such character to it. Many, under the impression that the terms are perfectly equivalent and interchangeable, might be induced to ascribe to *sour* substances the recognised properties of *bitter*. It is unnecessary to multiply examples.

Let us now review briefly the more frequent and more dangerous species of fallacies which we have ventured to denominate *extra-syllogistic*. The fault here was described as attaching, not to the expressed process of argument, but to the concomitant process of thought.

Sophisms, ranging under this general category, are all traceable to two sources, the first of which is the *assumption of doubtful premises*. This error appears in a great variety of forms.

Accidental coincidence is often assumed as sufficient to establish efficient connexion. Two events happen nearly at the same time; therefore one is supposed the cause, and the other the effect. Of this sort of false reasoning, we remember a notable instance in Prideaux. Cambyses was mortally wounded by his sword piercing his body in the same part in which he had stabbed the sacred bull of the Egyptians. In narrating this incident, the dean expresses his concurrence in their superstitious inference, observing that the mode of the king's death was probably designed to mark the divine displeasure against his act of violence, as an insult offered to the cause of religion in general. On the same error are based the fictions of astrology. The fate of individuals and of nations has been thought to be bound up in the movements and conjunctions of the stars; and so simple an event as the appearance of a comet has ere now frightened Europe into penitence. Virgil, in his first Georgic, bids the farmer confide in those indications of the weather afforded by the aspect of the sun, since that luminary's obscuration gave faithful warning of the impending doom of Cæsar. On the same principle, the decline of the Roman power was early ascribed to the spread of Christianity. All our popular superstitions are to be similarly explained; those, for instance, which interpret as infallible preludes of death or discord, the chirping of an insect, the howling of a dog, or the spilling of a little salt.

Closely allied to the preceding fallacy is that which consists in the *assumption of a hypothetical cause*. At this stumbling-block we find the father of logic himself tripping. "All the heavenly bodies," says Aristotle, in his Physics, "must move in circles, because a circle is the most perfect of all figures." The reason here assigned for a position, now known to be at variance with existing phenomena, is neither appreciable in itself nor applicable to the question. Des Cartes's hypothesis of animal spirits, and Hartley's theory of vibrations, both framed to explain the transmission of sensible impressions from the extremity of the nerves to the brain, are both referable to the same source of error—the supposition, namely, that when a *possible* cause has been assigned, the *real* cause has been discovered.

What is true with limitations, is frequently assumed to be true absolutely. Thus—"Deleterious drugs are always to be rejected; opium is a deleterious drug; therefore opium is always to be rejected." It is plain, that a maxim which holds good, generally, of persons in health, is not applicable, specially, to cases of disease. This sophism appears, perhaps, more frequently in the interrogative than in the categorical form. The object of the disingenuous disputant, then, is to extort from his adversary an unconditional answer to a question so put as to require it to be qualified. When the query is advanced in a bold, triumphant tone, with its real complexity dexterously disguised, a timid and inexperienced debater will be easily silenced by this expedient. The question, for example, "Is war detestable, or is it not?" cannot be answered directly and unconditionally. If we choose the affirmative, we concede the criminality of even defensive war; if we prefer the negative, we are dealt with as the advocates of aggressive. We must explain and qualify, if we would avoid either horn of the dilemma, at the risk, indeed, of being accused by our opponent of a wish to shuffle and prevaricate, and perplex the discussion. To this head most cases of defective parallel may conveniently be referred.

Again: *We may assume as exhaustive of all the alternatives of a given case what embraces only a portion of them.* Thus, in one of Lucian's Dialogues of the Dead, Menippus chooses to take for granted that the misery of Tantalus only arises from fear that he may *die* of thirst; and proceeds, accordingly, in sarcastic vein, to prove the apprehension groundless. "You say you are punished with thirst; but why is that dreadful to you? For I see no region besides this Hades, nor any second death in another quarter." Thus, too, the celebrated sophistical puzzle respecting motion. "Whatever body is in motion must move either in the place where it is, or in some place where it is not; neither of these alternatives is possible: therefore there is no such thing as motion." Here it is assumed, that there is no such third alternative as is conveyed by the prepositions *from* and *to*, the others involving manifestly a contradiction in terms.

Next may be mentioned the error of assuming that what is true of a whole, is true of a part. Critics, on this principle, have conceived themselves bound to vindicate, or puff into beauties, even the most flagrant faults of standard writers; and have seldom struck the medium between unqualified censure and extravagant praise. How often are meritorious individuals subjected to the odium, attaching, perhaps justly, to the majority of a class to which they chance to belong! How often are salutary institutions and customs neglected or decried, just because they have a common origin with others that are noxious and blameworthy! To reverse the illustration: How often are particular periods characterised as enlightened and prosperous, simply from a partial survey of the aspect of affairs! Take the era of Elizabeth. "There was, perhaps, a learned and vigorous monarch, and there were Cecils and Walsinghams, and Shakspeares and Spensers, and Sidneys and Raleighs, with

many other powerful thinkers and actors, to render it the proudest age of our national glory. And we thoughtlessly admit on our imagination this splendid exhibition as in some measure involving or implying the *collective state of the people* in that age."* And how much pernicious error has, in like manner, resulted from admitting the impression that every wise man has been always wise, every great man always great, and every good man always good.

Next falls to be noticed *the assuming of premises as the basis of a conclusion really identical with it, or the employing of two propositions alternately, the one to prove the other.* This is called reasoning in a circle. Thus, "some mechanicians attempt to prove (what they ought to lay down as a probable but doubtful hypothesis) that every particle of matter gravitates equally; 'why?' because those bodies which contain more particles ever gravitate more strongly, that is, are heavier. 'But (it may be urged), those which are heaviest are not always more bulky.' 'No; but still they contain more particles, though more closely condensed.' 'How do you know that?' 'Because they are heavier.' 'How does that prove it?' 'Because *all particles of matter gravitating equally*, that mass which is specifically the heavier must needs have the more of them in the same space;'"† which first is just the point for which proof is demanded.

Once more: *It may be assumed that a position must be false because of certain consequences supposed to follow from it.* These consequences may not follow. The truth of Galileo's astronomical theory did not infer the falsehood of the Scriptures, but merely the falsehood of the received interpretation of them. Or they may follow, and the position still be tenable. To have alleged that Galileo's theory was inconsistent with the Ptolemaic system of the universe, would have been true, but nugatory.

To the same head we may refer the *argumentum ad hominem*, or reasoning addressed to individual opinions, circumstances, &c., when unfairly employed; and all similar appeals to the prejudices and passions.

The above is not offered as a complete list of all the cases which we think resolvable into the fallacy of assumption, but merely as an index to its more common varieties. An adroit sophist will sometimes, without recourse to any other disguise than that of well-feigned perplexity, palm upon us, wholly unsuspicious of deception, a statement which, but for this artifice, had been the first to be tested. Perhaps the most memorable example on record of this species of legerdemain is that of the inquiry addressed by some wag to the Royal Society. That body was required to assign the reason why a vessel of water became no heavier by the mergement of a live fish; and, instead of proceeding to ascertain the reality of the alleged fact, the members betook themselves to the hopeless task of inventing hypotheses to account for it.

The fallacy of *irrelevant conclusion* appears in two shapes.

First, A position may be proved *altogether different from that which ought to be established*, although the sophist designs it to be mistaken for the other. Thus Horne Tooke, in the Diversions of Purley, would have us infer the falsity of our common notions respecting the first principles of morals, by showing that the terms *right, just, true*, only point, if their etymology be consulted, to what is *ordered, commanded, trowed*. But to prove this is by no means tantamount to proving that there are no such things as immutable morality and eternal truth. Byron is reported to have said, that "he had met with so many whose conduct differed from the principles they professed, and who seemed to profess those principles either because they were paid to do so, or from some other motive which an intimate acquaintance with their character would enable one to detect, that altogether he had seen few, if any, whom he could rely upon as truly and conscientiously believing the Scriptures.‡ Was not this conclusion intended to be taken as equivalent to another—namely, that there *were* few persons in the world sincerely entertaining these convictions?

Secondly, The proof of *part* of a position may be substituted for proof of the *whole*. Thus, if an insufficient argument, accompanied by several valid ones, be detached from the rest, and refuted singly, the sophist may plausibly insinuate that he has done enough to destroy the entire body of evidence. Or, again, to prove that certain inconveniences attach to a particular system, or that certain defects adhere to a particular institution, may with many minds pass as equivalent to the position that the system should be abandoned and the institution abolished. Instances of such artifices must occur readily to every one.

On the advantages of systematic acquaintance with the various modes of false reasoning, it is not our purpose to dilate. While rules on this head may to some be useless, and to others perhaps superfluous; while dullness may often fail to grasp, and genius sometimes dart ahead of them—

> "Seizing each point by native force of mind,
> While puzzled Logic blunders far behind"—

to the medium order of spirits, at least, if thoroughly studied and habitually applied, they will infallibly prove of essential service. To the speciosities of error every man is occasionally exposed; and he will usually find it his wisdom to provide himself with the means of detecting and disarming them.

* Foster's Essay on Popular Ignorance.

† Whateley's Logic.

‡ Moore's Byron, vol. vi.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

TIME FOR PAYING WAGES.

THE paying of wages to working men is a very simple matter, yet it is seldom properly performed. The custom is for the employer to keep the money in his hands till late on Saturday evening, and then pay it over to his men. A monstrous injustice is perpetrated by detaining wages in this manner till the very close of the last day of the week. On Saturday night all the regular markets are terminated, and workmen and their wives are therefore either compelled to put up with the leavings of all the rest of the community, or to buy from a class of shops in which articles are dearer than in those of a first-rate order. For our part, we cannot see why an operative should not have it in his power to lay out his income of twenty shillings weekly, with as much mercantile advantage as any gentleman who lays out ten times the sum. Just let any person, in easy circumstances, fancy the idea of postponing his weekly supplies of food, and other articles in common use, till seven or eight o'clock on the Saturday night, and then sallying forth among all sorts of mean establishments, picking up goods, at not only an advance on regular prices, but generally of an inferior quality. And yet the practice of paying wages on Saturday evenings dooms thousands of families to this comfortless and thriftless mode of procedure. We repeat, it is fraught with injustice, and should at once be every where abolished.

But the practice is attended with worse results. It has a decided tendency to demoralise, and is now, in point of fact, demoralising no small portion of the working-classes. Saturday night brings with it a certain holiday humour. No work is to be done on the morrow, and we may give ourselves up to a little recreation. This recreation, it is almost unnecessary to say, takes too frequently the form of drinking exhilarating beverages—in short, from less to more, the man, forgetful of home and its demands, gets tipsy. The result is well known. The condition of some of our large towns on Saturday night and Sunday morning is fearful. Mr Alison, sheriff of Lanarkshire, says, in one of his works, that in Glasgow "from ten to twenty thousand workmen are more or less intoxicated every Saturday, and for most part of Sunday." Think of a town with ten thousand men drunk in it at one time. Against the demoralisation produced by this state of things, the most ingeniously contrived schemes, for the benefit of the lower orders, can scarcely make head. Yet it is worth while making an effort. We are far from saying that the payment of wages on Friday would produce sobriety, but we feel assured it would contribute largely to that result; for the obligation to return to work on Saturday would lessen the desire to go astray, and a habit of refraining from indulgence, on receiving wages, would have its due weight in improving the general habits of the individual.

Little more need be said on this not unimportant subject. The conductors of the present sheet have long followed the practice of paying all who are in their employment on Friday afternoon, and, as they believe, with benefit to the persons concerned. We should be glad to find the same plan generally followed; and, in particular, recommend the subject to the consideration of all societies designed to promote temperance and social order.

MUSICAL EDUCATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

The beneficial effects of music in allaying bad passions and eliciting the better attributes of the human mind, have been long acknowledged. If it be an exaggeration to say that it "hath charms to soothe the savage breast, to soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak," at least it is admitted to have a genial influence upon our nature. It remained for the present age to bring into practice the theory of instructing the masses in this delightful science. Formerly, the study of it was confined to the rich, the educated, and those who cultivated it for their daily bread; but within a recent period an attempt was made by Joseph Mainzer, an enlightened German, to inspire the working-classes on the Continent, and the people generally, with a taste for singing. He was so successful at Paris, that he had numerous classes of labouring men, who, after a short period, were able to sing in harmony with great power and precision.

Within the past year, M. Mainzer came to England, and, by dint of perseverance, aided by genius and industry, he has succeeded in establishing classes for the instruction of labouring men in singing. There are now daily classes in London; and it augurs favourably of the good sense and intelligence of the people, to be able to say that they have joined these classes in great numbers, and in a short time have made very rapid progress in the first principles of harmony. About a month ago, there was a gathering of all the classes at the Music-Hall, Stone Street, Bedford Square, and the efficiency exhibited by the pupils gave great satisfaction to a number of musical and literary *celebrités*, who were specially invited to be witnesses of M. Mainzer's success in developing and forwarding the musical capabilities of the multitude. The number of singers was nearly twelve hundred. They executed the national anthem with great precision and effect; and, indeed, upon few occasions has such a powerful and well-organised chorus been brought together. Although some of the pupils had not received more than two months' instruction, yet difficult pieces of music were admirably executed by them.

A system by which uncultivated men may sing beautifully in chorus, although three months before they did not know a single note, must naturally excite some attention, and we think that a brief explanation of the mode adopted by M. Mainzer must prove of interest to our readers. As soon as the elementary course is finished, a second or superior class is immediately formed, so as to conduct the pupils to the higher branches of the science. The first course consists of fifteen lessons, at the end of which the pupils can sing choruses in a very creditable manner. They manifest great energy and enthusiasm. Many of them will teach their companions so far as they themselves have proceeded, and then bring them to the classes. One person, a woman, comes thirty miles every week to receive a lesson. Many of the pupils attend two or three classes in the course of the week. One workman, in particular, attends a class every night. Six nights in the week does this industrious individual come to the various class-rooms, distant four, five, and six miles from each other. By way of proof of the estimation in which M. Mainzer is held by his pupils, we may mention that he frequently receives addresses of thanks, letters, and complimentary poetry from them, which, if not exhibiting much literary ability, yet manifest much honest gratification and gratitude. The manual employed by M. Mainzer for the instruction of his pupils, is a book of his own, called *Singing for the Million*, the lessons of which are on an easy and progressive scale, by means of which the study is much simplified. Within a recent period, a small publication has been established, under the auspices of M. Mainzer, called the *National Circular*, the object of which is to record the progress of his system, and its effects upon his pupils.

From the very commencement of M. Mainzer's labours, there seems to have been a due appreciation of the value of his system. For instance, at the Mechanics' Institution, the following was the ratio of the increase of his pupils. On the first evening, the number was 120; on the second, 250; on the third, 350; on the fourth, 400; and we are happy to say that the number continues progressively to increase.

The intention of M. Mainzer is to give periodical festivals, where the classes will assemble in the same manner as upon the occasion alluded to in Stone Street. The progress of the working-classes in musical education will there be fairly and fully developed. It is almost impossible to conceive how much good will be effected by giving to the artisan such ennobling pleasures, instead of the degrading ones to which, in too many instances, he now has recourse. The absence of musical taste, and an ignorance of the solid pleasure and improvement to be derived from the cultivation of the science, have long been a reproach to England, enlightened as she is. M. Mainzer, however, seems destined to remove this blot from our intellectual reputation.

M. Mainzer has already established a class at Brighton, and it is his intention to do the same in other provincial towns. At Brighton, he has been quite as successful as in the metropolis. His classes at Brighton increase in numbers, and the journals of that town attest the fact of the rapid progress of his pupils in the art of singing. Six hundred persons of all ranks, from humble mechanics to exalted fashionables, attended his very first lecture. It is not our intention at present to enter at length upon the doctrine which M. Mainzer professes; but we may remark, that his theory is shortly this. He contends that Nature has not only given to every human being a voice, but that each individual, if he cultivate that voice properly (and it may be done with ease), may become a good singer. It is true that some people have a finer voice than others, but he maintains that all may improve their voice, and acquire what is called an ear for music, by practice. The faculty of voice is, as he contends, susceptible of a higher or lower degree of development, by means of more or less practice. The truth of this theory has been demonstrated to a great extent by the progress which M. Mainzer's pupils have made. But to return to M. Mainzer's labours at Brighton.

He explained, at one of his lectures in that town, that all persons could make one tone, and this was *sol* (G in the treble clef), and this he called the speaking note. He made his pupils sing this note five times in a bar. They then rose one tone, to *la* (A, treble clef); after exercising them, they proceeded to *si* (B, the major third), and so to *do* (C, the fourth). They were then exercised in the scale downwards, and they effected all his lessons with great ease. M. Mainzer then illustrated the use of *time*, which he did in a peculiar mode. He does not use the old terms of breve, semibreve, crotchets, &c., but calls them *whole* notes, *half* notes, *quarter* notes, &c.

We have thus given an outline of M. Mainzer's system, the chief point of which is the attempt to teach persons to sing scientifically from notes, with as much ease as they are taught to read. His system is addressed principally to the humbler classes, from the excessive cheapness of the terms, which do not exceed the sum of three-halfpence per lesson.

Into the difficult question of the capability of the human voice, we do not propose to enter; contenting ourselves with repeating the principle for which M. Mainzer contends, that the register or compass of every one's voice may, by care, attention, and perseverance, be so regulated or improved as to enable all to sing with a certain degree of proficiency. Singing is certainly a beautiful accomplishment; and if, as M. Mainzer says, there is no nation on the Continent where the people possess such fine musical voices as he meets with among the workmen in England, it is not too much to anticipate that he will not be deceived in his desire to found a popular school of music, which may lead to the extensive dissemination of a taste for music among the labouring population of this country.

A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

BADEN-EN-SUISSE TO ZURICH.

THIS was a short journey. A forenoon's ride from the baths of Baden, by a road pursuing the left bank of the Limmat, brought us to Zurich. A part of the country through which we passed still belonged to the canton of Argau, which, occupying a situation between Basle and Zurich, is distinguished chiefly for its agriculture and the abundance of its fruits and vegetables. The slips of level in the valley of the Limmat were under active processes of husbandry; farm-establishments and cottages were here and there passed; and the eye, glancing upwards, travelled over sloping hill-sides covered to the top with the richest verdure, and dotted over with green bushy trees. Pleased as we were with the various evidences of rural prosperity, our feelings were ever and anon jarred on seeing the utter slovenliness of affairs about the farm-houses and villages, indicating at least an ignorance of the value of some of the best kinds of manures. As in Alsace, the cows were the chief beasts of draught, and women were everywhere engaged in the most degrading labour in the fields. The ladies of our party were full of lamentations on this subject, and their feelings were altogether overcome on seeing two aged female labourers come from an adjoining field, and soak at a pump a lump of brown bread, which they sat down and ate by the wayside.

The mean condition remarked in the exclusively agricultural or pastoral districts, disappears as we approach the large towns, where some kind of manufacturing industry introduces a degree of wealth and substantial comfort among all classes of the people. This is particularly observable in approaching Zurich. The beautiful slopes become sprinkled with detached cottages and houses, whitewashed and tastefully ornamented; and, with the numerous bushy enclosures and fruit-trees, the whole district seems a garden or orchard. At noon, we arrived at the environs of the town, and in a few minutes afterwards were established at a house of enormous size, the Hotel Bauer, opposite a suite of splendid new buildings, in which are contained the post and diligence offices. Zurich has a very different appearance from Basle. It is situated on nearly level ground, at the northern extremity of the lake of the same name, the chief issue of water from which being the Limmat, already spoken of, and which, a broad heavy stream, flows through the centre of the town. The Sihl, a lesser stream, from an adjacent hilly group, passes along the side of the town, at the entrance from Basle, and soon after joins the Limmat. Until a few years ago, the place was surrounded by walls, and being therefore prevented from expanding, the streets were densely clustered together, and built without any regard to regularity. At the period of our visit, an entire change had taken place in this respect. The walls had been demolished and swept away; some open pleasure-grounds and promenades had been established on their site; new streets of elegant buildings were opening up; and the environs, in all directions, particularly along the face of the neighbouring green hills, were in the course of being gradually studded over with the mansions of the higher class of citizens. Zurich is thus quite in a state of transition; old clumsy edifices are making way for handsome new erections, and the confined thoroughfares along the margin of the lake are widening and giving room for ranges of substantial broad quays, like those of a seaport town.

No small degree of good taste has been manifested in executing a number of these necessary reforms. The new streets are broad and well paved, open spaces have been reserved for public convenience, and an old rampart, at the entrance to the town, near our hotel, we found to be laid out as a flower-garden, from the summit of which is obtained a commanding view of the broad sheet of lake stretching ten or twelve miles southward, between beautifully wooded and cottage-clad hills, and bounded by the alpine heights of Glarus. Favoured by weather of superlative beauty, and surrounded by objects of the deepest interest, the time we spent here was employed to the best possible advantage. Some of my inquiries were of a nature which required me to pursue them alone; but the ladies, though left behind, had ample means of amusement in examining the various articles of Swiss produce in the shops; and if disinclined to go out, they could ascend to the flat roof of the hotel, and there, as on a terrace, obtain the most splendid views of the lake and surrounding country. A knowledge that such a place as this was at the command of visiters, was gained from a printed placard affixed to the back of our bed-room doors; and as this *affiche* was something curious in its way, we took the liberty of copying it. Here it is: "Zurich—capital of the canton, the oldest and most important manufacturing town of Switzerland, distinguished above all others for prosperous industry and natural situation, may by reason be called the most agreeable stay. Nowhere we find a more healthsome state of atmosphere than here, and scarcely travellers will find in no place of Switzerland more diversion. Without trouble, inconveniency, or danger, they enjoy on every points the most delightful view upon the lake and the chain of the Alps. But also the internal part of the town offers many interesting things, and, finally, a quantity of industrial, medical, and instructive establishments. The new builded hospital, the building for blinds, and deafs, and dumbs, are very beautiful, and deserve to be seen. Travellers having no time to see the already named points of view, will indemnify themselves for the loss by visiting the Belvedere of the hotel, which likes a walk (containing 300 feet in the length, and 16 in the broad); nothing can be more delightful than this view. On this Belvedere of the hotel travellers find every comfort for refreshment, dejeuners, tea in the evening; every thing is wound up by means of a mechanism." Not a bad specimen of English, it will be allowed, for a Swiss. If the reader ever goes to Zurich, we recommend him to fix his residence in this new establishment, which excels in cleanliness, airiness, and comfort.

By the kindness of a friend in England, I was favoured with an introduction to Mr Escher, junior, partner with his father in one of the largest, if not the very largest, engineering establishments in Switzerland. This concern is situated at about half a mile from the centre of the town, on the right bank of the Limmat, the large body of water of that beautiful river—equal in volume, I should think, to the Tweed at Kelso—being the agent of moving force to the machinery. The establishment is not contained in one but a number of houses, of different sizes, suitable to the nature of the work, and is more like a little town than a single factory. At the period of my visit, it gave employment to 800 men, the greater part of whom were Germans and Swiss, with some English—the whole superintended by Mr Lloyd, an Englishman, with whom I had some conversation. Conducted over the whole of the works, I found every thing on a scale resembling that of the most effective engine factories of Manchester or Leeds. First, we were shown the enormous water-wheels by which all the interior mechanism is moved; and then, one after the other, were shown the foundry for iron and brass—the large hall in which planing machines are smoothing the surfaces of huge masses of iron or turning cylinders—the various floors on which are being made every kind of apparatus for spinning flax, silk, or cotton—a place in which the scattered parts are assembled and put together—and, lastly, the warehouse, in which a number of men are busy packing the machinery for distant parts of Switzerland and neighbouring countries. The Messrs Escher, I was informed, furnish machines for factories in Austria, the north of Italy, and northern Germany; and, as far as I am able to judge, the mechanism in preparation was as strong and tastefully finished as any thing of the kind turned out from our English factories. It required but a glance at such a concern to feel that the days of English supremacy in manufacturing industry were fast melting away. Machines, of every description, can here be made, of, in some cases, a superior structure to what can be executed in England; for, here, the maker is fettered by no patent privileges, and he can therefore combine improvements which no individual English manufacturer dare attempt to unite.

This is only one of many manufacturing establishments in and about Zurich. The canton takes the lead in Swiss manufactures; its principal article is silk goods, the raw material being imported with little trouble from Italy, and here spun, dyed, and woven into various kinds of tissues. A few years ago, there were 853 manufactories in the canton, of which 128 were spinning-mills, 7 calenders, 3 card manufactories, 2 thread mills, and 8 engineering works. The weaving of silk is entirely in the hands of hand-loom weavers, of whom there are supposed to be 12,000 or 13,000 in constant employment, mostly within a few miles of Zurich. It is proper here to mention a distinct peculiarity of this class of operatives in Switzerland. They do not huddle up into mean dwellings in towns, but disperse themselves over a certain district of country, in separate cottages, each cottage being provided with a garden and small piece of ground, on which the industry of the man and his family is exerted. The diligence with which the families of Swiss workmen pursue their labours in and out of doors at these rural retreats, is spoken of by all travellers as a kind of wonder, and in the neighbourhood of Zurich it appears in its most captivating form. Passing along the western bank of the lake, and wandering up the slopes of the Albis, we perceive numerous clusters of cottages, inhabited principally by weavers, from which the sounds of the shuttle are heard to proceed. Here, as elsewhere, the cottages are chiefly of wood, but substantial, and are generally ornamented with vines climbing to the pendant eaves of the roof. All around are patches of garden, or small enclosed fields, sufficient, probably, to pasture a goat, with some ground under crops of potatoes. It is evident that the subsistence of the inhabitants is derived from a union of agricultural with manufacturing pursuits. If the husband is at the loom, his wife is out of doors at the potato ridges, a girl is winding bobbins, and a boy is attending the goat; baby leads the only sinecure life, and is seen sprawling at his ease on a cushion laid on the ground at a short distance from the mother. The keeping of pigs is also an almost universal practice. It may be asked, what is the amount of wages realised weekly? From all I have been able to learn, the wages of a silk or ribbon weaver are seldom above 6s. per week, and frequently not more than 4s. 6d. Cheap as most articles are, it would be impossible to make such a sum serve for a family, unless great frugality were employed, and a part of the subsistence drawn from the garden, the field, the pig, and the goat. Estimating this branch of the workman's revenue at 3s., the entire earnings cannot be made more than 9s. weekly; and for this, all the members of the family, baby excepted, give their labour. I had heard so much of the comforts of the Swiss operative manufacturers, particularly the weavers, that I was most solicitous to ascertain in what respect their opportunities of well-doing differed from those of our workmen in England. After making all proper allowances, it appeared to me that the contrast between the mass of British operatives and that of the Swiss, is very much the same as we might institute between the British working man of the present day and the British working man of a century ago. The time has been with us when the bulk of the people lived in a more simple fashion than they now do — enjoyed no luxuries, wrought hard, lived frugally, made every thing tell and lost nothing, eking out the ostensible gains of industry with the profits of a garden or a cow, and so forth. The small farmer in Scotland, seventy years ago, mended his plough-harness or his own shoes in the evenings, sitting by the winter fire, his wife spinning by his side. There was in this system a certain homely comfort; there was simplicity and content: the moral state of a community in such circumstances, if it included few brilliant virtues, was free from gross vices, and habits generative of poverty. How far it has been well exchanged for higher wages with higher desires and a life spent in less pure and simple circumstances, I will not take it upon me to say; but such a state, I conceive, is that of the Swiss workman of the present day. He realises small wages; but he employs his spare hours in making his own and his family's clothes, and his wife and children are all productive in some humble way, so that, being frugal and easily contented, the family never are ill off. The difference, then, depends very much on merely moral conditions. In Scotland alone, it is calculated that above L.4,000,000 per annum are spent on whisky—a source, not of comfort, but of moral degradation. The bulk of the community of the country are poorer by this sum year by year. Now, I question if L.100,000 are spent on exhilarating liquors annually amongst the equal population of Switzerland.

The whole political condition of Switzerland is cast in the same simple mould as the condition of a single family. Its twenty-two cantons unite in a republican government, which is cheaply, and upon the whole smoothly, conducted, studying in all things the express and immediate benefit of the whole people. The taxes are light, and there is no exalted class to produce a constant straining after imaginary happiness amongst those below. The government follows the principles of free trade. It has no customhouse establishment, either in reference to the general frontiers or the frontiers of the respective states; the only impediment to the transport of goods of any description, in any direction, is the exaction of tolls, at the rate of about one penny per hundredweight, for the benefit of the cantonal revenues, from which, however, the roads are kept in repair. At all the great outlets from Switzerland, strong bodies of *douaniers*, or armed customhouse officers, are stationed by the authorities of other nations, for the purpose of rigorously examining and taxing all articles that come out of the Swiss territory; but within the Swiss side of these outlets there are no officials to pay the least attention to any thing that comes into the country; and, in point of fact, the French, Germans, and other neighbours, export to Switzerland whatever goods they please, including all kinds of foreign produce, without being charged any duty whatever. This very remarkable state of things is partly ascribable to the contending interests of the different cantons. Some cantons are agricultural, and others contain large seats of manufacture. But the agricultural cantons would feel it very hard to be obliged to buy manufactured goods from a neighbouring canton at a dearer rate than they could buy them from somewhere abroad; the peasantry of Vaud have no idea of emptying their pockets to benefit the manufacturers of Basle or Zurich. Another cause, perhaps, is the vast expense which would be necessarily incurred by attempting to watch a widely extended boundary beset by active contrabandists. It is at the same time but fair to state, that in all the deliberations of the Swiss authorities for a number of years, there appears to have been a great unanimity of feeling on the propriety of abstaining from restrictions on commerce. A committee appointed by the diet in 1833, to consider the subject of foreign relations, made the following report, one of the most extraordinary ever uttered by the members of a legislative body:—

"First—The Swiss confederation shall irrevocably adhere to its established system of free trade and ma-

nufacture. Second—Under no circumstances and no conditions shall it form a part of the French custom-house system, of the Prussian commercial league, or the customhouse line of any foreign nation. Third—It shall use every effort for the establishment and extension of the principles of free trade. Fourth—It shall, as far as possible, discuss and establish conventions with the neighbouring states for the disposal of agricultural and vineyard produce and cattle, for obtaining the free ingress of corn, and for maintaining the daily, reciprocal, economical, neighbourly, and border traffic and market transactions. Fifth—Wherever a free trade is not obtainable, it shall endeavour to remove all prohibitions, to lower duties, and to secure the power of transit on the most favourable terms. Sixth—When exceptional favours can be obtained, they shall be used for the advancement of those measures which lead to the accomplishment of the ends proposed; so, however, that exchanges be not thereby limited, nor personal liberty interfered with. Seventh—In the interior of Switzerland, it shall make every exertion to assist industry, and to remove impediments to intercourse, taking care, however, that it do not interfere with the personal concerns of merchants or manufacturers."

All restrictions on the importation of articles from other countries being thus removed, it might be supposed by some that the country would be deluged with foreign manufactures, greatly to the injury of native capitalists and workmen. But this does not appear to be the case. In several branches of manufacture the Swiss excel, and the opportunity of buying certain kinds of foreign produce, at a particularly cheap rate, enables the people to encourage the growth of other manufactures in their own country. The peasant who buys an English-made knife at half what he could buy a Swiss one for, has a half of his money remaining wherewith to purchase a native-made ribbon; hence, Swiss manufactures of one kind or other are sure to be encouraged. From all that I could either see or hear, my impression is, that the liberty to import foreign articles is of no sort of consequence to the native producers; the truth is, comparatively few foreign-made goods are seen, either in shops or on the persons of the people. The bulk of the Swiss, it would appear, clothe themselves in materials made by the hand in their own humble dwellings; and what they buy must be substantial and worth the money. English-printed calicoes are rarely seen, although they are much lower priced than those of Switzerland, because the people have no confidence in the durability of the colours. The Swiss goods of this class are not only beautiful, but strong and durable in colour—qualities now rarely found in the produce of English factories. There are articles called Swiss prints sold in England; but we were informed by a manufacturer at Zurich that he did not believe a single piece ever was sent to this country, the whole that were passed off as Swiss being mere counterfeits. I am unable to say with what degree of truth this allegation was made; but it is very certain that the growing trashiness of quality of most English tissues is excluding them from the only open market in Europe.

The manufacturing industry of Switzerland in some measure takes its tone from the distinctions of race in the population. The Germans engage in the manufacture of iron, linens, silk, cotton, pottery, and some kinds of toys; while the French, from their superior artistic tastes, employ themselves in making watches, jewellery, musical boxes, and other elegant objects. Iron of a superior quality is found in one of the cantons, and coal is also dug, but it is of stony quality, and wood forms the chief fuel. Salt is now made within the canton of Basle, and in the Valais. From the prevalence of rapid running streams, there is an abundance of water power in almost all quarters, and therefore little expense is incurred for forces to turn machinery.

When we consider that Switzerland has not a single sea-port, no foreign political connexion, no flag to protect its external interests, and can neither import nor export goods except by paying duties and tolls through one or other of the surrounding states, it seems surprising how such a country can carry on any foreign trade at all with advantage. The power possessed by their neighbours of laying tolls on the transit of goods to or from the Swiss frontiers, is certainly a serious drawback on the prosperity of the republic; and there cannot be a doubt that if France, Rhenish Germany, Austria, and Sardinia, were combining to ruin the trade of Switzerland, they could very easily do so. Hitherto, these surrounding countries have acted on the reasonable principle of competing against each other, in order to secure a share of the transit, and until the German league is drawn round this independent little country, there need be no fear of its being shut out from the field of general commerce. As the case is, it says much for the energy of the Swiss that they can bear up against a long land-carriage to and from sea-ports. No man can see unmoved the large waggons, drawn by six or eight horses, and loaded with bales of cotton, slowly toiling up the country from Mayence, to which the cotton has been brought by barges on the Rhine from Rotterdam, with the design of being carried to some remote manufactory in Zurich. There is a persevering enterprise in this that exceeds all ordinary conceptions of industry. But other difficulties have to be encountered. The expense of transport, when the raw material has reached the borders of the mountain country, is greatly increased. The roads are generally excellent, but some of the seats of manufacture are placed at the height of from two to three thousand feet above the level of the sea; and in certain districts the snow closes all communication for traffic from November till March. Great as are these complicated drawbacks, the Swiss manufacturers defy them, by dint, it appears to me, chiefly of two circumstances—first, cheapness of labour, which enables them to undersell the English every where in good articles, and to withstand competition from every other quarter; second, abundance of capital, stable social institutions, the absence of a class of mere speculators, and the presence of a sufficient number of skilful labourers. How far the freedom of trade directly operates, I cannot say; it must at least be a negative advantage. Yet the manufacturing prosperity of Switzerland, I am assured, depends immediately on the above circumstances, most of which, it will be observed, are connected with peculiarities in the national character—their frugality, prudence, skill, and general habits of life. The case may be said to be exactly that of one of those poor but frugal and industrious families amongst ourselves, who make a livelihood by keeping cows and selling the milk; and who, in consequence of all the family working at some part of the business, and being content with small gains and simple living, can (as has been proved by experience) successfully compete with milk companies, highly organised and conducted by enlightened but also highly paid functionaries.

I have learned, with some regret, that the seeds of change are considered to be already sown in the trafficking system of Switzerland. There is a party who conceive that the time must come when it will be impossible to maintain the Swiss manufactures in their present advantageous condition—foreseeing, probably, that workmen will become less easily contented, and that the simplicity and good faith of the whole system must give way; and this party are favourable to a union with the German league.

RECENT EXPERIMENTS AT MANCHESTER.

THERE have been some curious exhibitions at the Manchester Athenæum, to show that the phenomena of what is commonly called Animal Magnetism, or Mesmerism, can be produced by means quite independent of any external influence. Mr Braid, a surgeon, is the person who has brought forward this proposition, and endeavoured to prove it. His first exhibition, which took place on the 27th of November, was numerously attended. It appears that M. Lafontaine, the Belgian mesmerist, had been exhibiting at Manchester a week before, and had set Mr Braid's brain a-working on the subject. His knowledge of the organisation of the eye suggested to him a physiological cause for the phenomena; and he lost no time in proceeding to experiment, with a view to proving if such was the case. He considered his success so great, that he resolved to come before the public with his views.

At the meeting, five persons voluntarily submitted to this new kind of mesmerism. A small but distinct and conspicuous object being placed above the level of the eye, Mr Braid directed his subjects to regard it with a steady gaze: the stopper of a bottle was the first object which he employed; afterwards he bound a long cork upon their foreheads, in the manner of a horn, desiring them to fix their gaze upon its outer extremity. Generally, their eyes closed in about a minute, some in less, Mr Braid standing all the time at a considerable distance. In this condition, though retaining, apparently, their ordinary consciousness, they had no power to open their eyes; but Mr Braid enabled them to do so by merely a slight rubbing of the eyelids. In one instance, the patient remained unaffected, in consequence, Mr Braid alleged, of his being disturbed by noise, and not keeping his gaze steadily fixed. The phenomena do not appear on this evening to have been carried any farther. A discussion took place amongst the medical men present, some of whom were mesmerists; and it was the general opinion that some of the mesmeric conditions had been produced by Mr Braid's plan, but that some of the more wonderful were wanting. Mr Braid persisted in declaring that he considered the two classes of phenomena as identical.

A week after, he repeated his demonstrations in the same place, and on this occasion the wonders presented were of a somewhat more striking kind. He had, in the mean time, allowed some of the subjects of his experiments to remain a little longer in the unusual condition into which they had been brought. The consequence was a congestion of the brain, attended by an astonishing increase of sensibility, insomuch that they obeyed every slightly indicated wish of the operator, and could distinctly hear the faintest whisper. He had produced this cataleptiform state in forty cases, without a single failure. He now believed that persons might in such a condition see with their eyes shut, the excessive sensibility enabling the organ to act by means of the small quantity of light passing through the lids. On this occasion, he placed five persons on the platform, who, by looking at corks planted horn-wise on their foreheads, became affected in spaces of time varying from a quarter of a minute to three minutes. "All the five subjects," says the report, "were then placed in postures of the most singular and ludicrous character: the hands of some were uplifted as if praying; others held them forward as if blind, and seeking some one; and the remarkable ease with which every limb was raised and fixed in its position, was very striking."

Desirous to test how far the will of one of the subjects (a girl) could be exercised in obedience to his requests, Mr Braid desired her to rise. She did so, although apparently asleep and her eyes closed. He then, by gentle entreaties, induced her to walk along the platform, which she did, with those peculiar characteristics of caution and care which are described as displayed by somnambulists. This was altogether a very striking experiment—one which Mr Braid said he had never tried before that moment; he had, indeed, never seen this patient till two days ago. He then asked her to curtsy, which she did, and in a low voice answered several questions which he put to her. On being afterwards restored to her usual state, this girl said that she recollected walking and being asked questions, and felt as in a dream. She was afterwards mesmerised in the manner of M. Lafontaine, and in this state, though her eyes were closed, on being asked if she saw what Mr Braid had in his hand (it was a glass rod), answered "Yes;" and to the query "What is it?" answered "Glass." Another female, Mr Braid's cook, who was put into the cataleptiform state by gazing, on being pricked by a pin, manifested no sense of pain. Mr Braid ventured on this occasion to assert, with increased confidence, his opinion, that the effects of his experiments were identical with those of ordinary mesmerism; and the scepticism on this point, of those who tested his experiments, appeared to be considerably diminished. The girl who had been in both conditions, declared that she knew no difference in the sensations she experienced under them respectively. It seemed the general opinion, that the two classes of experiments, if not in all respects identical, were at least closely analogous. Mr Braid took occasion to warn his audience against carrying these experiments too far; as, amongst inexperienced persons, considerable danger might ensue. At the same time, it was worthy of remark, that a remedial effect had resulted from them in the case of an invalid young lady under his care—an effect which he had not expected, but which had determined him to prosecute the inquiry with a view to the benefit of mankind.

At a third exhibition, a few days after the second, a still greater number of persons were thrown into the cataleptiform state by following Mr Braid's directions. One of these, a Mr Cope, who had been mesmerised by M. Lafontaine, and had hitherto been incredulous as to Mr Braid's system, declared afterwards that in the two conditions he was conscious of no difference. No attempt was made to ascertain if Mr Braid's subjects possessed any portion of that power of seeing without the ordinary use of the sense which some of the mesmeric subjects have professed to have. But, certainly, in many of the phenomena, as they were felt by the subjects and witnessed by the spectators, a strong resemblance existed to those of mesmerism. It may still, of course, remain doubtful how far subjects affected in the Braid fashion are not in reality under the influence of that same magnetism which the mesmerists suppose to be the agent in their class of phenomena—as also how far the groups of people operated on in the Manchester Athenæum are not under some of those sympathetic passions which have produced such strange effects in other cases. It is proper, however, to state Mr Braid's own notion as to the physiological causes of both his own and Mesmer's phenomena. It is, briefly, that by an individual keeping up a steady gaze or fixed stare at an object placed in such a position as to put the greatest number of muscles connected with that organ and its appendages into action, the mind being at the same time necessarily abstracted, congestion takes place in the eye, and a rapid exhaustion of the natural sensibility of the retina and motive nerves of the eye and eyelids. This is reflected on the brain, and from that to the heart and lungs, producing enervation and consequent sinking in the force and frequency of the heart's action. These conditions lead to congestion of the brain, the proximate cause of the cataleptiform condition.

In connexion with the Manchester experiments, we may here introduce some extracts from a letter addressed to us, in consequence of a late paper on mesmerism, by a gentleman of our acquaintance, in whose credit-worthiness as a witness of facts we have all possible reason to place reliance:—"When in London last May, I was invited by a gentleman long known to me, Mr Townsend, to witness some mesmeric experiments at his own house. The subject was a young man, a Belgian, about nineteen years of age, named Egide Earts. Mr T. succeeded, in about ten minutes, in inducing the middle or somnambulous state, by merely holding the youth's hands and looking steadily in his face. A deep and thick bandage was then placed over the youth's eyes, and the persons present were invited to offer him words, either printed or written, to read. I gave him my own address card and that of a friend who was present; and placing them close to his forehead, with the printed side towards him, he pronounced the words of both with his foreign accent. I turned up in a French book a chapter bearing the odd titles of HUMILITE—MANSUETUDE—PARDON. He did not succeed in naming the two first words, although he said

there were three, and he said the third word was 'Pardon.' The number of the chapter, which was the 30th, expressed in Roman numerals, he said was "three X's." From his being evidently illiterate, I should think that he did not understand the import of these three letters. A lady was allowed to take off his bandage, and hold down his eyelids with her middle fingers; when he read whatever was presented him with equal ease, his hesitations being chiefly in those cases where the writing was not plain, or where the words were beyond the range of an illiterate mind. I requested and obtained leave to hold his eyes myself, that I might be perfectly satisfied that he could not possibly use them. For the complete sealing of his ordinary inlets of vision, I can pledge myself. Yet every thing that was presented to him he read with the same ease as before!"

Our correspondent goes on to say—"I happen to be acquainted with an English lady, who, after exhausting medical advice for a severe ailment of three years' duration, was cured, as she conceives, by a prescription from a person in the somnambulous state. She had lost health to such an extent, that she required to be wheeled about from place to place. Given up in England, she tried the Continent, but there experienced no benefit. After 'suffering many things of many physicians,' she was brought to Paris on her way home, still unable to walk. She was here advised to consult a medical man in whose house dwelt a mesmeric subject, a female, who, in the somnambulous state, professed to see internal organisation, and to prescribe appropriately for the diseased. The lady at first refused 'to make a fool of herself,' by having recourse to such an oracle; but at length was persuaded to go, though still half-ashamed and wholly incredulous. The doctor brought the *somnambule* into the room, and, having put her into the mesmeric sleep, desired her to describe the lady's state. She did so promptly and decidedly, distinguishing what was unsound from what was sound, and following up the recital by prescribing medicines and a regimen, which, she said, would take some time to show good results, but would ensure a perfect restoration to health.

The lady returned to England, followed punctually the prescription, began to mend, and, within the specified time, *was* restored to health and strength. This recital I have from one of her most intimate friends, and I have myself seen her in the restored state. Of course, it may be that she would have recovered independently of these circumstances; or it may be that the doctor only took a rather odd way of communicating a prescription which he thought suitable to the case. Still, I would say, there is sufficient unlikelihood in these surmises, to make it desirable that the professed powers of the *somnambule* should be carefully investigated.

The lady who gave me the above particulars is a believer in mesmerism—that is to say, she has seen a variety of phenomena, which she cannot account for otherwise than by supposing some peculiar action of the nervous system beyond what has hitherto been observed or imagined. In a letter with which she has favoured me, she makes some remarks, which, as they may be beneficial to the mesmerists, I subjoin. 'It has appeared to me,' she says, 'that the great and constantly recurring error of these gentlemen is, that they do not address themselves, as they ought to do, to the benevolent feelings of mankind, but, as they should *not* do, to their wonder. This, I am well assured, is the rock on which they split. Instead of keeping religiously in view that the object of all their operations should be directly and indirectly the relief of their fellow-men from physical suffering, they try to take the mind, senses, and consent of the spectators by storm, by the exhibition of, it is true, new and startling phenomena, but which are generally quite useless to those from whom they are elicited. Such exhibitions injure the cause it is intended they should advance, and moreover deprive us of means which, conscientiously used for the purpose of cure only, might spare the invalid much and acute suffering.'"

MR CATLIN ON AMERICA.

SECOND NOTICE.

THE work of Mr Catlin upon the American Indians, noticed already in the present work, gives us valuable sketches, from pen and pencil, not only of the human inhabitants, but also of the numerous classes of the lower animals, to be found in the inland wilds of North America. In the previous article, the wild horse of the Indians was alluded to. Mr Catlin, moreover, paints and describes the buffalo of the prairies, and gives several interesting accounts of buffalo hunts, which form the almost daily occupation of the aborigines on the Missouri and elsewhere. The buffalo is gregarious, ranging the prairies in numerous herds. It is of a dark brown colour, larger for the most part than the common domestic ox, and, in the cases of males, sometimes reaching the enormous weight of two thousand pounds. The shoulders of the male are of great breadth and depth, and a long shaggy mane hangs in profusion from the neck, often touching the ground. The horns are short but strong, and having but one slight curve, are most formidable butting weapons. In the female buffalo, the mane is shorter, and the shoulders less massive. Buffalo herds are found in America between the 30th and 55th degrees of north latitude, and from the verge of the western frontier of the States to the Pacific edge of the Rocky Mountains. These herds follow a leader, some bull which has earned the place of honour by victory in the numerous battles among the males. At particular seasons, these conflicts present a terrible sight, several thousands being occasionally seen engaged in one melée, in the midst of the clouds of dust which they have raised. Their conjoined bellowings add to the impressive nature of the scene.

Three hundred thousand Indians, Mr Catlin calculates, not only subsist wholly on the buffalo, but derive from it all the other necessaries, and even many of the luxuries, of life. "The robes of the animals are worn by the Indians instead of blankets; their skins, when tanned, are used as coverings for their lodges and for their beds; undressed, they are used for constructing canoes—for saddles, for bridles, l'arrêts, lassos, and thongs. The horns are shaped into ladles and spoons—the brains are used for dressing the skins—their bones are used for saddle-trees, for war-clubs, and scrapers for graining the robes—and others are broken up for the marrow-fat which is contained in them. Their sinews are used for strings and backs to their bows, for thread to string their beads and sew their dresses. The feet of the animals are boiled, with their hoofs, for the glue they contain, for fastening their arrow-points, and many other uses. The hair from the head and shoulders, which is long, is twisted and braided into halters, and the tail is used for a fly-brush. In this manner do these people convert and use the various parts of this useful animal; and with all these luxuries of life about them, and their numerous games, they are happy—God bless them!—in the ignorance of the disastrous fate that awaits them."

Even on foot, the Indians can, to a certain extent, make prize of the buffalo; and one mode of doing so is by covering their bodies with the skins of wolves, and creeping near the stragglers of the herds, armed with their bows. Though the animal may be torn down by a pack of wolves, it is not afraid of one or two of them, and Mr Catlin saw cases in which an old bull, whose retreat had been cut off, had singly resisted for several days the desperate attacks of a whole pack. The Indians, however, hunt the buffalo, most commonly, on horseback. The following is a sketch of a hunt among the Minatarees, who were mounted, and armed partly with bows and partly with lances. The buffaloes soon snuffed their foes, who had formed a circle round them, and they fled. "To the point where they were aiming to cross the line, the horsemen were seen at full speed gathering and forming in a column, brandishing their weapons and yelling in the most frightful manner, by which means they turned the black and rushing mass, which moved off in an opposite direction, where they were again met and foiled in a similar manner, and wheeled back in utter confusion; by which time the horsemen had closed in from all directions, forming a continuous line around them, whilst the poor affrighted animals were eddying about in a crowded and confused mass, hooking and climbing upon each other, when the work of death commenced.

In this grand turmoil, a cloud of dust was soon raised, which in part obscured the throng where the hunters were galloping their horses around, and driving the whizzing arrows, or the long lances, to the hearts of these noble animals; which, in many instances, becoming infuriated with deadly wounds in their sides, erected their shaggy manes over their blood-shot eyes, and furiously plunged forwards at the sides of their assailants' horses, sometimes goring them to death at a lounge, and putting their dismounted riders to flight for their lives; sometimes their dense crowd was opened, and the blinded horsemen, too intent on their prey amidst the cloud of dust, were hemmed and wedged in amidst the crowding beasts, over whose backs they were obliged to leap for security, leaving their horses to the fate that might await them in the results of this wild and desperate war. Many were the bulls that turned upon their assailants, and met them with desperate resistance; and many were the warriors who were dismounted, and saved themselves by the superior muscles of their legs; some, who were closely pursued by the bulls, wheeled suddenly around, and snatching the part of a buffalo robe from around their waists, threw it over the horns and the eyes of the infuriated beast, and darting by its side, drove the arrow or the lance to its heart. Others suddenly dashed off upon the prairies by the side of the affrighted animals which had escaped from the throng, and closely escorting them for a few rods, brought down their hearts' blood in streams, and their huge carcasses upon the green and enamelled turf.

In this way this grand hunt soon resolved itself into a desperate battle; and, in the space of fifteen minutes, resulted in the total destruction of the whole herd, which in all their strength and fury were doomed, like every beast and living thing else, to fall before the destroying hands of mighty man. I had sat in trembling silence upon my horse, and witnessed this extraordinary scene, which allowed not one of these animals to escape out of my sight. Many plunged off upon the prairie for a distance, but were overtaken and killed; and although I could not distinctly estimate the number that were slain, yet I am sure that some hundreds of these noble animals fell in this grand melée."

One other observation of Mr Catlin respecting buffaloes is well worthy of notice, as it may possibly throw light on the secret of taming horses by *whispering*, as the Irish call the process. Speaking of very young calf-buffaloes, Mr Catlin tells, that, when they are found apart from their dams, they push their noses into a bush a few inches high, and have the firm persuasion, poor things, that nobody can see them. When approached, they kick, but soon yield; and then "I have often (says our author), in concurrence with a known custom of the country, held my hands over the eyes of the calf, and breathed a few strong breaths into its nostrils; after which I have, with my hunting companions, rode several miles into our encampment, with the little prisoner busily following the heels of my horse the whole way, as closely and as affectionately as its instinct would attach it to the company of its dam. This is one of the most extraordinary things that I have met with in the habits of this wild country; and although I had often heard of it, and felt unable exactly to believe it, I am now willing to bear testimony to the fact, from the numerous instances which I have witnessed since I came into the country. During the time that I resided at this post, in the spring of the year, on my way up the river, I assisted (in numerous hunts of the buffalo, with the Fur Company's men) in bringing in, in the above manner, several of these little prisoners, which sometimes followed for five or six miles close to our horses' heels, and even into the Fur Company's fort, and into the stable where our horses were led. In this way, before I left for the head waters of the Missouri, I think we had collected about a dozen, which Mr Laidlaw was successfully raising with the aid of a good milch cow, and which were to be committed to the care of Mr Chouteau, to be transported, by the return of the steamer, to his extensive plantation in the vicinity of St Louis." This is really a very curious fact; and, as all the world is at present experimenting in order to unmystify mysteries, we strongly recommend that some one, conveniently circumstanced, should try the preceding process upon our domestic animals. Besides the unveiling of the secret of the *whisperers*, any one who has seen a calf-driver perspiring under the task of propelling his charge by alternate pushing, pulling, and kicking, will allow that a positive general good would be the result of success. Seriously, the acute sense of smell possessed by most animals, may lead to such effects being produced. Having once inhaled the breath of any one, the creature may track it upon the air, and follow what it remembers and knows.

The Honourable Mr Murray, and other recent travellers in America, have somewhat hastily denied to the Indians the credit of exhibiting unconquerable fortitude under suffering and torture. Mr Catlin's more extended experience made him even painfully aware that their long-standing reputation in this respect was merited to its utmost extent. In a village of the Mandans, he witnessed the ceremonies of torture which this tribe inflict upon themselves under the impression that, the greater endurance they thus show, the more they gain the favour of the Great Spirit. He saw numbers submit, without a shudder, to have large jagged knives passed below the strongest muscles of the chest and limbs, to have skewers inserted, and to be hung up for hours by ropes tied round these. Some ran races with similar skewers in their bodies, and large weights attached to them, which could not be removed without pulling them forcibly through, or allowing them to suppurate out. Some of the Indians first bore the hanging trial, and then ran the race; in addition to all which suffering, they crawled to a block, where the little finger of the left hand was struck off as a sacrifice to the Great Spirit. Meanwhile, the dignitaries of the tribe are looking on to judge of comparative merit in endurance, and by this trial the sufferer rises or falls as "a brave." Mr Catlin noticed that every great Mandan chief bore marks of having endured, even several times, these horrible ordeals, and some had even sacrificed the little fingers of both hands. Mr Catlin verifies his descriptions by the certificates of three other travellers present at the time. So that if the stoical endurance of pain be a virtue, these poor Indians assuredly possess it.

With a word on the curious burial ceremonies of the Mandan tribe, we must leave this fascinating work. "These people never bury the dead, but place the bodies on slight scaffolds, just above the reach of human hands, and out of the way of wolves and dogs; and they are there left to moulder and decay. Whenever a person dies in the Mandan village, and the customary honours and condolence are paid to his remains, and the body dressed in its best attire, painted, oiled, feasted, and supplied with bow and quiver, shield, pipe, and tobacco, knife, flint, and steel, and provisions enough to last him a few days on the journey which he is to perform, a fresh buffalo's skin, just taken from the animal's back, is wrapped round the body, and tightly bound and wound with thongs of raw hide from head to foot. Then other robes are soaked in water, till they are quite soft and elastic, which are also bandaged round the body in the same manner, and tied fast with thongs, which are wound with great care and exactness, so as to exclude the action of the air from all parts of the body.

There is then a separate scaffold erected for it, constructed of four upright posts, a little higher than human hands can reach; and on the tops of these are small poles passing round from one post to the others; across which lie a number of willow-rods just strong

enough to support the body, which is laid upon them on its back, with its feet carefully presented towards the rising sun. When the scaffolds, on which the bodies rest, decay and fall to the ground, the nearest relations having buried the rest of the bones, take the skulls, which are perfectly bleached and purified, and place them in circles of a hundred or more on the prairie, placed at equal distances apart (some eight or nine inches from each other), with the faces all looking to the centre; where they are religiously protected and preserved in their precise positions from year to year, as objects of religious and affectionate veneration.

There are several of these 'Golgothas,' or circles of twenty or thirty feet in diameter, and in the centre of each ring or circle is a little mound of three feet high, on which uniformly rests two buffalo skulls (a male and female); and in the centre of the little mound is erected a 'medicine pole,' about twenty feet high, supporting many curious articles of mystery and superstition, which they suppose have the power of guarding and protecting this sacred arrangement. Here, then, to this strange place do these people again resort, to evince their further affections for the dead—not in groans and lamentations, however, for several years have cured the anguish, but fond affections and endearments are here renewed, and conversations are here held and cherished with the dead.

Every one of these skulls is set upon a bunch of wild sage, which has been pulled and placed under it. The wife knows, by some mark or resemblance, the skull of her husband or her child, which lies in this group; and there seldom passes a day that she does not visit it, with a dish of the best cooked food that her wigwam affords, which she sets before the skull at night, and returns for the dish in the morning. As soon as it is discovered that the sage on which the skull rests is beginning to decay, the woman cuts a fresh bunch, and places the skull carefully upon it, removing that which was under it.

Independent of the above-named duties, which draw the women to this spot, they visit it from inclination, and linger upon it to hold converse and company with the dead. There is scarcely an hour in a pleasant day, but more or less of these women may be seen sitting or lying by the skull of their child or husband, talking to it in the most pleasant and endearing language that they can use (as they were wont to do in former days), and seemingly getting an answer back. It is not unfrequently the case that the woman brings her needle-work with her, spending the greater part of the day sitting by the side of the skull of her child, chatting incessantly with it, while she is embroidering or garnishing a pair of moccasins; and, perhaps, overcome with fatigue, falls asleep, with her arms encircled round it, forgetting herself for hours, after which she gathers up her things and returns to the village.

There is something exceedingly interesting and impressive in these scenes, which are so strikingly dissimilar, and yet within a few rods of each other; the one is the place where they pour forth the frantic anguish of their souls, and afterwards pay their visits to the other, to jest and gossip with the dead."

HOMELY SCOTTISH PICTURES.

The "Gaberlunzie's Wallet" is a title requiring some explanation to an English understanding: it is, literally, the Beggar's Budget. We find it applied to a publication recently commenced, in the form of "Charles O'Malley," but at half the price per number, and of which we have seen the first two detachments.* It consists of a narrative, the main purpose of which seems to be to give arrangement to a series of poems and brief prose sketches. The whole style of these is homely, but clever and decidedly original; nor is a strain of kindly pathos wanting—arguing, altogether, an author who is of nobody's school or set, but a man who has both the will and power to be his own standard. To fortify our recommendation of the work to public notice, we extract what we consider as two pictures of Scottish scenery and feeling, remarkable for truthfulness of representation, while breathing abundantly of the poetical element.

"Carnwath Muir, or the 'Lang Whang,' as that portion of it is called to which we have occasion more particularly to allude, is situated in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire; and although our Scottish farmers, by dint of hard labour and persevering industry, have succeeded in driving cultivation to the very hill-tops in many parts of our naturally sterile country, and are daily making inroads in every direction on this ancient soil, and a few green crofts, with patches of corn, are to be seen rising here and there, still they form but a small proportion of this extensive morass, the greater part of which has lain undisturbed since the Flood, and, to the eye of a traveller, presents a very dreary and desolate appearance. Immense tracts of brown moorland stretch around you in every direction, adorned, it is true, with bright and beautiful heather, but affording scanty subsistence to the straggling sheep thinly scattered over its surface. Nothing in the shape of a human habitation is to be met with for miles; and, with the exception of the hollow sound of the little rill, stealing along through the soft velvet course in the bosom of the black moss under which it is hurried, the solitary cry of a plover on the distant hills, or the husky whirr of a blackcock as he brushes past you on the wing, there is nothing living or moving with which you can claim acquaintance or feel sympathy. Nevertheless, this district is not destitute of interest to an enthusiastic Scotsman. There are here and there to be seen clumps of trees and ruined gables, favouring the idea that at one period some of our feudal families may here have had their abode—a supposition strengthened by the fact, that many of the small farm-houses lying amidst the brown moors are dignified with high-sounding and characteristic Scotch names. As might be expected in such a secluded region, the people are primitive in their habits and simple in their manners; the men are robust, bony, and muscular; the women blooming, tall, and graceful. The small-farm system is here in full operation; the farmers and their servants, working and eating together, are upon the most familiar and intimate footing; and it is a very common occurrence for the herd to marry his employer's daughter. Whatever effects this free and friendly intercourse between the employer and employed might have in more artificial states of society, certain it is that, in this natural and unsophisticated mode of life, it is productive of the most beneficial results; labour is lightened by such cheering encouragement, and the servant is anxiously alive at all times to the interest of an employer who treats him as if he were his fellow, and whose family regard him as if he were one of themselves. This principle of mutual assistance being usually acted on, operates very beneficially among all the members of this widely scattered community. They have little intercourse with the world, and, shut up among themselves, they get through the most toilsome operations with comparative ease, assisting each other in ploughing, reaping, sowing, and draining, with the greatest readiness; and, in the words of one of their own songs, exclaiming,

> 'What though we're few upon the muir,
> We lo'e each other mair;
> And to the weary wandering puir,
> We've comfort aye to spare.'"

"THE SNAWY KIRKYARD.

A' nature lay dead, save the cauld whistlin blast,
That chill'd the bleak earth to the core, as it pass'd,
And heaved in high ridges the thick chokin drift,
That cam in wreathed swirls frae the white marl'd lift;
And winter's wild war wearied baith heart and ee,
As we warsled richt sair ower the drear muirland lea;
And our feet skyted back on the road freezing hard,
As we wended our way to the Snawy Kirkyard.

Oh! a' thing seem'd dead—even the skeleton trees
Were shivering like death, in the grasp of the breeze;
And the hills that in sunshine tower'd proudly on high,
Seem'd shrinking in fear frae the wrath-cover'd sky;
Nor birdie nor beast could the watery ee scan,
A' were cowerin in corners, save grief-laden man:
Though the heart may be broken, the best maun be spared,
To make up a wreath in the Snawy Kirkyard.

The wee Muirland Kirk, whaur the pure Word o' God,
Maks warm the cauld heart and maks light the lang road,
Whaur alang the brown footpaths, when summer blooms green,
The plaids, gowns, and bonnets, like wild-flowers were seen;
The sly hill-side yill-house, whaur lasses meet lads,
Whaur herds leave their collies, and lairds tie their yauds—
Kirk-bell and house-riggin the white drift has squared,
But there's ae yawnin grave in the Snawy Kirkyard.

When the coffin is shut, though the mourner may moan,
The dead winna keep, and we're calm when they're gone;
For the colourless cheek and the lustreless ee
Are a' fitting trophies of death's victory;
We shrink from the sound of the first dirling clod,
We long till the grave's cover'd up wi' the sod;
But skulls grinning ghastly, amang the green sward,
Grin ghastlier still in a Snawy Kirkyard.

Through a' the hale parish, nae elder was known,
That was likit by a' like my grandfather John;
Oh, drear was that day when we bore him awa',
Wi' his gowd stores of thought, and his haffits o' snaw;
And the strong and the feeble, the timid and brave,
Cam through the black storm, to lay him in his grave:
I was then a wee callant, rose-cheek'd and gowd-hair'd,
When I laid his auld pow in the Snawy Kirkyard.

Oh, weel do I mind, though its lang, lang sinsyne,
And the world since has cool'd this then warm heart o' mine;
Yet whiles, when I think on these times lang gane by,
Saft thoughts soothe my soul and sweet tears dim my eye.
I see the auld man, when he clapp'd my wee head,
While a sigh heaved his breast, for my faither lang dead;
He nursed me, he school'd me, how can I regard
But wi' warm gushing heart-tears, a Snawy Kirkyard?

Now age wi' his hoar-frost has crispit my pow,
And my locks, ance sae gowden, are silvery now;
And though I can boast neither station nor power,
I hae health for my portion, and truth for my dower;
For my hand hath been open, my heart hath been free,
To dry the moist tear-drops frae sorrow's dull ee;
And mony puir bodies my wallet hae shared—
'Twas my counsel frae him in the Snawy Kirkyard.

In his breast there was love, in his soul there was grace,
That could aye in frail nature some sma' virtue trace;
In soothing sad sorrow, in calming mad mirth,
His breath, like the south wind, strew'd balm on the earth;
And weary souls, laden wi' grief, aft were driven
To seek comfort frae him, wha aye led them to Heaven;
Oh! sweet were the seeds sown, and rich was the braird
That sprung frae that stock in the Snawy Kirkyard."

ANECDOTES OF THE HORSE.

"The horse knoweth his owner," and he knows much more. I verily believe he knows more than many of the two-legged animals who ride on horseback; and I am quite sure there is more of the spirit of Christianity in his practice than is to be found in many of the bipeds aforesaid. Let me give a few anecdotes of this beautiful and friendly animal. Of a two-horse team belonging to the Earl of ——, near Oxford, one was very vicious, the other quite the reverse. In the stall next to the gentle horse, stood one that was blind. In the morning, when the horses, about twenty of them, were turned out to pasture, this good-tempered creature constantly took his blind friend under his protection. When he strayed from his companions, his kind friend would run neighing after, and smell around him, and when recognised, they would walk side by side, until the blind friend was led to the best grass in the field. This horse was so exceedingly gentle, that he had incurred the character of being a coward, when only himself was concerned; but if any of them made an attack upon his blind friend, he would fly to the rescue with such fury, that not a horse in the field could stand against him. This singular instance of sagacity (I had almost said of disinterested humanity) may well put the whole fraternity of horse-jockeys to the blush. They, to be sure, will fight for a brother jockey, whether he is right or wrong; yet they expect him to fight for them on the first similar occasion; but this kind-hearted animal could anticipate no such reciprocity.

Some years ago, the servant of Mr Thomas Walker, of Manchester, England, going to water the carriage-horses at a stone trough which stood at one end of the Exchange, a dog, that was accustomed to lie in the stall with one of them, followed the horses as usual. On the way he was attacked by a large mastiff, and was in danger of being killed. The dog's favourite horse, seeing the critical situation of his friend, suddenly broke loose from the servant, ran to the spot where the dogs were fighting, and, with a violent kick, threw the mastiff from the other dog into a cooper's cellar opposite; and, having thus rescued his friendly companion, returned quietly with him to drink at the fountain.—*American newspaper.*

DUELLING IN THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.

Such was the frequent occurrence of duels in this long reign, that one hundred and seventy-two were fought (in which three hundred and forty-four persons were concerned); sixty-nine individuals were killed; in three of these fatal cases neither of the combatants survived; ninety-six of them were wounded—forty-eight of them desperately, and forty-eight slightly; while one hundred and seventy-nine escaped unhurt. From this statement it will be seen that rather more than one-fifth of the combatants lost their lives, and that nearly one-half received the bullets of their antagonists. It also appears that only eighteen trials took place; that six of the arraigned individuals were acquitted, seven found guilty of manslaughter, and three of murder, two of whom were executed, and eight imprisoned during different periods.

When the British army occupied the south of France, similar scenes were witnessed, but more especially at Bourdeaux, where the French officers came over for the sole purpose of insulting and fighting the English, who were in many instances absurd enough to meet their wishes. It is, however, gratifying to state, that the fortune of arms was generally in our favour. In one instance the French officers went to the little Theatre de la Galete, when a furious fray took place between them and several British officers; although the latter had no swords, the French drew theirs; but the British, breaking up chairs and tables, in a few minutes shivered their weapons, and knocked them down in every direction.

It is somewhat strange, but I was, in a great measure, the means of terminating these differences. Coming out of the theatre, I was assailed by a group of French officers; I calmly replied, that if I had given offence to any of them, I was ready to afford them satisfaction, and dilated on the absurdity of making a national war the subject of personal hostility, while I enlarged on the friendly feeling that had prevailed between our armies during the Peninsular war, and recalled to their recollection the many kind acts we had shown each other when prisoners and wounded. The officers not only listened to me with the greatest attention, but I was obliged to accompany them and sup with the party. The next morning there was not a French officer in the town. —*Dr Millengen's History of Duelling.*

THE CHINESE TAILOR.

Among the many whimsical anecdotes told of the peculiar habits of the Chinese, perhaps few will be considered more characteristic of their love of imitation than the following:—Towards the close of the last century, an officer of the *Pitt*, East Indiaman, when that ship lay off Canton, sent ashore to a native an order for a dozen pairs of trousers, to be made of the nankeen for which China has been so long famed. The Chinese artisan required a pattern—he could not make any thing without a pattern—so a pair of trousers were sent at his request, which pair had been mended with a patch and needlework on the knee. In due time the dozen pairs were sent on board, of a fabric of exceeding beauty for fineness and quality, but every pair bearing, like an heraldic badge, the obnoxious patch on the one knee, exactly copied stitch for stitch, in a style that reflected the highest credit on the mechanical skill of the workman, and for the difficult execution of which an extra charge was made upon the purse of the exasperated owner, who had no alternative but to bring home his bargain as a qualification for the Travellers' Club; for certainly among no kindred or people, living between this and China, could a similar achievement have been performed.—*From a newspaper.*

* Menzies: Edinburgh. London: Tilt and Bogue.

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COWED ONES.

THE cowed and fearful are an extensive generation. There is some cowed person about almost every house. The figure, character, and mode of existence, are often very obscure. One sees them opening doors when servants are out of the way: sometimes they will peep into the parlour, and, seeing company, instantaneously retire, with a super-beg-pardon air: some dim vista running to the rearward may give a faint presentment of one of the order, in the act of cleaning cups or glasses clandestinely. But in general they are almost as little cognisable inmates of the establishment, as were those household spirits of old which worked by night, and took care never to be in the way when the family was stirring in the morning. As far as they are ever observed, a subdued look and lambent step mark the race. No visiter ever hears their name. An introduction would put them seriously about. There would be too much blaze and style about it for their taste. Like the fish which is only found in waters at the bottom of dark caves, they rejoice and thrive in obscurity; that is, as far as they can be said to rejoice or thrive at all. But their general aspect conveys the idea of their going through a constant penance for the sin of existence. They seem to know that they are superfluous, and their whole soul is directed to the expiation of the offence. Hence they can take no liberty of any kind with any body—no joking—no words implying a sense of equality. They are too glad if they only, by the most submissive and unobtrusive behaviour, be allowed to go through the world undragooned.

Some years ago, Mrs Sampson was a handsome, gaily-dressed lady, the wife of a prosperous man. She took up her full share of room on the principal streets, and bowed and was bowed to, as is only seen of ladies who have the privilege of occasionally sitting at the head of well-spread tables. But mark the sad change which a few years bring about! This good, kind-hearted, once cheerful woman, has been for some years a widow upon a small provision, has had to lachrymate sons into counting-rooms free of apprentice fees, and been obliged to petition all sorts of people for all sorts of things. She has now the sobered timid step and look of the cowed one. The glory of good feasts has departed from her, and she only knows friends to be obliged to them for little services and kindnesses, such as the worthy unfortunate never can want. She goes in half the space she once did. Her face, partly from arrangement of cap, and partly from the averted downward look, is seen but in small sections, like the moon three days from change. Life is full of lessons, and Mrs Sampson is one of them, telling (how often has it been told!) that no supposed good is secure in this sublunary scene.

Cowedness attaches to an immense variety of employed persons in all grades. Nay, some are the cowed of others who are cowed in their turn. There are some offices, where a vast deal of good behaviour is required at a moderate salary, and where there is just enough of promotion to make the organ of hope pay up the deficiency. However green and elastic the feelings with which the youth takes his desk in these vast establishments, he soon acquires the subdued, frightened look of the place. His walk gets tamed down into a stealthy movement. His voice falls, and he acquires a circumspect movement of the eyes. If, by chance, in going along an empty street, he meets a director, his heart beats as he tries to make out a proper bow, and it is an incident in his memory for a month. He comes to think all gay bouncing thoughts absurd, and vigorous procedure of all kinds only fit for inconsiderate hectoring fellows. The only way to get on is to be excessively negative, unoffending, docile—to follow, in short, the three maxims of the old newspaper editor—Caution, Caution, Caution. It is a great spurt going to a public assembly, and the height of rashness to ride to a race. His only enjoyments are quiet visits to decidedly respectable exhibitions, such as floricultural shows, panoramas, scientific lectures, and elocutionary recitations. He likes to be seen going about at his leisure hours with a sister; it looks innocent. Taking part in political matters is entirely out of the question: the board is understood not to approve of it. He does not qualify to vote, and so does not, or thinks he does not, displease any party. In this subdued tone of mind his life passes away, his exterior getting all the time more and more cowed-looking, till, at the time when all men are naturally cowed of their vivacity, he becomes a kind of Impersonated Negation. His pride is then in the paucity of the occasions when he was found fault with. Only six occasions rest in his mind, the worst being the leaving a desk one night unlocked. A terrible day that—the collector sent for him to come and speak to him in his room; yet, after all, was not very severe. The thing was hushed up—it made him take care for the future. Now, on his retirement with a small superannuation allowance, the board is full of gratitude for his long and faithful services. He treasures up the certificate to that effect which they gave him; yet half-defyingly will sometimes say that they could not withhold it, for his conduct had been such as to bear the most rigid inspection. Long pent-up humanity thinks itself entitled to this little fling at last. It is a small matter, and the general feeling of the old man's mind is all respect for the establishment. Capital office of its kind—first-rate directors—most civil, gentlemanly man Mr Smith—excellent, prudent man Mr Higgins. Yet Mr Balchild was always his favourite; cause—once met him in the pump-room at a watering-place, when Mr Balchild actually shook him by the hand. He generally retires in the evening of his days to some excessively green-painted small house in the outskirts of the town, with a small garden, out of which he contrives to torture ten times the amount of flowers that it has any right to produce. The young clerks occasionally call upon him in the leisurely Saturday afternoons, and delight him with a chat about the current affairs of the old concern. It is an immense delight to him on such occasions to remark how well "the stock" keeps up, while so many of the more flashy and adventurous establishments of comparatively recent date are at and under par. It always happens, strangely enough, that his maid has sufficient dinner for two on these occasions, and that the visiter has no engagement, though he had had serious thoughts of going to the theatre in the evening. So the two sit down and dine together at a neat little table drawn near the fire, after which tumblers and the Edinburgh Courant are introduced, and a great deal is said about the likelihood of the Duke of Buccleuch connecting his pier with the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway. But conversation is seldom long protracted; for it is the custom of our senior to have a post-prandial nap every afternoon. He accordingly takes some opportunity, while the young gentleman is studying the criticisms on the exhibition of the Scottish Academy, to drop into an appearance which, though not really sleep, leaves the other no excuse for interrupting him when he next takes his eye off the paper. The young gentleman knows well what he ought and ought not to do at such a juncture; so he keeps quiet, takes another tumbler, and turns into the next page. Exactly at six, the old gentleman awakes with a start, and declares that he actually believes he has been asleep, though he could not have supposed such a thing of himself otherwise. He then rings for tea, *after* having asked his friend if he has any inclination for more hot water. If the young man is a really good one, he will stay out the evening, and take a hand at backgammon with his host, trusting that Providence will reward his kindness by sending some equally pleasant young friend to beguile *his* evenings, when he shall have come to the same stage in his career. In that case, a few caller oysters and another tumbler conclude the meeting, and the old gentleman goes to bed in a state of mind which is perhaps to be experienced from no kind of life more certainly than from one spent, as his has been, in gentle duties steadily performed, and a walk and conversation which, if tame, have at least been eminently inoffensive.

There is always a little man called James about public offices, who opens doors, goes messages, and attends at the ringing of bell No. 29. He was once a bold soldier in the fifty-second, and served in the Peninsular campaign; but he happened to sink into this employment, and immediately became a cowed one for all the remainder of his days. He and his wife (who puts on the fires) live in some lightless den in the lower floor: no family—or they would not be there. He has a stoop in his gait, from deference, not age, and an arranged stupidity of face to meet all contingencies. He looks upon the clerks as very great men, the manager as high priest of the synagogue, and the directors as unapproachable divinities. As a kind of squire of the office's body, he even regards it as a sort of sacred and reverend thing, by no means to be joked with. On illumination nights, he exerts himself to the utmost to make all look excessively smart, and would take it quite ill if any one were to say the National or Phœnix looked better. One rather funny clerk sometimes condescends to ask a pinch from his box, and he hands it with a full heart. No one has seen him laugh, or commit the slightest indecorum, ever since he came to the office. As for his wife, her existence is only known as an abstract truth, inferred from the evidence of the fires—no one ever having beheld her in the body. Yet James and she have their own moments of comfort, though of a darkling and dubious kind. When the office has shut for the day, they feel quite at home and independent in their vast mansion, of which having the entire charge, they almost feel as if it were all their own property. Just before closing the principal door, about a quarter past four, you may observe James holding a lively conversation with a passing policeman, through about eighteen inches of open space, the greater part of his body being within and out of sight. The last of the directors having gone out, the load of intimidation gets somewhat lightened, and the old man feels himself almost at liberty to use the freedom of indulging in a little mirth, but not at the expense of any of his superiors. Yet he almost trembles while he does so, and, if one of the clerks were to pass at the moment, would feel as if one or two of the muscles of his visage had been off guard. Not that he would expect a reprimand; but—it is as well, you know, to be careful. Instantly, of course, he would close the door, and his friend the policeman would walk on, "in maiden meditation, fancy-free."

Many other species of the cowed could be enumerated; but it might become tedious. I can patiently endure to see the peculiarity in all sorts of people, with one exception—that is, in children. Youth is the time of saliency and cheerfulness. Painful indeed it is to see these characteristics superseded by

the intimidated, subdued look, which results from harshness on the part of parents, or from the participation of the pinch of poverty. And this is, because cowedness is there so strikingly contrary to nature. Alas, alas, for those who are cowed in infancy and youth, for life can never after recover from it!

POPULAR INFORMATION ON LITERATURE.

ENGLISH VERSIFICATION.

ENGLISH verse is marked by one principal and uniform characteristic—the syllables of which each line is composed are regular and determinate in number. *Rhyme*, though a general, is not a universal feature; and the author of our great national epic, *Paradise Lost*, has shown by his practice that he did not deem it adapted, or at least essential, to the highest class of poetry in the language. With regard to *accentuation*, again, though the observance, to a certain degree, of fixed general rules is required, to give harmony to almost any species of verse, yet extensive variations in respect to the seat of accent are not only allowable, but are indeed necessary adjuncts to poetical beauty. The same law holds good with respect to the *pauses*, or rests, made in pronouncing lines of poetry. Great variations are in this particular admissible, and even conducive to beauty. At the same time, as has been said, there is so far a fixed law both with regard to the seat of the accent and the pause, that, to carry the variations too far, would render the versification rough and unmelodious.

Only in irregular compositions of the ballad class, however, is any noticeable variation of the number of syllables allowed; and fixture in this point may be held, therefore, as the one settled characteristic of English verse. Fortunately, however, no monotony has been impressed by this cause on our poetical literature. Our writers have left us examples of successful composition in almost every conceivable kind of verse. The lines have varied in length, from Fletcher's trisyllabics—

> "Move your feet
> To our sound,
> Whiles we greet
> All this ground;"

to Dean Swift's seven-league-boot lines—

> "Well! if ever I saw such another man since my mother bound my head;
> You a gentleman! marry come up! I wonder where you were bred."

In regard to rhyme, which is the resemblance or identity of the terminating sounds of the words placed at the close of lines, there has been less variety. The higher kinds of poetry admit chiefly of unisyllabic rhymes, as "shade" and "made;" and also, though much more rarely, of rhymes of two syllables, as "yielding" and "wielding." It is more common for dissyllabic rhymes to appear in humorous or light verses, as, for example, in the following from Hudibras:—

> "Though stored with deletery med'cines,
> Which whosoever took is dead since."

Only in poems of the same order do we find the trisyllabic rhyme, as in the couplet,

> "There was an ancient sage philosopher,
> That had read Alexander Ross over."

As for rhymes of greater length, they have only been used in occasional jeux-d'esprit. An additional rhyme always adds an extra syllable to the measure.

With the exception of the doggrels of Skelton, a writer who had the honour of preceding Ben Jonson in the Laureateship, no long compositions have been attempted in verses of four syllables in length. They occur in pieces of irregular construction, however; and the following is an example from Dryden:—

> "To rule by love,
> To shed no blood,
> May be extoll'd above;
> But here below,
> Let princes know,
> 'Tis fatal to be good."

In the same way do lines of five syllables only appear casually in irregular pieces, as in the second lines of a verse from the "Maid's Tragedy:"

> "My love was false, but I was firm
> From my hour of birth,
> Upon my buried body, lie
> Lightly, gentle earth."

When we come to six syllables, we do find beautiful pieces, occasionally of some length, composed in such a measure. Drayton has shown that it can be wielded most successfully for the expression of grave poetical thought. Two stanzas of his piece are subjoined; it is an "Ode written in the Peak."

> "This while we are abroad,
> Shall we not touch our lyre?
> Shall we not sing an ode?
> Shall all that holy fire,
> In us that strongly glow'd,
> In this cold air expire?
>
> In places far or near,
> Or famous or obscure,
> Where wholesome is the air,
> Or where the most impure,
> All times, and every where,
> The muse is still in ure."

It may be observed here, that *stanzas*, as verses arranged like the preceding are generically called, are formed by a succession of lines, of indeterminate length, and of any number between three and twelve. Two are called a *couplet*, and fourteen a *sonnet*; and three and four are sometimes called *triplets* and *quatrains*. Drayton's lines, now quoted, present a simple style of cadence or rhythm, a short and long syllable being alternated throughout each six. Very little variation of the measure can take place within so short a range of syllables, but it may be slightly varied, as in the lines,

> "Shall we not touch our lyre?
> Shall we not sing an ode?"

where the accent obviously falls on the interrogative "shall."

Some of the most perfect poems in the language are written in seven-syllabled lines. Shakspeare, Milton, Waller, Cowley, Keats, and others, have in this form of verse given expression to many beautiful thoughts. It was in this verse, which, according to its normal arrangement, begins with a long syllable, followed alternately by short and long to the last, that Milton wished to be

> "Some time walking not unseen
> By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
> While the ploughman, near at hand,
> Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
> And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
> And the mower whets his scythe,
> And every shepherd tells his tale
> Under the hawthorn in the dale."

These lines exhibits several instances of the mode in which Milton, a great master of rhythm, sought to vary the music of his *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, and to prevent the "linked sweetness," which is characteristic of this buoyant measure, from palling on the ear, and being condemned as too "long drawn out." We allude to the occasional use of an octosyllabic line, as in the second of the above passage—

> "By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green."

Keats, whose Ode to Fancy approaches nearer to these great pieces than any similar poem, perhaps, in the language, sometimes shows us a different mode of giving variety to his verse. It is simply by altering at times the seat of the accent, as in the second line of the following passage where the poet, telling what fancy can do, says—

> "Sit thou by the ingle, when
> The sear faggot blazes bright,
> Spirit of a winter's night;
> When the soundless earth is muffled,
> And the caked snow is shuffled
> From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;
> When the night doth meet the noon
> In a dark conspiracy
> To banish even from her sky."

[Then send out fancy, and, though flakes of snow be dropping visibly on the fire,]

> "She will bring, in spite of frost,
> Beauties that the earth has lost;
> She will bring thee, all together,
> All delights of summer weather;
> All the buds and bells of May,
> From dewy sward or thorny spray;
> * * * * thou shalt hear
> Distant harvest carols clear;
> Rustle of the reaped corn;
> Sweet birds antheming the morn.
> And at the same moment—hark!
> 'Tis the early April lark;
> Or the rooks, with busy caw,
> Foraging for sticks and straw."

Might the reader not readily believe that he was reading Milton? But we forget that it is mere versification we are treating of, and with small space to do it in. Whoso would know well the measure of verse under consideration, let him turn to the poems mentioned. As a mode of attaining the necessary variety of cadence, the alteration of the seat of the accent is certainly the most legitimate, and not the least effective.

The octosyllabic verse has been the favourite one of the present age, having been that chiefly, indeed almost solely, employed by Scott, Moore, and Byron. There is about it what the latter poet called a "fatal facility," by which he meant that the simplicity of its construction induced a serious risk of doggrelising. Hudibras, for example, as respects verse, is a mere piece of doggrel. In proportion to the length of the line, the varieties of pause and accentuation have scope for increase, but the octosyllabic verse is still too short to have many. A specimen is scarcely necessary of this familiar measure, but we give a few easy lines from King, with a good moral.

> "Like to the falling of a star,
> Or as the flights of eagles are;
> Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
> Or silver drops of morning dew;
> Or like a wind that chafes the blood,
> Or bubbles which on water stood—
> E'en such is man, whose borrow'd light
> Is straight call'd in, and paid to-night."

There is little variety of cadence here, long syllables following the short regularly throughout the eight. Marvel writes this measure more variedly and beautifully. Speaking of the Deity, this poet says, in allusion to the Bermudas,

> "He gave us this eternal spring,
> Which here enamels every thing;
> He hangs in shades the orange bright,
> *Like golden lamps in a green night.*"

The last line, while exemplifying varied cadence, is at once picturesquely beautiful in language, and contains a most exquisite similitude.

Of the verse of nine syllables, a word only need be said. The common effect of it is seen in Shenstone's lines—

> "One would think she might like to retire
> To the bower I have labour'd to rear;
> Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
> But I hasted and planted it there."

This sort of measure is fitted for such prettyisms of thought, but is unsuitable for graver matters. Every third syllable is long here, or, in other words, is accentuated in pronunciation. By choosing words peculiarly accented, it is to be observed, a verse of nine syllables may be endowed with a very different cadence, as may other numbers also. For example, here are two varieties of the nine-syllabled line:

> "Hylas, O Hylas, why sit we mute?"
>
> "Now that each bird saluteth the spring."

But there is a want of ease in these lines. There seems a natural arrangement of accent for each given number, and it is to this we must here chiefly attend.

The line of ten syllables is the heroic line of our language, and has been proved capable of such expression as to merit its pre-eminent place. Horror, majesty, pathos, and humour—all forms, shades, and attributes of passion—it has been found capable of embodying to the mind in fit cadence. When we look at the roll of our poets—

> "A long procession, calm and beautiful,"

who have used this measure, its capabilities for variety are put beyond all dispute. Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Thomson, Akenside, Goldsmith, Armstrong, Cowper, Wordsworth, and Keats, are but a few of those who have tuned the heroic harp—and how different the strains of each and all!

The heroic line consists of ten syllables, and is, normally, or according to the general rule, accented on every second syllable. The pause, again, according to the same rule, should fall on one or other of these long syllables, and it is most commonly given to the fourth and sixth, that is, the second and third accented syllables, of the line. It is to be observed of the pause, that, though it usually occurs at any division of the sense, marked by a comma, yet it does not always do so; and whether any such division exist or not in a line, the pause must still be made for the convenience of pronunciation, as every reader will find. Pope, the model of formalists in heroic verse, will supply us with an exemplification of these rules. We take a passage at random.

> "But where's the man,' who counsel can bestow,
> Still pleased to teach,' and yet not proud to know?
> Unbiass'd' or by favour or by spite;
> Not dully prepossess'd,' nor blindly right;
> Though learn'd, well-bred;' and though well-bred, sincere;
> Modestly bold,' and humanly severe:
> Who to a friend' his faults can freely show,
> And gladly praise' the merits of a foe?
> Blest with a taste exact,' yet unconfined;
> A knowledge both of books' and human kind;
> Generous converse;' a soul exempt from pride;
> And love to praise,' with reason on his side?"

This passage, with the pauses marked, shows to us the source of all Pope's peculiarities. Readers feel that he differs from all other writers of the heroic verse, and that, though it may be carried to satiety, he excels all others to a wonderful degree in smoothness. Yet when they turn to Cowper, Dryden, and others, and make a comparison of their lines with those of Pope, they cannot discover any visible difference in construction. The secret is this. Pope almost always made his pauses on or at the *long* or *accented*, and not the *short* or *unaccented*, sounds. Another and more palpable peculiarity is, that he has very few variations in the seat of accent; but this is common to him with many writers, though certainly important to smoothness. Variations both in pause and accent form the Miltonic arrangement of the line—the fine, unpalling, true heroic verse. We shall take as an example of this sort of line two passages of poetry, which are in themselves beautiful. The first paints the case of Petrarch, who, with the soul of a reformer, *fed on love* till he fell into womanishness.

> "Ay,' so delicious is the unsating food,
> That men,' who might have towered in the van
> Of all the congregated world,' to fan
> And winnow' from the coming step of time
> All chaff of custom,' wipe away all slime
> Left by men-slugs' and human serpentry,
> Have been content' to let occasion die,
> Whilst they did sleep' in love's Elysium."

Here is a description of a *well*:

> "Some moulder'd steps' lead into this cool cell,
> Far as the slabbed margin' of a well.
> Whose patient level' peeps its crystal eye
> Right upward' through the bushes to the sky."

These lines, which, it will be seen, vary the pauses from short to long, are from John Keats, who, because there occurred *one* bad rhyme in his *Endymion*—indeed, in the whole of his four lengthened poems, containing about seven thousand lines in all—was deprived by malice, backed by ignorance, of the place which he merited, whatever might be his dues in regard to other poetical attributes, as one of the first masters of rhythm and rhyme in the language. Time, just time, is working the cure.

We are exceeding our limits, and would only beg the reader to apply the test as regards variation in pauses and accents, but chiefly pauses, to Shakspeare and others, and he will find the source of their un-

cloying music, so unlike the smooth and tedious sameness of Pope. Look at Shakspeare's :

"I know a bank' whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips' and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied' with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses' and with eglantine;
There sleeps Titania' some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers' with dances and delight."

Here both pauses and accent are varied, and how exquisite is the music compared with the lines of Pope or his follower Darwin!

Milton was a great master of rhythm, and from his practice we may gather certain other rules relating to versification. Either from perfection of musical ear, or taught by observation, he well knew the necessity of *mixing the vowels* freely in his lines. If examined, they will be observed to owe much of their melody to this variety of vowels. For example, look at the majestically harmonious opening of Paradise Lost :—

"Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat—
Sing, heavenly Muse."

As any two sounds of one vowel are perfectly equivalent to so many different vowels, it may be said that the same vowel is scarcely ever repeated in any one of these lines. Examine Milton further, and his constant attention to this point will be apparent. Again, the further art of using particular verbal sounds, to express particular sentiments, was thoroughly known to him. The ancients practised the same art; and Pope, it will be remembered, says,

"The sound must seem an echo to the sense:
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar."

These lines are intended, of course, as an instance of what they point to; and, in other passages, Pope tries to exemplify the same thing—as in the line,

"Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone."

But the artifice is here too palpable. Milton could produce the effect, and yet conceal the art. How beautifully consonant with the sense, and yet easy and natural, are such lines as

"Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles."

"On the light fantastic toe."

When he takes up his thunder-trumpet, again, how appropriately awful his language!

"Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition."

When he would make his verse tell of toil, in sound as well as sense, he speaks thus :

"The fiend
O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies."

A fine natural ear teaches the poet to attend to these points, and, without attention to them, versification of the highest order cannot be produced. We shall give some instances in which a late poet seems to us to have succeeded admirably in this respect, and yet to have done so with so much delicacy of taste and touch, that no suspicion of any straining after effect is engendered. The following line is like an ocean-shell applied to the ear :—

"The surgy murmurs of the lonely sea."

The very sound spoken of is heard, too, when the poet tells us, that

"streamlets fall
With mingled bubblings and a gentle rush."

In the same way do we enter into the description, when he speaks of one who saw at morn

"the horizontal sun
Heave his broad shoulder o'er the edge of the world."

And we forget the crackle of the winter fire when told of the coming musk-rose,

"The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves."

It may be thought that we are showing a prepossession in referring so much to John Keats, whose lines these are; but our object is to illustrate the art of versification, and all our examination has been unable to discover any more perfect and fitting source of examples. Shakspeare is too well known, and Wordsworth, ever sustainedly great in his poetical diction, is rendered by that very equability less fitted to be the source of individual lines for our purpose.

No long poem of note has been composed in our language in lines of twelve syllables, with the single exception, we believe, of Drayton's *Polyolbion*. The line is lumbering and awkward, when so used.

"Let all the world be judge, what mountain hath a name,
Like that from whose proud foot there springs a flood of fame;
And in the earth's survey, what seat like that is set,
Whose streets some ample stream abundantly doth wet?"

It is, or rather was, much more common to use the line of twelve syllables to give occasional variety to the heroic verse, and Dryden was peculiarly fond of so employing it. The following is an example of the manner in which he heightened the effect of a sentiment by the introduction of an Alexandrine, as the line is called :—

"Now free, from earth thy disencumber'd soul
Mounts up, and leaves behind the clouds and starry pole."

The Alexandrine is also used to terminate the Spenserian stanza of nine lines, and, while giving an example, we give also a most exquisite image, from the "Eve of St Agnes," describing the spirit of a sleeping maid as

"Flown like a thought until the morrow-day;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again."

The addition, simply, of two syllables to the heroic line, without any change in accentuation, makes the preceding one; and sometimes lines of fourteen syllables, similarly constituted, are introduced into heroic verse, as in the triplet of Dryden—

"While all thy province, nature, I survey,
And sing to Memmius an immortal lay
Of heaven and earth; and every where thy wondrous power display."

This line, however, is more often used in irregular and occasional pieces. The same thing may be said of the line of eleven syllables, to which it is scarcely necessary to allude. In its common form, it has the dancing cadence of the other odd-numbered lines, as will be seen by the subjoined couplet from Congreve :

"Apart let me view, then, each heavenly fair,
For two at a time there's no mortal can bear."

We have carried these hints on versification farther than was intended, and must at once conclude. Our remarks may perhaps induce a few of the many who cultivate poetry, to examine the principles upon which the great poetical works of the language are constructed; and should such be the result, we may flatter ourselves with having done the world at large a favour, since it seems hopeless to expect any ebb in the swelling tide of modern verse.

THE COUNTESS D'AURAY.

A TALE.

When Sir Walter Scott first met a lady to whom he was attached, after her elevation by marriage from a comparatively humble to a very lofty rank, he felt extremely anxious to learn whether or not she was happy in her new condition. He knew she had sustained no serious ills, but he had seen by experience, he says, that our happiness is much more often affected by evils which we create for ourselves, in spite of the blessings of fortune, than by real and severe ills. He illustrated the remark by reference to the case of the gentleman, who, in the midst of all manner of comforts, was rendered utterly miserable by the daily sight of a neighbour's turkey. We have found a little story in one of the foreign journals, which so forcibly illustrates the same maxim, that we are tempted to translate it.

M. de Manleon, a young French gentleman, left the school of St Cyr at the age of twenty-one, with an ensign's commission in his possession. His mother had obtained for him leave of absence for three months, and came to Paris to carry him off for that period to Poitou, anxious to enjoy his beloved society while she could. They left the capital together in a post-carriage, and travelled a great part of their journey without any remarkable adventure. At length, a little incident occurred which greatly interested M. de Manleon. The travellers reached a steep hill on their way, and M. de Manleon leapt out to relieve the horses, leaving his mother inside. He had scarcely walked a few paces, when he found himself surrounded by a band of village children, who, as wont in the rural districts of France, offered him bouquets of flowers, expecting some little remuneration in return. But as soon as they noticed the lady, they flew to the coach side, and threw their flowers to her. One child alone remained—a girl of thirteen or so, whose uncommon beauty arrested forcibly the notice of M. de Manleon. She was a brunette of a clear and shining complexion, with an admirable form, and teeth as white as ivory. She stood smiling before the young man, but timidly kept her flowers in her hand, afraid to present them.

"What is your name, my dear?" said the officer. "Marie, sir," answered the girl. M. de Manleon spoke no more, but stood gazing at the child, thinking to himself that all the portraitures of youthful beauty which he had ever seen were outdone by the work of nature before him. Marie's eyes were cast on the ground, and she did not observe the closeness of his gaze, but others did. A young village lad, of fifteen or sixteen, leapt from the wayside, and looked at the officer with eyes full of anger and jealousy. M. de Manleon had little time to notice this addition to the scene, for the voice of his mother was heard calling on him to come and proceed. The young officer hastily took the bouquet of Marie, and having emptied his purse of its whole contents into her hands, he obeyed his mother's call, and soon saw the villagers no more.

M. de Manleon, when he had time to reflect on the past incident, repented, not of his generosity, but of the way in which he had exercised it. A small medallion, containing his own likeness and that of another dearly cherished person, had been in the purse, and had gone with the rest of the contents. To reclaim it would have been difficult; and the young officer was forced to submit to the loss in silence.

For ten or twelve years, M. de Manleon continued in the army. He at last left it to enjoy the pleasures of a retired, or at least a private life, to which he had ever been attached. After spending some time with his mother in the country, he came to Paris, and there mixed with moderation in the social enjoyments of the great world. One evening, a friend asked him to go to a party, and allow himself to be presented to Madame d'Auray, wife of Count d'Auray, a lady of consummate beauty, and whom all Paris spoke of as the happiest of women. There was (said M. de Manleon's friend) a sort of pleasing mystery about her, too. M. d'Auray had suddenly appeared with her in Paris, and presented her to his relatives and friends, without saying ought of her birth or name to any one. She was nevertheless universally loved and admired. M. de Manleon permitted himself to be persuaded into a visit to the mansion of this happy paragon of female loveliness. When he was presented to her, a confused idea struck him that he had seen her before, but he could not remember when or where. The idea made him thoughtful, and he retired to the recess of a window, where he for a time stood alone.

A soft and sweet voice at his side made him hastily turn round. "Have you been lately in Poitou, sir?" said the Countess d'Auray, for she it was who spoke. "Not lately, madam," answered M. de Manleon; "our property there was sold. Are you acquainted with Poitou, may I ask?" "I am, sir," said the countess, and, as she spoke, she took a bouquet of flowers from the window, and held them up before him with a smile. A light broke in upon M. de Manleon's mind. "What!" cried he, "are you—can you be"——"Poor little Marie, and no other," answered the countess; "ah! I was happy then!"

The little incident of the wayside formed the basis of an immediate friendship between M. de Manleon and the countess, who remembered him well through the medallion. The last exclamation of the lady had startled him, coming as it did from one whom all deemed happy. Afterwards, when they were better acquainted, he got an explanation from herself. "I remember," said the countess, "that Pierre was by my side at the time when you saw me on the road. That young peasant was my lover, and, though scarcely old enough, you would suppose, to entertain such a feeling sincerely, yet I loved him also. Two years rolled away, and our love continued to exist and increase. I was fifteen. One day Pierre and I quarrelled, and I, thinking he had shown much hastiness and bitterness of temper, would make no concessions to him, though perhaps myself in the wrong. At that very time, a young gentleman saw me by the wayside, as you did, when passing. He seemed struck with my appearance, indeed greatly so. The compliments which he paid me I repeated with triumph to Pierre, and they only made him more angry and jealous. He had reason to be yet more so afterwards. The young gentleman of whom I have spoken returned, and told me that he could not forget me. He asked me to go with him, and he would make me a great lady. You would now say, sir, that I stood a fearful chance of falling into the gulf of ruin and misery. Not so; the young gentleman had a soul too noble, too honourable, to be the cause of misery to any one, and his views for me were in accordance with that spirit. I listened to him with mingled feelings. I was an orphan; no one was near me to caution or to counsel. Pierre was my only tie to my birthplace, and it was on his account that I felt distressed. I gave him opportunities to renew his addresses; but his anger and jealousy prevented him from doing so. I yielded to the pressing suit of the other, and was whirled off in a carriage from Poitou. Before I had gone far, I repented of my conduct, and entreated with tears to be carried back to Pierre. But my mind became calmer ere long.

My incaution could only be excused in a village-girl of fifteen. But I was in safe guidance. It was to a school near Paris that I was conveyed by the Count d'Auray, who, as you may imagine, was the person now alluded to. For five years I remained in perfect seclusion, enjoying the best advantages of education. At times the count visited our seminary, and I learnt to love him fondly. How could it be otherwise? In my benefactor I saw the tenderest of lovers, and most amiable of men—young, handsome, and accomplished. Pierre was forgotten, and I became the Countess d'Auray.

Ah! M. de Manleon," continued the countess, "can you conceive, after this recital, the cause of the secret grief that preys upon me? Pierre is the cause. Old feelings have returned upon me. Madwoman that I am, I regret the hours of flower-gathering by the way-side; I figure to myself the happiness that I have lost as excelling that possessed; I dream of being a peasant's wife, the owner but of a cot, a cow, and a little garden! These thoughts haunt and pursue me. Yes, sir, they make me miserable—me, who so dearly love my husband! What madness!"

As the countess said this, she shed abundance of tears. M. de Manleon pitied her sincerely; but he said, "Madam, this misery is but the result of an excess of happiness. You are absolutely satiated with blessings." "Ah! M. de Manleon," continued the countess, "but think how much poor Pierre Billon regrets me! Perhaps he has died of grief; and it was I, too, who was in the wrong in the quarrel which separated us." M. de Manleon continued for some time to talk and reason with the lady. He tried the force of ridicule, and painted Pierre not as the flower-gathering boy of her fancy, but as a coarse uneducated clown, whose society would be intolerable to her cultivated mind, and who lived in a state very unlike the Daphnis or Meliboeus of her Arcadian dream. He

would probably be married (said M. de Manleon) long ago, and possibly was vicious, and beat his poor wife. All this sort of reasoning only drew a sigh from the lady. She was silenced, but not convinced.

In time, M. de Manleon became an intimate friend and constant visiter of the Count d'Auray and his lady. He saw that the latter indeed loved her husband most fondly, and in his presence forgot all her distress; but it returned to her in solitude. One day, while M. de Manleon was seated with the countess, conversing upon the usual subject of their tête-a-têtes, the Count d'Auray entered, pale and agitated. The countess sprung up. Her husband embraced her, saying to M. de Manleon, "Behold my consolation when I am vexed!" "What has happened?" said the countess, anxiously. "Not much, my love," was the reply; "only we must economise. I must sell some part of my property, keep but one carriage, and give dinners but once a-month. I have lost a large sum of money." "Thank Heaven it is nothing worse!" cried the countess. "How did this loss occur, may I inquire?" said M. de Manleon. "Folly on one side, and villany on another," answered the count. "I had for some time entertained the thought of purchasing in the funds, and, meeting at the house of one of my friends a certain broker named M. Dennevers, who was recommended as an active man of business, I intrusted him with the means of making the necessary purchase. This worthy broker took my money with great coolness, and next day went off, no one knows where."

"Have inquiries been made?" said M. de Manleon.

"Oh, yes!" answered the count; "we have at least had the satisfaction of discovering who he was. His history is rather odd. He was first a peasant, became next a village-clerk, and finally settled in Paris as a sort of low agent in the brokerage way. He wormed himself there by degrees into the confidence of so many people, as to get large sums into his hands. You know the rest. By the by," continued the count, addressing his wife, "he is a countryman of yours. We learned that he came from Poitou, and that his name was not Dennevers, but Pierre Billon. The rascal has left a wife, too, an excellent woman, whom he abused and neglected, completing his rascality to her by carrying off with him another person, an infamous character. But I must go to consult further with my fellow-sufferers." So speaking, the count departed.

M. de Manleon looked at the countess. "What think you now, madam?—a villain—a wretch!" "Oh! M. de Manleon," cried the countess, with tears in her eyes, "how senselessly ungrateful have I been to Heaven for its mercies! I am cured! I *am* happy! And you, my friend"——"Ah, madam, I passed the wayside in Poitou two years too soon!" cried M. de Manleon, with a smile.

LETTERS FROM A LADY IN LONDON TO HER NIECE IN THE COUNTRY.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, &c.

MY DEAR JANE,—My last letter referred to the western part of the metropolis, in which are situated the palaces of the queen and many edifices of a very splendid description, equally large with Stafford House, which I described, and which are occupied chiefly as the town residences of the nobility or other persons of wealth and distinction. I now wish you to accompany me in an excursion into the *city*, which is the true old London, and the great seat of all kinds of commerce. The streets in this quarter are generally narrow, and lined with tall brick houses, rather dingy in appearance, but, from the little glimpses I have got, all remarkably neat and clean within doors. Besides being narrow, the thoroughfares are densely crowded with foot-passengers, omnibuses, waggons, and, indeed, every species of vehicle, so that it is often not easy to get comfortably along; still, there is a wonderful liveliness in the scene, and so many things for a stranger to look at, that I must say I enjoy the city as much as I do the west end of the town.

Among the various establishments to which I was conducted in this part of London, none afforded me so much satisfaction as Christ's Hospital, or, as it is here familiarly called, the Blue-Coat School—one of those large charitable institutions with which the metropolis abounds. A visit to this interesting place would have, perhaps, afforded you more pleasure than any thing I have yet seen; and, if you will give me leave, I shall detail, to the best of my ability, what fell under my own observation. I was conducted over the hospital by one of the governors, and had therefore an opportunity of seeing some of the departments not usually shown to visiters.

The buildings belonging to this institution occupy a spacious area which opens up into Newgate Street, the large court-yard being merely separated from that bustling thoroughfare by iron railings. By an alley near this court-yard, leading past Christ's Church, we entered a square of fine old buildings, with cloisters or a covered walk running round it; but the courts, and squares, and buildings in connexion with the hospital are so numerous, that I may mistake the order in which they occurred. I daresay you will remember having read in history of the establishment of this school by the youthful and pious King Edward VI., whose memory appears to be held in grateful remembrance, as far as the erection of statues, portraits, &c., is supposed to indicate gratitude. The hospital was opened in 1552, in buildings formerly occupied by a monastery of Greyfriars; but these have in course of time disappeared, and been succeeded by several large structures of stone and brick, of different ages, care being taken to preserve, as far as convenient, the Gothic style, with covered cloisters or arcades round the different courts. The institution has likewise been extended considerably in its operations since its first commencement, by bequests left by various charitable persons. The annual revenue now amounts to L.40,000. Charles II. endowed a mathematical school for the instruction of forty boys, which was subsequently extended by a Mr Travers, who founded another class for mathematics, comprehending thirty-seven boys. There are now educated within the institution eight hundred and fifty boys; and at a school in connexion with it, at Hertford, a few miles' distance from town, there are between three and four hundred of a somewhat more youthful age, including, I believe, some girls.

The boys are the funniest-looking little fellows you ever saw, their dress having undergone little alteration for three hundred years. It consists of a long blue coat, reaching nearly to the ankle, and bound round the waist by a girdle of red leather; the lower garments are in the shape of little breeches, fastened at the knee, exhibiting to the utmost advantage stockings of bright yellow.* They wear no hat; I believe each has a small round article like a saucer, called by the name of cap, but they seldom appear with it. From the neck depend little bands of white linen. In addition to this, they have each a yellow petticoat in winter, which they wear under their pelisse or coat. It is curious to see a fashion, in itself so quaint, handed down in all its purity for three centuries; but there appears a dread of encroaching on any of the customs, however unimportant in themselves, from a fear that innovations of a more serious kind might follow. In some respects, however, I believe the charity has been liable to abuse, for I was told there had been instances of boys being placed there, for the benefit of education, whose parents were in circumstances far removed above the necessities to meet which the hospital was originally endowed. The principal innovation of recent date was the establishment of a class for French, which was not formerly taught. As yet, the physical sciences are excluded from the ordinary routine of instruction.

The first room to which we were introduced was that appropriated for writing. This is a long, well-lighted hall, with long tables from one end to the other. There were several masters attending, who take one half of the boys in the forenoon, and the other half in the afternoon. We were shown several *copies*, some of them by very young penmen, and they certainly did them great credit. The next department we saw was the grammar school, equally large, containing another large section of the lads. The masters occupy small rooms at each end of this apartment, where the lessons are repeated, the masters using the precaution of having glass doors, through which they see all that goes on.

We were next conducted to another and much larger edifice, in the lower part of which was the kitchen, from which issued a most satisfactory savour of the good things of this life, showing that, while the mental cultivation of the youthful inmates went vigorously on, the wants of the body were not disregarded. Descending a flight of steps, we found the kitchen to be a spacious and airy apartment, beautifully clean, having on one side a series of ovens, at which there was a respectable man-cook attending to the contents, consisting of thirty-eight legs of mutton. One of the boys was cutting the bread to be used at dinner, which another was ready to carry in a basket to the hall. We were now taken to the washing rooms for the boys, which were furnished with long rows of wooden troughs; and I believe every one must wash separately, as they were at one time very subject to ophthalmia, which was augmented by careless or promiscuous washing. The infirmary, in a separate building, next claimed our attention; and it was gratifying to find that, out of eight hundred and fifty boys, there were only eleven in the infirmary, and some of them only for a day or two. This room was exceedingly clean, with little open beds ranged along each side, the linen as pure as snow. This department is looked after by a kind and careful nurse. In an upper floor of a house detached from the preceding, are the sleeping-rooms, all of which appeared to us to be in excellent order, clean, light, and airy. Each contains several rows of beds, and at the foot of each bed is a small chest containing the clothes of the occupants. Each room or ward is superintended by a matron, whose private apartments are immediately adjoining. Off from each ward there is a small room for the use of the monitor, one of the older boys, who is called, by way of distinction, a *Grecian*, and takes a charge over the rest. We were told that the preceding week one of these young gentlemen had been sent off to the university, having completed his studies in the most creditable manner. It was now near the dinner hour, and the squares were filled with "playful children just let loose from school." Some were amusing themselves with skipping-ropes, hoops, balls, &c., while a band of the senior lads walked up and down, arm in arm, engaged in conversation. These were distinguished by an epaulette on one shoulder, being designed for the navy. We next proceeded to a building behind, on the upper floor of which I was shown the director's room, a large comfortable apartment, the walls adorned by some quaint old-fashioned looking portraits of patrons of the institution—amongst the rest were two pictures of Edward VI., one taken while he was in bad health, representing him pale and sickly, as if in the last stage of disease. In this room there is a very fine specimen of penmanship executed by one of the boys, being a copy of an address presented by a deputation of the pupils to the Queen on the occasion of her Majesty's visit to the city. In a small anteroom is a curious map of London as it was in 1647, with only one bridge across the Thames: what a contrast to London as it is, or as it will be in 1847! In the lower floor of this edifice is a large office or counting-house, in which the business of the establishment is conducted by a secretary and clerks. By the politeness of one of these gentlemen, I was furnished with some information respecting a branch of the charity which is little known. This is an endowment which furnishes a small annuity to any person in poor circumstances who is blind, and above (I think) 65 years of age, but who has never received parish relief; the annuity is ten pounds per annum, and refers to persons in any part of the United Kingdom.

Leaving this place, we made our way to the edifice containing the dining-room—a very large and elegant Gothic hall, resembling the Parliament House at Edinburgh, measuring 187 feet in length, 51 feet in breadth, and 47 feet in height, being the structure the most ornamental in exterior aspect, and that which is seen from Newgate Street. The walls of the hall, which is one floor up, are of oak, with a gallery at the farther end. This part of the various structures was erected so lately as 1825. It is lighted by lofty windows, some of which are filled in with brilliant stained glass, bearing the arms and emblazonments of governors and patrons of the institution, many of whom were educated in the hospital, and, having attained to wealth and eminence in their various pursuits, have taken this means of evincing the deep sense they entertained of the valuable privileges they had enjoyed in their youth. We now placed ourselves at the head of this large and splendid apartment, while the youngsters streamed in from the opposite extremity. Four long tables, placed lengthways in the room, and one at top, being covered and laid with wooden trenchers, the boys took their places on each side, one acting as waiter for a certain number, in order to prevent confusion. The legs of mutton were now introduced, in hollow wooden dishes, carried by boys on their shoulders, also thirty-eight wooden pails, beautifully clean, containing potatoes. A Grecian, or elder boy, now mounted the pulpit, which occupied a conspicuous place on one side of the room, and silence being enforced by a presiding master by three strokes of a hammer, he proceeded to read a short chapter from the Bible; when this was concluded, the boys all fell down on their knees, while a blessing was asked, to which they all responded most heartily. The spectacle of between eight and nine hundred boys dressed in their antique garb, sinking to their knees at a given signal, and in this posture uttering thanks to the Almighty for his gracious bounty, was, I can assure you, strikingly grand, and in no small degree affecting. The grace being finished, all arose, and dinner commenced. The meat was carved by fifteen nurses (a motherly-looking set of women, each at a particular station), and carried by the assistant boys to those seated at the tables, each boy getting a pretty large slice, three potatoes, half a small loaf, and small beer or water according to his taste. It is impossible to imagine a more delightful scene than this—eight hundred and fifty fine little fellows, all as happy as they could wish to be. And then the countenances were in themselves a study—such variety of feature and expression! But whatever the habitual expression might be individually, they seemed united in heart and purpose in doing justice to the good things before them. I have seen hospital children to whom it would have been an act of positive cruelty to have wished an *appetite*, the means for satisfying it not being within their reach; but here there was no feeling of that kind; the healthy, cheerful appearance of the boys showed that their wants were liberally supplied. One day in the week they have soup, another day pudding, salt beef another day, roast beef, and so on, till roast mutton day comes again; and the governors purchase the best meat that can be obtained. They have bread and milk for breakfast,

* [The breeches, we believe, are an innovation of comparatively modern date.—ED.]

bread with milk and water for tea, and bread and cheese for supper. Here terminated my visit, and I need scarcely say how much gratified I was with the exhibition of this munificent establishment, which I left more than ever impressed with admiration of the noble and generous spirit with which every thing is conducted in this great and liberal country.

My next visit of curiosity was to the hall of the Goldsmith's Company. You must understand that in the city there are a number of corporations of tradesmen, some of which are very wealthy, and own splendid edifices, in which they hold their stated or occasional meetings. Speaking at random, I should think that in some instances fifty or sixty thousand pounds must have been lavished in building and furnishing these halls, as they are termed. That which I now went to visit, at a short distance from Newgate Street, belonging to the Goldsmith's Company, is, I suppose, reckoned the finest in the city.

Unfortunately, this magnificent building, which was finished only in 1835, is placed in a secluded situation behind the new Post-office, and is crowded so much on all sides by houses, that its beautiful exterior is utterly lost. It is two storeys in height, with eleven lofty windows in front, the centre windows being divided by a row of six elegant Corinthian pillars. On entering, we found in the vestibule a large polished stove, with a noble fire, beside which stood a huge luxuriously stuffed chair for the porter. If this personage has not been rendered lazy by such indulgence, he certainly has every inducement to become so, with such a fire and such a seat; but let us see what is beyond this. The entrance to the inner lobby is by glass doors; this fronts the staircase, which has a grand and imposing effect.

Immediately above the first landing-place, from which the stairs lead off to the right and left, is a full-length portrait of William IV., and below this is a marble bust of the same monarch. This hall and staircase are lighted from the roof, which is supported by lofty pillars of greenish marble. By a door on the left gallery we entered the dining-hall, a magnificent room, with five large windows to the back of the house. The pillars in this apartment are of yellow scagliola. One side of the room is ornamented by full-length portraits of William, Adelaide, and Victoria, in their robes of state. The chandeliers, of which there are five, composed of crystal, are of the most superb description, and, when lighted, must have a dazzling effect. The carpet is also luxuriously rich, giving an idea of warmth and comfort. Long mahogany tables were laid out the whole length of the room, with chairs on each side, as if ready for the company who were expected next day (Lord Mayor's Day), covered with crimson morocco, with the arms of the company carved on the back of each. At the farther end, raised a few steps, is a recess, as if for a throne or chair of state, hung tastefully with draperies of crimson cloth; behind this the plate is kept, and on festive occasions is displayed in this recess. A passage from this end of the room conducts to the council-chamber, the walls of which are hung with green, with green damask window-curtains, lined with lutestring. On a marble table at the upper end is a curious stone, enclosed in a glass shade, which was found under the foundation of the old hall. There is a figure carved in the stone in a Roman costume, but it is very much worn by time, as you may suppose.

Opposite to this, on the other side of the passage, is the drawing-room, an exceedingly elegant apartment. The walls are covered with crimson satin damask, relieved by a border of white paint, united to the satin by a graceful scroll of gilding. The sofas and chairs are of the same material as the walls, as are also the window-hangings, which are lined with lutestring. Elegant little tables of white marble, with gilt pedestals, are placed along the side of the room. The chandelier and ceiling are superbly gilt, and rich gilt candelabra here and there complete the list of attractive objects in this room. We were led from this to the small dining-room, which has been the scene of many capital dinners, I could suppose; but *dinner* is scarcely the proper term—it should be *feast* or *banquet*, when applied to one of the princely companies of London, the metropolis of an essentially feasting nation. Well, then, this minor dining-room possesses all the attributes for comfort in an uncommon degree; it is neither too large nor too small. The walls are oak, and the furniture mahogany: at the extreme end, within a shallow recess, stands a sideboard, surmounted by a large mirror, hung with drapery of crimson velvet; this reflects and multiplies the plate. The window-hangings are of crimson. The mantel-pieces in all the rooms are extremely beautiful, being of carved white marble. Near to this is the tea-room, rather gloomy in its aspect, but somewhat enlivened on one side by the portraits of lord-mayors belonging to the company, grouped in one picture. Some of these worthies lived and enjoyed their civic honours as far back as 1551.

We next descended to the kitchen, where preparations were being made for the feast of the following day, under the able superintendence of various cooks, male and female. The fireplace was of enormous width—I daresay ten or twelve feet; the heat rendered more intense by a tin screen of the same gigantic proportions; and here a spit, that would have borne an ox, was revolving gaily with about a dozen fowls. It was well we allowed the kitchen to be the last place we saw, as it increased our desire for our own dinners to such a degree that we speedily made our way home, in the enjoyment of appetites that even a lord-mayor might have envied.

STATISTICS OF EDUCATION AND OF EARLY MARRIAGES.

Among the various methods by which the Registrar-General has endeavoured to turn the records deposited in his office to useful account in illustrating the condition of the people, the practicability seems also to have occurred to him of deducing from the marriage registers a criterion of the state of education, so far as regards the ability to write, among the adult population throughout England and Wales. Every register of marriages being signed by the parties married—those who are able writing their names, and those who are unable, or who write very imperfectly, making their marks—it appeared to the Registrar-General that an enumeration of the instances in which the parties married have signed by a mark, instead of writing their names, would serve to indicate the proportion among them who either could not write at all or write very imperfectly. And in his second annual Report, a table is given as the result of such an enumeration, exhibiting the proportion per cent. in the metropolis, in each English county, and in North and South Wales, of persons married in the year ending June 1839, who had used marks.

From this table it appeared, that in fifteen of the English counties—namely, Berkshire, Hertfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Huntingdonshire, Bedfordshire, Cambridgeshire, Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Wiltshire, Shropshire, Worcestershire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, and Monmouthshire, and in North and South Wales—more than 40 per cent. of the men were unable to write their names; and that in the West-Riding of Yorkshire, in Wales, and in nineteen of the English counties, more than half the women were similarly deficient in this primary element of education. It also appeared, that in the whole of England and Wales, out of 121,083 marriages there were 40,587 men and 58,959 women who could not write.

It was further observed, that the education of the men, in respect to the ability to write, was superior to that of the women, the proportions per cent. of those who were deficient being for males 33 and for females 49 in the whole kingdom; and a superiority, greater or less, was maintained by the men throughout every county.

This return also indicated a decided superiority with regard to the ability to write in the metropolis, as compared with the rest of England and Wales, and, next to the metropolis, in the north of England, including the counties of Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland. On the other hand, the most marked deficiency was in Lancashire, Bedfordshire, Monmouthshire, and Wales; in Lancashire, the proportion who had signed with their marks, was for men 43, and for females 65, per cent.; in Bedfordshire, for men 55, and for women 66, per cent.; in Monmouthshire, 54 for men, and for women 67, per cent.; and in Wales, for men 46½, and for women 70, per cent. But in the metropolis such proportion was only 12 per cent. for men, and 24 for women; and in the northern counties, for men 21, and for women 42, per cent.

The Registrar-General put forward these calculations, in the first instance, with evident and necessary caution, remarking, that it was not to be hastily assumed, upon the evidence afforded by the returns of a single year, that the inhabitants of any particular county or district were less educated than their neighbours, and that it was requisite that this experiment should be oftentimes repeated, and attended with similar results, before any such inference could be drawn with safety. "It must also," he observed, "be remembered, that although a fair average is thus afforded, the portion of the whole population exhibited in the yearly returns of marriages is small;" and such portion, whose signatures appear on the marriage-registers of a single year, is sufficiently small to be easily affected by accidental circumstances. At the same time, it must be observed that this criterion is free from the objection of selection, including every class and condition and every age, except children and very old persons, and it is almost impossible that the same person should have signed twice in the same year.

In the last annual Report of the Registrar-General, just published, a similar calculation is contained, showing the proportion per cent. of the persons married in the year ended June 1840, who signed with their marks, and the result is strikingly coincident in every respect with that of the preceding year, and such as to induce the belief that the evidence contained in the marriage-registers on this point will furnish a safe and valuable criterion of the state of education (at least elementary education) among the adult population, and serve, in each succeeding year, by comparison with preceding years, to indicate its progress or retrogression.

It has been calculated in the last Report (which embraces the year ending June 1840), "that in thirteen English counties, in the West-Riding of Yorkshire, and in Wales, more than 40 per cent. of the men married did not write their names; and that in nineteen English counties, in the West-Riding of Yorkshire, and in Wales, the same fact existed with respect to half the women." It also appears, that in the whole of England and Wales, out of 124,329 couples married, there were 41,812 men, and 62,523 women, who, it is presumed, either could not write or wrote very imperfectly.

The Registrar-General observes, that "if the table for the year ending June 30, 1840, had shown results differing widely from those of the preceding year, it might reasonably have been suspected that such returns were not likely to become valuable and safe criterions of the comparative state of education; that they are drawn from too small a portion of the whole population, and are too much influenced by accident." Such, however, he says, is not the case. A comparison of the table given on this subject in the second report with that in the third, shows a remarkably close correspondence in the results, not only for the whole kingdom, but in the metropolis, and in every considerable group of counties. In the metropolis, indeed, and in two out of the ten divisions of counties, the mean proportion is precisely similar; in six others there is only a difference of one, in another the difference is two, and in the remaining one it amounts to three.

It may be necessary to state, that this criterion of the comparative state of education, as respects the ability to write, can only be applicable to the *past*—that is, to such as existed ten and twenty years ago—and can throw no light upon the amount and nature of the education now afforded.

Such are the statistics, deducible from the English marriage-registers, as to the state of education, with regard to the ability to write, among the adult population. Scarcely less interesting is the light which the Registrar-General, in his last and preceding reports, has contrived to throw upon the propensity to marry in early life, as such propensity is manifested, in various degrees, throughout the different portions of England and Wales.

In the tabular abstract of marriages subjoined to the last report, is included the number of persons, distinguishing males from females, married during the year ending June 1840, who were under twenty-one years of age; and in the report itself is embodied a table, exhibiting the proportion per cent. of each sex married under that age to the whole number of marriages, in the metropolis, in each English county, and in North and South Wales.

The general result for the whole of England and Wales appears to be, that out of the total number of marriages solemnised during the year ending June 1840, and which amounted to 124,329, 24,010 of the parties married were under the age of twenty-one years, namely, 6100 males, and 17,909 females; and the proportion per cent. which the minors bear to the whole number married is for men 4·90, and for women 14·40—the mean proportion being 9·65. This proportion is in a slight degree higher than that of the preceding year, when the numbers married under age were 5628 men, and 16,414 women; and the proportions per cent. to the whole number married 4·64 and 13·55 respectively: mean proportion, 9·09.

The counties in which these early marriages appear most highly to have preponderated, are Bedfordshire, Huntingdonshire, Cambridgeshire, Northamptonshire, and Hertfordshire, making five out of the eight counties composing what is called the south-midland group of counties; next in Essex, one of the three eastern counties; afterwards in the West-Riding of Yorkshire; then in Staffordshire, one of the six western counties; next in Wiltshire, one of the five composing the south-western group; and so on. A similar result, with the exception of Wiltshire, was shown for the preceding year. The results of the preceding year likewise show a remarkable similarity to those of the last year respecting those portions of the kingdom in which early marriages have been most rare.

The disposition towards early marriage appears most rarely to have exhibited itself in the metropolis, as compared with the rest of England and Wales, where the proportion per cent. is only 1·75 for men, and 8·30 for women, which exhibits a striking difference in favour of the metropolis when compared with Bedford, for example, the county in which early marriages are shown to have prevailed in the highest degree, namely, in the proportion of 12·40 per cent. for men, and 25·95 per cent. for women. Next after the metropolis, in point of the inferiority of the mean proportion of early marriages, stand the northern counties, taken as a group, namely, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Durham, and Northumberland; then Monmouthshire, and North and South Wales; then the remaining English counties, taken in groups, in the following order—namely, the south-western counties, five in number; the south-eastern counties, five in number; the north-western, two in number; the western counties, six in number; the north-midland counties, five in number; the three Ridings of Yorkshire; the three eastern counties; and, lastly, the south-midland counties, eight in number. The individual county next to the metropolis, in point of the smallness of the number of early marriages, is Devonshire.

The number of women married during their minority exceeds that of the men by 11,808, in the whole of England and Wales; and throughout the metropolis, in each of the counties, and in North and South Wales, without a single exception, the women maintain over the men a numerical superiority greater or less in this respect. A similar result in favour of the males over the females, it may be remembered, was

observable with regard to the inability to write, though the excess was not so remarkable as in this case.

The Registrar-General does not appear to have entered into any consideration, for which the marriage registers seem to furnish facilities, as to how far, if in any degree, the disposition towards early marriage, which we have seen manifests itself in such varied proportions in the different parts of England, may have been encouraged or affected by the absence of education among the parties married, so far as the inability to write, as shown by the marriage registers, may be indicative of such absence. This seems of much importance; and we ourselves have been at the pains to make a comparison between the two tables in the report, one of them showing the mean proportion per cent. of persons married under twenty-one years of age, and the other, the mean proportion per cent. of the persons married who signed the marriage register with marks; and the result is such as fairly to lead to the conclusion, that the disposition to marry early is in some degree influenced by the want of education, among other causes. We find, for example, that the eight counties of Bedfordshire, Huntingdonshire, Cambridgeshire, Hertfordshire, Northamptonshire, Essex, the West-Riding of Yorkshire, Staffordshire, and Wiltshire, wherein the disposition towards early marriage has been shown to prevail in the highest degree, are precisely the counties in which the want of education, as respects the inability to write, is proved by the marriage registers to exist in the greatest proportions among the parties married. And the same coincidence is more or less observable throughout the remaining counties, and especially is it remarkable with regard to the metropolis—Monmouthshire, and North and South Wales, forming almost the only striking exceptions.

AN AMERICAN BEAR-CHASE.

Mr N. P. Willis, in his very beautiful work on Canada, publishing at present in highly embellished numbers,* presents a variety of details on the field-sports of the northern settlers, and among others the following story of adventure in the pursuit of bears, which he quotes from Talbot's Travels:—

"One of my father's settlers, of the name of Howay, discovered the tracks of three bears on the morning of the 11th December; and, after following them for about three miles, came to the tree in which they had taken up their quarters. Having his dog, his gun, and his axe with him, he began to cut down the tree, the trunk of which was at least sixteen feet in circumference. Whilst engaged in this employment, he occasionally directed his eyes upward, to see if his motions disturbed the bears in the place of their retreat. He became at length weary of acting as sentry to the prisoners, and had nearly forgotten this needful precaution, when, in the midst of his hewing, a large piece of bark struck him on the head. This aroused his attention, and, on looking again, he discovered, to his great consternation, one of the bears descending the tree in the usual manner, tail foremost. Apprehensive that he might be attacked by his black friend, which he perceived was coming down with every appearance of hostility, he laid down his axe, and, taking up his gun, resolved to discharge its contents into the body of Bruin. Upon reflection, however, he desisted; for he was afraid, if he only wounded the animal, his own life would be the forfeit of his eager temerity. While he was thus deliberating, his dog perceived the bear, then only a few yards from the ground, and, by his barking, alarmed the brute so much that he ran up the tree with inconceivable swiftness. On arriving at the opening into the trunk, he turned himself about, and, looking down attentively, surveyed the dog and his master. Howay now regretted that he had not called upon some of his neighbours to assist him; but being afraid that if he should then go for any one the bears would in the mean time effect their escape, he rallied his courage, and, resuming his gun, lodged a ball in the bear's neck, which fortunately brought him lifeless to the ground. Victory generally inspires the conqueror with fresh courage, and is seldom the forerunner of caution. The conduct of Howay, however, affords an exception to a rule so generally acknowledged; for, instead of being elated by his success, and stimulated to pursue his conquest, he reflected that, although he had been thus far fortunate, the favourable issue was to be imputed more to casualty than to any particular exertion of his own prowess, and concluded, that if he continued to fell the tree, he might in his turn become the vanquished. He therefore very prudently determined to go home and bring some of his neighbours to his aid. Leaving the bear at the foot of the tree, he departed, and in a short time returned with two men, three dogs, and an additional axe. They soon succeeded in cutting down the tree, which, when falling, struck against another, and broke off about the middle, at the identical spot where the beasts lodged. Stunned and confused, the affrighted animals ran so close to one of the men, that he actually put the muzzle of his gun close to its shoulder and shot two balls through its body. The other escaped unhurt; and the dogs pursued the wounded one till he compelled them to return with their flesh badly lacerated.

By this time the winter sun had ceased to shed his refulgent beams upon that portion of the globe, and the men deemed it imprudent to follow the tracks until the succeeding morning; when Howay, accompanied by a person of the name of Nowlan, an American by birth, and of course well acquainted with the woods, followed the tracks, having previously provided themselves with a rifle, an axe, about six charges of powder and shot, and bread and meat sufficient for their dinner. This was early in the morning of Thursday the 12th of December. About two o'clock in the afternoon they were observed by some persons crossing the river Thames, nearly seven miles from the place at which they set off. This was the only intelligence we had of them for thirteen days. After they had been absent for some time, their friends concluded that they must either have perished with hunger and cold, or have been destroyed by the wounded bear. I was strongly of opinion that they had been frozen to death, for the weather was excessively cold, and they were slightly clothed, without a tinder-box, and totally unprovided with any means of shielding themselves from the inclemency of the weather. I therefore assembled a large party of the settlers pertaining to the townships of London and Nassouri, and proposed that we should stock ourselves with provisions for a few days, and go in quest of the two unfortunate hunters. To this proposal they unanimously agreed; and we set off on the following morning, provided with pocket compasses and trumpets, a good supply of ammunition, and the necessary apparatus for lighting fires, taking with us some of the best dogs in the country. In the interval between their departure and ours a partial thaw had taken place, which left not the slightest layer of snow upon the ground, except in low and swampy situations. We had therefore no tracks for our direction, nor any idea of the course which Howay and Nowlan had taken, except what we had obtained from the persons who saw them crossing the Thames on the day of their departure. We had no very sanguine hopes of finding them; but continued for two days to explore thousands of acres of interminable forests and desolate swamps, apparently untrodden by human foot, yet without the most distant prospect of success. We returned home, having given up all expectation of seeing them again, either living or dead.

Thirteen days had now elapsed since the departure of the two adventurous settlers, and all hope of their return had completely vanished. On the morning of Christmas-day, as I was in the act of sending messengers to some of Howay's most intimate acquaintance, to request them to take an inventory of his property, I was informed that he and his companion had returned a few hours before, alive, but in a most wretched condition. When I had recovered in some measure from my surprise, I went to see them, for I felt anxious to hear from themselves an account of their extraordinary preservation [which was as follows]:—

On the day of their departure, they pursued the bear, which took a north-western course for at least twenty miles, and at night stopped upon his track. With great difficulty they lit a fire, having contrived to produce a light by the application of a piece of dry linen to the pan of their gun whilst flashing it. Thus, before a good fire, they spent the first night, which was exceedingly cold, both supperless and sleepless.

In the morning they continued the chase, as soon as they had eaten a small piece of bread, the crumbs or fragments of their dinner on the preceding day. This was equally divided between themselves and their dog. About noon, when they had travelled on the track, through all its windings and doublings, for at least twenty miles, they were unable to distinguish the north from the south, and of course considered themselves lost in the boundless immensity of interminable forests. They resolved to pursue the bear no longer, conscious that it would lead them still farther into the wilderness, from whence they apprehended they could not without difficulty extricate themselves, for the snow was disappearing fast, and the rain continuing to increase. They now recollected that, in the early part of the day, they had crossed over the track of another bear, which they fancied would lead them to the settlements. This they unwisely resolved to follow, consoling themselves with the thought, that, if it should not conduct them to the abodes of man, it might lead them to the bear's retreat; and that if they should succeed in killing him in a spot even remote from any settlement, his flesh would afford them nourishment, and his skin a more comfortable couch than the snow-covered deserts on which they had bivouacked the preceding night. Hope, which—though it often bids desponding thoughts depart, and sometimes cheers us in the darkest hour—is too frequently the cause of our expecting where expectation is vain and disappointment ruinous, had, in the present instance, nearly precipitated its unfortunate votaries into the vortex of irretrievable misery. They followed on the track, until the snow completely disappeared, and the sky became so dreadfully overcast, that they were compelled to relinquish all ideas of hunting, and to think only of escaping from solitude and starvation. They were by this time on the banks of a small rivulet, the course of which they resolved to pursue, expecting that it would eventually lead them to the Thames, into which they calculated, as a matter of undoubted certainty, it emptied itself. On the banks of this rivulet they passed the second night, but were not able to get any sleep. It rained incessantly, and they suffered much from their exposed situation, for they were only partially covered with a few strips of bark.

On the third day they continued their journey down the brook, which, growing wider and wider, inclined them to think it was the head of some extensive river, and they hoped it would prove to be that of the Thames. The violence of the storm began to subside about noon, but without any abatement of the cold, or cessation of the rain, which continued to fall during the whole of the day. A little before sunset they fired at a partridge, but unfortunately missed it. Another joyless night found them waking in all its watches.

On the fourth day they felt excessively hungry and weak; their thirst also was insatiable, being compelled every five or six minutes to drink. In the afternoon, their hunger increased to such a degree, that they could have eaten any thing except human flesh. Sixty hours had now elapsed without their having tasted food of any kind, and the appalling idea of suffering by starvation for the first time obtruded itself. Before the close of the day, however, they succeeded in shooting a partridge, one-half of which they imprudently ate as their supper, and feasted on the remainder at breakfast the ensuing morning. Little more than one charge of powder was now left; and this they resolved to preserve for lighting fires, knowing, as the frost had again set in, that if they were exposed for a single night to the weather, without the protection of a fire, they must inevitably perish.

The fifth night proved extremely cold, and Nowlan perceived, in the morning, that his feet were badly frozen. Pitiable as their situation was before this heart-rending event, it then became still more wretched. This unfortunate man had now to endure a complication of unprecedented sufferings. To the imperative hankerings of hunger which he could not satisfy, a continual thirst which he could not appease, a violent fever which seemed not to abate, and the 'pelting of the pitiless storm,' from which he had no shelter, there was added a species of torment the most excruciating that human nature is doomed to suffer. Until this deplorable event, they had travelled at least fifty miles a-day, walking, or, as they expressed it, running, from before sunrise until after sunset. They were now unable to perform more than half their accustomed journey, and even that with the utmost difficulty.

On the afternoon of the sixth day, the sun appeared for a few moments, and convinced them that they were not on the banks of the Thames. The knowledge of this gave them much uneasiness, from a conviction which it impressed on their minds, that they were on the banks of a river which might lead them to the desolate and uninhabited shores of Lake Huron or Lake St Clair. Still they preferred following its course, hoping to discover some Indian settlement, which they could have no expectation of finding if they departed from its margin. Immediately after the sun had disappeared, they discovered a boat on the opposite side of the river, and, a little farther down, a canoe. The appearance of these vessels induced them to think that a new settlement could not be far distant; but when they had travelled several miles farther, and had not met with any other traces of inhabitants, they concluded that the vessels had been driven down the river by the ice during the late thaw, and had been stopped at the point where they were first noticed. They were just about to cut down some timber for the night, when they observed a stack of hay a few perches before them, and on their side of the river. The hay appeared to have been mowed on the flats, or shallows, where it grows spontaneously beneath the gloomy shades of the overhanging forest. This circumstance, when coupled with their recent discovery of the boat and canoe, convinced them that they were in the immediate neighbourhood of some settlement. The hay-stack afforded them a comfortable asylum for the night, and appeared to them the most enviable bed on which they had ever reclined.

On the morning of the seventh day, they rose much refreshed, having enjoyed, for the first time since they left home, a few hours of sound sleep. They were confirmed afresh, by the incident of the stack, in their resolution to keep close to the river, being elated with the idea that it would certainly lead them to some inhabited place. But their dog, the faithful companion of their dangers and partaker in their sufferings, was that morning unable to proceed any farther. When he attempted to follow them, he staggered a few paces, and then fell, but had not power to rise again. The hunger of the men had by this time increased to such a degree, that they could have eaten the most loathsome food; yet they desisted from killing the dog; they left him to die a lingering death rather than imbrue their hands in the blood of a fellow-sufferer. Scarcely had they proceeded a mile beyond the hay-stack, when they were intercepted by an impassable swamp, which compelled them to leave the direction of the river. Difficulties seemed to surround them on every hand, and success appeared to smile on them for a moment but to add to their other sufferings the pangs of blighted hope and bitter disappointment. They were compelled to wander once more into the pathless desert, with very faint expectations of regaining the river.

They walked a considerable distance on the eighth day, and at four o'clock on the ninth discerned the tracks of two men and a dog. They now imagined the long-wished for settlement at hand. With renewed spirit and alacrity, therefore, they pushed onward, indulging by the way the pleasing reflection, that the issue of the newly-discovered track would ere long terminate their woes, and bring them to enjoy once more the unspeakable pleasure of human society. Judge, then, what must have been their feelings, when, towards evening, they were brought to the very spot on which they had lain five nights before! Hope now no longer shed her delusive rays into their hearts; and they neither had a thought, nor felt a desire, to prolong existence.

After indulging in the gloomiest reflections for nearly an hour—during which time they both declared, that if a tree had then been in the act of falling on them, they would not have made any exertion to escape from its destructive stroke—they began to look upon it as their duty to employ the means which Providence had placed within their reach for the preservation of that life which He who gave possessed the sole right of taking away; and they resolved once more to light a fire. This they accomplished with the utmost difficulty, for they were so much debilitated as to be scarcely able to exert themselves in collecting a sufficient quantity of fuel. As they consumed the last grain of their powder in this operation, they became susceptible but of one emotion—that of indescribable horror, at the idea of being compelled, ere another night should elapse, to pay the debt of nature in a manner the most abhorrent to their feelings. They now conversed freely, but in a melancholy strain, on the method in which it was most likely that the frost would accomplish their destruction; and agreed in the opinion that it would first attack the extremities of their bodies, and gradually proceed up towards the vitals, until their hearts'-blood should become congealed to ice. After this discourse they lay down, almost unmindful of the past and careless about the future, endeavouring to re-

* London: George Virtue. 4to, with plates.

sign themselves to the fate which awaited them, whatever that might be.

On the morning of the ninth day of their deplorable wanderings, they arose in a state of perfect apathy, and began to traverse the same lands which they had so reluctantly trodden six days before. In the evening they arrived at the hay-stack, where they left the dog. They found him still living, but unable to get upon his feet. He was reduced to a mere skeleton, and appeared to be in the agonies of death. The desire of life once more took its seat in their hearts, and they resolved to seek diligently for some sort of food. Their appetites were now so unconquerably ravenous, that they stripped the bark off an elm tree, and devoured large quantities of its inner rind. Scarcely had they eaten it, however, when they became exceedingly delirious, and were forced to lie down among the hay, where they remained until morning in an agony of despair.

By daylight, on the tenth morning, they were much better, and would have arisen; but, recollecting that they now possessed no materials for lighting a fire, they resolved to roll themselves up in the hay again, and quietly await the hour of dissolution, whenever it should arrive. Their resolution had but just been formed, when they heard the joyful sound of a cow-bell, which seemed to proceed from the opposite shore of the river. They arose immediately, and, on looking over the water, perceived to their infinite satisfaction a log-house recently erected, but yet without any appearance of inhabitants. For some time they felt inclined to doubt the evidence of their senses, and to consider the log-house as a creature of their disturbed imaginations. They recollected passing that way before without observing any building; but, on calling to mind the circumstance of seeing the boat and the canoe, they were convinced that all was reality—delightful, heart-cheering reality! They therefore resolved, by some means or other, to ford the river; and, walking with feeble steps but bounding hearts along the bank, they soon discovered a crossing place. On arriving at the opposite shore, they were met by a white man and two Indians, who took them to the house of one Townsend, with whom they were well acquainted, and from whom they experienced every mark of attention which their wretched condition required. The heart of sensibility, if conversant with affliction, may form some estimate of their feelings at that moment. If a single feeling had then any marked preponderance over another, it must have been that of gratitude—boundless, unspeakable gratitude, to the protecting power of an Almighty and gracious Deliverer.

A few months previous to this event, Townsend had discovered a salt-spring on the banks of the river Sauble, and was at this time preparing to commence a manufactory of that article at a distance of nearly twenty miles from any human habitation. This embryo salt-manufactory was the building which Howay and Nowlan discovered after they heard the ringing of the cow-bell. It was a fortunate circumstance for them; for if this spot had been uninhabited, as it was a short time before, they must unquestionably have breathed their last on the banks of that unexplored river, which flows into Lake Huron, at a point which is nearly one hundred miles from any settlement. They were only thirty miles from the lake when interrupted by the swamp, in avoiding which they had inadvertently wandered back into the woods; and, on discovering their own tracks, returned unconsciously to the place where they had lain five nights before—a catastrophe which, at the time, they lamented as a dire misfortune, but which afterwards was the cause of their final deliverance.

At Townsend's house they were fifty miles from home, every yard of which they had to travel through the wilderness, but not without the aid of a blazed line to direct them. Nowlan's feet were by this time in a very bad condition; and as he could not procure at that lonely dwelling the materials necessary to prevent mortification, which he was apprehensive would very soon take place, he and his companion set off early on the following morning. Mrs Townsend kindly furnished them with provisions, and every thing necessary for their journey; and on the eve of the thirteenth day after their departure from the Talbot Settlement, they had once more the happiness of enjoying the comforts of their own firesides. So much for the pleasures of the American bear-chase!"

TWO OPINIONS, OR WHICH IS BEST?

In my native town in Lincolnshire, there resided a medical gentleman named Albright, and a worthy divine whom I must take leave to name Dr Doubtmuch: two beings more opposite in the cast of their minds could not be conceived. My father, bless him! being an easy sort of a man, allowed me to choose my own future profession, but requested that I would consult these two gentlemen, as he calculated that, in all probability, their difference of character would give me an excellent idea of the world, and some useful hints for my future guidance in it.

Unfortunately for my peace of mind, I met Mr Albright just as I was going to the house of Dr Doubtmuch, and related to him my plan, which was to become a teacher of experimental philosophy, that being, in my opinion, less laborious and more profitable than any of the three learned professions, and more gentlemanly than trade. Mr Albright stared as if he considered me an intellectual prodigy; and then exclaimed, in an enthusiastic manner, "Admirable plan! Pray, my dear Mr Weathercock, is it your whole and sole suggestion?—for really, sir," he continued, "it shows a greatness of mind, a profundity of thought, and a brightness of idea, that is truly surprising for so young a man." This hyperbole, which he used upon all occasions, was a delicious dose to my vanity. I was always lean and upright, like a hop-pole; but this extraordinary jargon made me seem to grow some inches higher.

Mr Albright was a smart bustling little man, with reddish hair, light grey eyes, and a murky, yellowish complexion. He was usually dressed in a dark green surtout, broad white-corded small-clothes, top-boots, a riding-whip under his arm, and his hat placed rather backwards, so as to make the most of his small head. He affected an appearance of great professional practice, until he ultimately made a very lucrative one. Whilst standing with me in the street, he bowed to every respectable person, even if they were merely passing strangers; for, as he observed at the time, "If they are not patients now, they may be, you know—ha! ha! ha!" This was the kind of man whose praise had quite intoxicated me. For, if I had not been blinded by my own excessive vanity, his glaring and palpable superficiality would have been apparent to me. But, in order to let you see the whole of Mr Albright's character, I must tell you that, before he left me on this memorable occasion, he told me "to take a large house in the vicinity of London, to publish an elementary treatise, no matter whether it contained a single original thought, and in this way obtain a reputation and a large fortune; and," said the little man, "I'll stake my ruby ring to a nut-shell, that you will become a popular lecturer, and gain an imperishable fame!" Such verbiage seemed, at the time, like spicy and fragrant zephyrs to my excited feelings, and I inhaled and relished the dose for its honied sweetness. The quantity was so potent, that it acted on my heart and brain, until my imagination revelled in all the anticipated joy of a well-lighted theatre, with crowded benches, and mine ears were greeted with the rapturous applauses of my ideal auditors. My good fortune seemed such a matter of certainty, that I did not bestow another thought on the worthy Dr Doubtmuch; and I should have declined asking his opinion, had not my good father urged me to do so; for, as he remarked, "the anti-phlogistic treatment of my reverend friend will allay your feverish symptoms, Tom, and restore you to a state of common sense."

As the peculiar character of Dr Doubtmuch will be developed in relating my interview with that gentleman, it may be as well now to advert to some minor points of it, and give some general idea of his personal appearance. Dr Doubtmuch was a very tall and stout man, with a ponderous head, and features exceedingly well defined; his mouth pouted out some inches beyond his fat double chin; his Bardolph nose had a most prolific appearance; and this noble member was overlooked by two full staring eyes, protected by very bushy eyebrows, overhanging them like the gable-end of a thickly thatched roof. Nature seemed determined to make this specimen of her handiwork quite symmetrical, although he was much above all ordinary-sized men. If the doctor stored his capacious head with intellectual matter, he did not forget to nourish his bodily organs. He had a great capacity for all things, whether consisting of the spiritual, subtle, immaterial properties of thought, or the substantial articles for eating and drinking. His walk every morning seldom extended beyond the market-place, where, with the nicest discrimination, he selected the dainties of the season for his dinner. He would then return and shut himself up in his study; and was surly and rude if intruded upon by any one. Persons desirous of having his advice, or to ask him some pecuniary favour, never ventured to visit him until an hour or two after dinner, when his better feelings were thawed and warmed into a state of cheerfulness by the many good things of which he had recently partaken. At such times he would be all civility to those who called upon him.

On the memorable evening on which I paid him a visit, he was sitting in a great arm-chair, and had been seemingly drinking more than his usual quantity, for he stared as if all did not appear quite clear before him; besides which, his tongue seemed rather too heavy to move, for he pointed to a chair, and nodded to me to occupy it. But I remained quite silent, until he asked me very laconically—"What do you want, Mr Weathercock?" I then did my tale unfold, to which he listened with seeming attention, until I unfortunately said "that Mr Albright admired my plan very much." At the mention of Albright's name, the eyes of the old doctor flashed with indignation; and, bending his head forward, like one who fancies he does not hear correctly, he bawled out with a stentorian voice—"WHAT!" Had it been a clap of thunder bursting over his house, or a musket-ball suddenly whizzing past my head, I could not have been more effectually startled from my seat than I was at the enraged "WHAT!" I actually felt a spasmodic action of the heart; and, when I recovered from the stupor it induced, I perceived an expression of extreme contempt written on the features of my censor. Yet I did not venture to say any thing, but looked rather timidly at him, and encountered his large full eyes, when he said, in an irritated tone, "Why, that puppy Albright will ruin you, Tom! I doubt much whether the fool knows the exact meaning of experimental philosophy." I then ventured to assure him that my friend Mr Albright was a scientific man, and practised in medicine and surgery. He replied, sneeringly, "You assure me, do you? Why, I doubt much, sir, whether you are competent to judge, or to give an opinion on the subject." These uncourteous remarks quite nettled me; so, taking up my hat, I pertly told him, that as my friends thought I possessed talent, it behoved me to try whose judgment was most correct. The worthy doctor looked at me with a countenance more in sorrow than in anger; and, pointing to the chair, bade me, in an authoritative manner, to be seated—an order which I could not help obeying. After a short pause he said, "It is out of respect to your family, Mr Weathercock, that I am induced to point out to you the absurdity of your speculation. For, sir, I doubt much whether, in a country so commercial as England, where the people are devoted to the mere acquisition of wealth, and the fortunate winners so fond of show and dress, even if you had the greatest talent for philosophical teaching, you would get a class to pay more than current expenses. You would therefore be sure to get into debt, compromise your respectability, and lose all relish for more certain means of getting money to pay your way as an honest upright man. It is a mistaken notion, my good sir, to think all *respectability* is confined to professions; for in very few instances do we find that professional pursuits are so lucrative as trade. Yet some would rather starve to be gentlemen, even at the hazard of integrity and independence, than be guilty of exercising some mechanical or handicraft occupation. They would think it a compromise of their gentility to go behind a counter; and yet they must often pander to the whims of a rich shopkeeper, and either keep their opinions to themselves, or be literally 'all things to all men.' Therefore, Tom, if, in opposition to the experience of observing persons, you follow the whimsical fancies of your own morbid imagination, it needs not the gift of prophecy to foretell the consequences. You will fritter away the greater part of your life in catching at unsubstantial shadows; your latter days will be cheerless and miserable; and your bosom companions will be poverty and disappointment, as they generally are the associates of the visionary adventurer." I sat quite motionless during the delivery of this powerful lecture, and I felt that the doctor, like a divine oracle, had pronounced my certain doom, if I persisted in my original design. Yet I could not reply to him, for a sickly faintness came over me, cold drops of perspiration trickled down my aching forehead, and my whole body seemed enveloped in a chilly, deathlike dampness, as if life was oozing away. It was not till some minutes had elapsed that I felt myself able to rise and take my leave.

Subsequent deliberation convinced me that the opinion of Dr Doubtmuch was the most prudent; and I resolved to follow it, though still grieving over the downfall of my once brilliant hopes. I selected a particular line of business connected with medicine, and gave it my undivided attention for a series of years. Ere life had passed its prime, I possessed a competency, with which I retired, and devoted myself to those scientific pursuits, which, if pursued in poverty, would undoubtedly have ended in the loss of my independence. I allow myself to be occasionally tempted to give a few lectures, in amateur fashion, to the good folk of the little town near which I dwell, and generally secure a fair modicum of applause. When, after these exhibitions, I descend from the rostrum, my respectable neighbours, ladies as well as gentlemen, flock about me, shake hands, and assure me they have had a great deal of pleasure in listening to my excellent lecture, &c. I more than suspect that it is pleasanter to be a lecturer on experimental philosophy as a gentleman of independent means, than as a young fellow seeking to make his bread and establish himself in the world.

SMALL COUNTRY NEWSPAPERS.

Some time ago we mentioned the appearance of several monthly sheets issuing from country towns in Scotland, containing local and general intelligence, along with advertisements, and some matter of miscellaneous interest. Not being newspapers in the proper sense of the term, they did not require to be stamped, and were published at the convenient price of one penny each. As they had a pretty extensive circulation in rural neighbourhoods, and in reality reached quarters where the ordinary products of the press never appear, it seemed to us that these monthly miscellanies were calculated to be of considerable service in the cause of popular instruction.

In consequence, it appears, of our recommendations on the subject, several monthly sheets were forthwith begun in England, and one in Ireland; and we now learn, with no small regret, that the latter has been extinguished by the interference of authorities connected with the Board of Stamps. This, we take leave to say, seems a most unwarrantable stretch of duty; and we feel the more entitled to call it so, when we learn that the Scotch and English monthly sheets have met with no molestation. Desirous only of promoting the dissemination of respectable literature, no matter in what form, we have looked into the act of parliament respecting newspapers, in order to see whether monthly sheets are liable to stamp-duty. The act, as is usual with such productions, is as unintelligible as it could well be made; still we pick out of it a tolerably definite assertion that papers containing news published at wider intervals than twenty-six days between consecutive numbers are not newspapers, and do not fall to be charged with duty. We, however, extract the entire passages from the act (6 and 7 William IV., cap. 76), defining newspapers and the rate of duty, so that each person may judge for himself:—

"For every sheet or other piece of paper whereon any newspaper shall be printed, *one penny*

And where such sheet or piece of paper shall contain on

one side thereof a superficies, exclusive of the margin of the letterpress, exceeding one thousand five hundred and thirty inches, and not exceeding two thousand two hundred and ninety-five inches, the additional duty of *one halfpenny*.

And where the same shall contain on one side thereof a superficies, exclusive of the margin of the letterpress, exceeding two thousand two hundred and ninety-five inches, the additional duty of *one penny*.

Provided always, that any sheet or piece of paper containing on one side thereof a superficies, exclusive of the margin of the letterpress, not exceeding seven hundred and sixty-five inches, which shall be published with, and as a supplement to any newspaper chargeable with any of the duties aforesaid, shall be chargeable only with the duty of *one halfpenny*.

And the following shall be deemed and taken to be newspapers chargeable with the said duties: viz.—

Any paper containing public news, intelligence, or occurrences, printed in any part of the United Kingdom, to be dispersed and made public.

Also any paper, printed in any part of the United Kingdom, weekly or oftener, or at intervals not exceeding twenty-six days, containing only or principally advertisements.

And also any paper containing any public news, intelligence, or occurrences, or any remarks or observations thereon, printed in any part of the United Kingdom for sale, and published periodically, or in parts or numbers, at intervals not exceeding twenty-six days between the publication of any two such papers, parts, or numbers, where any of the said papers, parts, or numbers respectively shall not exceed two sheets of the dimensions hereinafter specified (exclusive of any cover or blank leaf, or any other leaf upon which any advertisement or other notice shall be printed), or shall be published for sale for a less sum than sixpence, exclusive of the duty by this act imposed thereon: Provided always, that no quantity of paper less than a quantity equal to twenty-one inches in length and seventeen inches in breadth, in whatever way or form the same may be made, or may be divided into leaves, or in whatever way the same may be printed, shall, with reference to any such paper, part, or number, as aforesaid, be deemed or taken to be a sheet of paper.

And provided also, that any of the several papers hereinbefore described shall be liable to the duties by this act imposed thereon, in whatever way or form the same may be printed, or folded, or divided into leaves, or stitched; and whether the same shall be folded, divided, or stitched, or not.

EXEMPTIONS.—Any paper called "Police Gazette, or Hue and Cry," published in Great Britain by authority of the Secretary of State, or in Ireland by the authority of the Lord-Lieutenant. Daily accounts or bills of goods imported and exported, or warrants or certificates for the delivery of goods; and the weekly bills of mortality; and also papers containing any lists of prices-current, or of the state of the markets, or any account of the arrival, sailing, or other circumstances relating to merchant ships or vessels, or any other matter wholly of a commercial nature: provided such bills, lists, or accounts do not contain any other matter than what hath been usually comprised therein."

It will be observed from these passages, that there is no definition whatever as to what is meant by *news*. This is a serious deficiency in the act. As the case is, nobody can tell when an event loses its news qualification and becomes a waif of history. Say, for example, it is an account of a voyage in a balloon. Does it continue to be news beyond a week, a fortnight, a month, or a year? It may be news to somebody, but not news to somebody else—not news in Britain, but news at the antipodes. An event dead and gone in London, and which any body may use up at pleasure, is only coming into life at Sydney. Query, then, is it news at Sydney? Common sense says, "Yes, as respects Sydney, but not as respects us." But the act of Parliament is silent on the point, and thus a door is opened to dispute. Again, the act does not tell us what class of events shall not be considered news. According to common usage, accounts of scientific and literary meetings are not considered news, but accounts of meetings for other purposes are so. Now, there is not the shadow of foundation in the act for this partiality. But it is needless to say more on the subject. The existing act of parliament respecting newspapers is a mass of confusion, which we should be glad to see altered, so as to prevent all collision between the administrators of the law and those who are engaged in the honourable calling of disseminating information through the medium of the press.

BURNING AS A PUNISHMENT.

[From *L'Audience*, a French newspaper.]

THERE is scarcely a nation of the earth which has not, at some period of its history, used fire as a punishment. With the ancient Egyptians, parricides were punished by being burnt alive upon faggots of the pine-tree; and the Babylonians burnt their criminals in large fiery furnaces. The same kind of punishment prevailed among the Hebrews. With the Romans, also, criminals were burnt in a great many cases; and this species of execution was always carried into effect with great solemnity and much preparation. [In the middle ages], apostates from Christianity were likewise burnt; and heretics could be delivered to the flames by the bishop of the diocese alone, without the intervention of the synod. In the reign of Mary, a woman who was with child was burnt at Guernsey for being a heretic, and the moment the funeral pile was lighted, the fear and the pain together brought on premature labour. The spectators attempted to save the infant to which she gave birth; but the priests who were in attendance threw it back into the flames, in order that the "little heretic" should perish with its mother! Of all the civilised countries, Spain is that in which this mode of punishment—known by the name of *auto da fe*—has been most frequently applied. The number of unhappy victims whose ashes have been scattered to the winds by the tribunal of the Inquisition in that country is almost incalculable. The savage tribes of America yield nothing in this respect to the "*civilised*" nations. When a prisoner is condemned to death, they drive a stake into the earth, and fasten the sufferer to it. They then sing the song of death around him; and the savages having seated themselves in a circle about the prisoner, a large fire is then lighted, at which they make hatchets and other instruments red hot, and apply them to different parts of his body; others come and hack his body with their knives, while some will actually cut a piece of his burnt flesh, and eat it before his face. Some of them have been known to fill the wounds in the bodies of the victims with gunpowder, and set fire to it. In short, each of the spectators will torment the sufferer according to his caprice, and his agonies will last for four or five hours, and have been known to continue for several days!

In France this mode of punishment had continued to prevail from the earliest ages down to the year 1790; but it was in that period of barbarism and cruelty called "the middle ages" that this horrible punishment was most frequently applied. The legislators of that period were not content with avenging the laws and punishing moral outrages, but occupied their minds in extirpating heresy; and to that end burnt heretics by hundreds and Jews by thousands. This was the more horrible, as religion was only made the pretext. It was not for the sake of converting the Jews to Christianity that they burnt them, but for the base purpose of possessing their riches. The same motive may be traced in the punishment of the Templars; fifty-nine of whom were burnt alive in one day, near the Abbaye Saint-Antoine, Paris. Jacques de Molai, and Guy, son of Robert II., Dauphin of Auvergne, were also thrown alive into the flames on the 18th of March 1314, on the spot at present occupied by the equestrian statue of Henry IV. Two witnesses were brought forward to support the most ridiculous charges against them; but no one was imposed upon by the accusations. It was plainly enough seen that the only crime of the Templars was that of possessing great wealth. A greater number of persons were burnt during the fourteenth century than in any other period of our history, for heresies and sorcery. The parliament of Bordeaux, by its own authority, burnt more than six hundred in the space of one year. We may judge of the "crimes" for which they suffered by the case of Gilles Garnier, who was sentenced to be burnt by the parliament of Dôle, in 1374. It was charged against him that he had sold himself to the devil, who had changed him into a wolf, and that under this form he had devoured a number of little boys.

THE GLORY OF GOD IN CREATION.

[T. MOORE.]

THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see:
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee!
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day with farewell beam delays,
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven;
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When night, with wings of stormy gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with a thousand dyes;
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes,
Is born beneath that kindling eye;
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

SONG.

[A. PARK, Glasgow.]

HURRA for the Highlands! the stern Scottish Highlands!
The home of the clansman, the brave, and the free,
Where the clouds love to rest on the mountain's rough breast,
Ere they journey afar o'er the islandless sea.

'Tis there where the cataract sings to the breeze,
As it dashes in foam like a spirit of light;
And 'tis there the bold fisherman bounds o'er the seas,
In his fleet tiny bark through the perilous night.
Then hurra for the Highlands! &c.

'Tis the land of deep shadow, of sunshine and shower,
Where the hurricane revels in madness on high;
For there it has might that can war with its power,
In the wild dizzy cliffs that are cleaving the sky.
Then hurra for the Highlands! &c.

I have trod merry England, and dwelt on its charms;
I have wander'd through Erin, that gem of the sea;
But the Highlands alone the true Scottish heart warms;
Her heather is blooming, her eagles are free.
Then hurra for the Highlands! &c.

WANT OF LABOURERS IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

IN a late number of the "Scotch Reformers' Gazette" (Glasgow newspaper) we find the following letter, addressed to the editor, written by one of the magistrates of New South Wales, who was, not long ago, it says, an estimable citizen of Glasgow, and on whose statements reliance may be placed:—

"*Sydney, August* 1, 1841.

Sir,—When your population at home appears to be suffering the greatest distress—when your industrious artisan and labourer, by the greatest exertions and economy, can scarcely keep want from their door—the question has often occurred to me, Then, why do they not come here? We require labour, urgently require it; for were a thousand immigrants to arrive here weekly, they would all be instantly engaged, so great is the demand. We cannot, in fact, procure a sufficiency of hands to carry on our operations, whether buildings, clearing ground, agriculture, or tending our flocks and herds. The cry, as you will see by the Sydney papers, from one end of the land to the other, is labour—give us labour. The government provides a passage, and the circumstance of your suffering population not being more anxious to embrace it than they are, appears to me almost a mystery. It can only arise from gross misconception, or want of information; for, as you will see by the statement which follows, the wages are most liberal, and a family, except in the case of children under twelve, instead of being a source of anxiety and expense, as at home, will here gain their own living, and lay the foundation of their future independence. While thus confidently assuring all who are willing to work that they cannot fail to obtain abundance both for themselves and families in this country, there are some things to which many have accustomed themselves before leaving their native country, which they need not look for, must not expect; for if they do, they will be disappointed. In general, immigrants will be placed in remote situations in the bush, where all old associations will be broken—where there is no alehouse to repair to—in which they must be all in all to themselves, and abandon old habits and old ideas, depending for their comfort and happiness on their own resources, not on external excitement.

With this precautionary statement, I will now proceed to lay before you the amount of wages received by labourers in my part of the country; and I may as well state, that they are somewhat lower than in some other districts. The food allowed to a free man weekly, is as follows:—Beef and mutton, 10 lbs.; wheat, 1 peck, or 12 lbs. flour; tea, 4 oz.; sugar, 2 to 3 lbs.; tobacco, 4 oz. A dwelling is always provided by the master, and the hours of work, deducting one for breakfast and another for dinner, are from sunrise to sunset—being in summer from five to six, and in winter from seven to five o'clock.

A ploughman,	L.25	to L.30	a-year.
A blacksmith,	50	to 60	..
A rough carpenter,	35	to 40	..
A shepherd,	25	to 30	..
A sawyer,	8s.	to 12s.	daily.

A brickmaker according to his work. This class can judge for themselves when I tell them 25s. are readily paid for 1000 bricks.

Grooms,	L.30	to L.40	a-year.
Cooks,	20	to 25	..
A female (ordinary servant),	14	to 18	..

The rations I have mentioned as being given, are in addition to these wages, and every encouragement is given to the servant to provide himself with a garden. He can there grow what he likes, but any luxuries he may require must be paid for. In the case of a man with a young helpless family, a larger ration of food would be allowed, and less wages; but the salaries are most liberal to the immigrant so situated; and the latter should remember, it is an evil which every day will make less.

Let me earnestly, in conclusion, advise my countrymen coming here to avoid the society of government men. In a few short years this infamous class will effectually be put down, and the labour of the immigrant preferred; but as it is impossible in the present state of the colony either for master or servant altogether to avoid them, the newly arrived should be put on their guard. Their whole employment seems to be, to avoid work and to plan thefts; and they are so linked and faithful to each other in their villanies, that it would require the ingenuity of a Bow Street officer to unriddle them.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

A MAGISTRATE OF THE TERRITORY."

THE RAILWAYS IN 1841.

Having entered upon the new year, we have drawn up a few brief remarks upon the events of 1841, to which we beg to call attention. A co-operative system of forming new lines, by the combination of several companies, has been organised for the formation of the railway from Darlington to Newcastle. The question of low fares has made much progress. About 250 miles of railway have been opened. The number of companies paying dividends last year was 26, this year 38, increase 12. Number of companies the dividends of which have decreased, 1; increased, 13. Notwithstanding the greater length of opening, the vast extension of traffic, the greater number and proportion of dividends, such has been the state of the money market, that the shares, even of the best and most stable companies, taking the prices of the 18th of December in each year, have generally receded. The number of those which have increased in price has been 12; remained at the same price, 10; decreased, 28. The sacrifice in the value of railway shares stands thus:—

Increase on L.7,500,000,	L.730,000
Decrease on L.23,000,000,	2,400,000
Net decrease,	L.1,670,000

The net decrease in the value of railway shares this year, on account of the depressed state of the money market, is above a million and a half sterling, although the traffic of the railways has increased by that amount during the present year. The bulk of railway shares have decreased L.10 per cent.—*Railway Magazine.*

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THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

"WELL, that bates the *pyeramids*, Mister Colooney!" exclaimed Patrick Gallagher, turning the object of his examination this way and that in his hand; "resolve me this book, and Father M'Teigue may go to school to you!"

The reader must imagine two grotesque-looking fellows, on an unfrequented by-road in the west of Ireland, towards the fall of an autumn evening, busily engaged in scrutinising something they had just picked up. Mr Patrick Gallagher was one of about twenty partners who held a piece of land under one lease from the rich absentee Lord T——, and endeavoured to wring his share of the rent out of the wet side of a hill, with the comfortable reflection, that if any whim should induce him to become rich, he was to be visited for his presumptuous prosperity with demands from his landlord for the full proportion due by the less thrifty and more *Irish* of his copartners. Thus he felt that he performed the whole law by having a sufficient number of dirty bank-notes in his pocket at certain seasons to give the agent one half year's rent of his share within the other, so as to leave something always due; and accordingly, without a farthing on the face of the earth, and liable any day of the year to have his cattle driven or his crops seized, he was considered a respectable tenant by his landlord, and an independent if not a wealthy man by the neighbourhood and also by himself. He was, however, a *Connaught man;* and those alone who have crossed the Shannon are aware of all that is implied in that term. He was fidgetty, resentful, and grandiloquent—on wires, on thorns, and on stilts, all at the same time. His appearance was characteristic. The eyes of an observer, beginning their survey from above, first lighted upon a piece of felt, of the shape of a thimble, with a bit of whip-cord tied round the middle of it, as if to prevent it going farther down on the wearer's head than the point of his nose. In this office, indeed, it was assisted by his ears, which rose gracefully outside the brim, where the ordinary hat itself is wont to curl. His face was sharp, meagre, and cunning, with a chasm below, armed so as to resemble Fingal's Cave, and beset on either side with an irregular thicket of wiry red hair. A blue coat, interspersed with a few brass buttons, and built without much attention to the usual orders of architecture, served to connect the attic storey of this human edifice with a pair of leather small-clothes, that contracted like a backgammon-box half way down each thigh, but spread roomy for the knee-joint to play, disdaining buckle, button, or strap, and flapping against the top of a blue worsted stocking. This specimen of Connemara manufacture, which was gartered just above the swell of the calf, was *erased*, as heralds would term it, below, leaving the primitive leg again to "crop out" to the surface, till it once more dipped into the unfathomable *brogue*. Imagine a creature thus clad, with flat back and shoulders, knees bent and knotted, and heels extending back like a reserve of foot, ready to be put forwards when the other end was worn out—carrying a stick with the smaller end, polished with the "frequent palm," in his horny fist—and you have some faint idea of Pat Gallagher.

Mr Colooney was of a higher stamp. The first glance showed that his hat was or had been white, notwithstanding the discoloration of the weather side of it. The collar of a long trailing frock-coat was of velvet, of a time-worn green, as if it had begun to vegetate. His features were thick and stolid, his beard black. *He* had not only buttons at his knees, but long tape strings, tightening his hose over a bursting calf. He was of somewhat shorter stature than his companion, it is true; but what he wanted in height was more than made up in the dignity of his bearing, the manner in which his elbows were thrown back, and the determined rigidity of his knee-joint, which formed the key-stone of a backward arch at every step. Mr Colooney was no less a personage than the village schoolmaster.

"Well, by dad, Mister Colooney, but this bit of a shtoane's mighty like a book—the Lord save us!"

And like a *book* the thing certainly was that he had that instant picked up in the middle of the road, for it had a back with four projecting ribs marked across it, some show of *tooling*, as it is called, flat sides, and the place where leaves generally appear in books sunk the usual distance between the covers. *Stone* it certainly was, and polished stone, too—a very pretty bit of marble, with some "organic remains" visible at each side of it. In short, it was a very stony-looking book, and a very bookish-looking stone.

"But where's the use of a book that wont open?" continued Pat, musingly, as he attempted to force asunder the covers. "Shure, there's only one book that's any good, and it shut; and Father M'Teigue can open that same, an' sorra a more strinth in his bit iv an arm nor would rise a tum'ler to his mouth; but, by dad, this would defate him, or Father M'Hale himself, and small blame to them, when there's no inside to it at all at all!"

"Whisht, Pat," said Mr Colooney, with a sagacious wink, "how do you know that?"

"Arra, sir, who'd open a pair of flent covers?—ye might as lieve go look for writin' betune Thady M'Gusty's millstones. It's a shtoane book, and you can't resolve me it, with all your guagin', and surveyin', and alphabets! Well, what'll the poor childher do, I wondher, that's set at letthers as long as my shtick, when the masther can't read a book no bigger than the palm of my hand? Set Pat at it himself, an' he'll make somethin' of it, I'll go bail." With this, Pat sought to recover the mysterious stone, which Mr Colooney had taken from his hand in the course of the conversation.

But the man of the ferule was not inclined to part with it. He turned it on this side and on that, and from one hand to the other, and racked his brains for some solution of the riddle.

"It's a lump of a stone, that's sartain," he muttered, musingly, "and, by the same token, mighty like what's in Father M'Teigue's chimley-piece, with the little egg-shells and saws and rulers broke out on it like the small-pox. So a stone you are, says I, if St Patrick himself pithrified you. But then, again, you're a book, or I never seen the inside of a school-room. The bigness to a T of my own 'Univarsal,' and the place at the back where the name ought to be, and was wanst, maybe. It's a book, and it's a stone. Well, that's beyant me. Maybe the larned men in the ould ancient time 'id be spellin' out of stone books, afore readin' and printin' was found out—the ould filloshofers. By the blessed Vargint, I have it, Pat!" shouted Colooney at last, flourishing his arm round his head.

Pat jumped round, and opened his mouth.

"My fortune's made, Pat!—I'm the boy, afther all!" and the pedagogue performed a *pirouette*, finishing with a sprawling gambol high in air. "*The filloshofer's stone*, Pat!—*the filloshofer's stone!* Eh, Pat, isn't that it?" and he fetched another gambol.

"The fill—fill—the fill of a what?" demanded the anxious Pat.

"The filloshofer's stone, you fool! Usen't all the world to be going about in the ould times after the flood, with hammers in their hands, just like the gintlemen that was up the mountain the other day with the tin case, sarchin' over and under, and up and down, for the filloshofer's stone?"

"An' what was it to do for them if they found it?" asked Pat, his face writhing with curiosity.

"Oh, by dad, every thing. It 'id make them young (Pat twitched up the right leg with a half audible whoop), and comely (Pat leered modestly), and wise (Pat strove to render his face intellectual), and rich"——

"Och, by japers," cried Pat, "that's the shtoane for me! Rich! was it rich you said?"—here he executed a screech, such as Power alone could imitate, evidently showing that he considered all other qualities merged in this great one. "But mind," says he, laying his finger on his nose—"remimber, Mr Colooney, it was *me* that picked it up." So saying, he offered to relieve the pedagogue of his burden.

"Oh no, paudheen!" said the other, smiling, but holding the precious relic tight. "So you want to make out that it's *you* found out the saycret, do you? Didn't I resolve you the maning of it all? Didn't I hit on the grand *ar-cane'um*, as I was like to do, being the one that puts the larnint into your four brats, if they'd resave it; and bad luck to them, the spalpeens, it's the hardest-earned sack of cups, the taching of them four, ever I ate."

"You may go back to your boys, Misther Colooney," says Pat, "and hit upon what you plaise; but if you were the Kildare Sthreet man himself, you wouldn't make them pick up as much knowledge in a day as I did just now;" and he winked, by way of giving sauce to his joke.

"Well, Pat, there's somethin' due to you for finding what you couldn't miss; and so, Pat, I'll toss you for the stone. Will that do, Pat?"

"Oh, be aisy, Misther Colooney, if you plaise; there's two sides to a halfpenny. What sarvice 'id a small lump of a flent do to the likes of you? No—see here, now. If I make my forthin' out of the shtoane, d'ye mind, you'll be the betther by another sack of cups next Candlemas, and not a word about the keg of potteen undher the school-room flure. Is that a bargain? Wet your fist, my honey, and 'done!' says I. Give us the shtoane."

All was arranged. Pat went home with the "treasure-trove" in the crown of his hat, or rather on the top of his head, for crown his *caubeen* had none. Not a word could he say to his astonished wife and hungry brood, but "Wait, wait, darlints—you forthin's made. I'll set my li'l' houldin', and rise a male-shop in Ballymakeskin." But he kept the stone out of sight, as he had not quite made up his mind as to how he would proceed so as to realise his wealth in the shortest possible time. He thought the best thing to do at first would be to sleep on it. He had often dreamt of bags of shillings under a wall, and nearly undermined his hovel with digging for them; but "Bad luck to them," he used to say, "I never hit upon the right spot yit." Still it was in his dream he expected the stone to discover to him all its virtues; and he had no doubt but that the way it would do so would be by telling him *the right side of the wall* to dig for the bag. When night came on, he placed the piece of marble immediately under his right ear, and anxiously did he wait for the necessary preliminary to his dream to come; but whether it was the cold of the application to his face, or that a man seldom goes to sleep when he "pays attintion to it," I do not know, but so it happened that morning found Mr Patrick Gallagher still awake, and, moreover, groaning and moaning most piteously with toothache, and pain in his right jaw.

The next day the half acre was left to plough itself if it chose, and the little mountain nags evinced much satisfaction that their shoulders were not made acquainted with the wisp of straw that generally served to attach them to the plough. Pat would answer no questions, but was observed to go up the side of the hill with Mr Colooney, whose school was over unusually early that day. At this the red-headed rabble which burst from his door displayed tokens of delight as clearly as the nags, and much more audibly. That night Pat repeated the experiment, with this difference, however, that, having been made disagreeably acquainted with the properties of a stone poultice, he put some of the bedclothes (that is, a wisp of straw) between him and the making of his fortune.

Patrick Gallagher slept. As soon as he awoke, he shook himself, turned about his head, thrust his eye into the floor, screwed his forehead into a most sagacious disposition of wrinkles, and began to think.

"What did I dhrame of?" Thinking with Pat was a serious job. "What the dickens did I dhrame of?" he repeated, putting his hand mechanically to feel whether the book was "to the fore." "There you are, sure enough," said he, as he turned it in his hand; "but by this and that you might have made me remimber what it was you tould me while you were about it, or what good's in your saycret at all at all."

But it wouldn't do. The knowledge which had been afforded him in his sleep (for *that it had* he did not think of doubting for a moment) had disappeared like the stars with the light of the day, and Mr Gallagher was still as ill able to meet his landlord on the approaching gale-day as ever, nay, less so by the amount of what a fine day's farm work was worth at that season of the year.

For three days and three nights did this go on, and Gallagher was still completely swallowed up in his speculations. Towards the evening of the third day, he smote the leather which clothed his thigh. To explain this action, as fraught with meaning as the nod of the sapient Lord Treasurer, we will transport our readers a week forward in the history of Mr Patrick Gallagher, and beg of them to post themselves at the side of the door of his cabin about two o'clock in the day—that is, if they can find room, for they will meet a "mortial recoorse" of people flocking from all parts of the "mountain," far and near, and converging to the entrance of the aforesaid cabin. Do the magnates who may con these pages in the drawing-rooms of the metropolis know the full import of the term "cabin," as it is used to designate a human habitation in the west of Ireland? If it were only to do our duty towards our neighbour, we must endeavour to explain. As a certain tourist, in writing home a description of Alpine scenery, commenced by assuring his correspondent that a *glacier* was *not* a fellow in a paper cap, with a square of glass under his arm, and a bit of putty stuck in his fist—so we must begin by making our readers aware that they will *not* understand our "cabin" by a reference to a picture by Morland, or a description by Leigh Richmond.

A Connemara cabin is a sort of excrescence of mud, raised like a bubble out of a tenant's "houlding," and topped with a layer of straw, spread irregularly on a few rude rafters, over which some huge flat stones are laid, to prevent the whole concern from flying off into the Atlantic the next equinox. This "mud edifice" is surrounded by a floating mass of putridity, consisting of whatever may be gathered or suffered to accumulate, to be spread over and fertilise the land at the proper season, and of which the least offensive materials are decayed straw and stagnant water. This moat environs the house on all sides, except where one narrow, broken, and half-submerged causeway conducts to the aperture through which an entrance may be effected. With considerable stooping this may be done; and then, if the fire happens to be low, you may have a sufficiently clear atmosphere to look about you. You perceive that the domicile is divided into two compartments, the fire being in that which you first enter, screened from the door by a great mud buttress. There may be some borings here and there in the walls, like so many feeble efforts of the inmates to *scratch out* for light; but the greatest quantity of that commodity is admitted by the hole in the roof, in return for the smoke it lets out. A few three-legged stools, a D-shaped griddle, a table like a chopping-block, and some musty straw in the corner of the inner apartment, are nearly all the necessaries. A piece of broken mirror, looking as if it had been worn into holes with having been so long looked at, a dresser of crockery, apparently the relics of an earthquake, an odd flitch blackening in the chimney, and a coloured print of some anonymous saint, skewered into the mud wall, constitute the refinements of the establishment. For inhabitants, these consist of the father and mother, and their innumerable offspring, which seem to descend by insensible grades into the pig, curdog, and chickens, with which they habitually consort—so that it is difficult to say where humanity ends, and pig begins; while an old crone for ever cowers in the chimney, by the few sods of lighted turf, like the genius of poverty incubating over her heterogeneous brood.

Now, readers all, gentle and simple, that we have introduced you to an Irish "cabin," you will perceive that when we placed you at the side of Pat Gallagher's door, we allotted you a more disagreeable position than you were aware of.

On the day in question, as hath been already related, this door was beset with people of all ages, sizes, and sexes, who seemed determined to take the castle by storm, so eagerly did they press towards its gate; but here they met with an obstacle in the shape of the commander of the garrison, our hero himself, who stood in the door-way with the alpeen already described in his fist, and opposed without scruple knocking-down arguments to their farther advance. No one was to enter—no, not the priest of the parish, Father M'Teigue himself, without "paying his footing." A penny a-piece for a sight of the *rale fillosho-fer's stone*, the book that dropped out of the skies one day that the blessed St Patrick was reading it, and let it fall out of his hand; "and sorry he was," said Pat, in his notice to the neighbourhood, "that he couldn't demane himself to come down and pick it up; but since he daren't do that, shure he pointed to it with his crook and I passin' by, and 'Pat,' says he, 'it ll be the makin' of you; but, mind you, don't let it out of your hands, but bring it up safe to me when you're comin' yourself, you know; and if it isn't *this way* you'll be comin', jist hand it over to Misther Colooney there beyant at the school-house forenenst you, and he'll take charge of it;' and with that the blessed Saint took off his specs, and 'Good mornin' to you, Pat,' says he, quite genteel, and up into the skies with him again, to the tune of *Patrick's day in the mornin'*."

All this spread like wildfire, of course, and not on *Tribute-Sunday* were pence in greater requisition than on that day of wonder and excitement.

"Now," said Mr Gallagher, apostrophising himself as he took his post at the door—"now, Pat dear, show yourself a man. There's young Hoolaghan and Larry O'Dowd 'ill be for breakin' in past me for nothin', I'll be bail. But sorra one of them 'ill do it without the prent of this bit of a shtick on their shkulls first. This is the way I'm to make the forthin', that's plain; and by the help of the blessed Vargint, I'll not be chated out of a pinny of it. Dhrame indeed! I hot upon it broad awake;" and again he smote his thigh.

By two o'clock the concourse was great, and Pat had some difficulty in regulating the admissions. "Oh, Misther Reilly, an' is that you all the way from Curnavooleen? The sight of ye's good for sore eyes—walk in, an' welcome—och, not at all; do ye think I'd be afther chargin' the likes of you, that I'm proud to see at all times, let alone this present? Keep your coppers towards drinking my health—only, plaise God, I'll be thratin' you myself, when the forthin's made. Blur an' owns, Phelim, but you're the welcome boy! I was thinkin' you had another month in *Monaghan* yet. You jist got out in time for a sight of the shtoane. Are you goin' to make all right wid poor Molly?"

"Och, that's all over," answered Phelim, "and Molly's as honest a woman as any in Connaught."

"In with you for nothin', my darlint!" exclaimed Pat, in a transport of moral enthusiasm—"in with you, and —— Oh, by japers, but here's Larry O'Dowd sure enough. Well, Larry" (he said this in an altered tone), "I'm proud to see you." At the same time he placed himself in the middle of the door-way, and grasped his bit of oak by the middle, prepared to guard to the uttermost the approach to the shrine of wonder.

Larry lounged slowly up, with his hands in his breeches pockets, turning his head here and there, with a look between cunning and *nonchalance*. As the loiterers who had no pence expected a row, and hoped to take some advantage of the confusion, the causeway was left clear for the belligerent power to advance. He did so—and held out his hand.

"Pat, my honey," said he, "give us thee fist—there' your ha'pence, an' I'd give a naggin into the bargain to get a sight o' the blessed Sia Fail that I'm tould you've got back from St Pether."

Gallagher burst into a hideous yell, which in the polite world would have been termed melting into tears.

"*I* wronged you!" he sobbed—"I wronged you! But, by my sowl, no man shall say that Pat Gallagher was bate at that game. In with you, Larry, and *mille failte*; and for the matter of your pinny, there's small Terry with the shkull-cap 'll be blessin' you for ever for the half of it. Terry, you blackguard, what's keepin' you?" and he bestowed a hortatory box on the bandaged ears of the urchin.

Hereupon Terry's face silently writhed out of every resemblance to humanity, becoming gradually black through every shade of red and purple, till at last, after a lapse of time sufficient to have suffocated a diver, a roar burst forth, which was only moderated by being too vast for the dimensions of the imp's throat.

"Here, my jewel," said Larry, apparently melted by this affecting demonstration, "away with you to your mother, and tell her who was helpin' you."

The urchin, as soon as he felt the money in his hand, and without ever looking up, at once trotted off barefoot over the stones with a light step, but maintaining at its height the stentorian roar which had helped him to this bit of good fortune, as if afraid that any intermission might deprive him of it again. Larry entered the hut, and Pat once more resumed his position. Three or four friends dropped up, and he showed the same magnanimous scorn of gain which had influenced him in the cases we have selected for special mention; a bright eye or a tight ankle his gallantry forbade to pay toll, and the consequence was that his house was filled considerably before his pockets. Now, however, the crowd outside began to thicken, and to become urgent. Persons, known to have no pence, affected to be pushed from behind by those who said they had, while the hubbub from within sufficiently evidenced the tightness with which the "admitted few" were packed, and the difficulty those nearest the door had of gaining a sight of the wonderful object of attraction. Pat was now forced to exert himself. The shillala was brandished in a menacing manner, and, after two or three "demonstrations," finally brought to bear with effect. Whop went the tough oak on many a tougher head, Pat exclaiming all the time, that he was determined not to let in more than "the full of the house" for any man. While he was thus engaged, however, a sudden rush and shout from within turned his attention the other way. So while some boy is busy cramming greasy tarts, a gripe from the visceral regions recalls his senses from the uneaten portion outside his mouth to the eaten and half-digested load within. He pauses—and turns the eyes of his soul back upon himself. But Mr Gallagher did more. He quitted his post at once, and plunged from the door into the presence of the precious stone; and here our illustration deserts us, seeing it would be next to impossible for the self-indulgent school-boy to jump down his own throat to discover what the greasy tarts were about. It was manifest in a moment. Larry O'Dowd—to his shame be it spoken—no sooner had squeezed within arm's length of the relic, than he snatched at it, unmasked a battery in the shape of a short thick stick he had concealed about him, in a twinkling knocked down two women and a man who were next to him, and had nearly reached the door, which he expected to have "bolted" in a sense different from the usual one, when he was confronted by the might of Patrick Gallagher himself, the hero of our tale. As may be imagined, they did not begin, like Glaucus and Diomed, to recite their pedigrees, but at once set about their principal business. Larry lay sprawling and bleeding on the ground, until the stone was wrenched out of his grasp; but no sooner was he relieved of this burden than he started up on his feet, and ran straight out of the house and across the hill, as fast as his legs could carry him, the assembled crowd shouting after him as if he had been a hare, and Pat bellowing above them all—"My blessin' on you, Larry O'Dowd!—when'll you be back? Come here, man, till you see the inside of it." Then, turning to the grinning bystanders, he continued—"I hope he hasn't taken the vartue out of the shtoane, for he wanted it badly. By japers, if it's back he'll be comin', I'm thinkin' he'll shtay about as long as a drop uv water on a hot smoothin'-iron." He then returned into the house, barred the door, and told the good woman to produce the keg of poteen; "for," said he, "shoutin' and door-keepin's dhry work." Out came the secret store, accordingly; the *earthquaken ware* was set upon the table, and soon the huzzaing and laughter betokened to those without that the illicit spirit was getting as little law now as at its making.

At length a tap was heard at the door. In towns we know a postman's knock from an attorney's, a footman's from a dun's. Pat's heart smote him, for there was something peculiar in the tap; it was a

tap as with authority—like a certain tap on the shoulder. Again—tap—tap; Pat's heart smote in echo against his side; he groaned, and went to the door.

In every one's experience there are a few faces the eyes would wish to look upon as seldom as possible. One of these "few faces" Pat beheld as he opened the door.

"Why, Gallagher, what do you mean by all this? What are these lounging fellows about at this time of day? I hear you pretend to have found something of value; if it *really be* worth any thing, you know whose it is, I presume?"

It was Lord T——'s English agent.

The men inside looked as if they were before the high altar, while the women fell on their knees and began to bless him.

"You're humbly welcome, your worthy honour," bleated Pat, in his most reverential tone, while he wished him in his secret heart—any where but where he was. "But sure it wouldn't be for the likes of your honour to be intherin' the bit of a kitchen, an' it full of bits of common boys an' girls—(for Pat quaked for his stone). It's only a bit o' good luck that's befell me, your honour; an' it'll be helpin' to make up the li'l' taste of a rint agin next November, plaise God."

"Come, come, sir," said the agent, entering, "I must judge for myself. I will not have such assemblies of idlers on the estate without taking measures to —— Why, what have we here?" and he stopped short, as he came within sight of the stone. "Is THIS what you've found?—*The specimen of Armagh marble I dropped the other day out of my gig!*" So saying, the inhuman man actually laughed aloud.

At these words Pat jingled the money in his pocket, to discover how much he had realised. It amounted to thirteenpence.

Mr Colooney, we are informed, did not ask for the additional sack of cups at Candlemas, inasmuch as he did not get one at all. In fact, there were no cups to get.

We fear, brothers of the pen, that some of us are very much in the position of our friend Patrick Gallagher. While we fancy, in striking out an article, or hitting off a stanza, that we have found the Philosopher's Stone, we let the fields of utility lie fallow, and encourage idleness and irregularity. The consequence is, that whether our rent be due to a landlady in a by-street, or at the exchequer of our country, we are equally unable to meet the November demand—and as we cannot be just, so we cannot be generous, and Colooney never gets his cups.

Chafe not, knights of the inky plume, at this bit of application. You will perhaps be ready, with the old image, and complain that, in an attack from a brother scribbler, you are wounded by a shaft winged with a feather *from your own breast*. Recollect, however, ere you make the case your own, what that weapon is—*a goose-quill*.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

WATERSPOUTS.

THE most common appearance of a waterspout is as a circular pillar extending between the sea and a cloud above, and composed of water which seems to have been sucked or spouted up from below. Sailors are accustomed to see them stalking along over the surface of the sea, and sometimes have been involved in the midst of them. Professor Oersted of Copenhagen has recently given the phenomenon a studious attention, and announced some new views on the subject in a scientific journal.

According to Oersted, the object is not rightly named, water being only an accidental feature of it. The phenomenon is fundamentally a whirlwind, or vortex in the atmosphere, which only draws up water when it happens to pass over a sea or lake. The Danish professor, defining it as "a strongly agitated mass of air, which moves over the surface of the globe, and revolves on an axis, one extremity of which is in the earth and the other in a cloud," thinks that the term "storm-pillar" would be more suitable.

A waterspout, or, to adopt the improved name, storm-pillar, usually appears wide at the top and bottom, and narrow in the middle. The upper portion being always dependent from a cloud, the height may be presumed to be more considerable than observers have commonly believed. The altitude of 2000 feet has been that most frequently assigned to them. It seems more likely that the visible portion of them is often from 5000 to 6000 feet in height, though, in this respect, considerable variations must exist. In point of diameter, the lower portion has been found to measure from one hundred to above one thousand feet. The marks left on the earth, however, occasionally indicate a diameter smaller than a hundred feet. The colour of storm-pillars also varies much, the majority being grey in appearance, while others are of a dark blue, a dark brown, or a fire-red tint. They assume, in fact, all the hues taken by the clouds in different states of illumination; and the hue of the substances which they take up, as dust or water, must always greatly modify their appearance. The middle part of the pillar, when over water, is transparent; when over land, it is opaque.

The larger these vortices or revolving pillars are, the longer they endure. For the most part, they do not last above half an hour, and usually travel at an uncertain rate during that time. In some cases, they have passed over thirty-seven English miles in one hour; at other times, a person on foot can follow them easily; and occasionally they remain nearly stationary, for a greater or lesser part of their duration. Their course, again, though most commonly in a straight line, is not unfrequently zig-zag, and they often rise and fall, quitting the ground for a few minutes to return to it again. The rate of motion of the pillar on its own axis is also very variable—sometimes extremely rapid, sometimes comparatively slow. Some persons speak of having observed ascending and descending movements, and spiral windings, in the different parts of the pillar. When the onward and revolving motions are both violent, the power of these storm-whirls is very great. They have moved heavy cannons, and torn up large trees, carrying the latter to a distance of several hundred (in one case 600) feet. Roofs of houses have been wrenched off by them, and large beams cast to a distance of 1400 feet. A log of wood, with other matters, the whole weighing 500 pounds, was lifted on one occasion from the ground, and thrown over a house forty feet high, to a total distance of 140 feet. A small object, such as a letter, has been carried twenty English miles. A fish-pond has been emptied in an instant; and the harbour of Christiansöe was once swept out so fully, that much of its bottom lay bare. Beyond all question, the showers of frogs, fishes, seeds, and other small bodies, which occur not unfrequently, are to be ascribed to the elevating and transporting powers of the storm-pillar.

As these atmospheric movements occur most frequently at sea, may reach a great height, and generally pursue one direction with violence, we need not be surprised that light bodies should be transported to considerable distances, without the elevating cause being noticed. The storm-pillar is accompanied by noise in most cases, and at sea, a roar has been sent forth like that of a waterfall, attended also with piping or whistling sounds. A sulphurous smell has also been felt at times. The sea, the sea-coasts, and tropical climes, are the localities most frequented by the storm-pillar, and almost always electrical phenomena are found occurring simultaneously with it. Storm-clouds are frequently seen before it, and great storms usually follow its appearance.

It has been mentioned that the upper portion of the pillar is connected with a cloud. In that cloud the pillar has to appearance its origin. One philosopher, indeed, M. Michaud, who had an opportunity of watching several in the harbour of Nice, declared himself able to observe their gradual origin in the surface of the sea; but he had been deceived by the fact, that the whirl of air which forms the pillar is not visible till impregnated with vapour or drops of water, which it raises, slowly at first, into its lower extremity, from the surface of the ocean. At the commencement of this process, a small circular portion of that surface is seen to be uneven, and somewhat darkened. Soon after, a pillar of water rises, in which is seen a violent internal movement, the height being several fathoms. It foams and produces drops of water above, which it scatters on all sides, so that it distinctly exhibits an ascending and descending course, which moves in parabolic curves, like jets of water ascending in a slanting direction. In the highest region, the mass of cloudy vapour assumes the form of an inverted cone, and the part joining this to the actual water below is transparent at sea. There can be little doubt, however, of the continuous agitation and revolution of the air from cloud to sea; but the moving air is seldom visible, having no vapour carried so high as to betray its motion. Sometimes the mid part resembles a thin cloudy streak.

The origin of a storm-pillar on land is not otherwise visible than as regards the gradual dipping of the cloudy cone above. But the effects of the storm-pillar on land—of the whirlwind, in short—are soon made not less apparent, in well-marked cases, than when the air has raised water into its vortex. The nature of the motion, the power displayed, the mode of displaying it, and the connexion with the sky, are in both cases so exactly alike, as to prove that the whirlwind and the waterspout are intrinsically one and the same phenomenon—a revolving pillar of air, namely, acting in different fields. For proof of this, indeed, we should require no more than the simple fact, that when a previously dry whirlwind meets a fish-pond in its way, it licks up the waters with the same facility evinced by the water-spout in raising the contents of the sea.

The old and yet very general idea that a waterspout was an ejection (or spouting) of water from the sea, is therefore utterly erroneous. There is no cause connected with the earth's crust, by land or by sea, that could account for the phenomenon. It takes place alike in non-volcanic and in volcanic countries. Nor can the sea itself, by any explicable mode of action, be the cause of such an effect; and as little can we ascribe it to the ordinary winds on the earth's surface, since it most frequently occurs in the midst of an atmosphere at the moment serene. The storm-pillar must therefore have its origin in the upper regions.

As a necessary consequence of the rotatory motion, all the parts exhibit a centrifugal action towards the circumference. Any person taking a transparent vessel filled with sand and water, and giving it a quick rotatory motion on a perpendicular axis, will see the heavier portions thrown to the outside. They may also be observed to pass upwards, exemplifying another feature of the storm-pillar phenomenon. The agency which drives the large sand particles outwards, finds a bound or check at the circumference, and the only direction which they can take under the influence of the pressure is upwards. This action may be further illustrated by emitting smoke into the open air, and, at the distance of one or two feet, producing a rapid rotation in the air, when the upward extension of the whirlwind is shown by means of the smoke. Here we have the elevating power of the whirl or vortex in part explained and illustrated.

All the phenomena indicate a whirlwind which begins, not on the earth, but in the higher regions of the air, and becomes expanded as it descends, till contact with earth or sea develop its influence. Whence originates this vortex? It is known that two currents of air, following parallel but opposite courses, can produce a slight species of whirlwind on the surface of the earth. There is nothing to prevent us from assuming the existence of such currents in the higher regions of the atmosphere. We know that currents, running in various directions, and also whirling clouds, have been found in the upper strata of the air by aeronauts; and we also know that these often exist and contend with one another when all is tranquil below. That the vortices of whirlwinds and waterspouts have such a source, is partly confirmed by their frequently oblique character, showing that the contending winds above may not be precisely in the same courses at all times when they produce the phenomenon. Great wood fires in the open air have been found to produce vortical columns of smoke and flame, having all the characters and powers of the whirlwind. Trees of considerable size were raised by them to the height of forty or fifty feet. These vortices were formed in calm evenings, and they appear to have resulted from the collision, under peculiar circumstances, of currents formed by the fires. The phenomenon tends to explain the liability of calm or tropical latitudes to become the scene of storm-pillars.

Storm-pillars, as already stated, are always attended with electrical action. Light, and noise, and smells, accompany them, as in the case of lightning and thunder. The rapid condensation of moisture, which develops electricity, is doubtless the chief cause of its appearance in the case of storm-pillars. Some people have explained their whole phenomena by supposing in them the existence of a strong electrical current, which received its vortical movement through the magnetism of the earth. One argument is sufficient to overturn this opinion. Such an electrical current could not but affect violently the magnetic needle. Now, storm-pillars have passed close to and even over vessels at sea, without any affection of the needle being noticed.

ANECDOTES RESPECTING A TRAIT OF AMERICAN CHARACTER.

THERE are few traits more strongly marked in the every-day American character than that of distrust or suspicion, which particularly displays itself where parties happen to be interested in pecuniary matters. It is observable in the merest trifles; and even children are instructed to be on their guard lest they should suffer themselves to be duped or imposed upon. It is a melancholy reflection, that, among a people of intelligence, it should be considered necessary to imbue the infant mind with a generally entertained suspicion of the whole human family: other nations have considered it better for the interests of virtue and happiness, that the tender and susceptible mind should not thus early be taught to think ill of mankind, though at the risk of occasional loss from want of due caution. I shall here advert to one or two instances of juvenile distrust which have occurred within my own observation, in the course of a pretty long residence in America. One day I had called at the house of an intimate acquaintance, to ascertain if I could execute any little commissions for the family in a distant city to which I intended setting out in a day or two. After the parents (for there was a family of children) had explained to me how far they would avail themselves of my kind offer, a little boy, of not more than seven years of age, expressed a wish that I would purchase for him a small cane fishing-rod. I then inquired of the father if it was *his* desire that I should do so? "Oh, yes!" replied the indulgent parent, "if he wishes it; but," continued he, addressing the child, "if Mr —— is to procure for you the fishing-rod, you had better go to your mamma and ask her for a dollar of your money, which, probably, will be about the price of your rod." After a moment's reflection, the little fellow, looking his father steadily in the face, said, "Why, I guess, papa, it would be better not to give Mr —— the dollar until he returns with the fishing-rod, for you know he may never come back; or he may break it before I get it; or he may lay out the money in something for himself." The parent listened and smiled, but neither rebuked his too cautious son nor attempted to enforce his own previously expressed opinion.

On one occasion I was on a short tour through the country in company with Judge T——, an elderly Scotchman, who had been settled many years in that district, and whom, in the absence of a fitter person, the governor of the state had appointed to the situation of associate judge, with a small salary. On our road the judge informed me that there was a farmer he wished to see for a few minutes on some business of no great importance, who resided, he believed, somewhere near the spot where we then were. By and by

we came to a farm-house where two or three children were playing by the roadside, among a parcel of chips and pieces of timber split up for fuel. The eldest, a boy apparently eight or nine years of age, was asked by the judge "if Mr R. lived there?" The young republican did not make an immediate reply, but looking first at the one and then at the other children, addressing my companion, said—"I guess you be the man as came after father a few days back." While this was being delivered, a little sister sneaked slyly off towards the house, as if to give warning to the inmates. Notwithstanding the boy's unsatisfactory answer to the judge's question, we took it for granted that we had hit upon Mr R.'s abode; so he again addressed the boy, saying, "Is your father at home, my child?" After a little consideration, the cautious urchin said—"Last night father was a-saying that he guessed he was a-going to mill to-day; did you notice, as you came along, whether or no the mill was a-grinding?" Without holding any further communication with this young scion of "freedom and independence," the judge rode up to the door of the dwelling, and hollooing pretty loudly, the farmer's good dame made her appearance, when he inquired if her husband was at home. After a moment's stare at him, she exclaimed, addressing the little girl we had noticed sneak off to the house, "Why, now, my gracious! Parthene, child, where be ye?—why, this man's no more like Sheriff Bates than you be; run—tell your father that it aren't the sheriff, any how;" and away toddled the little girl into some corner, where the farmer had secreted himself, on the false alarm being given that Sheriff Bates was approaching; for it seemed that a second visit from the sheriff of the county was hourly expected, in consequence of the non-payment of the costs incurred in a foolish lawsuit.

It ceases to be a matter of wonder, that children, educated, as it were, to be cautious and distrustful, should grow up with those feelings strengthened and matured with their riper years. In the ordinary business of life, a due caution and circumspection are always commendable; but these may be exercised, for the most part, in a fair and honourable manner, and without necessarily offending the feelings of the relative parties. In America it does not seem to be considered essential to attempt any little amiable disguise where you have a doubt that all is not correct; and yet business is commonly done in a round-about way, because it either is not in the nature of the people, or, at all events, no part of their education, to go directly into any transaction at issue at once. I have been a witness to very many instances of this peculiarity, some of which applied individually to myself, others to persons with whom I was intimately acquainted.

On one occasion, a friend of mine commissioned me to call upon the agent of one of the largest landholders in that part of America, to receive for him the sum of one thousand dollars; the said agent having previously been advised that he was to pay that sum to my friend or his order. My friend addressed a note to this individual, of which I was the bearer, requesting that he would pay the said sum to me (at the same time stating that I was his friend), as it would save him the trouble of riding over himself. I was then almost a stranger in that part of the country, and had never been in the village where the agent resided, neither had I ever seen him. When I called at his office, I found him disengaged; so I presented my friend's note without any circumlocution. He perused it, and then inquired, if I had left my friend, Mr W——, quite well, and if I had seen him lately. To the latter part of the inquiry I remarked, that the date of the note would probably be a satisfactory explanation, as it was, I knew, written that morning. "I calculate," said he, "that you are a stranger in those parts; have you long been acquainted with Mr W——?" I observed, that I was quite a stranger at Chinango, but that I had known Mr W—— intimately for some years. Having hemmed once or twice, and spat upon the floor as often, he carefully perused the note a second time, when he said, "Why, a thousand dollars is rather a large sum; I feel somewhat curious to know what Mr W—— can want with so much cash just now." I told him it was out of my power to inform him; all I knew of the matter was, that, knowing I was about to visit Chinango, my friend had requested me to receive the money for him; and if he (the agent) did not feel satisfied, and refused to comply with the order I had brought him, I must wish him a good morning. Looking again at the note, which lay beside him, he said, "Now, I declare, that Mr W—— is a quick hand with a pen; this is regularly like nobody's writing but his own; you've often seen him write, mister, I calculate?" At last, getting a little out of patience with my interlocutor, I told him, that I had other business to attend to, and could not spend the whole morning in listening to observations that I considered quite uncalled for; that if he chose to hand the money to me I was prepared to receive it, but if not, he was, of course, at liberty to do as he pleased. "Why," said he, "a thousand dollars, I guess, require a little looking up; so, as you seem to be in considerable of a hurry, I presume you might as well call again in an hour or two." Suspecting that my taking back the money with me might be a convenience to my friend, I judged it better to comply with the terms of the cautious agent; so, at the appointed time, I called at his office, and again found the gentleman disengaged. He again scrutinised my person rather closer than I approved of; and was about commencing cross-questioning me respecting my friend and my own business and connexion with that part of the country, when I cut him short by telling him, that I could not see what such questions had to do with the business I had called about, and that, if he did not feel disposed to comply at once with the note I had delivered to him in the morning, I should instantly take my departure. "I guess," said he, "mister, you ben't a Yankee, you get so considerable sharp in talking over business matters a little, which I consider no more than altogether regular. To be sure, I have looked up the money; but if so be as you object to receive it for Mr W——, you know I cannot help it; if you will wait a little, I will just write a line to say so." "I will not wait another minute," replied I, "nor be the bearer of any communication to that effect. If you choose to hand the money to me, I will take it; if not, I desire you will return my friend's note, which I consider an order for its payment." Having once more examined the order, he pulled out a drawer from beneath his plain, unpolished pine desk, and deliberately counted out the one thousand dollars, handed them to me, and "guessed I should find them all right."

Since this little affair occurred, I have often, in my intercourse with persons of a similar class to the cautious and anxious agent above alluded to, got sadly annoyed and out of humour at their suspicious and roundabout way of doing business; and though it may not appear peculiarly amiable to make a boast of it, I have ever found that a promptness and decision, and a little extra asperity, have greatly accelerated the settling matters of business, cutting short their own ordinary plan of drawling and guessing, and calculating, and scheming, to which many of them are so much addicted.

I will mention but one more instance of this peculiar degree of caution and mistrust to which I was subjected. It took place at Geneva, in the western part of the state of New York, during an excursion I made into that part of the country, for the purpose of purchasing twelve or fifteen hundred sheep. One of the city banks had, previous to my setting out, remitted me 8000 dollars, all in five-dollar bills, struck from a new plate, and none of which had previously been in circulation. In my own neighbourhood I had no opportunity of getting them exchanged for such notes as I knew would be more acceptable to the farmers in the district I proposed visiting; but knowing there were two or three banks in that vicinity, I presumed that I should experience no difficulty in getting my city bank-notes exchanged (although belonging to another state) at any of the banks in the interior of the country. Having, after two or three days' travelling, reached Geneva, I called at the banking institution of that place, made its officers acquainted with my wishes, and then exhibited my bundle of handsome new bank-notes. They evidently were a curiosity, for the whole of the parties I saw upon the premises assembled to inspect my money. They were pronounced "very elegant notes"—"no doubt they were perfectly genuine"—but not one of them remembered to have seen notes of the same pattern. After consulting some time amongst themselves, respecting what was to be done, I was at length given to understand "that it would not be convenient for them to exchange my money," which meant, I knew, that they considered my bundle of bank-notes forgeries. Without pressing the matter upon them further, I returned to the tavern where I had left my horse, but had not been there many minutes before I recognised two of my bank acquaintances in earnest conversation with the landlord; and from their side glances directed towards me, not to be misunderstood, I felt assured that I was the subject of their deliberations. I afterwards learned that the bank people had, as I suspected, considered my bundle of notes forged ones, and that they had applied to the landlord of the tavern, who was a magistrate (a very common case with tavern-keepers in the interior of the country in America), to consult with him what was best to be done in the case. The landlord had recommended the postponement of any harsh steps until the following morning, and perhaps he felt a little interested in so doing, as I had made known to him, on my arrival, that it was my intention to remain all night; whereupon my horse had been unsaddled, and my valise safely deposited in the bar—in his possession; so that he "guessed *he* was all right." During the evening, I strolled into one of the principal stores; and mentioning to the store-keeper my having in my possession some amount of city bank-notes, which I wished to exchange for western notes, he unhesitatingly informed me that it would be a great accommodation to him to make such an exchange, as he was about to set out for the Atlantic cities in a day or two, where he presumed he should have to allow a discount on his country notes of two or three per cent. The exchange was immediately effected between us; the news was soon circulated that the stranger's bills were not spurious; the bankers and the landlord put the best face on "the mistake" they were able; and I left that delightfully situated little town of Geneva on the following morning, to pursue my journey and transact my business, instead of being committed to durance vile as an impostor and a vender of forged bank-notes.

[To the above anecdotes we would append the remark, that the excessive cautiousness, or rather distrustfulness, of the Americans, must necessarily be a consequence of the unusual prevalence in that country of a desire to deceive and cheat; for men, in ordinary circumstances, are not disposed to be very cautious, and the state of mind itself is one productive of pain and inconvenience to all parties. The utility of *confidence* in business transactions and every kind of intercourse has already been illustrated in the Journal (No. 121): the prevalence of a contrary feeling tends to obstruct and even extinguish business, to an extent which few are aware of. This is, indeed, one of the cases in which moral conditions tell directly and powerfully on the substantial affairs of life, and serve to show how the adoption of all approvable means of bettering those conditions is as much the duty of a government as the immediate protection of life and property. The distrustfulness of the Americans must be nearly as fatal to commercial relations between man and man, as prohibitory duties are to the same relations between state and state.]

A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

ZURICH TO LUCERNE.

I LEFT the reader at Zurich, the industry of whose inhabitants led me into a few particulars respecting the commercial policy of Switzerland. The more we saw of this place and its neighbourhood, the more evident did it appear that the general comfort which marks the condition of the working-classes is as much ascribable to a peculiar economy in their domestic arrangements, as it is to the external circumstances by which they are affected. Most travellers speak of Zurich, and the canton of which it is the capital, as rather sour in social character, which they trace to the harsh forms of religious belief planted at the Reformation, and scrupulously maintained by the penalties of the law. We saw nothing of this nature, the ideas of the people on matters of religion being now considerably moderated. A gentleman belonging to the town confirmed a report I had heard, to the effect that dancing was not permitted without the license of a magistrate, but he continued to say that such a regulation is practically of small importance; for merry-making parties can easily go across the boundary of the canton into Argau, and there they may dance to their heart's content.

The canton of Zurich, like that of Basle, underwent a revolution in 1830, when its constitution was considerably popularised. Since that period, the privileges of the town and country have been nearly equal, the proceedings of the legislature and courts of justice open to inspection, financial accounts are published, the press has been made quite free, and education is promoted on a liberal scale. A not less important improvement has been the destruction of the town walls, by which means the inhabitants can no longer intrench themselves behind ramparts, and oppress at pleasure the rural districts. The bombardment which the town endured at the conclusion of the last and beginning of the present century, when the country around was the theatre of war to the French and Austrians, not to speak of the great expense incurred annually for keeping up the fortifications, affords also an unanswerable argument why these walls should have been swept away. Since this highly creditable improvement was effected, the town, as I formerly mentioned, has assumed an open cheerful aspect, and is pushing out into the country in all directions. One of the most elegant of the new public edifices is the Post-office, an extensive suite of buildings in the Grecian style, surrounding a central court-yard devoted to the business of the cantonal diligences. In Switzerland, the government of each canton has a monopoly of the diligences as well as of the posts; but the conveyances provided for passengers are handsome and substantial, and the fares are very moderate. As in France and elsewhere on the continent, neither the driver nor conducteur ask or take fees. The price of conveying letters is also on a very moderate scale. On applying several times at the Post-office for letters from England, I could not help feeling a little surprise at the confidence which was reposed in me by the keeper of the bureau. He always handed me out the whole of the letters in his possession, to seek for and take whichever belonged to me, and I had an opportunity of looking them over at my leisure on the window-sill. This unsuspiciousness says much for the general honesty of the people.

The town library, consisting of 50,000 volumes, and the arsenal of the canton, are among the few objects of general interest shown to strangers. The arsenal is chiefly remarkable for the many specimens of ancient armour and warlike instruments, which it preserves as relics of former struggles for political independence. It is amusing to find a late English tourist, who has favoured the world with his "Recollections," sneering at the modest character of this depôt of arms—"the arsenal, to one who has seen the Tower, [is] contemptible." This reminds one of the pride which some people take in showing what a fine large prison their town has got—what an immense number of felons they try at every jail delivery—what a splendid regiment of dragoons is always at hand, in case of need, in a neighbouring barrack—and that they have such an excellent executioner, that he is regularly borrowed by all the principal cities in the kingdom. Zurich has a small prison, and seldom any prisoners; it has no barracks or dragoons, and cannot

find work for an executioner. What an unhappy condition!

Suffering from such deprivations, it is agreeable to know that Zurich has long held a distinguished place in the learning, literature, and arts of Switzerland. It has been the place of birth or residence of Solomon Gessner the poet, Jean Gessner the naturalist, Hottinguer the orientalist, the learned Professor Bodmer, and his friend Breitinguer, Lavater the physiognomist, Hagenbuch, Klopstock, Wieland, and other men eminent in the German world of letters. Lavater was pastor of one of the churches of the town, and a person of amiable manners. Murray mentions his sad fate on the occasion of the town being captured by the French, September 26, 1799. "He was shot within a few steps of his own door by a brutal French soldier, to whom, but two minutes before, he had given wine and offered money, and while he was in the act of assisting another soldier who had been wounded. A high reward was offered by Massena, the French commander, for the discovery of the murderer; but though known to Lavater and his family, he refrained from informing against him. After lingering through three months of excruciating agony, he expired, January 2, 1800, at the parsonage: his grave is marked by a simple stone in the churchyard of St Anne."

The establishments for instruction at Zurich, remodelled generally since 1832, present that rational gradation from infant and elementary schools to the university, which is peculiar to German education. The institution most worthy of remark is the cantonal school, divided into two sections, and each of these subdivided into two branches—an inferior and superior. One of the two sections is called the gymnasium or college, and has for its object the preparation of young men for the university who wish to study science, theology, jurisprudence, or medicine. The other section is named the school of industry, and is designed to instruct those who are to devote themselves to commerce and general pursuits, including manufacturing industry. The inferior branches of each are, of course, devoted to the preparation of lads for the higher; and the routine of instruction would shame some of our best academies. As, for instance, in the inferior school of industry (*L'Ecole d'Industrie Inférieure*), boys are instructed in general religious truth, the elements of physical sciences, mathematics, natural history, descriptive geometry, drawing, the German and French languages, history, geography, arithmetic, writing, and singing. Latin and Greek are added in the superior department. In the whole institution there are thirty-six teachers. Entering the series of schools at twelve years of age, the youth is handed on from one thing to another, always extending his knowledge, till (if designed for the learned professions) he is ready for the university. The number of students at this the highest educational establishment, is seldom less than 200; and as the professors are partly paid by the state, the expense of attending their classes is very moderate, and therefore suited to the general condition of the people. The half-yearly fee of each student is only twelve Swiss francs, or about thirteen shillings English. I ask any candid person, if the method of preparing lads for a university education, such as is here hinted at, is not something very superior to the plan pursued in England, where young men intended for technological professions generally enter college ignorant of almost every thing but a little Latin and Greek. A glance at the gymnasium in the cantonal school of Zurich, would open up a new world of thought to the directors of most of our academies.

In connexion with the cantonal school there is a library, containing nearly 20,000 volumes, for the use of the scholars. Other establishments in the town, connected with science or literature, also deserve a passing notice, if only to show that in this simple democracy the taste for refined recreation has not been left uncultivated. There is a society of naturalists, established by Jean Gessner in 1745, possessing a museum and valuable library; a society of antiquaries; a society for the cultivation of music; and a society of artists and amateurs. This latter association, which has been founded since 1787, has a regulation by which each member at enrolment shall furnish an album with a design, pay a fixed sum, or present a gift of an object of art. The album now consists of several volumes, and is reckoned a valuable record of the taste of Swiss artists during the last half century. The society also possesses various detached works of art, including a volume of designs in crayons by Füssli. There is likewise in the town a small theatre, well supported, and which the German stars, Esslair and Seydelmann, we are told, do not disdain to honour by their visits. The university of Zurich is enriched with a zoological and also mineralogical museum; and a few years ago a botanical garden was opened. An establishment more popular and generally useful is the reading-room of a society of upwards of 400 members. This institution will compete with any thing of the kind in England. Here are taken in 41 Swiss newspapers, in different languages; 12 German, 8 Parisian, and 2 English papers; 26 literary journals, 14 theology, 19 jurisprudence, 28 medicine, 14 natural sciences, 9 mathematics, military art, and architecture, 8 philology, archaiology, and pedagogie (art of teaching); 10 history and geography, 19 political economy, commerce, and industry, and 30 upon *belles lettres* (15 of which are German, 11 French, and 4 Italian). Besides these novelties, the establishment is provided with a large array of maps, charts, dictionaries, cyclopedias, and 1000 volumes of general literature. The entry-money payable on admission to this noble establishment is only four francs, and the annual contribution is only sixteen francs (a Swiss franc is worth about 1s. 1½d. English). It may surprise the English reader to learn that so extensive a collection of journals should exist in a Swiss town possessing little more than 14,000 inhabitants, and the fact is in various respects not without its value; but the circumstance most worthy of notice is the diversity of character of the works. In most public reading-rooms in our own country, there are rarely more than two or three journals which are non-political.

To all appearance, the Zurichois are engaged in pursuits somewhat more solid and profitable than political or ecclesiastical wrangling. The working-classes and traders, who constitute the bulk of the people generally, contrive to save from their earnings; and it may be said that all, from high to low, here as elsewhere in Switzerland, are anxious to accumulate the fruits of their enterprise and industry. There being no outlet for ambition in rank, titles, or any other circumstance independent of personal qualification, the leading objects of desire are to make money, buy a piece of ground, and build a house. This fancy, which I presume to be perfectly legitimate, has decorated the environs of Zurich with villas, and scattered over Switzerland cottages of all shapes and sizes. If the reader accompany me on an excursion up the lake of Zurich, we may see a variety of these snug seats of rustication of a wealthy, or at least comfortable, set of citizens.

It was, as usual, a very beautiful morning, when, stepping from the quay, I found myself on board the Escher-Linth, a neat steam-boat, which plies daily from Zurich to Schmerikon, at the farther extremity; and the fares on board of which, by dint of competition with another steamer, are tolerably moderate. The excursion, to those who wish to return, occupies an entire day, but includes a stoppage of two hours for dinner. On the present occasion, the vessel shot off from the quay with a goodly number of passengers, of different nations, some being tourists bound for the Grisons, by way of Coire, and others designing only to see the borders of the lake, or to visit the adjacent districts; the greater number, however, were Germans, the men distinguishable by their cloth caps, large watch-keys, and incessant smoking, and the women by their plain appearance and diligent knitting of stockings. Dull as I was in consequence of having been obliged to undertake this side-journey by myself, the views, as the boat passed along the clear green waters, were so pleasing that it was impossible to be out of humour with the scene. Leaving the white and irregular buildings of Zurich at the northern extremity of the lake, with a back-ground of villa-clad heights, we find ourselves on a stretch of water of from three to four miles in breadth, and open at least twelve miles in front, but extending altogether to nearly twenty-six miles. The lake possesses no islands within sight, a deficiency which forms a marked distinction between this as well as other Swiss lakes and the lochs of Cumberland and Scotland. Great beauty in the banks compensates in some manner for the want of green and bushy islets. On each side, gently sloping hills rise from the shore, and are every where laid out in vineyards, corn lands, or pastures, plenteously decorated with trees and enclosures, with a thick scattering of detached cottages and gentlemen's seats, also neat villages, each with its antique church spire, planted along the shores. Darting from point to point, the steamer makes a call at these villages, setting one or two persons down here, and taking others up there, and affording us a glimpse of the place as we pause for a few minutes in front. Some of the villages are evidently hives of industry. At one we see a factory, with its wheel tumbling round under the impulse of a brook dashing hurriedly down a ravine from the hills; at another, there appears to be a great deal done in dyeing, and workmen are out in barges on the lake, washing the coloured yarns from their impurities—in short, much work of one sort or other is going forward, all in a primitive kind of way.

The hills which thus form the ornamental foreground of the picture, are backed by others of much greater altitude, and of a wild appearance. On the right, in passing from Zurich, we observe the Albis, the highest mountain range in this quarter; and, as a grand backing to the southern end of the lake, we see the lofty and sublime peaks of the Alps of Glarus and Uri, basking in the glare of the summer's sun, but covered with mantles of the purest snow. About noon the vessel touches at Rapperschwyl, on the left bank, a town of improving aspect; and here we find a wooden bridge of great length, crossing from one side of the lake to the other, and a part of which is raised to allow us to pass. From various appearances, the lake is here seemingly closing up, and by and by a meadow of alluvial soil, thickened with aquatic plants, will cut the lake in two. Near the right shore is a low grassy islet, clothed with some wood, which will in all probability be soon joined to the mainland from the same cause. After passing the bridge, we enter an upper division of the lake, which bends towards the east; the hill-sides become more pastoral, and are more thinly inhabited as we advance; and finally we are brought to the limits of the lake navigation at Schmerikon, a village consisting of an inn, a church, and a scattered collection of houses. Although the steamer halts here, there is a water communication farther up the valley by the Linth canal, which reaches the lake of Wallenstädt at several miles' distance.

Having landed at this place, I proceeded on an excursion up the vale, which is rather beautiful, with heights on each side, and cottages of a more rural class of peasantry than I had previously seen. The district belongs to the canton of St Gall, and may at once be recognised as Roman Catholic by the figures and the gilt crosses in a burying-ground occupying the top of a sunny knoll. Climbing the ascending braes, I had here an opportunity of seeing the *menage* of Swiss rustic life, of a class hovering between that of the alpine regions and the suburban condition. From the higher ground a good view is obtained of the vale beneath, and of the means which have been adopted to render it salubrious. Previous to 1822, it was subject to constant overflowings of the Linth, in consequence of the waters being dammed up at a part of their course by debris brought down from the glaciers; but according to the plans of Mr Conrad Escher—a new course being given to the Linth, by which the rubbish it brought down could be deposited in safety—inundations were in future obviated, and the valley stretching between the lakes of Zurich and Wallenstädt has been thus rendered healthy and suitable for pasturage. It is also now the seat of manufacturing industry, a large factory being planted near the Linth canal—a situation, certainly, in which I was not a little surprised to find such an establishment. The lake of Wallenstädt is much smaller than that of Zurich; but though traversed also by a small steamer, I did not think of stopping to inspect it, as its scenery is of comparatively little interest, and there was nothing else of moment to attract attention. As already mentioned, the route in this direction leads towards the Grisons, a secluded portion of Switzerland, with peculiar manners and language; and for the accommodation of travellers, a diligence runs to and from Schmerikon in connexion with the Zurich steamer.

My return to Zurich requires no particular notice; and having finished all necessary observations there, I proceeded with my companions in the direction of Zug and Lucerne, which is by a south-western route over the Albis. Passing various hamlets of neat cottages, and crossing the vale of the Sihl, we are conducted by a zig-zag cut road to the summit of this mountain tract, a height of nearly 3000 feet, from which a new world of picturesque beauty opens upon the eye. Attaining the brow of the mountain, and emerging from some clumps of wood, we are presented with the magnificent prospect of the Bernese Alps, lying like a great chain of snowy peaks on the distant horizon, and among which the Jungfrau rises conspicuous with its eternal glaciers. A more lovely scene is observable in the lower ground immediately before us—the lake of Zug, glistening like a clear mirror among rugged woody hills, and bounded on our right, or towards the north, by the fertile plain through which rolls the river Reuss.

In descending the mountain and entering the canton of Zug, the roads become very bad; and from numerous emblems, we find we are again in a Roman Catholic territory. The town of Zug, a little old-fashioned place, which we reach at the bottom of the hill, has a melancholy and dull aspect, but is improving. We found the walls and gateways in the act of being removed; and the road by a new cut pushes boldly into the town, instead of creeping through a narrow and inconvenient portal. Go on, Zug! I give you credit for this instance of common sense. We spent but a short time in our perambulation of the town and its environs, inhabited, as we thought, by a decent and industrious set of people; and in the latter part of the day, after passing through a rich and beautiful tract of country, reached Lucerne, at which we proposed to remain for a few days to enjoy the exquisite scenery on its lake.

ORIGINAL STORY OF KING LEAR.

The world has long been aware that Shakspeare, transcendent as were his powers both of invention and execution, contented himself, in the case of nearly the whole of his plays, with adopting the plots presented to him by the historians, romancers, and dramatists of preceding days. More particularly did he adhere to truth in his historical compositions, the very words of the old chroniclers being frequently used by him, with only such alterations as were necessary to cast them into blank verse. This fact, properly viewed, ought only to add to our estimation of the poet, indicating his consciousness that art could never excel nature, nor the human fancy conceive imaginary events and language more fit to "purge the soul by pity and by terror," or more provocative of laughter, than the realities disclosed in the authentic annals of our kind.

Geoffrey of Monmouth, it is usually supposed, told for the first time the story of *King Llyr* and his daughters, on which Shakspeare based the inimitable tragedy of Lear. It is related, however, in a Welsh manuscript history of earlier date, entitled the "Chronicle of the Kings," and written by a bishop of Wales named Tysilio. This work was composed at the close of the seventh century, and several copies of it are in existence. It thus tells the story of Llyr, or Lear, the eleventh king, according to the account, of Bri-

tain—a term then confined in a great measure to Wales.

"After Bleiddud came Llyr, his son, to be king, and he governed in peace and tranquillity for five-and-twenty years; and he built a city upon the river Soram, which he called Caer Llyr, and in another language, Leir Cestyr.* And he had no son, but three daughters, whose names were Goronilla, Regan, and Cordeilla;† and their father had excessive fondness for them, yet he loved the youngest daughter more than the other two. Thereupon he considered how he might leave his dominions amongst his daughters after him. Wherefore he designed to prove which of his daughters loved him the most in particular, so that he might bestow upon that one the best part of the island. And he called to him Goronilla, his eldest daughter, and asked her how much she loved her father. Whereupon, she swore to heaven, and to the earth, that she loved her father dearer than she loved her own soul; and he believed then that this was true, and bequeathed to her the third part of the island, and the man she should most prefer in the isle of Britain to be her husband. After that he called to him Regan, his second daughter, and asked her how much she loved her father; and she, too, swore by the powers of heaven and earth, that she could not, by her tongue, declare how much she loved her father. He then believed this to be the truth, and left to her the third part of the isle of Britain, together with the man she should choose in the island for her husband. And then he called to him Cordeilla, his youngest daughter, and whom he loved the most of all, and he asked her how much she loved her father—to which she answered, 'I do not think there is a daughter who loves a father more than she ought; and I have loved thee through life as a father, and will love thee still. And, sir, if thou must know how much thou art loved, it is according to the extent of thy power, and thy prosperity, and thy courage.' And thereat he was moved with anger, and said, 'Since it is thus that thou hast despised my old age, so as not to love me equally with thy sisters, I will adjudge thee to have no share of the isle of Britain.' Thereupon, without delay, he gave to his two eldest daughters the two princes, namely, the Prince of Cornwall and that of Scotland,‡ and half the kingdom with them, whilst the king lived; and after his death, the island in two parts between them. And when the rumour of this was spread over the face of the countries, Aganippus, King of France, heard of the wisdom of Cordeilla, and of her form and beauty; he therefore sent ambassadors to the isle of Britain, to demand of the king Cordeilla, his daughter, to be his wife. And he promised her, and declared to the ambassadors, that he should not have any territory or other wealth with her from the isle of Britain. And Aganippus said that he was not in want of his territory or his riches, but of his noble and illustrious daughter, to beget of her honourable heirs; but there was no delay before Aganippus took the maid in marriage, and no one in that age beheld a maid so fair and so wise as she.

After a length of time had elapsed, and Llyr was beginning to be feeble from age, his sons-in-law came with his two daughters, and subdued the island from one sea to the other, and they divided the island and the government between them two. This was after the deluge, 1460 years. Thereupon Maglon, Prince of Scotland, took the king to him, with forty knights in his train, to be maintained at his own charge. But two years were scarcely concluded, before Goronilla grew displeased on account of her father's retinue; and she came to him, and desired that he would dismiss the whole of such retinue except twenty knights, observing, that that number was sufficient for a person who was not concerned in wars or any weighty affairs. Thereupon Llyr became enraged with his daughter for slighting him to such a degree, and he quitted the court of Maglon, and repaired to that of Henwyn, Prince of Cornwall, expecting to have his dignity and rank better supported there than in the court of Maglon. And Henwyn received him joyfully, and treated him honourably, as he ought. But a year and a month had not quite elapsed before Regan, his daughter, grew angry with him on account of the greatness of his train, and desired him to send away the whole thereof, except five knights, and declared that she would maintain only so many in his retinue, and which she deemed sufficient. After he had been obliged to dismiss his knights, he became grieved for the loss of his former dignity, and he returned a second time to his eldest daughter, expecting that she would have compassion on him, and would preserve him his dignity. But she declared that she would maintain only one knight with him, and that was enough for her to do, as the knights of her lord were at his command. Finding he could obtain nothing by his entreaties, he sent away all his knights excepting one, who continued with him. Then, after meditating upon his former rank, which he had lost, he became oppressed with cares, and sorrowful almost unto death. The words of his daughters and their professions came upon his mind, and thereupon he knew that what was said to him by Cordeilla his daughter was true; and according to his prosperity, his power, and his courage, would he be beloved.

On this he bethought himself that he would visit Cordeilla his daughter, to implore her mercy, and to see if he could obtain any kind of assistance from her towards recovering his dominion. And after he had gone off to sea with three attendants, bewailing his affliction and wretchedness, he exclaimed, with weeping and groaning, after this manner:—'O, heavens! why did ye exalt me to the summit of honour, since it is more painful to remember honour after it is lost, than to suffer want without the experience of prosperity! Gods of heaven and earth! let the time yet arrive when I may be able to retaliate upon the persons who have reduced me to this distress. Ah! Cordeilla! my beloved daughter, how truly didst thou say to me—as my power, and my possessions, and my wealth might be, so should I be respected; and for what thou didst speak I became offended with thee. O! my beloved daughter! in what way shall I be able, for shame, to approach thee now, after having suffered thee to go away from the isle of Britain so destitute as I have done?' Continuing to lament his pain and wretchedness in this manner, he came near to Paris, the city wherein his daughter was, and he sent a messenger to her to announce that he was coming, a poor, weak, afflicted man, to implore her mercy to see her. When she heard this she wept, and inquired how many knights there were with him. The messenger declared there was but one squire; she then wept more bitterly than before, and sent him gold and silver, desiring that he should go privately as far as Amiad,* or to some other city that he might think proper—to take perfumes, and baths, and precious ornaments, and to change his condition, his ornaments and garments, and to take with him forty knights, in the same dress as himself. And when they should be completed and ready, he was to send a messenger to Aganippus, King of France, to announce to him his coming, after having been disgracefully expelled by his two sons-in-law from the isle of Britain, and to implore his aid to regain possession of his dominions.

All that did Llyr do, as Cordeilla his daughter had desired him. And when the messenger came to announce to the king that Llyr was coming to have an interview with him, he was rejoiced; and he came to meet him with a fair and splendid retinue to a great distance from the city, proceeding till Llyr met him; and thereupon they alighted, and embraced affectionately, and proceeded to Paris. And there they dwelt together for a long time, happily and joyfully. When the disgrace of Llyr in the isle of Britain was told to Aganippus, he was greatly affected; and thereupon it was agreed in council to assemble the armies of France, and to subdue the island again. And then Aganippus gave the government of France to Llyr, whilst he should be assembling the remote parts. When their forces and necessaries were ready, it was agreed in council to send Cordeilla with Llyr, lest the French should not be obedient to Llyr. And Aganippus commended the French, as they valued their souls, and at their peril, to be as obedient to Llyr and to his daughter as they would be to himself.

When they had taken leave, they set off towards the isle of Britain; and against them came Maglon, Prince of Scotland, and Henwyn, Prince of Cornwall, with all their power, and fought gallantly and severely with them; but, owing to the French being so numerous, it did not avail them, for they were put to flight and pursued, and a multitude of them slain; and Llyr and his daughter subdued the island before the end of the year from one sea to another, and chased his two sons-in-law away out of the island.

And after the isle of Britain had been conquered by Llyr, a messenger came from France to inform Cordeilla of the death of Aganippus; and she took that very heavily to heart, and from thenceforth she preferred dwelling in the isle of Britain with her father, than return to France on her dowry. Whereupon, after they had reduced the island to them, they governed it for a long time in peace and quietness until Llyr died. And after his death, he was honourably buried in a temple which he had himself built in Caer Llyr, under the river Soram, to the honour of some god who was called *Janus Bifrons*. And upon the festival of that temple, all the craftsmen of the city used to come to honour it, and then they would begin every work that was to be taken in hand to the conclusion of the year.

After the decease of Llyr, Cordeilla took the government of the isle of Britain, and she managed it for five years in peace and tranquillity, and in the sixth year rose her two nephews, sons of her sisters, who were young men of great fame, namely, Margan, the son of Maglon, Prince of Scotland, and Cunedda, the son of Henwyn, Prince of Cornwall. And they assembled an army, and made war on Cordeilla; and after frequent conflicts between them, they subdued the island, and took her and confined her in prison. And when she thought of her former grandeur which she had lost, and there remained no hopes that she should be again restored, out of excessive anguish she killed herself, which was done by stabbing herself with a knife under her breast, so that she lost her soul. And thereupon it was adjudged that it was the foulest death of any for a person to kill himself. This happened a thousand and five hundred years after the deluge."

* Most probably Leicester, which Nennius, in his "Historia Brittonum," calls Caer Lleirou, a name not unlike the one here used.

† Shakspeare has softened these names into Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia.

‡ The Welsh name for Scotland, used in the original, is Alban, whence came the Albany of Shakspeare. The name of the prince, however, as appears from the sequel, was Maglon, and the Prince of Cornwall was named Henwyn.

* It seems doubtful what town is here meant, unless it be Amiens.

JOHNSON'S PURSUIT OF HEALTH.

Dr James Johnson's work, entitled "Change of Air, or the Pursuit of Health and Recreation through France, Switzerland, Italy," &c., has gone through various editions, and deserves such a tribute to its utility. This gentleman combines, in no ordinary degree, the capabilities for professional observation with the tact and liveliness of the accomplished general tourist. He is remarkable, moreover, for giving his own opinions freely and unhesitatingly, without exhibiting any of that slavish deference for established axioms, which renders the works of so many modern travellers little better than imitations of those of their predecessors.

Sentimental people are accustomed to rave about the skies of Italy, and to assume that they produce an earthly paradise. Dr Johnson tells another tale of one of the finest portions of that peninsula:—"A phenomenon," says he, "resulting from the physical operation of climate on the human race, and which is equally curious and melancholy to contemplate, may be seen on a large scale in the great hospital of Milan—the *pellagra* of the Lombardo-Venetian plains. Those who have not courage to view it in the living body, may form a tolerable idea of its external characters from some excellent representations in wax, at the museum of the University of Bologna.

This horrible malady, or complication of maladies, has only been observed during the last sixty or eighty years, and is rapidly increasing. The proportion of cases in the hospital is very considerable. It begins by an erysipelatous eruption on the skin, which breaks out in the spring, continues till the autumn, and disappears in the winter—chiefly affecting those parts of the surface which are habitually exposed to the sun or the air. This cutaneous symbol of an internal disorder is accompanied or preceded by remarkable debility, lassitude, melancholy, moroseness, hypochondriacism, and often by a strong propensity to suicide. Year rolls on after year, and the cutaneous eruption, as well as the general disorders, become more and more aggravated, with shorter and shorter intervals in the winter. At length the surface ceases to clear itself, and becomes permanently enveloped in a thick, livid, leprous crust, somewhat resembling the dried and black skin of a fish! By this time the vital powers are reduced to a very low ebb, and the intellectual functions are often affected. The miserable victim of the dreadful pellagra loses the use of his limbs, more particularly of the lower extremities—is tormented by violent cholic, headache, nausea, flatulence, and heartburn—the appetite being sometimes null, at others voracious. The countenance becomes sombre and melancholy, or totally void of expression, the breath fetid, the teeth rotten, the inside of the mouth ulcerated, the mucous membrane highly irritable, and diarrhœa is a common accompaniment of the other disastrous train of miseries. But the most distressing phenomenon of all, is a sense of burning heat in the head and along the spine, whence it radiates to various other parts of the body, but more especially to the palms of the hands and soles of the feet—tormenting the wretched victim day and night, and depriving him completely of sleep! He frequently feels as if an electric spark darted from the brain, and flew to the eyeballs, the ears, and the nostrils, burning and consuming those parts. To these severe afflictions of the body are often added strange hallucinations of the mind. The victim of pellagra fancies that he hears the incessant noise of millstones grinding near him—of hammers resounding on anvils—of bells ringing, or the discordant cries of various animals! The disease, when advanced, takes the form of many other maladies, as tetanus, convulsions, epilepsy, dropsy, mania, and marasmus—the patient ceasing at last to exist and to suffer, when reduced to the state and appearance of a mummy. It is by no means uncommon—who can say it is wonderful?—that the wretched being abbreviates the term of his afflictions, and anticipates the too tardy hand of death in a paroxysm of suicidal mania! It is remarkable that this tendency to self-destruction very often assumes the form of a desire to consummate that last act of the tragedy by drowning—so much so, that Strambi, a writer on the pellagra, has given it the name of *hydromania*, when this propensity exists.

Whatever may be the precise nature of the cause of this dreadful disease, it is certain that it is almost universally confined to those who reside in the country, leading an agricultural life, and to the lowest orders of society. It is not bounded by any age, being frequently seen in the youngest children. The whole of the flat country on both sides of the river Po, but more especially the fertile and level plains between that river and the Alps, are the theatre and headquarters of pellagra. I have only sketched the more prominent features of the complaint, and I have by no means magnified either its horrors or its prevalency. If those who doubt this statement will consult

the native writers on the malady, as Strambi, Trapolli, Soler, Zanetti, and many others, they will acknowledge that I have softened rather than exaggerated the picture.

Such is the sweeping and terrible scourge of those beautiful and fertile plains that furnish themes of admiration for the poet, the painter, the novelist, and the romantic tourist! Had Rogers and Wordsworth, while celebrating the borders of Como and the Lago Maggiore, representing them as terrestrial paradises, been acquainted with the pestilence that afflicts one-seventh of the inhabitants, they would have curbed a little their poetic fancies, or added a background to the picture:

——— 'Where the world danced,
Listening to Monti, quaffing gramolata,
And reading in the eyes that sparkled round,
A thousand love-adventures written there.'—ROGERS.

The ordinary traveller is so enchanted with the fertility of the soil, the beauty of the lakes, the romantic grandeur of the surrounding Alps, and the brilliancy of the skies, that he overlooks the misery of the inhabitants, and the diseases that carry them to a premature grave. The poet avoids such scenes:

'I turn'd my prow and follow'd, landing soon
Where steps of purest marble met the wave;
Where through the trellises and corridors
Soft music came, as from Armida's palace,
Breathing enchantment o'er the woods and waters.'
—ROGERS' *Italy*."

Another extract may be given, exhibiting the writer of these observations in his medical character. He thus speaks of what he calls *etiolation*, or the unhealthy blanching visible too often on the cheek of the denizen of cities. "The inhabitants of a city may easily be distinguished from those of the country by the pallor of their complexions. The care-worn countenance is generally 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,' but the etiolation, or blanching, which I am now to notice, takes place independently of much thinking or mental anxiety. It cannot, in fact, boast of such an intellectual origin as the other. It is the result of physical rather than of moral causes —more especially of bad air, inexposure to the light of heaven, sedentary avocations, inactivity, late hours, &c. I have used the word *etiolation*, because I think it perfectly appropriate. When a gardener wishes to etiolate, that is, to blanch, soften, and render juicy a vegetable, as lettuce, celery, &c., he binds the leaves together so that the light may have as little access as possible to their surfaces. In like manner, if we wish to etiolate men and women, we have only to congregate them in cities, where they are pretty securely kept out of the sun, and where they become as white, tender, and watery, as the finest celery. For the more exquisite specimens of this human etiolation, we must survey the inhabitants of mines, dungeons, and other subterranean abodes; and for complete contrasts to these, we have only to examine the complexions of stage-coachmen, shepherds, and the sailor 'on the high and giddy mast.' Modern Babylon furnishes us with all the intermediate shades of etiolation, from the 'green and yellow melancholy' of the bazaar maiden—who occupies somewhat less space in her daily avocations and exercise than she will ultimately do in her quiet and everlasting abode—to the languishing, listless, lifeless *albinos* of the boudoir, etiolated in hothouses, by the aid of 'motley routs and midnight madrigals,' from which the light as well as the air of heaven is carefully excluded! Thus penury and wealth, obscurity and splendour, industry and idleness, the indulgence of pleasure and the endurance of pain, all meet at the same point, and, by the mysterious workings of an overruling Providence, come to the same level, in this respect, at last. That voluntary dissipation should suffer all the evils attendant on necessary and unavoidable avocation, no one can regret; but that useful toil and meritorious exertion should participate, and more than participate, in the miseries which follow in the train of the 'gay licentious proud,' is a melancholy reflection. The longer we live in this world, however, and the more narrowly we watch the ways and the fate of man, the more we shall be convinced that vice does not triumph here below—that pleasure is invariably pursued by pain—that riches and penury incur nearly the same degree and kind of taxation—and that the human frame is as much enfeebled by idleness as it is exhausted by labour.

But to return to etiolation. What does this blanching indicate? In the upper classes of society, it indicates what the long nails on the fingers of a Chinese indicate—*no avocation*. In the middle and lower orders of life, it indicates *unhealthy avocation*; and among the thinking part of the community, it is one of the symbols or symptoms of wear and tear of constitution. But different people entertain different ideas respecting etiolation. The fond and fashionable mother would as soon see green celery on her table as brown health on the cheek of her daughter. When, therefore, the ladies venture into the open carriage, they carefully provide themselves with parasols, to aid the dense clouds of an English atmosphere in preventing the slightest intrusion of the cheerful but embrowning rays of Phœbus. In short, no mad dog can have a greater dread of water, than has a modern fine lady of the solar beams. So much does this Phœbophobia haunt her imagination, that the parasol is up even when the skies are completely overcast, in order that the passing zephyr may not woo her delicate features and complexion."

As a medical observer, Dr Johnson will require no panegyric, we imagine, after the perusal of the common sense views developed in these extracts. Of the liveliness of his general descriptions, we shall present but one specimen, and conclude by recommending the work most peculiarly to public notice, of which it merits even a larger share than it has obtained. Speaking of the statues in the museum of the Capitol at Rome, he thus describes the feelings excited by the quietude of that stony assemblage of great ones, some of them once bitter foes to each other:—"Behold the venerable, the highly-gifted patriot and philosopher—Cicero. He stands unmoved in the presence of the murderous triumvirs. He breathes no vengeance against Antony, who proscribed him—he casts no reproach upon Augustus, who sacrificed him. He is silent when he might denounce with safety. But he has probably seen more than the page of history has revealed; though that may convince us that the anguish of soul which terminated in his proscriber's suicide on the sands of Egypt, was fully an equivalent to the bodily fear which preceded his own assassination among the rocks of Gæta. If he upbraid not his friend Augustus for surrendering him up a victim to the hatred of Antony, it is perhaps because he is conscious that, on the great political stage where he chose to act his part, *friendship* is only a character assumed, like other theatrical characters, during the time it is wanted. Or does the presence of Terentia, that faithful wife who fought his battles during his timorous exile—to whom he indited his unmanly epistles from Dyrrachium—and whom he afterwards repudiated, without cause, in the hour of prosperity, and at the age of sixty-one, for a flirting girl—does her presence, I say, prevent him from hurling the charge of ingratitude at the head of Augustus?

Near to Tully stands his quondam friend and firm supporter, the stern, the inflexible, the stoic Cato. He is no longer 'pent up in Utica' by the sword of Cæsar, but now confronts him on the summit of the Capitol. This rigid censor, who stumbled over straws and leaped over temples—who arraigned a Roman consul for the crime of dancing, while he himself turned brigand to plunder a rich but defenceless miser of all his pelf—who deposed an unoffending prince, because he was weak, and robbed him because he was wealthy—who was so stupid as to boast of this transaction, which all the sophistry of his friend Cicero failed to palliate—who, in fine, viewed other men's failings through a powerful lens, and the springs of his own actions through an opaque medium. Such is the Roman patriot whom Addison wishes us to admire, but whom philosophy teaches us to distrust. And 'mark the end:' Ptolemy, the miser, could not survive the loss of his gold, and therefore destroyed himself—Cato, the stoic, could not bear the ascendancy of Cæsar, and therefore stabbed himself! There is sometimes—perhaps oftener than is imagined—retributive justice even on this side of the grave."

FINDON AND ITS HADDOCKS.

THERE are perhaps few persons either in Scotland or England who have not seen or heard of "Finnon Haddies." Notwithstanding this notoriety, which it owes entirely to its haddocks, Findon itself, in regard to its locality, magnitude, and the social condition of its inhabitants, remains in all the obscurity of similar communities. Indeed, so small is the curiosity to inquire after the place and condition of those persons through whom we enjoy one of the greatest dainties of home produce, that I have met with connoisseurs who could scarcely tell me the coast on which Findon was situated. Induced by the fame of its haddocks to pay this little village a visit during the month of August last, I gleaned a few facts, which I conceive may be worthy of publicity.

The village lies about six miles south-west of Aberdeen, on the brow of a hill, sloping eastward to the coast of the German Ocean. It contains about forty houses and 220 souls. Like most fishing villages, Findon is irregularly built; but the exterior of the houses, and the open spaces before the doors, are generally much cleaner than in similar places. In the interior of the cottages, I was surprised to see so much cleanliness, order, and taste, on the part of the females in their domestic arrangements—the furniture thoroughly clean and tastefully placed—the crockery, which is in great quantities, all clean and nicely set off—the "ben end," the floor of which is elevated a few inches above that of the "but end," extremely clean and tidy. In this village, whether inside or outside, industry seems the order of the day. Men and women rise every morning with the lark—the former to shove out to sea, the latter to tramp to the Aberdeen market with the "haddies." Such is the health which these industrious fisherwomen enjoy, and such are the results of this health, that the great majority are able to carry on their backs a hundred-weight of fish the distance of six miles without a single rest; and, indeed, so little discomposed are they by their loads, that many of them amuse themselves by knitting stockings on the way.

The countenances of these females, although not so fine and sweetly formed as some we meet with in the streets of large and crowded cities, yet present such a picture of health and enjoyment as cannot be contemplated without pleasure. Their dress, especially when coming to the market, is neither gaudy nor costly, but for neatness and cleanliness could not be exceeded. Their body-dress, which consists of a long wrapper, a constant observer would be inclined to suppose was washed and mangled for every journey, while their head-dress, which consists of a plain close single-bordered cap, is as white as snow. It is said that, as regards dress, the greatest ambition of a Findon female is to have the last-mentioned article spotlessly pure.

The intellectual condition of the fishermen of this village seems to be extremely low. They live and die in a state of utter ignorance as to all that is beyond their own village and their own occupation. They have, especially during the winter season, much spare time, which they spend in a manner more resembling the habits of dogs than those of rational beings—a mere alternation of lounging and sleeping. Such a thing as a weekly periodical never reaches this village. I could find no one who had ever heard of the Penny Magazine or Chambers's Journal; and even a provincial newspaper is a rare thing, and only seen during the winter season, when perchance one of the previous summer reaches them in the shape of waste paper. Some time ago, through the active exertions of a few philanthropic individuals, a library was instituted in the village; but through a total indifference on the part of the fishermen, it was soon given up. So little interest had the inhabitants felt in this institution, and so small was their knowledge of the collection of books, that no one I saw could give me the least information on the subject. This distaste for reading cannot be supposed to arise from a want of education, such as it is, or has been; for I was assured that every youth, male and female, receives on an average five years of schooling. The course is composed of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and all of them go through, and generally commit to heart, the paraphrases, most of the Psalms, a good share of the New Testament, and the whole of the Shorter Catechism. Surely we have here a very strong proof of the insufficiency of the present system of training in country schools, and more especially those in the immediate vicinity of fishing communities. If the education of five years were what it should be, it would often be found to lay the foundation of a future taste for knowledge. I had the curiosity to examine a boy, whose course had been newly ended. He could read and count tolerably; but of the meaning of what he read, or the principle by which his accounts were evolved, he just knew as much as might be expected from a parrot or monkey, had they been trained to such mechanical performances. The powers of reasoning and reflection are entirely neglected in the education of these fisher youths, and the effects of this are painfully experienced during life.

The social manners of these fishermen have undergone, during the last half century, a considerable change to the better. Intemperance is scarcely known among them; indeed, it seems to be admitted by one and all, that whisky is good for nothing, save on two particular occasions. One of these occasions is a winter morning, during a fall of snow or sleet, when the fishermen determine upon going to sea; the other is, when, after being out all night, they come home in the morning to a good day's work. On both of these occasions, they allow themselves one glass of ardent spirits. Merry-makings occur only at marriages and christenings. Those at marriages are the most extravagant, never lasting less than three days, and often a week. Dancing, singing, and playing, mark these festive meetings, from which whisky is nearly banished. Some time ago, the minister of the parish prohibited marriages from taking place on the Saturday, to save violations of the Sabbath; but this prohibition is already neglected. One practice prevails, which, for the future interests of this community, cannot be too soon discontinued: I allude to the circumstance of merchants from the town, when engaging a boat's crew of men, allowing so much money for the express purpose of drinking. I was informed that these were the only times when intoxication could be said to prevail; and I was sorry to think that men, possessed of superior advantages and knowledge, should endanger the happiness of a simple community by patronising such a practice. In regard to the various improvements in every department of human knowledge, and which form the great characteristics of the age in which we live, I have already noticed that they are entirely ignorant, save of the existence of the "stame-boat," and for this they are indebted to its passing by their village. In regard to the improvements in education, they entertain some vague and laughable ideas. I questioned them if the education given to their families was the same as they had got themselves. "Oo na—terrible chinges in edication. In oor days we were garred mak oor writing strokes like bows; noo they mak them like horse-whips: oo, ay, sad chinges, indeed!" Such is the fisherman's idea of educational reform, and the only reform too of which he has any idea. Most of them have introduced the use of the compass in their fishing-boats, and from that instrument they confess they have derived great benefit. When overtaken by a heavy fog, which, at certain seasons of the year, is a very common occurrence, and when many miles from home, and unable to see ten yards before them, by means of this simple instrument they will steer with the utmost confidence into their narrow creeks. Formerly, during thick fogs, they were exposed to all the fears and dangers

of bewildered crews. I questioned them about the barometer, but of it they knew nothing. They thought they had seen something like the thing I described about lighthouses, and they had been informed that it told the changes of the weather to a minute; yet they never had thought of inquiring after one. I explained its nature, and its great uses in saving lives. On my telling them that it would sometimes give its warnings when the oldest and most experienced seamen could detect no symptoms of approaching dangers, they looked at me with an incredulous stare. I questioned them in regard to their knowledge of geography, and whether, in the event of their being driven from their coasts to some other, they could tell that coast. Their ideas on this subject were crude and very incorrect. The superstitions common to this community are so like those of similar communities, that an account of them would afford no novelty.

I shall now proceed to a description of the manner of preparing those yellow fish, which have given to this village its fame. The fish called "Finnon haddies" are not exclusively the produce of this village, but of other four lying on the same coast between Aberdeen and Stonehaven. When the fish are prepared and brought to the table, it is said that connoisseurs can tell the particular village from whence they come. With these judges, Findon stands second in the quality of its fish. The secrets of preparing the fish lie in the mode of drying them, the time required for smoking them, and the nature of the substance by which they are smoked. Simple as the process may appear, yet I was informed that there was great scope for nicety of judgment. In the summer season, when the weather is fine, the fish, after being gutted and cleaned, are spread before the door to dry. A certain time is allowed for this, depending upon the dryness of the weather. They are then taken into the house, pierced behind one of the upper fins by an iron rod, and hung, to the number of four or five hundred, upon transverse rods, over a furnace in the corner of the house. The furnace is supplied with peat dross of a peculiar nature—much depends on this—for the purpose of smoking them. This process, when the fish are previously dried, occupies about three hours. In the winter season, the fish are dried in the house. They are hung over the furnace wet; a clear red fire is kept up for about four hours, at the end of which time the peat moss is introduced to smoke them. The same time is allowed for smoking the last as that of the first. This mode of preparing the yellow haddocks is peculiar to the five villages already mentioned. Other villages which produce yellow fish, do so by means of a kiln. Over this kiln the fish are spread, not hung; hence they do not require a hole pierced, as in the case of the Findon haddocks. Nevertheless, a hole is made for the purpose of deception; but with this unavoidable distinction, that, in the former, the hole is made subsequent to the process of browning, while in the latter it is made previously to it. The result is, that in the one case the interior of the hole is browned, and preserves the width of the rod, while in the other the interior of the hole is fresh and collapsed. This is the only distinguishing mark by sight between the real and the spurious Findon haddock.

I shall conclude this account of the Findon community by a few remarks on the nature of their leases. Whenever a new house is wanted, the landlord grants a certain quantity of land, upon which he builds the shell of the house. The tenant roofs it, and finishes it within at his own expense. In consideration of this, he holds the house at a lower rent than otherwise he would have done. It will appear strange, that after this outlay on the part of the tenant, he is liable to ejectment at the landlord's pleasure, and can claim none of his expenses. Such unequal conditions might, on the part of an unscrupulous landlord, be converted to his great advantage; yet the past experience of this very inequality presents this pleasant subject for reflection, that, while the power to distress was unlimited, scarcely a single case of such a nature has ever occurred. This fact of itself speaks volumes for the confidence and friendship which exist between these simple fishermen and their landlords. Of the cause of this peculiar provision I am ignorant, but its moral results are evident. To the youthful fisherman who aspires to the independence of a tenant, it necessitates a long and constant course of industry, with a careful husbanding of his gains. Of this youthful discipline he feels the benefits through the whole of his future life, in the shape of a reduced rent, and, what is far more important, active and frugal habits.

OVER-EDUCATING.

At no period of youth should education be pushed beyond its proper limits, or the mind be worked above its powers; the welfare of the pupil demands the observance of this rule on the part of the master as well as the parents, more especially when the child belongs to that class of strumous children whose intellects are preternaturally acute. Unfortunately, however, these are generally the pupils selected by the masters to do credit to his establishment; every means are taken to encourage this premature manifestation of the mind, and to stimulate the child to renewed exertions; and thus the health is enfeebled, and even life is often sacrificed, at a period of brilliant promise, when the hopes of friends are buoyed up by fallacious expectations, which a more rational system of education might have realised.—*Sir James Clark on Consumption.* [How many melancholy instances could be advanced of the truth of these admonitions!]

AN EMIGRANT FAMILY.

The sufferings to which poor emigrants are sometimes put in travelling from one part of America to another, may be conceived from the following affecting notice in the *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser*:—

"Amid the cold and searching rain, when the stout and well-clad pedestrian was seen enveloped in wool and waterproof boots, a group of nine persons—a mother and eight children—were seen huddled together under the eaves of a warehouse on the wharf. They were cleanly dressed, yet exhibiting those never-failing marks which silently bespeak the indigent. The mother was young for one who had reared such a circle; and her calm, resigned demeanour, indicated that she was no stranger to those inculcations so strongly and feelingly set forth in the family Bible. Her oldest child was a daughter, in height equal to the mother, who stood by the little brothers, endeavouring to keep them comfortable with her scanty cloak, while a consoling word diverted the oft-repeated inquiry for bread.

Their history is soon told: 'I came,' said the mother, 'from Calais in Maine, and I am on my way to Cincinnati, where my husband is. He left home last spring, and after reaching Ohio, got an interest in a piece of land; but I fear he has been unable to keep it, as his means were very limited. Should I and the boys reach him, I think we could do much to aid in clearing the land, and perhaps earn some money to pay for it.'

To a question as to the mode of travel from that place of her departure, she replied—'On leaving home, which was on the 11th of August, we took a stout horse and waggon, in which we put our clothes and victuals. The children and myself, including an infant eleven months old, took turns to ride awhile, but finding the animal to fail, we finally took the road and trudged along until we reached Roxbury, Massachusetts. Here the youngest child was taken sick, and continued to decline until the 4th of October, when it died. During our stay in Roxbury, the oldest girl and one of the boys worked in a bookbindery to assist in supporting us, but the small sum they obtained for their services was totally inadequate to meet our daily expenses and those incurred by the death of the child. However, we succeeded in getting away from the place, and in due time reached Providence, Rhode-Island, where I found myself entirely destitute of money. I sold my horse and waggon for twenty dollars, a sum far below their value, and took passage in a packet for New York. From New York I went to Albany, where I had but two dollars left after paying my passage. With that small sum I have reached this place, and am now without money or food of any kind. Indeed, the children or myself have not tasted victuals since last night.'

This was the brief narrative of the poor woman, and her story was given with such faithfulness and sincerity, that to doubt it was impossible.

A statement was made to the board having control of the steam-boat interest, and a *carte blanche* given for her free conveyance to Cleveland, on board the Wisconsin; while a charitable hand furnished as much bread as will suffice the party until they reach Ohio. How they will fare after that, it is impossible to guess."

"We have the satisfaction of informing our Buffalo friend, that the mother and children referred to were not neglected on their arrival at Cleveland. We handed an account to a worthy bachelor friend this morning, who has a bigger soul than body (would we could say as much of his purse). He sought out the needy, and in a few hours raised near forty dollars for their relief, secured a passage to Portsmouth, and sent them on their way rejoicing."—*Cleveland Herald.*

THE DEATH OF THE DEER.

He sleeps on the sward where he gamboll'd but now,
With speed in his footsteps and pride on his brow;
There's gore on his antlers, there's mist on his eye;
And o'er the dead gallant I breathe a deep sigh.

No more through the woodlands thou'lt bound in thy glee,
Thou son of the swift foot—thou type of the free!
No more o'er the hill top pass by like a dream,
Nor rest in the green shade, beside the clear stream.

Scarce felt the red heather the touch of thy feet,
'Twas so light and so tender, so graceful, so fleet;
And the eye scarce beheld thee, ere thou wert again
Far up the steep mountain, or down the dark glen.

The bolt of the huntsman hath wounded and slain;
Yet skill'd though his hand be, and short though the pain,
I greet not his triumph, but sadly deplore
That the voices of morning shall wake thee no more.

The wood-dove and linnet shall sound in the trees,
And the call of the cuckoo float past on the breeze;
The horn of the hunter shall ring far away,
And children's glad voices be heard at their play;

The streamlet shall murmur like mother's soft song,
And mirror the wild flowers while wand'ring along;
'Twill woo thy fair image to seek it once more,
But thou shalt be missing from stream and from shore.

The dew-drop shall gem the sweet primrose at morn,
And fragrance diffuse from the boughs of the thorn;
But *thou* shalt be absent from hill and from plain,
And the doe and the young fawn shall seek thee in vain.

A. G.

DUPES TO OURSELVES.

We are all greater dupes to our own weakness than to the skill of others; and the successes gained over us by the designing, are usually nothing more than the prey taken from those very snares we have laid ourselves. One man falls by his ambition, another by his perfidy, a third by his avarice, and a fourth by his lust; what are these but so many nets, watched indeed by the fowler, but woven by the victim?—*Lacon.*

THE PLEADER.

That the object of judicial pleading is often less to elicit truth than to hide it, is thus touched upon in a late number of the Dublin University Magazine:—

"The wretch stained with crime, polluted in iniquity, [commits his case to the cleverest lawyer he can hire]; and the trepidation or the indifference that he manifested before, now gradually gives way, and almost unconsciously he becomes deeply interested in the changes and vacillations of the game, which he believed could have presented but one aspect of fortune. But the prisoner is not my object: I turn rather to the lawyer. Here, then, do we not see the accomplished gentleman, the finished scholar, the man of refinement and of learning, of character and station, standing forth the very embodiment of the individual in the dock? Possessed of all his secrets, animated by the same hopes, penetrated by the same fears, he endeavours, by all the subtle ingenuity with which craft and habit have gifted him, to confound the testimony, to disparage the truth, to pervert the inferences of all the witnesses. In fact, he employs all the stratagems of his calling, all the ingenuity of his mind, all the subtlety of his wit, for this one end, that the man he believes in his own heart to be guilty, may, on the oaths of twelve honest men, be pronounced innocent.

From the opening of the trial to its close, this mental gladiator is an object of wonder and dread. Scarcely a quality of the human mind is not exhibited by him in the brilliant panorama of his intellect. At first, the patient perusal of a complex and wordy indictment occupies him exclusively; he then proceeds to cross-examine the witnesses, flattering this one, browbeating that, suggesting, insinuating, amplifying, or retrenching, as the evidence would seem to favour or be adverse to his client. He is alternately confident and doubtful, headlong and hesitating; now hurried away on the full tide of his eloquence, he expatiates in beautiful generalities on the glorious institution of trial by jury, and apostrophises justice; or now, with broken utterance and plaintive voice, he supplicates the jury to be patient, and be careful in the decision they may come to. He implores them to remember, that when they leave that court, and return to the happy comforts of their home, conscience will follow them, and the everlasting question crave for answer within them, were they sure of this man's guilt? He teaches them how fallacious are all human tests; he magnifies the slightest discrepancy of evidence into a broad and sweeping contradiction; and while, with a prophetic menace, he pictures forth the undying remorse that pursues him who sheds innocent blood, he dismisses them with an affecting picture of mental agony so great, of suffering so heart-rending, that, as they retire to the jury-room, there is not a man of the twelve that has not more or less of a personal interest in the acquittal of the prisoner.

However bad, however depraved the human mind, it still leans to mercy; the power to dispose of another man's life is generally sufficient for the most malignant spirit in its thirst for vengeance. What, then, are the feelings of twelve calm, and perhaps benevolent men, at a moment like this? The last words of the advocate have thrown a new element into the whole case, for, independent of their verdict upon the prisoner, comes now the direct appeal to their own hearts. How will they feel when they reflect on this hereafter? I do not wish to pursue this further. It is enough for my present purpose that, by the ingenuity of the lawyer, criminals have escaped, do escape, and are escaping, the just sentence on their crimes. What, then, is the result? The advocate, who up to this moment has maintained a familiar, even a friendly intimacy with his client in the dock, now shrinks from the very contamination of his look. He cannot bear that the blood-stained fingers should grasp the hem of his garment, and he turns with a sense of shame from the expressions of a gratitude that criminate him in his own heart. However, this is but a passing sensation; he divests himself of his wig and gown, and, overwhelmed with congratulations for his brilliant success, he springs into his carriage and goes home to dress for dinner—for on that day he is engaged to the Chancellor ——, the Bishop of ——, or some other great and revered functionary, the guardian of church or the custodier of conscience.

Now, there is only one thing in all this I would wish to bring strikingly before the mind of my readers, and that is, that the lawyer, throughout the entire proceeding, was a free and willing agent. There was neither legal nor moral compulsion to urge him on. No; it was no intrepid defence against the tyranny of a government or the usurpation of power—it was the assertion of no broad and immutable principle of truth or justice—it was simply a matter of legal acumen and persuasive eloquence, to the amount of fifty pounds sterling."

It should, we think, have been added, that the system here deprecated is scarcely separable from the humane principle of allowing criminals to plead through skilled advocates; and that it is better one villain should escape by such assistance than that innocent individuals should suffer. It is the business of juries to disregard all claptrap appeals to feeling, and only act according to strict justice.

The publishers of Chambers's Edinburgh Journal occasionally receive letters from persons complaining of an inability to procure back numbers to complete sets, the booksellers to whom application is made, saying "they are out of print;" it is therefore now intimated, that of every number from the commencement of the work *the publishers possess at least a thousand copies*, and also the stereotype plates for printing more if required. If any one has failed in procuring supplies of back numbers, a mistake of some kind must have occurred in making the application.

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THE EVENT.

THE event is always a decisive matter. It weighs not how rash or absurd the attempt was, if it turns out well, nor how sagely devised and spiritedly and industriously executed, if it turns out ill. We naturally have an affection for men who successfully accomplish any thing, and an equally natural and unavoidable antipathy for those who fail. In the latter case, we may allow upon his showing that the man did every thing that could be done, and deserved success; but yet we wish him out of our way. His reclamations against censure are decidedly not relished. He is blameless, yet detestable. And, what always adds so much to our impatience with the well-meaning blockhead who fails, we could have all along told him how much he was in the wrong in all his plans, and how easily, by a very slight change of tactics, he might have succeeded. It is the best policy of all such men to say as little as possible in their own defence. Calling for justificatory court-martials is a poor shift. They should strike their lights and go into oblivion the instant that fortune has greatly declared against them.

If Cæsar, two days after landing at Deal, had been cut to pieces by a painted army, how they would have shaken their heads a fortnight after in Rome, at the desperate nature of his expedition to the tight little island!—and how would all subsequent historians have set it down as only the consequence that was to have been expected from his unpardonable temerity! Had Columbus not reached America—and assuredly he did not expect to reach an America at all, but only Asia by a new route—and had he returned with the loss of half his men to Palos, we cannot doubt that, for fifty years at least, he would have been regarded as a wretched dreamer, who, to gratify his own frantic spirit of adventure, had sacrificed many valuable lives. Fortunately for him, America had pitched itself at a proper distance across the Atlantic, and he gained the credit of discovering a new world. On how many chances did the greatness of Cortez hang! Had he been cut off on the causeway of Mexico, or even had Narvaez overthrown him, his attempting to subdue a great semi-civilised empire with less than three hundred men, would have gained him a place only amongst the coxcombs of history. As it was, every body sees the vast influence of European arms and skill amongst barbarians, and what a clever fellow Cortez was to calculate all this so nicely. So also, when intelligence reached England of the late destruction of British troops in Affganistan, it became very clear to many that they had always thought there was danger in carrying our arms beyond the Indus; although there can be no doubt that, if all had gone on well, such a recollection would never have occurred to any body. The first events of the Chinese war were very satisfactory, and no one insinuated a doubt as to the way in which it was carried on. By and by, however, it proved that the Chinese were troublesome from their duplicity, and then every body thought that they had always thought that these celestial gentlemen should have been more sharply dealt with, and that the manager of the war was infinitely too soft for a command in warlike affairs. The very necessity which people feel of accounting for all things, helps to drive their horns into the sides of the unsuccessful. They must "see how it was," and be able "not to wonder now;" and for this purpose assigning simple stupidity to the hero of the failure answers exactly. It cuts the Gordian knot at once. This is one reason why the unfortunate gentleman has no chance. All his efforts at explanation go counter to a judgment already formed, and which cannot conveniently be surrendered. The non-success of Prince Charles, in his expedition in 1745, is usually ascribed to his having stopped six weeks in Edinburgh after the first good stroke at Prestonpans. Hear what has been said on this subject by a respectable gentleman who was in his army, and knew the whole circumstances, favourable and unfavourable:—"Those who judge of things only by the event, will condemn this measure, and decide positively that if the Prince had marched on from the field of battle, he would have carried all before him. As the Prince's affairs were ruined in the end, it is natural to wish he had done any thing else than what he did: things could hardly have turned out worse, and there was a possibility of succeeding. But to judge fairly of the matter, we must have no regard to what happened, but to what was then most likely to happen. The Prince had but 3000 men at the battle, where he had 100 at least killed and wounded; he might reckon upon losing some hundreds more, who would go home with the booty they got: so that he could not reckon upon more than 2500 men to follow him into England, whence he had no intelligence, no hopes of being joined, no resource in case of a misfortune. But what would the public have said of such an attempt had it miscarried?" * Ay, there is the rub—what would they have said of such an attempt had it miscarried? There cannot be the least doubt that, had Charles and his kilted followers been swallowed up by a conglomeration of English troops somewhere in Westmoreland or Lancashire, the very same persons who blame him for stopping to recruit in Edinburgh, would have laughed to scorn the idea of his invading hostile England with a handful of half-armed mountaineers.

A rising against constituted authorities is at first a rebellion. If put down, a rebellion it remains; but should it be successful, it becomes a revolution. To the idea of rebellion a stigma is always attached; but a revolution is a respectable thing. So much is the difference between failure and success. This is the principle involved in the trite adage, "Treason is ne'er successful," &c. When the aim involved in the treason is successful, it takes a totally different character, and thus escapes the obloquy. We cannot doubt that the chiefs of many rebellions have been better men, and animated by more disinterested views, than the chiefs of many revolutions. It is no matter: the public deals in this respect very much as Lycurgus with the detected thief. Failure stamps the one party infamous, while success puts the less deserving high in Fame's temple. There is no appeal. Even the historian, writing at the cool distance of centuries, feels the instinctive repugnance to the unsuccessful man, and sets himself to pick all possible holes in his coat with the greatest deliberation. With the same earnestness does this gentleman seek to discover proper elements of success in him whom fortune has favoured. Many great things take place through a fortuitous concurrence of trifling circumstances; but we do not receive this idea readily. It always seems as if great things should have great causes. In such a case, for example, as that of Henry de Guise, who went in a herring-boat and made himself king of Naples, a historian, if he is a natural sort of person at all, cannot conceive how such a thing could be merely the frolic of a young mad-cap. He would deem it necessary to show a long train of important circumstances leading to the expedition. He would trace the character of Henry's mind from his education, his mother's working at a tapestry of the wars of the Titans, and the fondness of his pedadogue for Plutarch, which the young duke would be sure to have read twice over, manifesting a particular partiality for the life of Alcibiades. Then there would be much in the state of Europe at the time—Cromwell newly made master of England, France just respiring from the wars of the Fronde, &c. Henry's few companions would be made out very remarkable men, and there would be reason to suppose that he had been invited by some of the chief of the Neapolitan nobility. Now, possibly, not one of these circumstances, allowing that they all existed, was of the slightest moment in the case. Strictly investigated, the expedition seems to have been little more than a frolic, which, from chance circumstances, ended in its hero gaining a temporary crown. Perhaps, if he had been asked to relate the wonderful story of his expedition, he would have frankly replied, in the words of the knife-grinder, "Story! God bless you, I have none to tell, sir." He would only know that he had had a sort of pleasure-sail to Naples one day, and that the people had insisted on his becoming their king. This necessity of finding out causes of sufficient dignity for all things, is one of the banes of history. Half the great operations of the world are brought about by means infinitely beneath an Helen's beauty or an Achilles's wrath; but these things do not tell well in grave pages. We must have a view of the state of the world at the time, a great deal about the deeply-seated springs of human conduct, and some speculations as to how far the recollections of long past injuries still rankled in the bosoms of the Greeks.

A great deal of the wisdom of the common world is determined by the event. The character of many transactions is only apparent to a great part of mankind after they have taken place. But when it is an affair of their neighbours, they always suppose that they were all along quite aware how things were going. It was easy to see how such a scheme would turn out. They could have foretold all this months ago. Some little point is fastened on as having given them full assurance that the thing was doomed to failure. Honest Gideon Pike was quite sure, *after* the battle of Loudon-hill, that the dragoons could not fail to be beaten, as "little gude could come o' that new-fangled way of slinging their carbines." It is most unfortunate that we only have this prescience about each other's affairs, and not about our own, for, if it were so far extended, nothing would ever happen amiss. At present, limited as the prescience is, there is scarcely any use for it, unless as a means of giving a friend a little salutary affliction, in the hope of making him more cautious for the future. This, I need scarcely say, is to be done by rounding in his ear, at the moment of failure, such phrases as—"I told you so;" or, "All this is just what might have been expected." In the science of ingeniously tormenting, the post-eventual prophet stands as an artist of the highest class. A thorough-bred one takes care never to commit himself before the event. He acts in the spirit of the Vicar of Wakefield, when, in reply to his wife's exultations about the prospects of her daughters from the town ladies, he exclaimed (not knowing well what to think of the matter), "Ay, Heaven grant they may be both the better for it this day three months!"—an observation which, if the girls succeeded, might be looked on as a pious wish fulfilled—otherwise, as a prophecy. Upon the whole, it is safest to take the unfavourable side of the case, and rather hint at disaster than foretell triumph, for, when triumphs do result, no one remembers the croaker or his forebod-

* Narrative of Charles Prince of Wales's Expedition to Scotland in the year 1745. By James Maxwell of Kirkconnell, Esq. Printed at Edinburgh, 1841. 4to.

ings, whereas, in the contrary event, he may recall even a long-past shake of his head as a proof of his sagacity.

Perhaps our prepossession in favour of the successful, and our dislike to those who fail, has a final cause in the effect which it is calculated to have, in prompting to all possible exertion, and all possible caution, for the securing of success. Were the unsuccessful sure of having full allowance for their mere aims, and a light judgment for their defeats, there might be less energy shown in all kinds of transactions, and a great lack of that watchfulness which is so essential to the right conduct of human affairs.

DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY.

THERE are many people living in the world, with strictly honest intentions, and who yet, by a mistaken calculation of the degree in which it is permitted to consult their own interest in preference to the interest of others, allow themselves to persevere in the practice of a certain species of selfish injustice, so pernicious in its effects, that the injury they inflict upon society, and consequently the crime they commit, is twenty times greater than a vast proportion of the offences which conduct their unhappy perpetrators to the gallows. Perhaps some of our readers may think we are too energetic in our denouncement, when they learn that the criminals we point at, are neither more nor less than *dilatory bill-payers*—people who, for the sake of avoiding a small proportion of inconvenience to themselves—a slight sacrifice on the interest of their money—a little self-denial, in short, in some shape or another—do not hesitate to inflict on their unhappy victims an amount of misery, from the idea of which they would recoil with horror did they pause to estimate its enormity. And it is a terrible aggravation of this offence, that the sufferers from it are usually amongst the most hard-working, the most industrious, the most struggling members of the community; in a word, they are precisely those who are most anxious to do well, and who have the greatest difficulties to contend with in effecting their object. But as an ounce of example is sometimes better then a pound of precept, we will proceed to our story.

The night was dark, the weather was very cold, the snow lay three feet deep upon the ground, and was still falling, whilst the wind that came in cutting blasts, dashed and rattled against the windows of the room where sat Mr and Mrs Wingate. But the picture presented by the interior offered a very agreeable contrast to the scene outside. The fire blazed brightly, the hearth was clean swept, the kettle sang upon the hob, the room was well carpeted and comfortably furnished, the red moreen curtains reflected a warm glow on every object, not excepting the countenances of Mr and Mrs Wingate themselves, who, deposited in well-stuffed easy-chairs, sat on each side of the fire. Mr Wingate had been indulging in a little doze, whilst his wife, by the fitful blaze, had been knitting him a warm lamb's wool comforter; a fat spaniel and a large black cat lay cozily asleep upon the rug, and Betty brought in the tea-things.

"Bring up the brown loaf, Betty," said Mr Wingate, rising to take a turn or two about the room and shake off his drowsiness; whilst his wife unlocked her caddy and prepared to make the tea.

"The baker hasn't sent it, sir," said Betty.

"What's the reason of that?" inquired Mr Wingate, turning sharply round; "wasn't it ordered?"

"Yes, it was, sir," said Betty; "but I suppose, as the night is so bad, and it's a good way to bring it, they've left it till the morning."

"That's very neglectful," observed Mr Wingate; "they might have known very well that it would be wanted for tea. I shall leave Duncan and go to somebody else for my bread, if he is not more attentive. What's this?" added he, taking up a folded paper that Betty had introduced upon the tea-board.

"That's Duncan's bill, I believe, sir," replied Betty; "their man left it when he was here this morning."

"Oh!" said Mr Wingate, throwing it over to his wife, without opening it; "he's in a greater hurry with his bill than he is with our loaf—he might have waited till the year was up, I think. How much is it, Margaret?"

"Gracious me! it's twenty-five pounds, I declare!" exclaimed Mrs Wingate, as she looked at the sum-total that closed an account of several pages; "I had no idea we owed him so much."

"Twenty-five pounds!" re-echoed Mr Wingate, stretching out his hand for the paper. "Surely there must be some mistake."

"We shall see by the book," answered Mrs Wingate; "every thing we get is regularly set down; but I certainly did not expect it would be so much." And here we must take leave to remark, that disagreeable surprises of this nature are the inevitable lot of every body that runs long accounts; so that the little pecuniary advantage they may have reckoned upon by delaying their payments, is materially counterbalanced by the irritation consequent on these unpleasant discoveries, and also by the prejudicial effects of their miscalculation, which causes them to overrate their resources, and beguiles them to spend when they should spare.

"How long have we been dealing with Duncan?" inquired Mr Wingate, feeling for his spectacles.

"About a year and a half—ever since he came into that shop," answered his wife.

"Amount of account rendered December—amount of account rendered June—how was it his bill wasn't paid last Christmas?" asked Mr Wingate, sharply; for we must here take leave to slip in another little observation, which is, that when these long accounts unfold their ungainly proportions to our view, we inevitably feel vexed and angry, not only with the tradesman but with ourselves—or more commonly, indeed, with our wife—both because that is more convenient and agreeable, and because these housekeeping accounts generally belong to her department.

"Why," answered Mrs Wingate, "you know we barely owed him half a year last Christmas, and I did not see any necessity for settling it till June; and then, when I asked you for money, if you recollect, you said that the purchase of the railroad shares had taken all you had, and that you couldn't pay any body till Christmas."

"This must be settled at the New Year," said Mr Wingate—"that is, if you find it's correct; I can hardly believe our bread bill for eighteen months can come to so much, though. Do we owe any body else more than a year?"

"I believe not," replied the lady; "I think every thing was settled up to last January—that is, the house-keeping accounts—the repairs, and the painting, and all that sort of thing, you know best about yourself."

"Oh, it's time enough for that," replied Mr Wingate; "those sort of people don't expect to be paid under two years; but the house-keeping bills, certainly, should not run beyond twelve months. What's that?—another bill?" continued he, as Betty, on being summoned to take away the tea-things, laid a second paper on the table.

"It's Dimond, the green-grocer's bill, sir," said Betty; "I found it at the bottom of the basket."

"Humph! fifteen pounds for vegetables and fruit in one year," said the gentleman; "that's a great deal, Mrs Wingate."

"It does seem a great deal, to be sure," replied the wife; "and yet we never have any thing the least out of the way: one can't do without vegetables, or without a little fruit, when it's in season, you know."

"Certainly not; there's no necessity for doing without them, thank God!" answered Mr Wingate, who, however disagreeably affected by the sight of the bills, had no idea of denying himself the good things of this world; "only, you should be particular about these people's accounts, and take care that they don't overcharge us, or run up their bills by putting down things we have never had. There seems to be an amazing quantity of strawberries here in this bill of Dimond's!"

"I believe we had a good many strawberries when the children were at home for the holidays," replied the lady.

"Well, all these things must be paid as soon as we can spare the money," said Mr Wingate, throwing them over to his wife, and taking up his book.

"By the by, Mrs Gibson, the milkwoman, sent in her account yesterday; she says she has a bill to make up, and would be very much obliged if we could settle it."

"I can't pay any body till after Christmas," said Mr Wingate, dryly; "they needn't be in such a hurry; they know very well they are sure of their money. I'm not sure that I may not be called upon to pay up another instalment upon my bank shares. I heard something of it the other day."

"Why, isn't the bank doing well?" inquired Mrs Wingate.

"Oh! capitally," replied her husband; "but, you know, every thing must have a beginning, and there are always difficulties at first; but I expect those shares will pay me ten per cent. at least."

"Well, I am glad of it, Wingate," replied the lady; "for, if that and the railway both turn out well, I hope we may be able to keep a little four-wheeled carriage and a pony—it would contribute very much to my comfort."

"Perhaps we may," answered Mr Wingate, nodding his head complacently; "especially if I can get a few more of those railway shares. I heard there were some likely to come into the market."

"Indeed!" answered the wife; "I thought they had all been bought up."

"So they were," replied he; "but Duncan's wife had ten shares—her father left them to her when he died—and I hear they are likely to be sold, at least I had a hint of it; and I have employed a person that knows Duncan to find out if it is so, that I may get the first chance."

"I should hardly think he'd part with them, when they are likely to pay so well," observed Mrs Wingate.

"I fancy the new shop hasn't answered so well as he expected," replied her husband; "they say he was doing better in the old one."

It was quite true—he was doing better in the old one—but why? We shall see.

Duncan's former shop had been in an unfavourable situation—a poor neighbourhood; nevertheless, he had a steady little business, and regular though small profits. But having married a young woman who had a little matter of money, he thought it would be for their mutual interest to lay it out in fitting up a shop in a better situation, amongst more affluent people. The spot he fixed upon was just on the outskirts of the town, where there was a line of villas stretching for a mile or two into the country; and as there was no baker nearer than himself, he naturally looked to getting a tolerable share of business. And so he did; for he made good bread, and his proximity was a convenience; so that their fortunes wore a flourishing aspect, and they congratulated themselves on the success of their experiment. But it was unfortunately the custom amongst a vast proportion of these worthy people to pay their bills but once a-year, whilst Mr Duncan, and his wife, and little child, wanted to eat every day, Mr Duncan's journeymen wanted to be paid every week, Mr Duncan's rent became due twice a-year, and Mr Duncan's corn-merchant and other purveyors sent in their bills at the end of every six months. These opposite arrangements did not tally at all. Mr Duncan had plenty of business, and as his customers were mostly respectable and careful people, he reckoned upon few bad debts; but then, in the mean time, he had no money to go to market with, nor to pay his way, and consequently he was obliged to take long credits, and bought every thing at a disadvantage. Thus, he was always in difficulties—always struggling, always put to his shifts how to get on, and his mind was never at ease; whilst, to his infinite annoyance, he was often obliged to inflict on his own tradespeople the same inconvenience that his customers inflicted upon him.

It was early in December, on the night that we have introduced our readers to Mr and Mrs Wingate, that Mr Duncan sat on one side of a little table in his back-parlour, making up his bills, whilst his wife was employed with her needle on the other.

"Bless me!" cried he, "there was a brown loaf ordered for Mr Wingate to-night; I fear it has not been sent."

"No," replied his wife, "I had nobody to send with it; George did not come back from his rounds till it was too late; so, as they could not get it for tea, I thought it would be better to send a new one to-morrow morning."

"I am afraid George will never do for us," replied Duncan; "he's terribly slow."

"He's worse than that," responded the wife; "he's idle and careless."

"Ah!" said Mr Duncan, with a sigh; "we shall never get such another as William—he was such an excellent steady lad."

"So he was," said Mrs Duncan; "we have never had one to suit us since. It was very provoking that he should have left us."

"I can't blame him," answered Duncan. "You know he had his mother to keep out of his wages, and how could he do that if he did not receive them regularly?"

"Very true," answered Mrs Duncan, in a despondingtone; "we shall never be able to keep a steady man if we can't pay him regularly; and then we lose our customers through the carelessness of the journeymen. There was Mr Donaldson left us because he did not get the rolls time enough for dinner the day he had company, and Mrs Wilson because she saw that last boy we had playing tricks in the street, whilst he set down his tray in the rain, and let the bread get wet."

"It's very true," answered Duncan; "but the thing that weighs most upon my mind at present is this forty pounds of Thomson's. How I am to get it together, I'm sure I don't know; and I am very well aware that he can't afford to wait any longer for it. He has given me all the indulgence he can, but now he has a bill coming due, and I must pay him, if I sell my railroad shares to do it."

"If Mr Wingate would pay his bill, there would be five-and-twenty pounds towards it," observed Mrs Duncan. "Surely, I should think he would, now that it has run eighteen months."

"He'll pay it at the New Year, or soon after, I dare say," replied Duncan; "but the thing is, will he pay it now? If I press for it, perhaps he'll take offence, and we shall lose his custom altogether."

"And, I'm sure, we might almost as well lose it," said Mrs Duncan; "for people's custom does very little good when they take such long credits."

"That's very true," replied the husband; "but one don't know what to do—in offending one, we offend others; few people will take the trouble to consider the distress they put us to whilst we are waiting for their money, and they fancy, if we press for it, that we are distrustful or insolent."

Not far from where this conversation was held, in a

little lodging below the street, over which was inscribed, "Milk and Cream sold here," sat, on the same evening, Mrs Gibson and her lame son, a poor lad that from his birth had been a cripple. A very little bit of fire burned upon the hearth, a single rushlight that stood upon the table just redeemed the room from darkness, and a couple of red herrings, a loaf of bread, and a little butter-milk, were spread for the evening repast. The lad drew to the table and began to eat, but Mrs Gibson sat with her eyes fixed upon the fire, in an attitude of deep thought, and with a countenance on which care and anxiety were legibly imprinted.

"Come, mother," said David, "you had better try and eat something; sitting there grieving won't do any good —care killed the cat, you know."

"How little people that are well off think of the difficulties that we poor folks have to struggle with!" said Mrs Gibson, without attending to her son's invitation. "Surely, if they knew the distress they put us to, they'd never do it, just for the sake of keeping their money in their pockets a little longer."

"But don't the rich people get interest for their money, mother?" inquired David.

"I suppose they do, and that that is partly the reason of their not liking to pay it away," replied Mrs Gibson; "but then they should consider that they take their interest out of our pockets. It don't signify, I dare say, to some of the rich tradespeople; they can afford to stay out of their money, because they can get credit themselves; and besides, when they know they are not to be paid for a good while, they charge accordingly. But I can't do that; I can only charge a penny a-pint for my milk, whether I'm paid for it to-morrow or next year; and, in the mean while, how am I to keep a house over my head, or buy fodder for my cows, or live at all? People wont give much trust to a poor woman like me."

"But you'll get your money from them at Christmas, mother," said David, "or soon after; and that isn't long now, you know."

"Ah, my dear," replied Mrs Gibson, "it will be too long for me. I must get some before Christmas."

"What for?—is it for the rent?" asked David.

"No," answered the mother, "it's not for the rent."

"What is it for, then?" inquired David.

"I don't know whether to tell you or not, dear," said Mrs Gibson. "But you're a good boy, David, and I think I will, for it will be a relief to my mind. Well, you know, a little while ago, when Colley the black cow died, I was obliged to look out for another, and as it was just before the cattle-fair at F——, I'd a mind to go there and get one, but I could not scrape money enough together for the purchase. Unluckily, just a day or two before the fair, as I happened to be writing to your brother John, I mentioned this, and said what a loss it would be to me, and that it was very hard, as, if I had all the money that was owing to me, I could have bought the best cow in the market—or something like that. Well, to my surprise, there comes by return of post a letter from John, with a ten-pound note in it, saying that a friend had lent it him, but that I must be sure to pay it again before Christmas. I wish to my heart I had not taken it, but I thought, to be sure, I should be able to return it in time."

"Well, I'm sure, mother, you'll be able to get ten pounds from your customers by Christmas!" said David; "many of them owe you six months, and some a whole year."

"Ay, David, but the thing is that I want it now. Yesterday there came a letter from John, to say that I must send him the money before the fifteenth; 'Be sure you do, mother,' he says, 'even if you are obliged to sell the cow again to get it.' Well, I made up the accounts of some of those I thought most able to pay me, and took them in; but to-day there comes another letter from John, begging me to make all the haste I can about the money, and he says in it, 'I did a very wrong thing, mother, for the sake of sending you that ten pounds—a thing that I am very sorry for now, and that I had rather cut my hand off than do again, if I can only get over it this time; but, oh, mother, send me the money!'"

"What can he mean?" said David, with a look of alarm.

"I'm afraid he has done something he should not do," said Mrs Gibson. "I'm afraid the money was not lent him, as he said, but that he got it some other way—perhaps it was his master's—Heaven knows!"

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed David, "you don't think John would take what wasn't his own?"

"There never was a better lad than John, dear," said Mrs Gibson; "but young people sometimes do things in a hurry, without stopping to think of the consequences of their actions; and, you know, he was always thoughtless; and then he's very soft-hearted, and over-good-natured, and I'm afraid I complained a good deal of the hardship of being kept out of my money. I hope I may be wrong, but I'm afraid John is in some trouble."

"We must sell one of the cows, mother," said David, with a good deal of agitation in his manner; "you'll sell her to-morrow, won't you?"

"If I can't get my money, I'll sell her," replied Mrs Gibson; "but you see what a loss it will be. We shall then have but one left to keep us through the winter; besides, I know nobody that wants a cow just now, and perhaps I may not be able to sell her—at least not for so much as ten pounds. However, I have taken in the bills, and left word that I should be very much obliged for the money; and to-morrow we shall see."

This story seemed to have spoilt poor David's appetite for his bread and his red herring. He was a lad of great sensibility, weak health, and nervous temperament, and, withal, exceedingly fond of his brother. The idea of the disgrace and perhaps danger that might await John if the money was not quickly sent, seized on his imagination; he could not sleep all night for thinking of it, and lay tossing on his humble couch, impatient for the daylight that would enable his mother to set about some means of collecting the necessary sum.

"You'll make yourself ill, David dear," said his mother; "wait patiently till I come back, and I hope I may bring you some good news;" and Mrs Gibson set off to learn what hopes there were from her customers. But when she inquired of the several servants if they had handed her little account to their employers, the general answer was, "Mistress says you'll be paid at the usual time," or "Mistress laid it by, and didn't say any thing;" whilst Dimond, the green-grocer, and Duncan, the baker, and the tradespeople in general, answered, "We can't get in our own accounts, but as soon as we do, you shall be paid."

"Then we must sell the cow, mother," said David, whose pale cheeks looked flushed with anxiety; "who do you think will buy her?"

"I don't know, I am sure," answered Mrs Gibson; "but I'll see about it to-morrow. But you are not eating any dinner, David."

"I can't eat, mother, till John has the money," replied David.

But it was easier to talk of selling the cow than to do it; nobody that Mrs Gibson could hear of wanted one—at least, nobody that had the money in their hands ready to pay down; and there was no cattle-fair or market at the moment, where she might have been disposed of; and two days elapsed without producing any relief to the anxiety of the mother and son, whilst another pressing letter arrived from John, entreating that the money might be sent without delay. This was too much for poor David; by the third night he was in a high fever, and obliged to take to his bed. Here was an aggravation of misery! His mother could not leave him, for she had nobody to take her place by his bedside; she engaged a girl to carry out her milk, but she could no longer make any exertions to procure the money, and David's consciousness of this circumstance cruelly aggravated his sufferings. By the evening of the fourth day, his mind began to wander, and he was so ill, that Mrs Gibson, not satisfied with the advice of the young student that she had first applied to, determined to request the attendance of a physician, and her neighbours recommended her to go to Dr A. "He is an excellent man," said they, "and always willing to assist the poor."

"There's a great deal of fever, indeed," said Dr A., when he saw the lad; "but there are no particular symptoms at present, by which I can judge what it is to terminate in. Has he been where there's any infection, that you know of?"

"No, sir," replied Mrs Gibson, "I don't think it's any thing of that sort—being quite a cripple, poor boy, he went little about. No, sir; I believe it's something else."

"What else do you mean?" asked Dr A.

"I fancy, sir, it's some anxiety about his brother and a little matter of money"——

"Have you got the money for John, mother?" said David, suddenly opening his eyes, and recalled to consciousness by the words that had struck upon his ear.

"Keep yourself quiet, dear, and I shall get it, never fear," said Mrs Gibson. "Yes, sir, it's entirely that, I'm certain, that is the matter with him. He was always a delicate boy, but he was as well as usual till this distress came upon him."

"I'll see him again to-morrow," said the doctor, when he had written his prescription; "and in the mean time you must soothe him as much as you can. Keep his mind easy." But that was not to be done: when David was delirious, he raved about his brother and the money; and in his more lucid intervals, he inquired without ceasing if his mother had got it, and begged her to show it him.

"I believe, sir, if I could just show him a ten-pound note, so as to make him believe I have sold the cow, it would do him more good than all the physic in the world," said Mrs Gibson, on the following day, to the doctor. "I'll try and borrow one of somebody for a minute or two."

"I haven't one about me, or we might try the experiment immediately," answered Dr A., whose interest and curiosity were awakened by this fraternal anxiety; "but what is the cause of his brother's distress?"

"It was his desire to assist me, sir," replied Mrs Gibson;" and then she related the circumstances of the case, taking care, however, not to hint what she suspected, namely, that John had not come rightly by the money; but the doctor's sagacity supplied what she withheld.

"And is it from losses in your business that these embarrassments have fallen upon you?" asked he.

"Oh, no, sir—not from losses," answered Mrs Gibson; "I shall get all my money by and by, for they are very respectable people that owe it me. But those that are well off don't think what inconvenience they put us poor people to by keeping us out of our money so long; they forget that we have our daily little expenses to provide for, and our rent, and the fodder for our cows; and that accidents happen that we can't reckon upon: and that, if we can't go to market with the money in our hands, we buy every thing at a disadvantage. And then, sir, the tradespeople, that know all this, and would pay us if they could, can't do it, because they are kept so long out of their own money."

"This is all very bad," said Dr A., "and must doubtless be the occasion of many bankruptcies amongst the class of small tradespeople who have little or no capital, but depend upon the profits of their daily sales."

"The profits are all eaten up, sir, by the long credits; and if we get a bare living, it's all we can do. As for laying by any thing for a rainy day, it's out of our power. We are always struggling, always behind, and living from hand to mouth."

"With respect to your present distress, however," said the doctor, "if any one were to advance you the ten pounds, when could you repay it?"

"About Christmas, sir, or soon after," answered Mrs Gibson; "it should be the very first debt I would discharge."

Dr A., good man, advanced the money, and John was saved; but poor David had received his death-blow. His weak constitution and shattered nerves could not recover the shock, and he died in his mother's arms; comforted, however, by knowing that the money had reached his brother in time to prevent the calamity that had been apprehended. The neighbours said that the poor cripple's death was a release, and that his mother would have a mouth less to feed; but, alas! for many a long day her own solitary meal was watered with salt tears, and many a long evening she sat by her bit of fire, gazing on poor David's empty chair, picturing his kind, pale, loving face, and conjuring up sad memories of days gone by—never, never to return.

Mr Wingate kept his pony-chaise, and continued to pay all his bills punctually at Christmas, or soon after, and he thought himself a very good customer to his tradespeople; but Mr Duncan was obliged to sacrifice his railway shares, which would ultimately have brought him ten per cent., in order to pay his friend Thomson the forty pounds he had lent him. Mr Dimond, the greengrocer, was not long after obliged to give up his business, for he had no capital, and he found it impossible to provide himself with his merchandise in the markets, when he had scarcely ever any money to take there. Poor David was dead, and his mother's hearth was lonely—and these are but a few instances of the ramifications of evil, which spread in all directions amongst the industrious classes, from the selfish, unchristian-like, and pernicious practice of *dilatory bill-paying*.

CHILDREN OF THE WILDS.

THE fact of children being occasionally reared apart from all human society, is one calculated to attract the attention of the philosopher, as well as to excite an interest in the common mind. It might at first appear nearly impossible that a child accidentally lost in a forest could sustain itself and grow to maturity; yet there are several authenticated instances to assure us of the contrary. While this is in itself the solution of a curious problem, we have others to consider in the degree in which the ordinary human faculties are liable to be developed in such circumstances, and the effect which the long dormancy of the most of them is calculated to have in obstructing all future efforts to educate and humanise. With the view of throwing as much light as possible on all these questions, we have brought together a few of the most perspicuously recorded instances of forest-reared children.

The story of the Wild Girl of Champagne is detailed by a trustworthy French writer, M. de la Condamine. One evening, in September 1731, the people of the village of Songi were alarmed by the entrance into the street of a girl, seemingly nine or ten years old, covered with rags and skins, and having a face and hands black as those of a negro. She had also a gourd leaf on her head, and was armed with a short baton. So strange was her aspect, that those who observed her took to their heels, and ran in-doors, exclaiming, "The devil! the devil!" Bolts were drawn in all quarters, and one man thought to ensure safety by letting loose a large bull-dog. The little savage flinched not as the animal advanced in a fury, but throwing herself backwards on one limb, and grasping her club with both hands, she discharged a blow at the head of the dog, as it came nigh her, with such force and celerity as to kill it on the spot. Elated with her victory, she jumped several times on the carcass; after which she tried in vain to enter a house, and then ran back to the wood, where she mounted a tree and fell asleep. Thirst, it was supposed, had led her to the village.

The Viscount D'Epinoy, then in the country, was quickly told of this apparition, and a search being made early next morning, the little wanderer was observed at the top of a lofty tree. Supposing that she was thirsty, they brought a pitcher of water, and set it below the tree. The wild girl, after cautiously looking all around, came down and drank; but being startled, she reascended the tree before she could be approached. In the hope of startling her less, a woman and child were then directed to offer food to her, and entice her down. This plan was successful, and the savage was caught. She struggled violently, but was carried to the house of M. D'Epinoy. In the kitchen, fowls were being dressed at the moment, and she instantly flew on one of them, tore it to pieces, and ate it. An unskinned rabbit was placed before her, which, with amazing rapidity and voracity, she also skinned and devoured.

It was soon found that if the little savage possessed any speech whatever, it was merely a word or two in some foreign or instinctive tongue. The usual sound uttered by her was a wild scream, not articulated, but formed entirely in the throat. If any one approached to touch her, she grew wild, and shrieked violently. She had blue eyes, and, strange to say, it was speedily discovered that her skin was really white, or nearly so, a black paint having been apparently laid on her face and hands. It was noticed that her thumbs were very large, and this was afterwards explained by her as arising from her habit of springing like a squirrel from tree to tree, by resting upon them. Being placed by M. D'Epinoy under the care of a shepherd, she at first gave much trouble by scraping holes in her place of confinement, and flying to the tops of trees or the house-roof, where she was as much at home as on the level ground. She could run with immense speed, and, some time after she was taken, frequently showed her powers by catching rabbits and hares at the request of her patrons. Her food had been raw flesh, fish, roots, fruits, branches, and leaves; and she never chewed her meat, but swallowed it whole. It was found extremely difficult to wean her stomach from the taste for raw food. When first taken, she was allowed by M. D'Epinoy to cater for herself about his ponds and ditches. She swam like a

duck, and was extremely dexterous in diving for and catching fish, which she brought ashore in her teeth, and then gutted and ate. Frogs were a peculiar dainty to her. One day, when presented to a dinner-company at M. D'Epinoy's, she looked around at the table, and seeing none of her own good things, she suddenly ran out to the nearest ditch, where she speedily gathered an apronful of frogs. These she brought into the dining-room, and, before the guests knew her drift, she had spread her collection over the whole of their plates. It may be guessed what consternation was caused by the leap-frog game which then took place.

When she had learned to express her ideas in speech, she informed her friends that she had had a companion, a girl somewhat older than herself, and black, or painted black. They had quarrelled about a chaplet, dropped by some one. The elder girl struck the younger one on the arm, and the younger one returned the blow by a violent stroke of the baton on the brow, which felled the other to the ground, and "made her red," that is, drew blood. Sorry for her companion afterwards, the younger took the skin of a frog and spread it over the wound. They parted, however, each taking separate directions. Before this happened, the pair had crossed a river, which must have been the Marne, three leagues from Songi. It had been their custom to sleep all day in trees, which they could do with perfect safety. The elder girl alluded to was sought for, but was never found. A rumour went that a black girl had been found dead not many leagues from the spot where the other was taken; but as it was long ere the latter could tell the story, the affair could not be unravelled at that distance of time.

Le Blanc, as the little savage was named, had a distinct recollection of being twice at sea, and of latterly escaping with her companion from a ship by swimming. From her statement, it was conjectured that Le Blanc, at least, was from the coast of Labrador, and had been kidnapped and carried to the West Indies. Failing to sell her by the trick of colouring her as a negro, the kidnapper seems to have brought her to some coast near to France. The hazy recollections of Le Blanc, which had reference partly to canoes and seals, and partly to sugar-canes, confirm this conjecture. How long the wanderers had been in Europe it is impossible to say, but it is evident that Le Blanc had been long familiar to solitary as well as savage habits. The attempts made to accustom her to cooked food nearly cost her her life, and her acquired voracity could not be overcome. At the hospital of Chalons, and subsequently in a convent, where she spent much of her after-life, she was civilised, however, in every respect. The Duke of Orleans, and many great people, were kind to her. She was, of course, an object of great curiosity to all. The period of her death is unknown to us, but in 1765 she was still living in Paris. Some peculiarities marked her through her whole life, and particularly a certain rolling motion of the eyes, acquired when she wandered in the woods, and had to guard against surprise. She knew then no fear, however, and hesitated not to front the wolf or wild-cat. Besides the bludgeon mentioned, which she said she brought from *her own country*, she had for defence a stick pointed with iron, which she brought, she said, from the *hot country*.

The connexion she had had with society in early life may be supposed to have in some measure cultivated the intellect of this extraordinary creature. Not so with another noted savage, called Peter the Wild Boy. "He was found in the year 1725, in a wood near Hameln, about twenty-five miles from Hanover, walking on his hands and feet, climbing trees like a squirrel, and feeding on grass and moss; and in the month of November was conveyed to Hanover by the superintendant of the House of Correction at Zell. At this time he was supposed to be about thirteen years old, and could not speak. This singular creature was presented to King George I., then at Hanover, while at dinner. The king caused him to taste of all the dishes at the table; and in order to bring him by degrees to relish human diet, he directed that he should have such provision as he seemed best to like, and such instruction as might best fit him for human society.

Soon after this, the boy made his escape into the same wood, where he concealed himself among the branches of a tree, which was sawed down to recover him. He was brought over to England at the beginning of 1726, and exhibited to the king and many of the nobility. In this country he was distinguished by the appellation of Peter the Wild Boy, which he ever afterwards retained.

He appeared to have scarcely any ideas, was uneasy at being obliged to wear clothes, and could not be induced to lie on a bed, but sat and slept in a corner of the room, whence it was conjectured that he used to sleep on a tree for security against wild beasts. He was committed to the care of Dr Arbuthnot, at whose house he either was, or was to have been, baptised; but notwithstanding all the doctor's pains, he never could bring the wild youth to the use of speech, or the pronunciation of words. As every effort of this kind was found to be in vain, he was placed with a farmer at a small distance from town, and a pension was allowed him by the king, which he enjoyed till his death." Lord Monboddo, whose researches led him to interest himself in Peter, visited him at Berkhamstead in 1782, when the Wild Boy had become an old man of above seventy. The poor creature looked "sagacious for a savage," his lordship says, but could only articulate a word or two. In youth he was peculiarly strong and nimble, but an illness weakened him. He had learned to eat and dress like others, but in many respects he seemed out of the pale of humanity. "He retains so much of his natural instinct, that he has a fore-feeling of bad weather, growling and howling, and showing great disorder, before it comes on. If he hears any music, he will clap his hands, and throw his head about in a wild frantic manner. He has a very quick sense of music, and will often repeat a tune after once hearing. When he has heard a tune which is difficult, he continues humming it a long time, and is not easy till he is master of it.

Till the spring of 1782, which was soon after his illness, he always appeared remarkably animated by the influence of the spring, singing all day, and, if it was clear, half the night. He is much pleased at the sight of the moon and stars: he will sometimes stand out in the warmth of the sun, with his face turned up towards it in a strained attitude; and he likes to be out in a starry night, if not cold. He is extremely good-tempered, excepting in cold and gloomy weather, for he is very sensible of the change of the atmosphere. He is not easily provoked, but when made angry by any person, he would run after him, making a strange noise, with his teeth fixed in the back of his hand.

Of the people who are about him, he is particularly attached to his master. He will often go out into the field with him and his men, and seems pleased to be employed in any thing in which he can assist them; but he must always have some person to direct his actions, as may be judged from the following circumstance:—Peter was one day engaged with his master in filling a dung-cart. His master had occasion to go into the house, and left Peter to finish the work, which he soon accomplished; but as Peter must be employed, he saw no reason why he should not be as usefully employed in emptying the cart as he had before been in filling it. On his master's return, he found the cart nearly emptied again, and learned a lesson by it which he never afterwards neglected." Peter died in 1785, at the farm in Hertfordshire.

Another authentic case of a boy surviving alone in the woods is that of Victor, the savage of Aveyron. "Towards the end of the year 1798, a child, apparently about eleven or twelve years of age—who had several times before been seen in the woods of Caune in France, seeking acorns and roots, on which he subsisted—was caught by three sportsmen, who seized him at the moment he was climbing a tree to avoid them.

How this unfortunate child was at first abandoned to a state of nature, could not be discovered. One circumstance affords room to conjecture that at the time when this took place an attempt had been made on his life. On the fore-part of his neck was a scar of considerable extent, which appeared to have proceeded from a wound made by some sharp instrument. Some persons, more disposed than accustomed to acts of cruelty, had doubtless attempted the life of the child, who being left for dead in the woods, owed to the timely assistance of nature the cure of his wound. Besides this, he had, on various parts of his body, twenty-three scars, some of which appeared to have come from the bites of animals, and others from scratches and excoriations, affording incontestible evidence of the long and total abandonment of the unfortunate youth. From the testimony of the country people who lived near the woods in which he was found, he must have passed in absolute solitude seven years out of the twelve, which was supposed to be his age when caught in the woods of Caune.

When he was first brought into society, he lived on acorns, potatoes, and raw chestnuts, eating husks and all. In spite of the utmost vigilance, he was frequently near escaping, and at first showed great unwillingness to lie in a bed. His eyes were without steadiness and expression, wandering from one object to another, without ever fixing on any. The organ of hearing was equally insensible to the loudest noises and the most harmonious music: that of voice was still more imperfect, for he could utter only a guttural and monotonous sound. He seemed to be alike indifferent to the smell of the most delicious perfumes and the most fetid exhalations; and his sense of feeling was limited to those mechanical functions occasioned by the dread of objects that might be in his way."

After many escapes, he was finally placed under the care of M. Itard, at Paris. It was found that he had all his senses and faculties, but that they were almost incurably dormant. His acquired freedom of will rendered him impatient under instruction. "His paroxysms of rage became more frequent and more violent, but his passion was directed less against persons than things. When in this humour he would gnaw not only his bedclothes but even the mantlepiece; throw the fire-irons, the cinders, and the hot coals, about the room, and conclude the scene by falling into convulsions, with symptoms resembling those of epilepsy." The further history of this poor boy is not stated.

Judging from these three instances, we are assured of the almost irreparable evil of a total want of early education. Here it must be remarked that no child reared in society is uneducated, as speech and a thousand other gifts are acquired from even the most unenlightened parents and neighbours. But in the case of the child reared solitarily in the wild, there is no external power to draw forth the faculties or to confer accomplishments, excepting the necessity of gathering or seizing food and providing for shelter and protection against dangerous animals. A mind thus allowed to remain nearly dormant and savage till the age of maturity, appears, from the cases we know of, to become almost unfit for subsequent culture.

MADRAS.

On the European voyager approaching Madras for the first time, his surprise will be excited by the appearance of several singular objects. The aspect of the town itself from the sea is any thing but attractive, being situated on a flat line of coast; and the glare from its white edifices is particularly unpleasant to the naked eye. The vessel anchors about two miles from the shore, where she is surrounded by what you had regarded an hour or two before as sundry black spots like buoys upon the water, which you were told, perhaps, were human beings, but could hardly believe the statement. These are the *catamaran-men*, probably on a fishing excursion. The catamaran is formed by two or three pieces of wood, tied together at each end, and holding two persons only; upon these the men kneel, and with no other support, trust themselves for miles out on the mighty ocean, or carry letters and communications from the shore to the ship, in weather when it would be perilous for any boats, however strongly made, to do so. These men are, of course, most expert swimmers; and though they not unfrequently get a good souse in the surf as well as the sea, they seldom lose their hold on the frail planks, and still more rarely their lives. The arrival of the catamaran always accompanies, and often precedes, that of the various massulah and accommodation boats, which frequently do not wait till the vessel is anchored, bearing a motley crew, most zealously anxious for the honour of an introduction to the new comers. The massulah boats are made of planks, joined together by rope formed of the fibres of the cocoa-nut. In appearance they very much resemble the half of a walnut-shell, and are capable of holding from twenty to thirty persons, consisting on these occasions partly of *touters* for the various hotels or punch-houses, hawkers of different kinds of wares, and servants seeking situations, the possessors of whom, if their own account of themselves could be believed, would be the most fortunate masters in the world. One and all endeavour to make themselves acceptable to the new arrival by every possible contrivance and manner; some are provided with an army list, others with a newspaper published that very morning, or perhaps an English one brought by the last overland mail; each is ready with a prompt, and, as he hopes, with a gratifying answer, to every question with which he is constantly besieged; all profess an intimate knowledge of any recent casual visiter to Madras. One says that the gentleman put up at his hotel, and was so satisfied with his quarters, that leaving them was his only cause of regret at quitting the presidency; another assures you that *he* was his confidential servant; while a third will quote the gentleman's express declaration that he never dealt with so honest a man!

The most dangerous part of the voyage to Madras is the landing, for the surf is always high, and its tremendous breakers are never still; they roll along with a thundering sound, and no ship's boats can exist for a minute in them. This incessantly boiling surf renders a transit to and from the land always disagreeable, and in some measure dangerous; frequently, indeed, altogether impracticable for days together, without a risk of human life. It would almost seem, from the three or four successive heavy waves, each six feet high, and containing many tons of water, that in its flow from the ocean to the shore, it met with an equal number of acclivities or banks, thereby rendering the waves (in other places so regular, though exposed to almost the same width of ocean) so furious and overwhelming here. A strong current is always flowing according to the wind: if the latter be from the south, of course to the north, and *vice versa*. At some peculiar seasons, the navigation of these currents is more dangerous than at others. Boats are often upset, and the boatmen compelled to leave them and take to the water, or the lives of every one would be sacrificed. In that case the natives, who are capital swimmers, do not make for the shore but when they are obliged: if a heavy surf approaches, they dive until it has passed innocuously over them; whereas were they to continue swimming to land, the mighty force of the coming wave would drive them to the bottom, and by keeping them there for a time, deprive them of all strength for further efforts.

The only description of boat used is the massulah, so contrived as to bear great resistance, by its lightness and pliancy: an English boat, enduring one-half only of the concussions which these hourly suffer unharmed, would infallibly have its bottom or sides stove in. But it is still an extremely critical operation to conduct them through the surf. When they come within its influence, the steersman stands up, and, under great agitation, marks time with his voice and his foot, whilst the rowers work their oars backwards until overtaken by the swell, which, curling up in its approach to the shore, sweeps the boat along with fearful violence. The rowers now ply every oar

forward with their utmost vigour, to prevent the wave from carrying back the boat with its receding swell, and by a few successive surfs the boat is at length dashed high and dry on the shore. Should the boat be capsized, it is ten to one if some of the passengers are not caught by the voracious sharks, which abound ever close to the shore ; and scarcely a month passes without some such accident. The stranger will not be long at Madras without experiencing the ill effects of the surf, very few being so fortunate as to land without a sprinkling. Its evil influence sometimes lasts for many days in succession, thereby causing great inconvenience and expense to merchants and shipowners, by the delay that of necessity arises in landing their cargoes. Such is the dread of it, that residents at Madras have been many years without once crossing it, though the sea beyond offers such inducements for a delightful sail. This difficulty of access, with other disadvantages attending the port, must always make Madras of less commercial importance than would otherwise be the case.

The most striking object on the shore, as seen from the sea, is Fort St George, beyond which is the Black Town, where all business is transacted. In this and the fort are the public offices and shops. The buildings facing the sea at this part are not numerous ; among them we may notice the Supreme Court, the Master Attendant's Office, and the Custom-house. The garden-houses, as they are called, are the chief residences of the officers and civilians. They are neat structures, and the style of architecture is pretty : they are situated in the middle of a garden, closely planted, and the greatest number have only a ground floor ; some that are of a superior description have one storey above. A deep and handsome verandah, or balcony, is supported by pillars in front, and green Venetian windows generally shade the rooms from the glare of the sun. In the interior there are neither window-curtains nor fireplaces, and very seldom a carpet, and only one bed in the middle of each sleeping apartment. You may place your head at which end of the bed you choose, for there is a headboard and pillows at both. Cotton mattresses only are used. The beds are large and high, environed with green gauze curtains, bag-fashion, open at the bottom, and tucked in all around, to keep out the musquitoes ; for let only one of these dreaded insects gain an entrance, and adieu to all rest for the night, however much your frame be exhausted by the heat. The walls of the apartments are *chunamed*. The chunam is a kind of lime, made with oyster and other shells, chalk, and other ingredients. It is prepared thus : ten or twelve women will stand round a quantity of the materials, beating it with large wooden mallets, and keeping time by singing to the motion of their hands. The walls being rubbed with this composition, assume a beautiful white polish, resembling that of the finest marble. The rooms of the more common kind of houses are white-washed or painted, never papered. The rooms are from twenty to thirty feet high, with rough ceilings like English barns, for the beams are uncovered, and sometimes whitewashed, but more frequently left the natural colour of the wood. When there is only one storey to the house, the roofs slope in all the rooms. The floors are of stone or brick, or a composition of lime and gravel ; they are also chunamed over in black and white squares, which gives them a beautiful appearance ; or else they are covered with mats, made of bamboo, which are not very pleasant to walk upon, particularly with the delicate satin shoe of Chinese manufacture, such as is always worn by our countrywomen.

The streets of the Black Town mostly run at right angles, and parallel with each other, though there is sometimes a want of regularity and uniformity. Some of the houses are large brick buildings with flat roofs, but the greater part are built of mud, with tiled roofs. The town is nearly four miles in circuit, and is very populous. Here are the shops of the Europeans and natives, the bazaars, and the residences of the Portuguese and natives. Of the bazaars at Madras, Mrs Major Clemons gives the following graphic description :—"I was very desirous," says she, "on my arrival at Madras, to pay a visit to the bazaars, as I had heard much of them, and had fancied that the bazaars in London were but an humble imitation of those in the East. I ordered my palanquin, and was carried to the bazaar in Triplicane, one of the best and largest near Madras. My ideas of oriental magnificence were much lowered, on finding a long narrow street, scarcely sufficient for a coach to pass down, having on each side mud-houses, so low that you could shake hands with a person on the roof, and displaying, on the dirty benches outside the doors, merchandise of every description ; while about a dozen black people, more than half-naked, of the lowest description, served at each stall, talking all at once in the Malabar language, scolding and wrangling, with naked children lying or playing along the road, and a perfume—not of otto of roses, or millefleurs—but of lamp-oil, garlic, and other nauseous articles. So much for an oriental bazaar, at least at Madras !"

The manners of the Europeans at Madras, the state of society, and style of living, are, for the most part, nearly the same as in other parts of India, except that provisions are more expensive. Within doors, dinner parties, and, during the cold season, monthly assemblies and balls, constitute the routine of amusements. The most fashionable drive at Madras is called the South Beach, answering to the Hyde Park ring of London, and the course and esplanade of Calcutta. It lies to the south of the fort, on the sea-shore, extending to about a quarter of a mile in length. Many of the other drives are interesting, and the roads superb. The Mount Road deserves particular notice ; it is shaded on each side by banyan and yellow tulip trees, of most luxuriant foliage, and there is one continued succession of villas for the six miles to which its length extends. Here it is customary for the fashionable parties in Madras to repair, in their gayest equipages (such as they are), during the cool of the evening, when they drive slowly about the cenotaph, which is here erected to the memory of the Marquis Cornwallis, and converse together. During the hottest part of the day, namely, after two o'clock, which is the time when *tiffin*, or the real dinner, is eaten, many retire to rest until five o'clock, when the master of the family returns from the fort, and an excursion to the Mount Road and dinner then occupy the remainder of the day, unless it be prolonged by a ball and supper in the evening. The morning, from nine to eleven, is the time for visiting, when the European residents call upon each other, retail the news, and offer their services to their friends in the city, to which they must repair on business.

In general, the equipages, whether European or otherwise, are of the most beggarly description ; throughout Madras there is scarcely one really handsome turn-out. The horses, though some of them respectable, yet being chiefly of the Arab breed, and of small stature, show off but poorly in comparison with the English animal. The natives make use of bullocks, and, as beasts of burden, of the buffalo and camel. Their carriages are of all descriptions, from the simple hearse-like palanquin on wheels, to the large padded seat conveyance, with a conical canopy and curtains, upon which two or three persons may repose after the fashion of Hindoos. Palanquins are not numerous, and are more commonly used by natives than by Europeans. It is a pleasant enough conveyance when you become used to it, though at first the motion is disagreeable. It is highly amusing to witness the awkward manner in which a new-comer gets into one for the first time, and the distress apparent on the countenances of many on first hearing the peculiar cry or song of the bearers, which seems like groaning with pain under the burden. These cries are very pitiful, and would tempt a humane stranger rather to get out and walk in the sun, than inflict such apparent misery upon a number of his fellow-creatures. Yet these doleful lamentations are merely customary, and such an exhibition of feeling, should it be perchance shown, would not be appreciated. The lady, to whom we have before been indebted, thus describes this conveyance :—"The palanquin is like a long box, with sliding pannels on each side, and two windows in front ; the seat from the ground is about a foot high, but when elevated on men's shoulders, which is done by a pole extending from each end, you are about three feet from the ground. You recline on cushions, which support your back. For short distances, you have four men at a time to carry you, two at each end, placing the poles on their shoulders, while four men run at the side, ready to relieve them, which they do every two or three minutes. When you travel long journeys, the complement of men required is thirteen, six at each time under the pole, and one to carry the cooking apparatus. Their song, if it may be so called, consists of monotonous sounds, each boy calling a different note, and all keeping exact time with their voices, as well as with their feet. This chant, and the motion of the palanquin, operate as a powerful narcotic, steeping the senses in forgetfulness, the influence of which few can resist. They seldom run more than four miles an hour, and it is astonishing to see how they will keep up at that even pace for twelve hours together, with the exception of halting once for about a quarter of an hour, to eat a little rice. The palanquin-boys* are generally Gentoos, and are the most trustworthy and honest among the natives. An officer of my acquaintance was ordered from Hyderabad to Madras, which is a distance of about four hundred miles, on sick certificate ; he became much worse on the road, and died two days before he could reach that presidency. The palanquin-boys conveyed the body to the office of Colonel Conway, Adjutant-General, and placed in his hands 400 rupees, which they said were in the drawer of the palanquin. Colonel Conway wrote to Hyderabad ; and in answer was informed, by the paymaster of that station, that the poor officer had drawn that sum only the day before he started. Thus were the boys faithful to their trust, when they could have secreted every single rupee, and would not have run any risk of inquiries being made."

There are few beautiful monuments at Madras. Besides the cenotaph to the Marquis Cornwallis, which has been mentioned, there is a statue of the same nobleman in the Fort ; and on the road, between Government House and the Black Town, has recently been erected a splendid equestrian statue, by Chantrey, of the late Sir Thomas Munro, who died while governor of the presidency, deservedly esteemed and universally lamented. In the cathedral, however, is the best monument, also by Chantrey, to Bishop Heber, in the act of confirming two native converts.

Lord Elphinstone, the present governor, is very popular, both with the native and European communities. Government House has no claim to the distinction which has been conferred upon it, as the residence for the chief person at the presidency—some private houses in Madras possessing quite as much accommodation as it affords. The garden, or rather park, attached to the house is very extensive, reaching to the sea-shore, where there is another smaller residence appropriated to the governor, called the Marine Villa.

At Madras the society is more limited than at Calcutta, and there appears in it a degree of apathy as regards personal comforts. In various trifling matters may be perceived a disregard of those luxuries which a denizen of the chief presidency considers as absolute necessaries of life. From the smallness of the place, and the slight increase of its inhabitants during many years, the distinctions of society are also as rigidly preserved as ever ; whereas, in the neighbouring capital, the "schoolmaster has been abroad," and many of those artificial bounds which existed ten years ago, are no longer tenable. Thus, there is still at Madras as wide a gulf separating the privileged classes (consisting of the covenanted services of the East India Company and the mercantile aristocracy) from the tradesmen, as there is in England between the highest peer and the humblest of his *employés*. Many years ago, when the inferior part of the mercantile community consisted of ship-stewards, cuddy-servants, and others, who found their way to India nobody knew how, such distinctions might have been necessary ; but at the present day, when men of education are devoted to similar pursuits, and are at the same time of good birth, and possessing large capital, it is obvious that the line should be greatly relaxed.

The natives of Madras are, in colour, much blacker than their brethren of Bengal, and those of low caste, more particularly, by no means so good-looking ; in other respects they have most of the characteristics of the Bengalese, and are, like them, peaceable, patient, and easily contented. As Europeans do not generally give themselves the trouble to study the language, which is the Malabar, or Telinga, it follows as a necessary consequence that every native, holding any intercourse with them, must have a smattering of English, to which cause must be attributed much of the dishonesty and extortion not seldom to be found in the class in question. As on the continent of Europe, so in India, the path of a prodigal Englishman may be frequently traced by the discontent which results from paying servants or other subordinates properly, in contradistinction to his miscalled liberality. This is an evil to be remedied only by the determination of every one to adhere unflinchingly to those just rules of remuneratory payment which may be readily ascertained, and which, if persevered in, must eventually do away with the annoyances resulting from a contrary practice.

* All men-servants in India are called boys, as in France, *garçons* ; and sometimes when you call "boy," an old grey-bearded man will answer.

POPULAR ENGLISH FESTIVALS.

THE piteous tragedy which completed the scheme of man's redemption has been, from an early age, commemorated throughout Christendom by a series of observances which occur during spring. The crucifixion day itself is remembered in Good Friday, and the resurrection on Easter Sunday, which are not the anniversaries of precise days, but, as now arranged in England at least, depend on the following circumstances :—The first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or after the 21st of March, is Easter Sunday, unless full moon happen on a Sunday, in which case Easter is the next Sunday after : Good Friday is the Friday immediately before. Upon this arrangement also depends the occurrence of the other holidays of this period. The forty days before Good Friday constitute Lent, the day before the commencement of which is Shrove Tuesday. The Sunday before Good Friday is Palm Sunday ; the day immediately before Good Friday is Maundy Thursday ; and the few days following Easter Sunday are respectively called Easter Monday, Easter Tuesday, &c.

MID LENT SUNDAY.

There were some other days of this holy period attended by unusual ceremonies. The fourth Sunday of Lent, named in England MID LENT SUNDAY, and still a festival of the church, called for all true Christians to pay a visit, if possible, to their "mother church," by which, we presume, was meant the church of their native parish, and there make offerings at the high altar. The epistle for the day (Galat. iv. 21) contained an appropriate allusion, "*Hierosolyma, mater omnium*" (Jerusalem, the mother of all.) And it was the custom on the same day to pay visits to parents, carrying them some little gift, and receiving from them, in return, their blessing and a regale of furmety —that is, a porridge composed of whole grains of wheat boiled in milk, sweetened and spiced. Religious observances never appear in so agreeable a light as when they are thus connected with the domestic affections. The common people spoke of this practice as "going a-mothering," and the day was sometimes called *Mothering Sunday*. Herrick thus speaks of it as a custom in Gloucestershire in his time :—

"I'll to thee a simnel bring,
'Gainst thou goes *a-mothering*,
So that when she blesses thee,
Half that blessing thou'lt give me."

The festival is supposed to have taken its rise in the heathen festival of the Hilaria, celebrated by the ancient Romans, in honour of the mother of the gods, on the ides of March.

CARLING SUNDAY.

The fifth Sunday of Lent was distinguished as CARE or CARLING SUNDAY, terms which appear to be of very dubious import. The peasantry and yeomanry used to steep peas and afterwards parch them, and then, frying them with butter, made a feast of them on the afternoon of this day. It is thought not unlikely that the custom bore some reference to the superstitious notions which the ancients entertained respecting beans, as containing the souls of the departed. The peas, as eaten in the north of England, were called *carlings*, and the mess seems to be identical with that alluded to in a Scottish song of the end of the seventeenth century—

"There'll be all the lads and the lasses,
Set down in the midst of the ha',
With sybows, and reefarts, and *carlings*,
That are baith sodden and raw."

We may presume that the day took its name from this word, *carling* being in time softened into *Care*.* It figures in an old rhyme which enumerates the Sundays of Lent by popular appellations—

"Tid, Mid, and Misera,
Carling, Palm, and good Pace-day."

The three first words are supposed to have been derived from the beginnings of certain psalms—thus, *Te deum*, *Mi deus*, *Miserere* mei.

PALM SUNDAY.

Palm Sunday [which, in the present year, occurs on the 20th of March] is an ancient festival, of a joyful character, designed to commemorate the brilliant though short-lived popularity of the reception which Christ met with on entering Jerusalem, immediately before his passion. On this day, in Catholic countries, the priests bless branches of palm, or some other tree, which are then carried in procession, in memory of those strewed before Christ at his entrance into the holy city. The procession is as splendid as circumstances will admit of; and after it is done, the boughs used are burnt, and their ashes preserved, that they may be laid on the heads of the people next Ash-Wednesday, with the priest's blessing.

In monastic times, the customs of Palm Sunday in England were of an elaborate character; but, as in other countries under a similar latitude, yew, willow, and box, were necessarily substituted for the palm of the Holy Land. The flowers and branches designed to be used by the clergy were laid upon the high altar; those to be used by the laity upon the south step of the altar. The priest, arrayed in a red cope, proceeded to consecrate them by a prayer, beginning, "I conjure thee, thou creature of flowers and branches, in the name of God the Father," &c. This was to displace the devil or his influences, if he or they should chance to be lurking in or about the branches. He then prayed—"We humbly beseech thee that thy truth may [here a sign of the cross] sanctify this creature of flowers and branches, and slips of palms, or boughs of trees, which we offer," &c. The flowers and branches were then fumed with frankincense from censers, after which there were prayers and sprinklings with holy water. The flowers and branches being then distributed, the procession commenced, in which the most conspicuous figures were two priests bearing a *pascal*, in which the crucifix was laid. When the procession had moved through the town, it returned to church, where mass was performed, the communion taken by the priests, and the branches and flowers offered at the altar.†

It appears that it was at one time customary to have a wooden ass ridden by a priest in this procession, in order the more nearly to represent the fashion of Christ's approach to Jerusalem. Another custom of the day was to cast cakes from the steeple of the parish church, the boys scrambling for them below, to the great amusement of the bystanders. Latterly, an angel appears to have been introduced as a figure in the procession: in the accounts of St Andrew Hubbard's parish in London, under 1520, there is an item of eightpence for the hire of an angel to serve on this occasion. Angels, however, could fall in more ways than one, for, in 1537, the hire was only fourpence. Crosses of palm were made and blessed by the priests, and sold to the people as safeguards against disease. In Cornwall, the peasantry carried these crosses to "our lady of Nantswell," where, after a gift to the priest, they were allowed to throw the crosses into the well, when, if they floated, it was argued that the thrower would outlive the year; if they sunk, that he would not. It was a saying that he who had not a palm in his hand on Palm Sunday would have his hand cut off.

After the Reformation, 1536, Henry VIII. declared the carrying of palms on this day to be one of those ceremonies not to be contemned or dropped. The custom was kept up by the clergy till the reign of Edward VI., when it was left to the voluntary observance of the people. Fuller, who wrote in the ensuing age, speaks of it respectfully, as "in memory of the receiving of Christ into Hierusalem a little before his death, and that we may have the same desire to receive him into our hearts." It has continued down to a recent period, if not to the present day, to be customary in many parts of England to go *a-palming* on the Saturday before Palm Sunday; that is, young persons go to the woods for slips of willow, which seems to be the tree chiefly employed in England as a substitute for the palm, on which account it often receives the latter name. They return with slips in their hats or button-holes, or a sprig in their mouths, bearing the branches in their hands. Not many years ago, one stall-woman in Covent-Garden market supplied the article to a few customers, many of whom, perhaps, scarcely knew what it meant.* Slips of the willow, with its velvety buds, are still stuck up in some rural parish churches in England.

MAUNDY THURSDAY.

Maundy Thursday, called also Shere Thursday, is the day before Good Friday. Its name of Shere Thursday appears to have arisen from the practice which the priests made of shearing their hair on this day, to make themselves as trim as possible for Easter. The other name is more doubtful, but seems most probably to have been derived from *maund*, an old English word for a basket, in consequence of the distribution of gifts on this day in baskets—the word *maundy* used by old authors for alms or gifts being apparently derived in its turn from the practice of this day. In an old jest-book, there is a story of a rich merchant dictating a testament to a scrivener, while a poor nephew stood by, hoping to hear of something to his advantage. While the testator was still enumerating the debts due to him, the nephew cried, "Ha, ha! what saith my uncle now?—does he now make his *maundies?*" "No," answered the cool man of business, "he is yet in his *demands*." This is an example of the secondary meaning; of the first, we have instances in Bishop Hall speaking of "a *maund* charged with household merchandise," and Shakspeare saying, "A thousand favours from her *maund* she drew." A maund seems to have been a basket much like our modern hamper.

The religious customs of this day consisted in works of humility and in conferring gifts on the poor. The object seems to have been to commemorate, or imitate, the humility of Christ in washing the feet of his disciples—the giving of maundies being an additional good work. Cardinal Wolsey, at Peterborough Abbey in 1530, "made his maund in our lady's chapel, having fifty-nine poor men whose feet he washed and kissed; and after he had wiped them, he gave every of the said poor men twelve pence in money, three ells of good canvass to make them shirts, a pair of new shoes, a cast of red herrings, and three white herrings; and one of these had two shillings"—the number of the poor men being probably in correspondence with the years of his age. About the same period, the Earl of Northumberland, on Maundy Thursday, gave to each of as many poor men as he was years old, and one over, a gown with a hood, a linen shirt, a platter with meat, an ashen cup filled with wine, and a leathern purse containing as many pennies as he was years old, and one over; besides miscellaneous gifts to be distributed in like manner in name of his lady and his sons. The observance of Maundy Thursday by the monks is described in a Protestant satire called *the Popish Kingdome*:—

"And here the monks their maundies make with sundry solemn rites,
And signs of great humility, and wondrous pleasant sights.
Each one the other's feet doth wash, and wipe them clean and dry,
With hateful mind and secret fraud, that in their hearts doth lie;
As if that Christ with his examples did these things require,
And not to help our brethren here with zeal and free desire;
Each one supplying other's want, in all things that they may,
As he himself a servant made, to serve us every way.
Then straight the loaves do walk, and pots in every place they skink,
Wherewith the holy fathers oft to pleasant damsels drink."

The king of England was formerly accustomed on Maundy Thursday to have brought before him as many poor men as he was years old, whose feet he washed with his own hands, after which his majesty's maunds, consisting of meat, clothes, and money, were distributed amongst them. Queen Elizabeth, when in her thirty-ninth year, performed this ceremony at her palace of Greenwich, on which occasion she was attended by thirty-nine ladies and gentlewomen. Thirty-nine poor persons being assembled, their feet were first washed by the yeomen of the laundry with warm water and sweet herbs, afterwards by the sub-almoner, and finally by the queen herself, kneeling; these various persons, the yeomen, the sub-almoner, and the queen, after washing each foot, marked it with the sign of the cross above the toes, and then kissed it. Clothes, victuals, and money, were then distributed. This strange ceremonial, in which the highest was for a moment brought beneath the lowest, was last performed in its full extent by James II. King William left the washing to his almoner; and such was the arrangement for many years afterwards. "Thursday, April 15 [1731], being Maundy Thursday, there was distributed at the Banqueting House, Whitehall, to forty-eight poor men and forty-eight poor women (the king [George II.]'s age being forty-eight), boiled beef and shoulders of mutton, and small bowls of ale, which is called dinner; after that large wooden platters of fish and loaves, viz. undressed, one large old ling, and one large dried cod; twelve red herrings and twelve white herrings, and four half-quarter loaves. Each person had one platter of this provision; after which were distributed to them shoes, stockings, linen and woollen cloth, and leathern bags, with one penny, twopenny, threepenny, and fourpenny pieces of silver and shillings; to each about four pounds in value. His Grace the Lord Archbishop of York, Lord High Almoner, performed the annual ceremony of washing the feet of a certain number of poor in the Royal Chapel, Whitehall, which was formerly done by the kings themselves, in imitation of our Saviour's pattern of humility."* For a considerable number of years, the washing of the feet has been entirely given up, and since the beginning of the reign of Queen Victoria, an additional sum of money has been given in lieu of provisions.

* In Scotland, when a sheep is killed for private use, it is customary to make cakes with the blood, and these are called *Carcakes*.

† Fosbroke's British Monachism.

* Hone's Every-Day Book, i. 396.

CARLETON'S SPORTING SKETCH-BOOK.†

FIELD-SPORTS, we confess, are not much in our way; yet we cannot be insensible to the amusement which they afford in literature. Set down to a book filled with such matters, we find recollections of a country life revived, and, though confined to the heart of a city, once more in imagination we range over field and woodland, saunter rod in hand along the banks of some lively trouting stream, or engage in exercises somewhat more boisterous and mirthful. These floating and fanciful reminiscences have been lately stirred up by perusing Mr Carleton's new work, "The Sporting Sketch-Book," formed by the contributions, as we are told, from the most distinguished sportsmen of the day, both English and American. It is a very pleasing fireside book for a winter's evening, containing some good stories, a number of laughable jokes, and stirring accounts of hunting and fishing excursions—some of them, perhaps, drawn with a bow a *leetel* too long, but still good for all that. Take the following serio-comic scrap as a specimen; the narrator is a gentleman of Kentucky:—

"Gentlemen," observed Ned Locus, in reply to an application, on the following evening, to spin one of his accustomed yarns, "here's the story. It is true, upon my honour, from beginning to end—every word of it. I once crossed over to Faulkner's Island, to fish for *tautangs*, as the north-side people call black fish, on the reefs hard by, in the Long Island Sound. Tim Titus (who died of the dropsy down at Shinnecock Point, last spring) lived there then.

It was during the latter part of July; the sharks and the dogfish had just begun to spoil sport. When Tim told me about the sharks, I resolved to go prepared to entertain these aquatic savages with all becoming attention and regard, if there should chance to be any interloping about our fishing-ground. So we rigged out a set of extra large hooks, and shipped some ropeyarn and steel chain, an axe, a couple of clubs, and an old harpoon, in addition to our ordinary equipments, and off we started. We threw out our anchor at half ebb-tide, and took some thumping large fish; two of them weighed thirteen pounds—so you may judge. The reef where we lay was about half a mile from the island, and perhaps a mile from the Connecticut shore. We floated there, very quietly throwing out and hauling in, until the breaking of my line, with a sudden and severe jerk, informed me that the sea-attorneys were in waiting down stairs, and we accordingly prepared to give them a retainer. A salt pork cloak, upon one of our magnum hooks, forthwith engaged one of the gentlemen in our service. We had business enough of the kind to keep us employed until near low water. By this time the sharks had all cleared out, and the black fish were biting again; the rock began to make its appearance above the water, and in a little while its hard bald head was entirely dry. Tim now proposed to set me out upon the rock, while he rowed ashore to get the jug, which, strange to say, we had left at the house. I assented to this proposition, first, because I began to feel the effects of the sun upon my tongue, and needed something to take, by way of medicine; and, secondly, because the rock was a favourite spot for a rod and reel, and famous for luck: so I took my *traps*, and a box of bait, and jumped upon my new station. Tim made for the island.

Not many men would willingly have been left upon a little barren reef, that was covered by every flow of the tide, in the midst of a waste of waters, at such a distance from the shore, even with an assurance from a companion more to be depended upon than mine, to return immediately, and lie by to take him off. But, somehow or other, the excitement of my sport was so high, and the romance of my situation so delightful, that I thought of nothing else but the prosecution of my fun, and the contemplation of the novelty and beauty of the scene. It was a mild, pleasant afternoon, in harvest time. The sky was clear and pure. The deep blue sound, heaving all around me, was studded with craft of all descriptions and dimensions, from the dipping sail boat to the rolling merchantman, sinking and rising like sea-birds sporting with their white wings in the surge. The grain and grass on the neighbouring farms were gold and green, and gracefully they bent obeisance to a gentle breathing south-wester. Farther off, the high upland and the distant coast gave a dim relief to the prominent features of the landscape, and seemed the rich but dusky

* Gentleman's Magazine, 1731.

† The Sporting Sketch-Book. Edited by J. W. Carleton, Esq. With fine embellishments. London: How and Parsons. 1842.

frame of a brilliant fairy picture. Then, how still it was!—not a sound could be heard except the occasional rustling of my own motion, and the water beating against the sides, or gurgling in the fissures, of the rock; or except, now and then, the cry of a solitary saucy gull, who would come out of his way in the firmament to see what I was doing without a boat, all alone, in the middle of the sound; and who would hover, and cry, and chatter, and make two or three circling swoops and dashes at me—and then, after having satisfied his curiosity, glide away in search of some other fool to scream at.

I soon became half indolent, and quite indifferent about fishing; so I stretched myself out at full length upon the rock, and gave myself up to the luxury of looking and thinking. The divine exercise soon put me fast asleep. I dreamed away a couple of hours, and longer might have dreamed, but for a tired fish-hawk, who chose to make my head his resting-place, and who waked and started me to my feet.

'Where is Tim Titus?' I muttered to myself, as I strained my eyes over the now darkened water. But none was near me to answer that interesting question, and nothing was to be seen of either Tim or his boat. 'He should have been here long ere this,' thought I; 'and he promised faithfully not to stay long—could he have forgotten? or has he paid too much devotion to the jug?'

I began to feel uneasy, for the tide was rising fast, and soon would cover the top of the rock, and high-water mark was at least a foot above my head. I buttoned up my coat, for either the coming coolness of the evening, or else my growing apprehensions, had set me trembling and chattering most painfully. I braced my nerves, and set my teeth, and tried to hum 'Begone, dull care!' keeping time with my fists upon my thighs. But what music!—what melancholy merriment! I started and shuddered at the doleful sound of my own voice. I am not naturally a coward, but I should like to know the man who would not, in such a situation, be alarmed. It is a cruel death to die, to be merely drowned, and to go through the ordinary commonplaces of suffocation; but to see your death gradually rising to your eyes, to feel the water rising, inch by inch, upon your shivering sides, and to anticipate the certainly coming, choking struggle for your last breath, when, with the gurgling sound of an overflowing brook taking a new direction, the cold brine pours into mouth, ears, and nostrils, usurping the seat and avenues of health and life, and, with gradual flow, stifling—smothering—suffocating! It were better to die a thousand common deaths.

This is one of the instances in which, it must be admitted, salt water is not a pleasant subject of contemplation. However, the rock was not yet covered, and hope, blessed hope, stuck faithfully by me. To beguile, if possible, the weary time, I put on a bait, and threw out for a fish. I was sooner successful than I could have wished to be, for hardly had my line struck the water before my hook was swallowed, and my rod was bent with the dead hard pull of a twelve-foot shark. I let him run about fifty yards, and then reeled up. He appeared not at all alarmed, and I could scarcely feel him bear upon my fine hair line. He followed the pull gently and unresistingly, came up to the rock, laid his nose upon its side, and looked up into my face, not as if utterly unconcerned, but with a sort of quizzical impudence, as though he perfectly understood the precarious nature of my situation. The conduct of my captive renewed and increased my alarm. And well it might, for the tide was now running over a corner of the rock behind me, and a small stream rushed through a cleft or fissure by my side, and formed a puddle at my very feet. I broke my hook out of the monster's mouth, and leaned upon my rod for support.

'Where is Tim Titus?' I cried aloud—'the drunken vagabond! will he never come?'

My ejaculations did no good. No Timothy appeared. It became evident that I must prepare for drowning, or for action. The reef was completely covered, and the water was above the soles of my feet. I was not much of a swimmer, and as to ever reaching the island, I could not even hope for that. However, there was no alternative, and I tried to encourage myself by reflecting that necessity was the mother of invention, and that desperation will sometimes ensure success. Besides, too, I considered and took comfort from the thought that I could wait for Tim so long as I had a foot-hold, and then commit myself to the uncertain strength of my arms and legs for salvation. So I turned my bait-box upside down, and, mounting upon that, endeavoured to comfort my spirits, and to be courageous but submissive to my fate. I thought of death, and what it might bring with it, and I tried to repent of the multiplied iniquities of my almost wasted life; but I found that that was no place for a sinner to settle his accounts. Wretched soul! pray, I could not.

The water had now got above my ankles, when, to my inexpressible joy, I saw a sloop bending down towards me, with the evident intention of picking me up. No man can imagine what were the sensations of gratitude which filled my bosom at that moment.

When she got within a hundred yards of the reef, I sung out to the man at the helm to luff up and lower the boat; but to my amazement I could get no reply, nor notice of my request. I entreated them, for the love of Heaven, to take me off; and I promised I know not what rewards, entirely beyond my power of bestowal. But the wretch of a captain, murmuring something to the effect of 'that he hadn't time to stop;' and giving me the kind and sensible advice to pull off my coat and swim ashore, put the helm hard down, and bore away on the other tack.

It now was time to strip, for my knees felt the cool tide, and the wind dying away, left a heavy swell, that swayed and shook the box upon which I was mounted, so that I had occasionally to stoop, and paddle with my hands against the water, in order to preserve my perpendicular. The setting sun sent his almost horizontal streams of fire across the dark waters, making them gloomy and terrific by the contrast of his amber and purple glories.

Something glided by me in the water, and then made a sudden halt. I looked upon the black mass, and as my eye ran along its dark outline, I saw with horror that it was a shark—the identical monster out of whose mouth I had just broken my hook! He was fishing now for me, and was evidently only waiting for the tide to rise high enough above the rock, to glut at once his hunger and revenge. As the water continued to mount above my knees, he seemed to grow more hungry and familiar. At last he made a desperate dash, and, approaching within an inch of my legs, turned upon his back, and opened his huge jaws for an attack. With desperate strength, I thrust the end of my rod violently at his mouth, and the brass head, ringing against his teeth, threw him back into the deep current, and I lost sight of him entirely. This, however, was but a momentary repulse, for in the next minute he was close behind my back, and pulling at the skirts of my fustian coat, which hung dipping into the water. I leaned forward hastily, and endeavoured to extricate myself from the dangerous grasp; but the monster's teeth were too firmly set, and his immense strength nearly drew me over. So down flew my rod, and off went my jacket, devoted peace-offerings to my voracious visiter.

In an instant, the waves around me were lashed into froth and foam. No sooner was my poor old sporting friend drawn under the surface, than it was fought for by, at least, a dozen enormous combatants! The battle raged upon every side. High black fins rushed now here, now there, and long strong tails scattered sleet and froth, and the brine was thrown up in jets, and eddied, and curled, and fell, and swelled like a whirlpool.

Of no long duration, however, was this fishy tourney. It seemed soon to be discovered that the prize contended for contained nothing edible but cheese and crackers, and no flesh; and as its mutilated fragments rose to the surface, the waves subsided into their former smooth condition. Not till then did I experience the real terrors of my situation. As I looked around me to see what had become of the robbers, I counted one, two, three, yes, up to twelve, successively, of the largest sharks I ever saw, floating in a circle around me, like divergent rays, all mathematically equidistant from the rock, and from each other; each perfectly motionless, and with his gloating, fiery eye fixed full and fierce upon me. Basilisks and rattlesnakes! how the fire of their steady eyes entered into my heart! I was the centre of a circle, whose radii were sharks: I was the unsprung, or rather *unchewed* game, at which a pack of hunting sea-dogs were making a dead point!

There was one old fellow that kept within the circumference of the circle. He seemed to be a sort of captain, or leader of the band, or rather he acted as the coroner for the other twelve of the inquisition, that were summoned to sit on and eat up my body. He glided around and about, and every now and then would stop, and touch his nose against some one of his comrades, and seem to consult, or to give instructions as to the time and mode of operation. Occasionally he would scull himself up towards me, and examine the condition of my flesh, and then glide back, and again rejoin the *troupe*, and flap his tail, and have another confabulation. The old rascal had no doubt been out into the highways and byways, and collected this company of his friends and kin-fish, and invited them to supper.

My sensations began to be now most exquisite indeed; but I will not attempt to describe them. I was neither hot nor cold, frightened nor composed; but I had a combination of all kinds of feelings and emotions. The present, past, future, heaven, earth, my father and mother, a little girl I knew once, and the sharks, were all confusedly mixed up together, and swelled my crazy brain almost to bursting. I cried, and laughed, and spouted, and screamed for Tim Titus. In a fit of most wise madness, I opened my broad-bladed fishing-knife, and waved it around my head with an air of defiance. As the tide continued to rise, my extravagance of madness mounted. At one time, I became persuaded that my tide-waiters were reasonable beings, who might be talked into mercy and humanity, if a person could only hit upon the right text. So I bowed, and gesticulated, and threw out my hands, and talked to them as friends and brothers, members of my family, cousins, uncles, aunts, people waiting to have their bills paid. I scolded them as my servants; I abused them as duns; I implored them as jurymen sitting on the question of my life; I congratulated and flattered them, as my comrades, upon some glorious enterprise. What said I?—what did I not say? Prose and poetry, scripture and drama, romance and ratiocination—out it came.

'My brave associates, partners of my toil'—so ran the strain.

'On which side soever I turn my eyes.'

'Gentlemen of the jury.'

'I come not here to steal away your hearts.'

'You are not wood, you are not stones, but'—

Hah!—'Begin, ye tormentors, your tortures are vain.'

'Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up to any sudden flood.'

'The angry flood that lashed her groaning sides.'

'Ladies and gentlemen.'

'My very noble and approved good masters.'

'Avaunt! and quit my sight; let the earth hide ye!'

'Lie lightly on his head, O earth!'

'O! heaven and earth, that it should come to this!'

'The torrent roared, and we did buffet it with lusty sinews, stemming it aside, and oaring it with hearts of controversy.'

'Romans, countrymen, and lovers, hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear.'

'Fellow-citizens, assembled as we are upon this interesting occasion, impressed with the truth and beauty'—

'Isle of beauty, fare-thee-well.'

'The quality of mercy is not strained.'

'Truth is potent, and'—

'Most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors!'

> 'Oh, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
> The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
> Kind souls, what! weep when you but behold
> Our Cæsar's vesture wounded!'

'Ha! ha! ha!'—and I broke out in a fit of most horrible laughter, as I thought of the mince-meat particles of my lacerated jacket.

In the mean time, the water had got well up towards my shoulders; and while I was shaking and vibrating upon my uncertain foot-hold, I felt the cold nose of the captain of the band snubbing against my side. Desperately, and without a definite object, I struck my knife at one of his eyes, and, by some singular fortune, cut it out clean from the socket. The shark darted back, and halted. In an instant, hope and reason came to my relief, and it occurred to me that, if I could only blind the monster, I might yet escape. Accordingly, I stood ready for the next attack. The loss of an eye did not seem to affect him much, for, after shaking his head once or twice, he came up to me again, and when he was about half an inch off, turned upon his back. This was the critical moment. With a most unaccountable presence of mind, I laid hold of his nose with my left hand, and with my right I scooped out his remaining organ of vision. He opened his big mouth, and champed his long teeth at me in despair; but it was all over with him. I raised my right foot, and gave him a hard shove, and he glided off into deep water, and went to the bottom.

Well, gentlemen, I suppose you'll think it a hard story, but it is none the less a fact, that I served every remaining one of those nineteen sharks in the same fashion. They all came up to me, one by one, regularly and in order, and I scooped their eyes out, and gave them a shove, and they went off into deep water, just like so many lambs. By the time I had scooped out and blinded a couple of dozen of them, they began to seem so scarce that I thought I would swim for the island, and fight the rest for fun on the way; but just then Tim Titus hove in sight, and it had got to be almost dark, and I concluded to get aboard and rest myself."

LETTER FROM A CANADIAN EMIGRANT.

A LETTER from a gentleman resident in Upper Canada, near the small town of Paris, written to a friend in Edinburgh, having been put into our hands for the purpose of extracting any matter from it that appeared useful to intending emigrants, we take the liberty of laying the following passages before our readers. The recommendations as to emigration are clearly referable only to hard-working men, accustomed to country labour, and who are steady in behaviour:—

"With reference to the Paisley Emigration Society, I shall be happy to be of any service to the poor people; but, to give sound advice, one would require to know more of them than I do, and to have a more extensive knowledge of the country than I am possessed of. Their idea of getting land from government, and one half working on it and the other going out, is not a bad one, *provided* they can *get* the land, and it be of good quality, and not too far back, and they have some *capital* to begin with. Free grants of land are, however, not now to be had. It was indeed determined to let such people as the society in question is composed of, have grants of fifty acres each, in one section of the country; but this resolution was disallowed by the home government, excepting to the extent of five acres each. I rather suspect, therefore, that that part of the Emigration Society's scheme cannot be realised.

I have mentioned the case to two or three of my friends, and their idea coincides with my own, which is, that although it will not be easy to carry the proposed plan into effect at present, there is nevertheless every encouragement for sober, industrious, active, able-bodied people to come to the country. It is just the country for such people. The public works will employ a great many hands next year. Indeed, there are now advertisements out for 500 men to enlarge the Welland Canal feeder. It is probably at such works the Paisley people would find employment at first; and I presume that they would get about 3s. 9d. currency a-day without board, or 2s. 6d.

with board, which are the common wages we have to pay for day-labourers. Good female servants are much wanted. Girls who are strong enough to wash, get 4 dollars to 4½ dollars per month; and some few *very* good ones, who have *very* heavy work, get as high as six dollars. Younger girls get in proportion to the work they can do. Agricultural labourers get on an average 10 dollars a-month all the year round. Hiring by the month in summer, for two or three months, they obtain from 11 to 13 dollars, according to circumstances and the season. Hay-makers generally get 3s. 9d. a-day, and harvest hands 1 dollar a-day, both with board. In my opinion, the best time for people, especially agricultural labourers, to come into the country, is about the end of June, when plenty of work is to be had at haying, and afterwards at harvest; and good hands generally find permanent work on some of the farms where they have been assisting. But your people, I fear, have no knowledge of agricultural labour. The advice I would be inclined to give them is, as soon as they land, to endeavour to make their way up the country, where hands will be less plenty than at the ports of landing; and to take individually such work as they are suited to, as they can get it, and not to think of all working together, for I deem that to be impracticable for any length of time. The girls, if there are any, and the boys, should be put out as opportunity is found, so as to make every thing pay. The probability is, that one family will settle here and another there. People with capital can choose their location; but those without must let circumstances point out theirs. I am desirous the people should not entertain wrong notions of their prospects; yet, as I said before, I am of opinion they ought to come out if they can. If able to work, they will be decidedly better off here than at home. I don't know an instance of a sober, industrious labouring man, who has not bettered himself, and is not gradually improving in his circumstances. You may easily see how this must be, by comparing wages with prices of provisions. I have told you the wages. I will give you the Toronto prices of the principal articles, which may be considered rather higher than the country prices; and I will give you the highest quotation. Household flour, 25s. per 196 lbs.; oatmeal, the same; beef, 20s. per 100 lbs., or about 2d. sterling per lb.; mutton and veal, 3½d. to 4d. currency per lb.; pork, there is no quotation, but it may be had for about 4 dollars per 100 lbs.; butter, 10d. per lb.; it is 7½d. in Paris; cheese, 3d. to 5d. This last article is rather cheaper in Toronto than in the country. Potatoes, 1s. 3d. per bushel. I should presume that a house, such as a labouring man would want, may be had for two dollars per month at the utmost; and a managing handy fellow (and all must be handy here to do any good) may very soon sit at no rent at all, by building himself a small house with boards, as many do. There are three or four about Paris now, which I am sure did not cost more than £5 a-piece, exclusive of the labour of putting together. They are placed on patches of waste ground, with leave of the proprietor. I never wear *shoes* now: few do—they are not fit for winter. My boots, where they are fine, cost me about the same price currency which I paid in sterling, which is therefore about a fifth less. Strong coarse boots can be had for from 3½ to 4½ dollars. Clothes are dearer than at home, but not much.

I have taken it for granted that the men cannot get grants of land; but any doubt on that head may be set at rest by applying at the Colonial Office, which can easily be done through some of the gentlemen whose names are at the prospectus. As to getting land by purchase, probably most of those who are very much inclined to do so may acquire it in time. I know several instances of men (they have been single men), after being in the country for five or six years, going on their own 100 acres of land, with a few acres cleared, which they had paid for out of their earnings. But then they are all steady, industrious, and saving. I had a man with me for eighteen months, who had been in the country five or six years. He had his deed for 100 acres when he came to me; and when he left me, he had paid for clearing ten or fifteen acres, and went on his own farm then with two barrels of pork, four barrels of flour, a yoke of oxen (I am not sure but in this his cousin and neighbour had a half share), and £20 in money. John Harper, the last man Adam had, went off to his own farm to-day. He has scraped a good deal of money together; perhaps £150 or £200. I also saw a man to-day who has now a farm with sixty acres cleared. He was with Walter a year or two. He is quite a young man—a canny, cautious Scot. All these are or were common labouring men, and they are instances which have occurred among the labourers on three adjoining farms, and are only a sample of what *may* be done by industry and frugality. I mention these instances to encourage the people; but they must expect to encounter difficulties. Some will be more fortunate than others; but all may lay their account to meet with difficulties and hardships of some kind, especially when they first arrive in the country."

GOTHIC PATTERNS.

The practice of making articles after the style of Gothic architecture, has been smartly ridiculed, as follows, in the lectures of Mr Pugin, lately published in the Civil Engineer and Architects' Journal:—"Modern grates are not unfrequently made to represent diminutive fronts of castellated or ecclesiastical buildings, with turrets, loopholes, windows, and doorways, all in a space of forty inches. The fender is a sort of embattled parapet, with a lodge-gate at each end; the end of the poker is a sharp-pointed finial; and at the summit of the tongs is a saint. It is impossible to enumerate half the absurdities of modern metal-workers; but all these proceed from the false notion of disguising instead of beautifying articles of utility. How many objects of ordinary use are rendered monstrous and ridiculous, simply because the artist, instead of seeking the most convenient form, and then decorating it, has embodied some extravagance to conceal the real purpose for which the article has been made! If a clock is required, it is not unusual to cast a Roman warrior in a flying chariot, round one of the wheels of which, on close inspection, the hours may be descried; or the whole front of a cathedral church, reduced to a few inches in height, with the clock-face occupying the position of a magnificent rose window. Surely the inventor of this patent clock-case could never have reflected, that, according to the scale on which the edifice was reduced, his clock would be about two hundred feet in circumference, and that such a monster of a dial would crush the proportions of almost any building that could be raised. But this is nothing when compared to what we see continually produced from those inexhaustible mines of bad taste, Birmingham and Sheffield—staircase turrets for inkstands, monumental crosses for light-shades, gable ends hung on handles for door-porters (?), and four doorways and a cluster of pillars to support a French lamp; while a pair of pinnacles supporting an arch is called a Gothic-pattern scraper, and a wiry compound of quatrefoils and fan tracery an abbey garden-seat. Neither relative scale, form, purpose, nor unity of style, is ever considered by those who design these abominations: if they only introduce a quatrefoil or an acute arch, be the outline and style of the article ever so modern and debased, it is at once denominated and sold as Gothic. While I am on this topic, it may not be amiss to mention some other absurdities which may not be out of place, although they do not belong to metal-work. I will commence with what are termed Gothic-pattern papers, for hanging walls, where a wretched caricature of a pointed building is repeated from the skirting to the cornice in glorious confusion—door over pinnacle, and pinnacle over door. This is a great favourite with hotel and tavern keepers. Again, those papers which are shaded are defective in principle; for, as a paper is hung round a room, the ornament must frequently be shadowed on the light side. The variety of these miserable patterns is quite surprising: and as the expense of cutting a block for a bad figure is equal if not greater than for a good one, there is not the shadow of an excuse for their continual reproduction. A moment's reflection must show the extreme absurdity of repeating a perspective over a large surface, with some hundred different points of sight: a panel or wall may be enriched and decorated at pleasure, but it should always be treated in a consistent manner."

THE RIVAL BUBBLES.

[The danger of unduly exciting sentiments of emulation in children—as, for instance, causing them to struggle to outmatch their fellows at school, and the evil consequences engendered by it between friends and companions—is finely illustrated in the following poetic fable by the author of "Fireside Education:"—]

Two bubbles on a mountain stream
Began their race one shining morn,
And, lighted by the ruddy beam,
Went dancing down 'mid shrub and thorn.

The stream was narrow, wild, and lone,
But gaily dash'd o'er mound and rock,
And brighter still the bubbles shone,
As if they loved the whirling shock.

Each leaf, and flower, and sunny ray,
Was pictured on them as they flew,
And o'er their bosoms seem'd to play
In lovelier forms and colours new.

Thus on they went, and side by side
They kept in sad and sunny weather,
And rough or smooth the flowing tide,
They brightest shone when close together.

Nor did they deem that they could sever,
That clouds could rise or morning wane;
They loved, and thought that love for ever
Would bind them in its gentle chain.

But soon the mountain slope was o'er,
And 'mid new scenes the waters flow'd,
And the two bubbles now no more
With their first morning beauty glow'd.

They parted, and the sunny ray
That from each other's love they borrow'd,
That made their dancing bosoms gay,
While other bubbles round them sorrow'd;

That ray was dimm'd, and on the wind
A shadow came, as if from heaven,
Yet on they flew, and sought to find
From strife the bliss that love had given.

They parted, yet in sight they kept,
And rivals now the friends became,
And if perchance the eddies swept
Them close, they flash'd with flame;

And fiercer forward seem'd to bound
With the swift ripples toward the main;
And all the lesser bubbles round
Each sought to gather in its train.

They strove, and in that eager strife
Their morning friendship was forgot,
And all the joys that sweeten life,
The rival bubbles knew them not:

The leaves, the flowers, the grassy shore,
Were all neglected in the chase,
And on their bosoms now no more
These forms of beauty found a place.

But all was dim and drear within,
And envy dwelt where love was known,
And images of fear and sin
Were traced where truth and pleasure shone.

The clouds grew dark, the tide swell'd high,
And gloom was o'er the waters flung,
But, riding on the billows, nigh
Each other now the bubbles swung;

Closer and closer still they rush'd
In anger o'er the rolling river;
Then met, and, 'mid the waters crush'd,
The rival bubbles burst for ever!

MANUFACTURING OLD PICTURES.

Persons possessing more money than judgment, and affecting a taste in *ancient* paintings, cannot be made sufficiently aware of the tricks performed in the preparation of articles to suit their fancy. Indeed, the smallest reflection should convince any one that Correggio, Rembrandt, Rubens, Claude Lorraine, Guido, &c., could not have produced all the pictures ascribed to them, if they had respectively painted by steam during the whole of their lives. A writer in the *New Monthly Magazine*, last year, very properly exposes this process of old picture-making to suit English amateurs. He observes:—"The extent to which copies are made of paintings by esteemed artists is incalculable; and so cleverly do the copyists often imitate the originals, as occasionally to deceive even the best judges. This is so well known, that it is now almost as necessary to have the pedigree of a valuable painting, when purchased, as to have that of a valuable horse. It is rare for an amateur now-a-days to buy of a stranger a high-priced painting on his own judgment, without being imposed upon. We could enumerate many instances of noblemen and gentlemen when abroad paying extravagant sums for copies worth but a few pounds; but one instance will suffice:—A nobleman, enjoying considerable reputation as a connoisseur and patron of art, whilst travelling in the Netherlands, was strongly recommended to purchase a fine painting by Rubens; and so well contrived a story was told of its history, that his lordship gladly gave eight hundred pounds for it, afterwards congratulating himself on having made so advantageous a bargain. On arriving in London, wishing his purchase to be placed in his gallery with every advantage, he sent it to be lined, when, on uncovering the back of the picture, the name of 'Robertson and Miller,' the canvass preparers, appeared on the canvass, plainly proving that it was a modern copy, executed most probably by an English artist! Very few of the old masters have been so frequently repeated as Rubens, and many collectors who pride themselves on having a genuine work from his hand, possess only a clever copy. The late Admiral Sir Ross Donnelly was exceedingly enthusiastic on what he considered some matchless productions of the great Flemish painter, which held a conspicuous situation in his gallery. A few weeks ago the whole collection was disposed of by auction at Messrs Christie and Manson's rooms, and realised about £800; whereas a single fine Rubens (such, for instance, as the Rape of the Sabines in the National Gallery) is of itself alone worth three times that sum.

Examples of the different Italian schools are, however, the most extensively copied. The pupils and foreign artists of every country copy almost every fine picture they can get access to in Italy; and among the most industrious of these manufacturers are English artists, who have gone to Italy with the ostensible object of improving themselves by a careful study of the best productions of the Italian school. In due time these copies come into the market, and, when sufficiently dirty, often pass for genuine pictures. Of course, the principal dealers in London are too experienced to be deceived by them, and are too careful of their reputations to attempt to deceive their customers; but few private buyers possess such judgment. Still it must in justice be stated, that the art of deception is carried on in this way in Italy to an extent which leaves similar impositions in England very far in the rear.

Instances have been known of English connoisseurs, in their anxiety to secure a genuine picture, paying an enormous sum to the head of a religious community, whose chief treasure it has been considered; and, to make assurance doubly sure, they have, at his reverence's instigation, affixed their seals at the back of the picture. On its coming into their possession, they find the seal untouched, and take no small credit to themselves for having secured to their country another invaluable Raphael or Correggio. The fact is, that an admirably executed copy was fitted with great nicety into the back of the original picture, and on *this* the reverend father got his generous customer carefully to affix his seal. The original picture in front was then removed, and the connoisseur carries the copy into his own country for a genuine production."

POPULARITY.

Works of true merit are seldom very popular in their own day; for knowledge is on the march, and men of genius are the *præstolatores* or *videttes* that are far in advance of their comrades. They are not with them, but before them; not in the camp, but beyond it. The works of sciolists and dullards are still more unpopular, but from a different cause; and theirs is an unpopularity that will remain, because they are not before the main body but behind it; and as it proceeds, every moment increases the distance of those sluggards that are sleeping in the rear, but diminishes the distance of those heroes that have taken post in the van. Who then stands the best chance of that paltry prize—contemporaneous approbation? He whose mediocrity of progress distances not his comrades, and whose equality of merit affords a level on which friendship may be built; who is not so dull but that he has something to teach, and not so wise as to have nothing to learn; who is not so far before his companions as to be unperceived, nor so far behind them as to be unregarded.—*Lacon.*

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A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

LUCERNE.

My last article concluded with our arrival in Lucerne. The approach to that very ancient town from Zug was through a remarkably rich tract of country, chiefly composing the vale of the Reuss, a river formed by the overplus waters of the Lake of Lucerne and country beyond, but increased by a tributary from the smaller Lake of Zug. Pursuing a south-westerly direction, our route lay along the right bank of the Reuss, which, rushing onward sometimes beneath high woody banks, on the face of which our road was cut, and at others crossing flat and well-cultivated plains, imparted liveliness to the scene.

Things now began to wear a more decidedly Swiss appearance. There was more of the air of past times than of the present. The farm-houses and cottages, all built of wood, though not possessing an inviting aspect, were, with their strange overhanging roofs and balconies, at least picturesque; and at every short interval we passed a small chapel, whose ever-open doors offered a glimpse of flower-decorated altars, with occasionally a peasant in the attitude of devotion. As evening began to fall and shut out an extended observation of the country, we entered Lucerne by one of its heavy arched portals, the town still being environed with walls and towers on the side next the land, and open on the other, with a southern exposure to the lake.

We found Lucerne to be quite a different sort of place from Zurich. It may not inappropriately be styled the Cologne of Switzerland—narrow streets, huddled into a confined space for defence in an age of civil disorder—gloomy edifices, like so many prisons—small shops, some of which more resembled caverns than places of business—little appearance of active industry—a great many churches—and plenty of priests, distinguishable by their long black frocks and cocked hats. Except in and about the hotels, which flourish the same in all countries, and here give an air of life to the open quay on the margin of the lake, the place, I should think, is very much what it was some four or five centuries ago. The town, which contains about 8000 inhabitants, is in two divisions, one on each side of the Reuss as it issues from the lake; but as the division on the east is intruded upon by a bay of the lake, requiring to be crossed by a bridge, there may be said to be three portions more or less separated from each other. One of the most remarkable objects of antiquity which the stranger is called on to notice, is a tall grey tower, which stands within the margin of the lake, called the Wasserthurm, the origin of which is assigned by tradition to the Romans. In after ages it became the *pharo*, or light beacon, of the lake; hence, as is said, the name *Lucerne* (Latin, *lucerna*, a lantern). It is now used as a cantonal repository of some kind.

The manner in which the town is cut up into detachments has caused the erection of several bridges, and these are among the most interesting edifices in Switzerland. I should make the reader aware, that the bridges across rivers in this country are for the greater part composed of strong wooden beams, with a flooring of thick planks, and the whole covered in, like a house, with a roof, generally of tiles or shingles. In going along such bridges, which are so constructed to preserve them from the weather, you seem as if walking in a long covered gallery, open at the sides, and with great rafters overhead. In the Roman Catholic cantons, it is customary to place a figure of the Virgin, or patron saint, somewhere within the gallery, in order to excite the piety of the passengers. At Lucerne, this practice of adorning bridges is on a large scale. Of the four bridges in the town, three are covered and highly decorated with pictures, chiefly of a religious character. The longest and most ancient bridge is that called the Hofbrücke, leading from the open quay across the bay of the lake to the cathedral of St Leger, on the opposite bank. Extending upwards of 1000 feet in length, and open on the side next the larger portion of the lake, the triangular spaces overhead, formed by the two slopes of the roof and the cross rafters, are filled from one end to the other with paintings, illustrative of Scripture, from the days of Adam upwards. As works of art they do not deserve to be mentioned; but their great age is beyond doubt, and on that account they will attract the curiosity of the antiquary. The splendid view of the lake and its mountainous scenery, gained from any part of the bridge, renders the promenade doubly attractive, and during our stay it formed a favourite lounge. The next bridge of a similar nature is that on the Reuss near its junction with the lake, and called the Kapellbrücke, from its contiguity to a chapel. This bridge, which is much more modern than the former, dating only from the year 1300, contains a double series of paintings. In going one way, we have a series representing the legends of two patrons of the town, St Maurice and St Leger; and in the other, the pictures are illustrative of memorable events in Swiss history. An account of this remarkable gallery of tableaux has been written by the Canon Basinger. A bridge opposite the middle of the town is uncovered; but one farther down, called Mühlenbrücke, or mill-bridge, is covered like the others, and is fitted up with a still more interesting series of sixty-six pictures, representing the Dance of Death, the greater part executed by Meglinger, an artist of ability. As all the bridges are public thoroughfares, and open night and day for passengers, it says much for the decorum and good taste of the people, that these galleries of paintings, common as they are, should be suffered to exist uninjured.

The public buildings of Lucerne, including the ecclesiastical structures, of course engaged a share of our attention; but as accounts of such places are not always amusing to readers, I pass on to an object somewhat more attractive, and which, without any figure of speech, is now the great *lion* of the town. I allude to the celebrated monument to the memory of the Swiss Guards, who fell in defence of the family of Louis XVI. at the attack on the Tuileries, on the 10th of August 1792. It is situated a little beyond the gate of the town which we had entered from Zug, and is reached by a side path ascending among trees and bushes. Ushered upon a flat part of the rising ground, environed by the massive foliage of trees, we have before us a precipitous cliff crowned with drooping herbage, and with a small pond which receives the trickling moisture at its base. In the centre of the rock the monument is cut, and we are startled alike by the novelty and the grandeur of the conception. It is the gigantic figure of a lion couched and dying, from a mortal wound by a spear in the side, yet leaning over and guarding in the death struggle shields on which are blazoned the fleur-de-lis or emblem of the Bourbons. The rock, which is a species of sandstone, appears to have been well adapted for the execution of the figure, which is of the enormous size of 28 feet long by 18 feet in depth, but seems less from the height at which it is placed. It does not project from the general surface of the cliff, but rests in an alcove, as a protection from the weather overhead. The designer was the celebrated Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen, the cutting being performed by Ahorn of Constance. As a work of art, the monument is of the highest order of genius, for the idea is not only beautifully conceived, and perfectly true as respects association of ideas, but is, as far as I know, original—a matter of no small importance, considering how moderately the inventive faculty is developed in monumental designing. Fastidious critics find fault with the principle of the design altogether, and particularly with the truthfulness of the superscription, carved on the rock, *Helvetiorum Fidei ac Virtuti*—(To the fidelity and valour of the Swiss)—it being alleged that, in the character of mercenary soldiers, the Swiss could claim no such tribute of respect from their countrymen or from posterity. Alas! for the principle of unpurchased and patriotic soldiering. Is there a man in the standing army of any nation under heaven who serves for any thing but the hope of pay, rank, or pension, or cares a rush about the merits of any quarrel which he is dispatched to settle by force of arms? Selling their services on a principle so widely recognised, we cannot for a moment doubt the stern virtue of the Swiss. The manner in which they defended the royal family of France from the brutality of the Parisian mob, the greater number perishing rather than yield up their posts, I consider to be one of the very finest things in history, and well deserving of the commemorative tribute which it has here received.

On the opposite side of the enclosure there is a rustic saloon in which prints of the monument and other articles of taste are disposed of, and here is generally in attendance one of the few guards who survived the massacre. He is an aged man, dressed in a red uniform, and we had a little conversation with him on the subject before us, with which, of course, he has a pride in identifying himself.

But we must tear ourselves away from the lion of Thorwaldsen, with all its associations of feeling, and be off on our excursion on the lake, which has no equal for beauty and grandeur of scenery in Switzerland, if, indeed, in any part of Europe. What a magnificent spectacle presents itself in a fine autumnal morning from the quay of Lucerne! A sheet of water is seen spread out a length of ten or twelve miles, till lost in the sinuosities of the jutting hills. On each side is a foreground of highly wooded banks, dotted here and there with white villas and cottages, while behind rises pile above pile of rugged mountains, some dark and precipitous like huge walls of rock elevated to the clouds, but others of greater altitude, and, as it seems, more remote from the eye, covered with snows of dazzling whiteness. The two grand chiefs in this tumultuous ocean of mountain billows is the Righi on the left, and Pilatus on the right—the latter one of the most remarkable hills in Switzerland, though not half the height of some others which I shall afterwards mention. Its summit, which is somewhat saddle-shaped, with turned up points, is estimated to be about 5760 feet above the level of the lake, or 7116 feet above the level of the sea. Its ascent is difficult and seldom attempted. The Righi, on the other hand, whose culminating point attains a height of about 3870 feet above the lake, is ascended with comparative ease, and offers at its summit a panoramic view of surprising extent and variety.

A few years ago, to accommodate the numerous tourists, a steam-boat was placed on the lake, to ply between Lucerne and Fluelen at its farther extremity, a total distance of twenty-five miles, going and coming daily; and in this handsome little vessel we set out on our trip, accompanied by a number of other parties, likewise in the pursuit of pleasure.

The day was clear and serene, and as we sped along on our way, every hill and alpine peak was revealed to the curious eyes which gazed delightedly from the deck. Sketch-books and pencils were out, and nimble fingers tried to catch the outline of romantic cliff, jagged peak, or bosky dell with thread of cataract dashing into its depth profound. Ever shifting, however, and always bringing into sight new beauties, the scene was bewildering, and the draughtsman would have required a hundred eyes, and a hand more rapid than the steam piston, to do justice to the spectacle.

I know that all regular description of such a lake as this is inexpressibly tiresome, and I therefore skip over the notice of fifty places of local import, and take only what may be termed the main points of interest in the piece. The thing which imparts to the Lake of Lucerne a character beyond that of mere physical beauty, is its connexion with the history of Helvetic independence. It is Tell's lake—its shores are the scene of his exploits—and hence they bear that kind of moral charm which consecrates the ground on which heroic actions have been evoked.* In the true spirit of a poet, Rogers has referred to the sentiment which thus clothes the rugged headlands and steeps of Lucerne with hallowed recollections :—

> "That sacred lake, withdrawn among the hills,
> Its depth of waters flank'd as with a wall,
> Built by the giant race before the flood;
> Where not a cross or chapel but inspires
> Holy delight, lifting our thoughts to God
> From god-like men. * * *
> That in the desert sow'd the seeds of life,
> Training a band of small republics there,
> Which still exist, the envy of the world!
> Who would not land in each, and tread the ground—
> Land where TELL leap'd ashore—and climb to drink
> Of the three hallow'd fountains? He that does,
> Comes back the better. * * *
> Each cliff, and headland, and green promontory,
> Graven with records of the past,
> Excites to hero-worship."

The lake, which is most irregular in its outline, bending into divers forms, is sometimes named the Lake of the Four Cantons, from having Lucerne, Unterwalden, Uri, and Schwytz, as its boundaries. On the south or Unterwalden side, the scenery is generally more bold, and on the whole less interesting than the north-eastern shore, to which the boat chiefly clings. On this latter side, after passing some pretty bays, and touching at the villages of Wäggis and Küssnacht, whence the Righi may be ascended, we arrive at a rocky promontory, having a similar headland on the opposite side, the two (locally called the Nasen or Noses) approaching, and forming a narrow channel, beyond which the lake expands in a sweep towards the north-east, and discloses some highly interesting mountain scenery. On our left we have that portion of the canton of Schwytz which, prior to 1798, formed the independent canton of Gersau—a district so small as to lie all on the face of a steep hill, and which, flanked with precipices projecting into the lake, was almost inaccessible to an aggressive force except by water. On coming in front of the small collection of cottages, with their church, which constituted the capital of the state, the steamer paused for a few minutes to land a passenger, and afforded us an opportunity of taking a view of the ancient republic. Placed in a situation the most unpropitious for general industry, even here the unconquerable diligence of the Swiss is exercised; the article silk giving, I am told, employment to a number of hands in the place. But agriculture and pasturage engage the chief attention of the inhabitants. The green hill is partitioned in small patches, under different crops; and we see cottage above cottage perched on the dizzy steep, to a height of perhaps two thousand feet. Shortly after passing Gersau, we arrive at Brunnen, a small port to the town of Schwytz, which is observed at some distance, under the lee of a tremendous range of bare peaks called the Mythen. Pencils and sketch-books in great request!

Departing from Brunnen, we find that the lake now bends towards the south, while its scenery assumes a more rugged and solemn character. The beautiful sheet of water, extending miles in front, seems to resemble a pool at the bottom of a great grave, without visible outlet. Its lofty sides, shagged with green shrubs, rise from the brink nearly as precipitous as a wall. Any thing like a road is entirely out of the question; the only means of access from knoll to knoll being by boats or precarious pathways among the cliffs; yet here, also, rude cottages are seen seated on shoulders of the mountain steeps. It is here that the moral interest of the scene rises to its climax, for we are now at the very birth-place of Swiss independence. On our right, on an elevated green slope, surrounded by trees and backed by the tall rocks, is Grütli, a meadow on which took place, on the night of the 7th of November 1307, the first meeting of confederates to achieve the liberty of their country. At that period, as is doubtless well known, a large portion of the country was held in subjection by Albert of Hapsburg, a grasping tyrant, who succeeded his father Rudolph as Emperor of Germany. Gessler, the governor whom he appointed, with a body of Austrian forces to secure his sovereignty, having outraged every principle of justice and humanity, stung the natives into rebellion; and it was at the secluded spot which I mention that the conspirators held their first council, and determined on the measures which they should adopt. They were thirty-three in number, with three leaders—Walter Furst of Uri (father-in-law of Tell), Werner Stauffacher of Schwytz, and Arnold von Melchthal of Unterwalden. All swore a solemn oath to maintain their ancient independence; and the effort was nobly made. A rising of the four forest cantons took place on the 1st of January 1308; the Austrian governors were deposed, and the castles which had been built to overawe the country were destroyed. From this time ensued one of the most extraordinary struggles for political independence which is disclosed in European history. It lasted for a hundred and fifty years, sometimes with one foe and sometimes with another; the three great victories of Morgarten, Sempach, and Murten (or Morat), were, however, gained; and about the year 1450, a number of the cantons established that confederated independence which till the present day exists.

Sailing on a few miles, we arrive in front of what is called Tell's Chapel, situated on the east side of the lake, at the foot of the Achsenberg, a mountain rising to the height of 6732 feet, to which we may add a depth of 600 feet below the surface of the water. The chapel, which is a very small edifice, of a pavilion form, open in front, and distinguished by a small spire on its roof, is erected on a shelf of rock jutting out from the almost precipitous bank, and close upon the edge of the lake. The only means of access is by boats. Here, according to tradition, Tell leaped ashore, and escaped from the boat in which he was in the course of being conveyed to the dungeons of Küssnacht; his fetters having been temporarily removed to allow of his navigating the boat, and so saving it from being overwhelmed by a tempest, which had overtaken it in the passage. The chapel, we are told, was erected in 1380, or thirty-one years after the death of the hero, by order of the assembled citizens of Uri, in commemoration of the event. The chapel is fitted up with an altar, and its walls ornamented with a few daubs of pictures; its general appearance is wild and desolate, and only once a-year, on a particular festival, is any religious service performed within it.

Bending round a promontory, on quitting the chapel, we have the termination of the lake in view, and are soon landed at Fluelen, the port of the canton of Uri. Here we find carriages in abundance, ready to start for Altdorf, the capital of Uri, situated from two to three miles up the vale of the Reuss, and also to carry forward tourists on their way to Italy by the pass of the Gotthard. Altdorf is a poor-looking, ancient town, without any particular object of attraction, but is visited from its connexion with the history of Tell's exploits, it being in an open space in the town that he is said to have shot at the apple on his son's head. The vale of the Reuss, from this aged city downwards to Fluelen, is flat meadow-land, with cottages of a more wretched appearance than had hitherto come under our observation. Composed, for the greater part, of wood, few of them seemed to have chimneys, and the smoke issued from the doors or from the loose deals on the roof, which were held in their places only by rows of stones. The external details no way compensated for this rude state of affairs; and the inhabitants were apparently at the lowest pitch of human degradation. Betwixt Fluelen and Altdorf, I saw at least a dozen cretins—a class of beings altogether or partially idiotic—their melancholy condition being sometimes aggravated by a singular swelling on the throat, known by the name of goitre. Idiocy has here, as is generally known, an excessive character peculiar to the place, possibly arising from atmospheric causes. I could imagine no peculiarity more dismal. It is inexcusable, however, to allow the cretins to be so much exposed to public view. Policy as well as good taste loudly calls for the seclusion of all such objects.

From all I could learn from persons conversant with the condition of the country around the lake, it appears that the people, with all their political independence, are socially and intellectually in a kind of pupilage. The four cantons may be described as the focus of an intense spirit of ecclesiastical domination, under which no intelligence can flourish. The progress towards enlightenment which began to be manifested in Lucerne, shortly after 1830, is stopped; and although the whole education is not yet legally in the hands of the holy fathers, it is substantially overruled by them. It may perhaps surprise our readers to learn, that in the cantons of Schwytz, Uri, Unterwalden, and Lucerne, the very cradle of political liberty, religious liberty is on so meagre a footing at the present day, that no one can become a citizen in these states unless he profess the Roman Catholic faith. Some of the civil arrangements are in an exceedingly primitive state. Uri and Schwytz have not yet arrived at the principle in political science of delegating the legislative function to representatives. All the male inhabitants above eighteen or twenty years of age meet in their respective cantons once or twice a-year, in what we should call a parliament; the place of assembly being an open ground, and the proceedings being in some measure presided over by the *landammann*, or chief magistrate, who decides the passing of any project of law by a general show of hands. The majority carries; but it is not always safe to belong to the greater number of votes. Some years ago, when the spirit of the people was roused, the minority in the cantonal parliament of Schwytz twice drove the majority from the field with sticks. A general confusion of affairs ensued, in which there could not be said to be any government at all; but matters were finally patched up by the interference of the diet and federal troops. Rude as is this state of affairs, we should not deal too hardly on the citizens of either canton. The intrepid manner in which they defended the country from French aggression, shows that the spirit of Swiss patriotism was far from being extinguished amongst them.

But I must bring my observations to a conclusion. The steamer is arrived at the quay of Lucerne: the grey fleecy clouds have gathered on the summit of the proud Pilatus, and it is time to adjourn to our quarters for the evening.

* It is proper for me to mention that within these few years serious doubts have begun to be entertained in Germany respecting the truth of Tell's exploits. I am inclined to think that the history of the hero is founded in truth, but may have been greatly embellished by traditionary legend.

JOHNSON,

A STORY OF A COUNTRY TOWN.

THE small country town of H——, in which I reside, is a bustling, thriving, little place in the western part of the kingdom. Amongst other evidences of its prosperity, it exhibits an unusual number of respectable shops. Being a small community, we, like all small communities, take sometimes a very great interest in very little matters, especially when of a local nature. It is also said, and cannot well be denied, that we are a little given to scandal. We know what every body in our little town is about, and every body canvasses every other body's affairs with the greatest freedom. Yet the old-established inhabitants have a sort of clannish regard for each other, and we do not usually treat any with severity, except strangers who may be endeavouring to obtain a settlement amongst us.

Some years ago, one of our principal shopkeepers died in a state of insolvency, and his shop was shut up, to the great disfigurement of the town, as it occupied a very conspicuous place near its centre. Every one felt concerned at the dullness which its closed windows gave to the street; but the predominant feeling was curiosity as to who should be its next tenant. On this point a variety of rumours were set afloat. One day, it was confidently asserted that the shop was taken by a great tea-merchant from the capital; the next, an extensive haberdasher from an adjacent city was said to be the man. At length, a tenant did appear—a native of England—a mild, gentle-looking man, of somewhat slender form, and about forty years of age. Strange to say, nobody knew or could learn any thing about him; neither whence he came nor what were his means. It was only seen that he opened shop as a tea-merchant and grocer under the name of Johnson.

The public remained in this ignorance for a few weeks; but at length a rumour got abroad that Johnson was a person of doubtful character. By and by, specific charges were heard of. It was said that he had once committed an extensive forgery, and only escaped the penalty of the law through the forbearance of the parties whom he had injured. Another charge was, that he had deserted his wife and three children, who were now starving in a remote and obscure village in England. He was also said to be a fraudulent bankrupt, having robbed his creditors to a large amount. He was, lastly, a person destitute of religious principle.

I cannot say that we were much grieved at learning all this of the new comer, for we had a decided prejudice against him, and would have much preferred seeing his shop occupied by one of the native inhabitants of our burgh. Some went so far as to entertain a decided wish to drive Johnson from amongst us, and with this view did not scruple to give currency to the scandals which had been raised against him. The consequence of their efforts was that Johnson obtained no business. Three weeks elapsed from his opening shop, without his being known to have obtained a single customer except for the most trifling articles.

Curious to know how he felt under the treatment he was receiving, I and another shopkeeper availed ourselves of the opportunity presented by our undertaking to collect subscriptions for the widow (herself dying) and small family of a respectable townsman—a tanner to business—who had died suddenly, and in poor circumstances, in consequence of

certain heavy losses he had recently sustained. Provided with this apology—for we had no hope whatever of obtaining a contribution from Johnson—we entered his shop; my friend winking significantly to me as we did so. To our surprise, we were received with the utmost kindness of manner. We had expected blustering hauteur and insolence, from which my companion hoped to derive some amusement. But the very opposite conduct was exhibited, and I must say it threw us out. In order to draw him forth, we asked how he had found business since he came to H——; to which he replied, that he had as yet done nothing, but it was not surprising, as he was wholly a stranger, and no doubt it was natural for every one to prefer old acquaintances. He hoped, however, that, by and by, when the people should know him a little better, they would favour him with a share of their custom. "And," he added with a significant expression, but with the same gentle smile, and the same mild tone, "when the good folk here know me a little longer, and consequently a little better, they will, I hope, see cause to change the opinion they have formed of me, and will be sorry, I dare say, for having believed—still more sorry for having taken any share in propagating—the absurd stories about me that have been raised by falsehood and malice."

My friend and I were confounded both by the matter and manner of these remarks. We clearly enough perceived that Johnson was perfectly aware, not only of the reports that were in circulation against him, but of the share we had had in propagating them. We did not make any reply, but proceeded to the ostensible purpose of our call. We laid the subscription paper before Mr Johnson, at the same time explaining the circumstances of the case.

Having glanced at the paper, he, without saying a word, went to a little desk at the head of the counter, raised the lid, thrust in his hand, withdrew it, returned to us, and, still without speaking a word, laid a sovereign upon the subscription paper. It was the largest sum which had yet been contributed by any individual. "Poor woman," said Johnson, in a voice which, from another, I should have said was that of true compassionate feeling, "I trust she will yet recover; I hope she is properly attended to, and that the sum which may be collected will be sufficient to put her in some little way of doing."

With feelings which I should not find it very easy to describe, I took up Johnson's contribution, wished him good morning, and, accompanied by my friend, left the shop. The conduct of the man altogether puzzled us. The gentleness of his manner, and the patience and mildness with which he spoke of his want of success in business, and of those who had traduced him, confounded us. We came to the conclusion that he was, after all, merely a consummate hypocrite, and that there was no doubt he would shortly appear in his true colours.

One forenoon, some little time after, my neighbour, Manson, the person who had accompanied me in my call on Johnson with the subscription paper, and who had, I must say it, been particularly industrious in spreading the evil reports, called me into his shop, and put a letter into my hands. It was from Johnson. Here it is:—

"Sir—It is with very sincere regret I have learnt that you have been circulating reports highly prejudicial to my character, and utterly ruinous to my interests. This is a very serious charge; but I beg of you to understand, that I do not bring it against you without having sufficient proof of its truth. Such proof I could command as would at once obtain for me large damages in a court of justice. But it is not my intention to adopt such a course with you; I mean rather to appeal to your reason and your better feelings, and to try whether I cannot, by such a proceeding, bring you to a sense of the injustice you have done me.

I now, sir, make this appeal, and am very sure that a little reflection will point out to you the impropriety of your conduct towards me, and induce you at once to express your regret for it, and to desist from it in time to come. Please to remember, that I have never done *you* the smallest injury, either by word or deed, either directly or indirectly. Why, then, this unprovoked hostility towards me? Allow me, in conclusion, to say, that it would afford me inexpressible happiness could I by any means induce you to think better of me than you at present do. I would do much, sir, to gain your good will, if I might not aspire to your friendship. In the mean time, have the kindness to desist from further injuring me.—I am, Sir," &c.

"Well, Manson," said I, after having read the letter, "what do you think of it?"

"Why, that its writer is a mean-spirited, sneaking, canting fellow, and a most accomplished hypocrite," replied Manson.

"Then, upon my word," said I, "I cannot agree with you; neither can I help beginning to entertain a somewhat different opinion of this man. I now doubt the truth of much that has been said against him. I do not know how it is, but this unalterable gentleness of his has a strange effect on me; it is beginning to make me feel somewhat ashamed of myself as regards the part I have acted towards him. In truth, this mildness of spirit, with all its seeming inertness, appears to me to possess an extraordinary power. Had he given us bad language that day we called with the subscription paper, my prejudices would have been confirmed; but his suavity has completely disarmed me. What do you mean to do, Manson, with regard to that letter?"

"Why, to take no notice of it. I do not mean to answer it; I wish to have no correspondence with such a character."

About a week after this we had a subscription ball in H——, got up by some of our gayer and wealthier townsmen. Amongst those present were Johnson and his sister, a lady-like girl of about two-and-twenty, to whom, it was said, her brother was extremely kind and attentive. On this occasion, Johnson and his sister were treated with marked discourtesy on all hands. Some, as if studiously to insult them, turned their backs on them when they approached; others got out of their way with offensive haste; while others, again, sneered at them while they passed. I could observe that Miss Johnson felt keenly the treatment to which her brother and herself were subjected. She looked pale and agitated; and, occasionally, as a more than usually marked instance of disrespect occurred, a blush would hurry over her fine intelligent countenance. Johnson, again, though apparently not less sensible of the contumely to which he and his sister were exposed, met it differently; his demeanour, as he perambulated the ball room, with his sister leaning on his arm, was calm and collected, while a gentle and significant, but almost imperceptible, smile played about his rather handsome mouth. I really could not help admiring his calmness and self-possession under these trying circumstances.

Greatly struck by what had fallen under my observation, I could not help reflecting, as I went home, that surely he must be no common man who could thus maintain his temper under such trying circumstances; and I began to feel a friendship for him taking possession of me. Being now anxious to be convinced of his worth, I determined on stepping into his shop now and then, and having some conversation with him. Let me here parenthetically remark, that, in spite of the rumours that had been circulated against him, and in spite of the efforts of a clique to injure his business, or, rather, to prevent him obtaining any, Johnson was gradually acquiring a fair share of custom. His mildness and civility, together with the perfect propriety of his conduct, were gradually overcoming prejudice and winning confidence. People said, "As to the unfavourable reports of Mr Johnson's character, we must suspend judgment; we believed them at first, certainly, but now we have our doubts. Besides, his articles are, at least, as reasonable in price, and certainly much better in quality, than those of many dealers in town."

In pursuance of the resolution I had formed, I called a day or two after the ball on Mr Johnson, and sat for nearly two hours with him; fascinated at once by his singularly pleasant and gentle manners, by his great intelligence, and by the extraordinary extent and variety of his information. There was, even in the tones of his voice, a charm that I found exercising a powerful influence over me.

I frequently repeated my calls, and after each interview became more and more satisfied that Johnson had been grievously wronged. Under this impression, I took every opportunity of expressing amongst my friends and acquaintances my strong doubts of the truth of the reports. To my great gratification, I found almost every body, although they had no such opportunities of correcting their opinions, willing to believe that he had been unjustly dealt by.

By and by, Mr Johnson and I became so intimate, and I so assured of his innocence as regarded the special accusations which scandal had circulated against him, that I ventured, one day, to mention them to him. He said, calmly, "My dear sir, I knew from the very first of the circulation of these rumours, but, excepting one letter to Mr Manson, I have never made any attempt to meet them with a denial, being certain that my own conduct would be their only effectual refutation. Since you have adverted to the subject as a friend, I will explain all to you. As is often the case, these reports are not altogether creatures of any one's imagination, but have a certain basis in fact, though not as applicable to me." He then proceeded to show—proving at the same time the truth of what he said by various documents—that the forgery of which he had been accused, instead of being committed by him, had been committed *upon* him; and this by a nephew of his own, whom he had forborne to prosecute, although his loss by the act had exceeded L.2000. As to the desertion of wife and children, he also satisfied me, first, that he had never been married at all, nor ever had had any children; next, that the family alluded to was the widow and children of his brother, whom he was now supporting, and had supported for many years. He showed me a number of letters from the widow, who resided in a distant part of England, and several from her elder children, whom he was educating; all of which were filled with expressions of the warmest love and gratitude.

A letter which he next produced, and which he had but a day or two before received from the rector of Combermeath, his native parish, was written in an affectionate strain, and bore, in an incidental way, the strongest testimony to his moral and religious character.

"Now," said he, laughing, "we come to the last remaining charge—my fraudulent bankruptcy. Well, it is true, perfectly true, that I did stop payment about fifteen years since; chiefly in consequence of the forgery on me by my nephew, and partly in consequence of large losses otherwise. But success in business enabled me at a subsequent period to pay all my creditors in full, including interest. Of the satisfaction of my creditors with my conduct on the occasion of which I speak, I have evidence, inscribed, not indeed on a tablet of brass, but on a vessel or rather utensil of silver, which I will show you."

Having said this, he rose, went to a corner of the shop, and drew a bell-pull. His sister—there being an internal communication between the shop and the house which was above—answered the summons.

"Izzy, dear," said Johnson, "will you be so kind as bring down the salver which was presented to me by my good friends at Combermeath."

Miss Johnson quickly appeared with a large, massive, and richly ornamented piece of plate, which her brother desired her to put into my hands; directing my attention at the same time to an inscription in the centre. This inscription I read, and found it to be a flattering testimonial from Mr Johnson's creditors to the excellence of his character, and expressing their deep sense of his rare integrity, as exemplified in the circumstance of his having paid in full, and with interest, the several sums he owed them, after he had been legally discharged of the same.

Dear reader, the man of whom I have been speaking—the man who was so slandered and traduced when he first came amongst us—who was called every thing that was bad—who was shunned and despised—is now first magistrate of H——, and has long been esteemed, as he indeed is, one of the worthiest men in the county.

THE LIFE AND POETRY OF COLERIDGE.

FIRST ARTICLE.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born in 1772, at Ottery St Mary, in Devonshire; of which parish his father was vicar for many years, having been previously an eminent schoolmaster at South Moulton, and acknowledged to be a man of considerable learning. His scholarship was indeed evinced by several learned minor productions; while the extent of his household cares is equally evinced by the fact of our poet being the youngest of eleven children. His emoluments being by no means commensurate with his family, a presentation to Christ's Hospital in London was procured for his son Samuel, who, soon after his arrival at that school, distinguished himself by undeniable talent and undeniable eccentricity. In his Literary Biography (*Biographia Literaria*), our poet affords an excellent and amusing account of his schoolmaster (the Rev. James Bowyer), to whom he was materially indebted for a large amount of classical knowledge, imparted in a somewhat more earnest and scholar-like manner than is common with such autocratic functionaries as the head-masters of public schools. "Even before my fifteenth year," says Coleridge, "I had bewildered myself in metaphysics and theological controversy. Nothing else pleased me. History and particular facts lost all interest in my mind. Poetry (though for a school-boy of that age I was above par in English versification, &c.)—poetry itself, yea, novels and romances, became insipid to me." He preferred musing and discoursing

> "Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
> Fix'd fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute,"

to any other kind of occupation and research. "This preposterous pursuit was," says he, "beyond doubt, injurious, both to my natural powers and to the progress of my education. It would perhaps have been destructive, had it been continued; but from this I was auspiciously withdrawn, partly, indeed, by an accidental introduction to an amiable family; chiefly, however, by the genial influence of a style of poetry, so tender, and yet so manly, so natural and real, and yet so dignified and harmonious, as the sonnets, &c., of Mr Bowles. Well were it for me, perhaps, had I never relapsed into the same mental disease—if I had continued to pluck the flower and reap the harvest from the cultivated surface, instead of delving into the unwholesome quicksand mines of metaphysic depths." Coleridge has left a testimony of his gratitude to Mr Bowles in a sonnet included in his works; but his appreciation of the compositions of this bard was shown more strikingly in his making, "within less than a year and a half, more than forty transcriptions of them, as the best present I could offer to those who, in any way, won my regard."

Coleridge remained at Christ's Hospital school till he was nineteen; and having then outstripped all his schoolfellows, and become "captain," he was entitled to an exhibition (a species of partially gratuitous education) at Cambridge University. In 1791, he entered Jesus' College, Cambridge, where his conduct does not appear to have been academic, or regular, in so far as he could not submit to the discipline essential to obtain honours or even approbation. Not that he was without honours, but he could not drudge at mathematics sufficiently to qualify him to outvie men immeasurably his inferiors in other acquirements. Partly from freak, and partly from disappointment in love, he foolishly quitted Cambridge, when pecuniary supplies were as necessary to him as knowledge. Arriving in London, moneyless and spiritless, he wandered about the streets in a state of frenzied melancholy, in a strong fit of which he enlisted in the 15th Light

Dragoons, under the *alias* of "Cumberback," a name taken at the moment, as he himself tells us, from an idea of his unskilful horsemanship, and as a designation that his horse would have given him, had it possessed the power of language. The cause of his release from this servitude is variously related, but always as resulting from the accidental discovery of his learning. By some it is said that his character was discovered by his officer, upon reading a Latin line which Coleridge had scribbled in the stable, under his saddle. To whatever cause his discharge was owing, his loss was not severely felt by the army, for he never could rub down his horse, or ride it. In a tap-room at Reading, immediately after his return, were written the chief portion of his "Religious Musings," considered by Bowles the "most correct, sublime, chaste, and beautiful, of his poems."

At this period the French Revolution had inebriated most of the enthusiastic minds of Europe, and among others those of Coleridge, Mr Southey (the celebrated poet), and Mr R. Lovell, a young gentleman of some genius. They entertained a wild scheme of founding a kind of primitive society in the wilds of America, to be denominated "Pantisocracy," that is, an equality in every thing. On the banks of the Susquehannah were this worthy trio to found a colony that should realise all the conceptions of the golden age, without the aid of gold, for none of them had enough for himself, and the three together could not make up enough to pay the expenses of the voyage. Mr George Burnet, a student for the church, made a fourth associate. The four lingered at Bristol, displaying the advantages of the scheme, until the possibility of going at all became no longer questionable. The three poets married three sister graces of the unpoetical name of Fricker; Mr Southey quietly settled himself down as a law student at Gray's Inn; and Mr Coleridge and his wife departed to reside in a cottage at Clevedon, on the banks of the Severn, a few miles from Bristol.

A more suitable residence for a poet could not have been selected than Clevedon, although it has now become a fashionable watering-place for the Bristolians. Coleridge has a beautiful little poem composed here, commencing—

"My pensive Sara! thy soft cheek reclined
Thus on mine arm, most soothing sweet it is
To sit beside our cot—our cot o'ergrown
With white-flower'd jasmin, and the broad-leaved myrtle
(Meet emblems they of innocence and love!)
And watch the clouds, that late were rich with light,
Slow saddening round, and mark the star of eve,
Serenely brilliant (such should wisdom be),
Shine opposite! How exquisite the scents
Snatch'd from yon bean-field! and the world so hush'd!
The stilly murmur of the distant sea
Tells us of silence!"

It was the good fortune of the writer of this sketch to visit and enjoy the beauties of Clevedon in company with perhaps, in many respects, a greater than even Coleridge, and unquestionably a more useful man of genius—the late celebrated Rev. Robert Hall, probably the most powerful pulpit orator of any age. We frequently rode over the very scenery that had most probably inspired Coleridge; nor was the tongue of the living preacher less voluble and eloquent with matters of high moment than that of the deceased poet. But this is too interesting a topic for the writer to trust himself upon.

It must not be supposed that the cottage taken by our poet was an expensive tenement, for it does not appear that at the time he engaged it—at the rent of L.5 per annum—that it possessed more than the four bare walls, the roof, doors, and windows. With the aid, however, of friends and tradesmen, all essential decorations and appurtenances were provided; and as to his income, he informed a friend that he felt little solicitude at present upon that point, inasmuch as Mr Cottle, a bookseller at Bristol, had agreed to give him one guinea and a half for every hundred lines of rhyme or blank verse.

It was, we presume, about this period that Coleridge penned the following simply beautiful sonnet "To a friend who asked how I felt, when the nurse first presented my infant to me":—

Charles! my slow heart was only sad, when first
I scann'd that face of feeble infancy,
For dimly on my thoughtful spirit burst
All I had been and all my babe might be!
But when I saw it on its mother's arm,
And hanging at her bosom (she the while
Bent o'er its features with a tearful smile),
Then I was thrill'd and melted, and most warm
Impress'd a father's kiss; and all beguiled
Of dark remembrance and presageful fear,
I seem'd to see an angel's form appear.
'Twas even thine, beloved woman mild!
So for the mother's sake the child was dear,
And dearer was the mother for the child."

Notwithstanding the beauty of Clevedon, our poet speedily discovered that its situation was exceedingly disadvantageous in many respects, and chiefly in that of distance from libraries. He therefore returned to Bristol. Of this period of his life several interesting letters and notices are preserved in a volume of "Recollections," which his patron Mr Cottle has given to the world. It appears that Mr Cottle entertained the kindest wishes towards him, and sedulously endeavoured, by offers of liberal remuneration, to induce him to exert the noble powers which he possessed. But Coleridge entirely wanted the power of application, and lived in the world as if subsistence were to be obtained as it was in the golden age. The difficulty he experienced in fulfilling his engagements to Mr Cottle, produced some penitential and interesting letters, in the chief of which, dated Feb. 22, 1796, he says—"It is my duty and business to thank God for all his dispensations, and to believe them the best possible; but indeed I think I should have been more thankful if he had made me a journeyman shoemaker, instead of an author by trade. I have left my friends—I have left plenty," &c. . . . "So I am forced to write for bread!—write the flights of poetic enthusiasm, when every minute I am hearing a groan from my wife—groans, and complaints, and sickness! The present hour I am in a quickset of embarrassments, and whichever way I turn, a thorn runs into me! The future is a cloud and thick darkness! Poverty, perhaps, and the thin faces of them that want bread looking up to me," &c.

Yet he occasionally seemed disposed to make energetic efforts. It was about this time that he projected a fourpenny periodical paper, styled "The Watchman." Prospectuses were issued, headed as usual, "Knowledge is power." To secure a corps of subscribers, the author undertook a journey to beat them up in various midland towns. The journey was successful as far as regarded the securing of 1000 subscribers, and the display of his talents as a preacher. In some of the dissenters' chapels in these towns, he delivered discourses, which, by courtesy, might be styled sermons, but were in reality political harangues. The disposition of his mind at this time for the clerical profession may be judged from an entry in his note-book, where, after chronicling some very unspiritual proceedings on his own part, he adds—"N.B.—I preached yesterday!" "The Watchman," as might have been expected, was too dry for general readers, and died in the ninth number; many subscribers having discontinued it at the several intermediate numbers—one gentleman because "he did not find his boys improve much under it!"

After this abortive attempt, "I retired," says he, "to a cottage at Storvey (in Somersetshire), and provided for my scanty maintenance by writing verses for a London morning paper. I saw plainly that literature was not a profession by which I could expect to live; for I could not disguise from myself that, whatever my talents might or might not be in other respects, yet they were not of the sort that could enable me to become a popular writer." As a poet, however, he was better received by the public, for a second edition of an early published poetical volume was now called for, to which were added poems by Charles Lamb and Charles Lloyd.

In this or some similar volume appeared his most admired love poem, "Genevieve." Its simple beauty and exquisite pathos, in conjunction with its fame, induce us to give it entire.

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are all but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruin'd tower.

The moonshine stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She lean'd against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listen'd to my harp
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve!
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I play'd a soft and doleful air,
I sung an old and moving story—
An old rude song that fitted well
The ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace,
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he woo'd
The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined; and ah!
The low, the deep, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love
Interpreted my own.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
Which crazed this bold and lovely knight,
And that he cross'd the mountain woods,
Nor rested day or night;

But sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once,
In green and sunny glade,

There came and look'd him in the face,
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight!

And how, unknowing what he did,
He leap'd amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The lady of the land;

And how she wept and clasp'd his knees,
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain:

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest leaves
A dying man he lay;

His dying words—but when I reach'd
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturb'd her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrill'd my guileless Genevieve—
The music, and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng;
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherish'd long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blush'd with love and maiden shame;
And like the murmur of a dream
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved, she stept aside;
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She press'd me with a meek embrace,
And bending back her head, look'd up
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears; and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride!"

Nearly all the love poems of Coleridge display a peculiar pathos and classic purity. There is an unusual absence of extravagance and of license whenever he sings—to employ his own words—

"Of transient joys that ask no sting
From jealous fears, or coy denying;
But born beneath Love's brooding wing
And into tenderness soon dying,
Wheel out their giddy moment, then
Resign the soul to love again."

In 1798, Coleridge went to Shrewsbury to succeed Mr Rowe in preaching to an Unitarian congregation there. Here it was that Hazlitt (then young) became acquainted with him; and from Hazlitt's description of him, we are brought very nearly to the pleasure of an introduction to the poet without the formality of an annunciation of names and titles. "His complexion," according to this gentleman's account, "was at that time clear, and even bright. His forehead was broad and high, light as if built of ivory, with large projecting eyebrows, and his eyes rolling beneath them, like a sea, with darkened lustre. His mouth was gross, voluptuous, open, eloquent; his chin good-humoured and round; but his nose, the rudder of the face, the index of the will, was small, feeble, nothing like what he has done (that is, compared with his powers and intentions). In his person he was rather above the common size, inclining to the corpulent. His hair (now alas, grey!) was then black and glossy as the raven's, and fell in smooth masses over his forehead." From a portrait of him when young, which we have seen at Mr Cottle's house at Bristol, we would have said that he possessed at that time a particularly pleasing countenance.

His friends, the Messrs Wedgwood, munificently granted him an annuity (L.150 per annum) to enable him to devote himself to study; and in 1798, he visited Germany for this purpose. His friend, the poet Wordsworth, accompanied him, and on returning to England, left him to study at Gottingen. On his return from Germany, in 1800, he joined his friends, Wordsworth and Southey, then residing amongst the lakes of Cumberland. He now published his translation of Schiller's Wallenstein, which has been pronounced by an eminent critic to be the best translation in the English language. He was shortly after induced to undertake the conduct of the literary and political department of the *Morning Post* newspaper, in which duty he "wasted the prime and manhood of his intellect," according to the belief of his friends.

About this time Coleridge attempted, with Sheridan's countenance, to bring a tragedy upon the stage at Drury Lane. Of the merits of this piece we know nothing; but it is affirmed that at the rehearsal it was spoilt for the actors, by the inability of Sheridan to restrain what he thought a good jest. One scene represented a cave, with streams of water weeping down the sides; and the opening words were intended for a species of imitation of the sound, being "Drip, drip, drip!" Upon which Sheridan repeated aloud, "Drip, drip, drip!—why, bless my soul, there's nothing here but *dripping!*" The consequent chorus of laughter among his myrmidons was fatal to the piece.

In 1804, Coleridge visited Malta, of which Sir Alexander Ball was then governor. Sir Alexander being at that time in want of a secretary, and becoming pleased with Coleridge, appointed him to that office, with, it is said, a salary of L.800 per annum. At the best of times, few men could have been more unfit than our poet for office business; but it does not appear improbable that, at this period, he was indulging in the habit of opium-drinking. Be this as it may, he was secretary no longer than nine months, at the ex-

piration of which he left Malta and visited Italy, Mount Ætna, &c., and returned to England by way of Leghorn. His known political bias and writings had rendered his presence in those countries hazardous, and it was only by an amusing but strong instance of devotedness on the part of an unscrupulous captain, captivated by his discourse, that he obtained his passport. The captain *swore* that Coleridge was an old acquaintance of his whom he had taken as his steward; and upon inventing a circumstantial description of his life and residence, rescued the jeopardised man of letters.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

DISINTERESTEDNESS OF OPINION.

The Niger Expedition has signally failed. We have no wish to discuss the general subject, but there is one circumstance on which we would make a few remarks. Mr Jamieson, a Liverpool merchant, described as of "high character," gave a warning of the fate which the expedition was likely to meet. He was enabled to do so by his knowledge of the physical conditions of the country watered by the mouths of the Niger, this knowledge having been obtained in the course of conducting mercantile transactions in that country. The warning was disregarded, and Mr Jamieson was subjected, on account of it, to much vituperation by the promoters of the expedition, who professed to see in his opposition only interested views, conceiving that he might regard the proceedings of the Slavery-Extinction Society as likely to interfere with his own trade. Mr Jamieson, nevertheless, sent instructions to Mr Beecroft, the commander of a vessel belonging to him which traded about the mouths of the Niger, ordering that he should be ready to afford any assistance or relief that might be in his power, in the event of his predictions as to the expedition being fulfilled.

When the two last vessels of the expedition, the Wilberforce and Albert, were returning down the river in the greatest distress, conducted by the surgeon and naturalist, they were met at Eboe by Mr Beecroft, who had come in his little steamer in order to render them assistance. It is acknowledged that the unfortunate gentlemen on board the two vessels were at this time reduced nearly to despair, and that they would scarcely have been able to get to the open sea unassisted. Beecroft, in conformity with the instructions which he had received from Mr Jamieson, lent them all the aid in his power, and proved the means of rescuing them from the horrors of their situation.

This is a statement which speaks for itself on the main point, namely, the magnanimity of Mr Jamieson, to whom we conceive the universal approbation of his country to be due. But do we not also see in it the danger of too readily assuming that testimony must needs be false, when it comes from a party who may be presumed to have some interest in the view which he takes? It is generally, by common minds, thought quite decisive on such a point, when the person giving the testimony can be made out to have, by the barest possibility, a selfish reason for speaking as he does. Now, undoubtedly, many opinions are adopted for selfish reasons; but they are not always so. It often happens that the connexion of the person with the case is more that of experience or knowledge than that of interest. Many men are removed, by native integrity and the independence of their circumstances, above selfish considerations which would operate with others, and are able to give a correct opinion without regard to their interests. It is a great pity to lose all the benefit of testimony of this kind merely from blind adherence to a rule that where there is an interest there cannot be a true judgment. It may often happen, as in the case of Mr Jamieson, that very important evidence is thus lost, and that great evils come in consequence. It would surely be proper in such cases to use some cool discrimination as to the character of the person giving testimony, and allow it a weight in proportion to the presumed exemption of the party from the influences which are apt to bewray human opinion.

STATE OF THE STREETS OF LONDON.

Last summer, an article appeared in the Journal respecting the state of the streets of London, and the danger to public health from the defective arrangements for removing the refuse constantly accumulating in so large a city. This paper somehow offended a local feeling, which we could not have previously believed to exist in the metropolis; but we are glad to observe that what was combated when said by one living at a distance, has been repeated by metropolitan newspapers in such terms as confirm the truth of all that we advanced. The *Morning Herald* and *Times* have recently spoken of the streets as in a state thoroughly disgraceful to the first city in the world. The former paper (December 16, 1841) says:—"Nothing is so much required in London as improvement in the management of its streets. At present, the streets are cleaned by persons who pay for permission to do so, and who profit by the sale of the stuff they take away. This, assuredly, is a most mistaken plan; for the contractors naturally calculate, that, as the refuse is sure to come to them, it does not matter how long they allow it to lie; and the result is the keeping of the streets (more especially those in the districts inhabited exclusively by poor people) in a most odious if not pernicious state of uncleanliness. To remedy this disgraceful absurdity, what is to hinder the citizens of London from having their scavengerings done under the care of properly constituted committees of rate-payers, whose first object it should be to keep the city clean, and only the second to make money by the refuse?" The *Times* (January 1842) adverted to the quantities of mud allowed to accumulate in the principal thoroughfares, and the inadequacy of all the arrangements for cleaning the city. "At present," it said, "London is one of the dirtiest cities in Europe, although no other is so well supplied with water." We need scarcely remark, what a distressing confirmation of all these views was supplied a few years ago by the evidence of Dr Southwood Smith, Dr Arnott, and others, before a committee of the House of Commons.

None but the ignorant and thoughtless can regard this as merely a question of taste or convenience. The health of vast multitudes of people depends on it. Dirt, as well as war and famine, annually reckons its hordes of victims; and we thoroughly believe that nowhere is it more destructive than in the more densely peopled parts of London.

HISTORY OF WHEAT IN SCOTLAND.

The great improvements in agriculture during the last century, have resulted in giving us perhaps a too mean opinion of its condition in earlier times. We find, for instance, that, in some modern works, the cultivation of wheat is spoken of as having been quite a wonder in Scotland at no distant date. In the New Statistical Account of Scotland, there is a statement, repeated in M'Culloch's Dictionary of Commerce, that this crop was so little known in 1725, that a field of eight acres sown with it near Edinburgh in that year, was visited as a curiosity. There may be some foundation for this anecdote; but it is certainly false as conveying the idea that wheat was then a new and rare article of produce in our northern soil. We shall endeavour to make this good by a reference to documents of incontestible authority.

An agricultural report as to Mid-Lothian, in 1793, states the number of acres in this county under wheat to be from 7000 to 8000; but that towards the beginning of the century there could not be more than 1000 acres under wheat. The latter statement, we think, is probably under the truth; still it is very different from the eight-acre story.

We have next the fiars of our county, beginning in 1635, contracted into a table giving the average of every ten years. In this table we have the average of three kinds of each grain—highest, middle, and lowest. And there are five divisions in the table—1. Wheat; 2. Bere or barley; 3. Oats; 4. Oatmeal; 5. Peas. From which it clearly appears, that wheat was an ordinary article of produce in 1635, and it is rather curious that the average then was higher than it was a century later.

In 1663, the first corn act was passed in the Scottish parliament; by it wheat was allowed to be exported under 20s. sterling per boll; barley, 13s. 4d.; and oats and peas, 8s. 10d. In 1695, the first bounty was allowed on exportation, namely, 10 merks per chalder of 16 bolls.

Proceeding another century back, we come to the period before the Reformation in 1560, and here we are able to quote two or three rentals connected with the religious establishment of the country.

From "Grierson's Delineation of St Andrews," it appears that the last Catholic Archbishop made a return of his income as follows:—Wheat, 489 bolls; bere, 666; oats, 1072; and in money, L.2904, 7s. 2d. Scots, then valued about one-sixth of sterling, not one-twelfth as at present. In short, our primate must have had equal to about L.5000 sterling a-year. The rental of the priory of St Andrews, which some time before had been disconnected with the archbishopric, greatly exceeds the above, but the proportions are similar.

The Abbey of Holyrood was founded and endowed by David I. in 1128, for canons regular of St Augustine. Besides privileges of various kinds, the king gave them portions of land in different places. Before the Reformation, the annual revenues of the monastery were—442 bolls wheat, 640 bolls bere, 560 bolls oats, 500 capons, 2 dozen hens, 2 dozen salmon, 12 loads salt, besides a number of swine, and about L.250 sterling in money.

These rentals, the authenticity of which is unquestionable, appear to us to denote that the proportion of the cereals in our early agriculture was not greatly dissimilar to what it is in Lothian and Fife at the present time.

THE IRISH PIPERS.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

Those who minister to amusement are every where popular characters, and fully as much so in Ireland as other countries. Here, amongst the people at large, no sort of person is more kindly regarded than the wandering fiddler or piper, two classes of artists who may be said to have the whole business of keeping Paddy in good humour upon their shoulders. The piper is especially a favourite in the primitive provinces of Munster and Connaught. In Leinster they are not so common; and in the north may be described as rare, though I am not sure but that, for this very reason, they are as welcome in Ulster as in the other provinces, their notes producing an impression which is agreeable in proportion to its novelty.

Of course it is but natural that there should exist a striking resemblance between the respective habits and modes of life which characterise the fiddler and piper. For this reason, in describing the piper, I shall take leave to use the same terms which I lately employed in another place* in describing the fiddler, changing only the names of the instrument and the musician. "The piper is a being peculiarly free from care, especially if he be blind, which he generally is. His want of sight circumscribes his other wants, and, whilst it diminishes his enjoyments, not only renders him unconscious of their loss, but gives a greater zest to those that are left him, simple and innocent as they are. He is in truth a man whose lot is happily cast, and whose lines have fallen in pleasant places. The phase of life which is presented to him, and in which he moves, is one of innocent mirth and harmless enjoyment. Marriages, weddings, dances, and merry-makings of all descriptions, create the atmosphere of mirth and happiness which he ever breathes. With the dark designs, the crimes, and outrages of mankind, he has nothing to do, and his light spirit is never depressed by their influence. Indeed, he may be said with truth to pass through none but the festivals of life, to hear nothing but mirth, to feel nothing but kindness, and to communicate nothing but happiness to all around him. He is at once the source and the centre of all good and friendly feelings. By him the aged man forgets his years, and is agreeably cheated back into youth; the labourer snatches a pleasant moment from his toil, and is happy; the care-worn ceases to remember the anxieties that press him down; the boy is enraptured with delight, and the child is charmed with a pleasure that he feels to be wonderful.

Surely such a man is important, as filling up with enjoyment so many of the painful pauses in human misery. He is a thousand times better than a politician, and is a true philosopher without knowing it. Every man is his friend, unless it be a rival piper; and he is the friend of every man, with the same exception. Every house, too, every heart, and every hand, is open to him; he never knows what it is to want a bed, a dinner, or a shilling. And what more, it may be asked, can the cravings of a human heart desire!

And yet, alas! there is no condition of life without some remote or contingent sorrow. Many a scene have I witnessed, connected with this very subject, that would wring the tears out of any eye, and find a tender pulse in the hardest heart. It is indeed a melancholy alternative that devotes the poor sightless lad to an employment that is ultimately productive of so much happiness to himself and others. This alternative is seldom resorted to, unless when some poor child—perhaps a favourite—is deprived of sight by the terrible ravages of the small-pox. In life there is scarcely any thing more touching, than to witness in the innocent invalid the first effects, both upon himself and his parents, of this woeful privation. The utter helplessness of the pitiable darkling, and his total dependence upon those around him—his unacquaintance with the relative situation of all the places that were familiar to him—his tottering and timid step, and his affecting call of 'Mammy, where are you?' joined to the bitter consciousness on her part that the light of affection and innocence will never sparkle in those beloved eyes again—all this constitutes a scene of deep and bitter sorrow. When, however, the sense of his bereavement passes away, and the cherished child grows up to the proper age, pipes are procured for him by his parents, if they are able, and if not, a subscription is made up among their friends and neighbours to buy him them. All the family, with tears in their eyes, then kiss and take leave of him; and his mother, taking him by the hand, leads him, as had been previously arranged, to

* In a paper on Irish Fiddlers, contributed to the late excellent periodical entitled *The Irish Penny Journal*.

the best piper in the neighbourhood, with whom he is left as an apprentice. There is generally no fee required; but he is engaged to hand his master all the money he can make at dances, from the time he is proficient enough to play at them. Such is the simple process of putting a blind boy in the way of becoming acquainted with the science of melody."

In addition to this, it may be observed of the piper, that, although most of his associations are drawn from the habits of the people, in contradistinction to those of the higher classes, yet it is unquestionably true that he is strongly imbued with the lingering remains of that old feudal spirit which has now nearly departed from the country. Even although generally neglected by the gentry, and almost utterly overlooked by the nobility, yet it is a melancholy but beautiful trait of "the old feeling," which prompts him always to speak of them with respect and deference. He will admit, indeed, that there is a degeneration; that "the good ould stock is gone; and that the big house is not what it used to be, whin the square's father would bring him into the parlour before all the quality, and make him play his two favourite tunes of the *Fox-Hunther's Jig* and the *Hare in the Corn*. Instead o' that, the sorra ha'porth now will sarve them but a kind of musical coffin, that they call a pianna thirty, or forty, or something that way, that to hear it 'ud make a dog sthrike his father, if he didn't behave himself."

This is the utmost length to which he carries his censure, and even this is uttered "more in sorrow than in anger." On the contrary, nothing can be more amusing than the simple and complacent pride with which he informs his hearers that, "as he passed the big house, the young square brought him in—an' it's himself that knows what the good ould smack o' the pipes is, an' more betoken, so he ought—an' kind father for him to do so—it's the ould square himself that had the true Irish relish for them. I played him all his father's favourites, both in the light way and in the sorrowful. Whin I was done, he slipt five shillins into my hand. 'Take this,' said he, 'for the sake o' thim that's gone an' of the ould times.' He spoke low, an' in a hurry, as if his heart was *in* what he said; an' somehow I felt a tear on my cheek at the time; for it is a sorrowful thing to think how the blessed ould airs of our counthry—the only ones that go to the heart—are now so little known an' thought of, that a fashionable lady of the present day would feel ashamed to acknowledge them, or play them in company. Fareer gair!—it's a bad sign of the times, any how—may God mend them!"

The Irish piper, from the necessary monotony of his life, is generally a man of much simplicity of character—not, however, without a cast of humour, which is at once single-minded and shrewd. His little jealousies and heart-burnings—and he has his share—form the serious evils of his life; but it is remarkable that scarcely in a single instance are these indulged in at the expense of the fiddler, who is by no means looked upon as a rival. Not so his brother piper; for, in truth, the high and doughty spirit of competition by which they are animated, never passes out of their own class, but burns with heroic rage amongst themselves. The lengths to which this spirit has been frequently carried, are ludicrous almost beyond belief. The moment a piper's reputation is established on his beat, that moment commences his misery. Those from the neighbouring beats assail him by challenges that contain any thing but principles of harmony. Sometimes, it is true, they are cunning enough to come disguised to hear him; and if they imagine that a trial of skill is not likely to redound to their credit, they slink off without allowing any one, unless some particular confidant, to become cognisant of their secret.

These comical contests were, about forty or fifty years ago, much more frequent than they have been of late. In the good piperly old times, however, when the farmers of Ireland brewed their own beer, and had whisky for a shilling a-quart, the challenges, defeats, escapes, and pursuits, which took place between persons of this class, were rich in dramatic effect, and afforded great amusement to both the gentry and the people. I remember hearing the history of a chase, in which a piper named Sullivan pursued a rival for eighteen months through the whole province of Munster before he caught him, and all in order to ascertain, by a trial of skill, whether his antagonist was more entitled to have the epithet "great" prefixed to his name than he himself. It appears that the friends and admirers of the former were in the habit of calling him "the Great Piper Reillaghan," a circumstance which so completely roused the aspiring soul of his opponent, that he declared he would never rest, night or day, until he stripped him of the epithet "great" and transferred it to his own name. He was beaten, however, and that by a manœuvre of an extraordinary kind. Reillaghan offered to play against him while drunk—Sullivan to remain sober.

Sullivan, thrown off his guard, and anxious under *any* circumstances to be able to *boast* of a victory over such an antagonist, agreed, and was consequently overcome; the truth being, that his opponent, like Carolan on the harp, was never able properly to distinguish himself as a performer unless when under the inspiration of whisky.

Sullivan, not at all aware of the trick that the other had played upon him, of course took it for granted that, as he had stood no chance with Reillaghan when drunk, he must have a still less one in his sobriety; and the consequence was, that the next morning it was found he had taken leave in the course of the night.

There was, some years ago, playing in the taverns of Dublin, a blind piper named Talbot, whose performance was singularly powerful and beautiful. This man, though blind from his infancy, possessed mechanical genius of a high order, and surprisingly delicate and exact manipulation, not merely as a musician but as a mechanic. He used to perform in Ladly's Tavern in Capel Street, where he arrived every night about eight o'clock, and played till twelve, or, as the case might be, one. He was very social, and, when drawn out, possessed much genuine Irish humour and rich conversational powers. Sometimes, at a late period of the night, he was prevailed upon to attach himself to a particular party of pleasant fellows, who remained after the house was closed, to enjoy themselves at full swing. Then it was that Talbot shone, not merely as a companion but as a performer. The change in his style and manner of playing was extraordinary: the spirit, the power, humour, and pathos which he infused into his execution, were observed by every one; and when asked to account for so remarkable a change, his reply was, "My Irish heart is warmed; I'm not now playing for money, but to please myself."

"But could you not play as well during the evening, Talbot, if you wished, as you do now?"

"No, if you were to hang me. My heart must get warmed, and Irish—I must be as I am this minute."

This, indeed, was very significant, and strongly indicative of the same genius which distinguished Neil Gow, Carolan, and other eminent musicians.

Talbot, though blind, used to employ his leisure hours in tuning and stringing pianos, organs, and mending almost every description of musical instrument that could be named. His own pipes, which he called the "grand pipes," were at least eight feet long; and for beauty of appearance, richness, and delicacy of workmanship, surpassed any thing of the kind that could be witnessed; and when considered as the production of his own hands, were indeed entitled to be ranked as an extraordinary natural curiosity. Talbot played before George IV., and appeared at most of the London theatres, where his performances were received with the most enthusiastic applause. In person, Talbot was a large portly-looking man, red-faced, and good-looking, though strongly marked by traces of the small-pox. He always wore a blue coat, fully made, with gilt buttons, and had altogether the look of what we call in Ireland a well-dressed *badagh*,* or half-sir, which means a kind of gentleman-farmer.

His pipes, indeed, were a very wonderful instrument, or rather combination of instruments, being so complicated that no one could play upon them but himself. The tones which he brought out of them might be imagined to proceed from almost every instrument in an orchestra—now resembling the sweetest and most attenuated notes of the finest Cremona violin, and again the deep and solemn diapason of the organ. Like every Irish performer of talent that we have met, he always preferred the rich old songs and airs of Ireland to every other description of music; and when lit up into the enthusiasm of his profession and his love of country, has often deplored, with tears in his sightless eyes, the inroads which modern fashion had made, and was making, upon the good old spirit of the bygone times. Nearly the last words I ever heard from his lips were highly touching, and characteristic of the man as well as the musician: "If we forget our own old music," said he, "what is there to remember in its place?"—words, alas! which are equally fraught with melancholy and truth.

The man, however, who ought to sit as the true type and representative of the Irish piper, is he whose whole life is passed among the peasantry, with the exception of an occasional elevation to the lord's hall or the squire's parlour—who is equally conversant with the Irish and English languages—has neither wife nor child, house nor home, but circulates from one village or farm-house to another, carrying mirth, amusement, and a warm welcome, with him wherever he goes, and filling the hearts of the young with happiness and delight. The true Irish piper must wear a frieze coat, corduroy breeches, grey woollen stockings, smoke tobacco, drink whisky, and take snuff; for it is absolutely necessary, from his peculiar position among the people, that he should be a walking encyclopædia of Irish social usages. And so he generally is; for to the practice and cultivation of these the simple tenor of his inoffensive life is devoted.

The most perfect specimen of this class we ever were acquainted with, was a blind man known by the name of "Piper Gaynor." His beat extended through the county of Louth, and occasionally through those of Meath and Monaghan. Gaynor was precisely such a man as I have just described, both as to dress, a knowledge of English and Irish, and a thorough feeling of all those mellow old tints, which an incipient change in the spirit of Irish society threatened even *then* to obliterate. I have said he was blind, but, unlike Talbot's, his face was smooth; and his pale placid features, while playing on his pipes, were absolutely radiant with enthusiasm and genius. He was a widower, and had won one of the fairest and most modest girls in the rich agricultural county of Louth, in spite of the competition and rivalry of many wealthy and independent suitors. But no wonder; for who could hear his magic performances without at once surrendering the whole heart and feelings to the almost preternatural influence of this miraculous enchanter? Talbot?—no, no!—after hearing Gaynor, the very remembrance of the music which proceeded from the "grand pipes" was absolutely indifferent. And yet the pipes on which he played were the meanest in appearance you could imagine, and in point of size the smallest I ever saw. It is singular, however, but no less true, that we can scarcely name a celebrated Irish piper whose pipes were not known to be small, old-looking, greasy, and marked by the stains and dinges which indicate an indulgence in the habits of convivial life.

Many a distinguished piper have we heard, but never at all any whom we could think for a moment of comparing with Gaynor. Unlike Talbot, it mattered not when or where he played; his ravishing notes were still the same, for he possessed the power of utterly abstracting his whole spirit into his music, and any body who looked upon his pale and intellectual countenance, could perceive the lights and shadows of the Irish heart flit over it, with a change and rapidity which nothing but the soul of genius could command.

Gaynor, though comparatively unknown to any kind of fame but a local one, was yet not unknown to himself. In truth, though modest, humble, and unassuming in his manners, he possessed the true pride of genius. For instance, though willing to play in a respectable farmer's house for the amusement of the family, he never could be prevailed on to play at a *common dance;* and his reasons, which I have often heard him urge, were such as exhibit the spirit and intellect of the man. "*My* music," said he, "isn't for *the feet* or *the floor*, but for *the ear* and *the heart;* you'll get plinty of *foot pipers*, but I'm none o' them."

I will now give a brief sketch of the last evening I ever spent in his society; and as some of his observations bore slightly upon Scotch music, they may probably be perused with the more interest by my Caledonian readers.

He was seated, when I entered, at the spacious hearth of a wealthy farmer in the neighbourhood, surrounded by large chests, clean settles, and an ample dresser, whose well-scoured pewter reflected the dancing blaze of a huge turf-fire. The ruddy farmer and his comely wife were placed opposite to him, their family of sons and daughters in a wide circle at a due distance, whilst behind, on the settles, were the servant men and maids, with several of the neighbours, both young and old, some sitting on chairs, and others leaning against the dresser, the tables, and the meal-chests. Within the chimney-brace depended large sides and flitches of fat bacon, and dark smoke-dried junks of hung beef; presenting altogether that sensible manifestation of abundance, which gives such a cheerful sense of solid comfort to the inmates of a substantial farmer's house.

When I made my appearance in the kitchen, he was putting a tobacco-pipe into his mouth, but held it back for a moment, and exclaimed, "I ought to know *that* foot!"—after which he extended his hand, and asked me by name how I did. He then sat a while in silence—for such were his habits—and having "sucked his *doodeen*," as they say, he began to blow his bellows, and played *Scots wha hae*. When he had finished it, "Well, I observed, what a fine piece of martial music that is!"

"No, no," he replied, shaking his head, "there's more tears than blood in it. It's too sorrowful for war; play it as you will, it's not the thing to *rise* the heart, but to sink it."

"But what do you think, Gaynor, of the Scotch music in general?"

"Would you have me to spake ill of my own?" he replied, with a smile; "sure, they had it from uz."

"Well, even so; they have not made a bad use of it."

"God knows, they haven't," he replied; "the Scotch airs—many o' them—*is the very breath of the heart itself.*"

Even then I was much struck with the force of this expression; but I was too young fully to perceive either its truth or beauty. The conversation then became general, and he addressed himself with a great deal of *naïveté* to the youngsters, who began to banter him on the subject of a second wife.

"How can *dark* men choose a wife, Mr Gaynor?"

"God, avourneen, makes up in one sense what they want in another. 'Tis the ear, 'tis the ear!" continued he, with apparent emotion; "that's what will never desave you. It did not desave *me*, an' it never will desave any body—no, indeed!"

"Why, how do you prove that, Ned?"

"It isn't the song," continued Ned; "no, nor the laugh; for I *knewn* them that could sing like angels, and, to all appearance, were merry enough too, an' God forgive them, there was little but bittherness in them after all: but it's the every-day voice, aisy and natural; if there's sweetness in *that*, you may depind there's music in the heart it comes from; so that, as I said, childre, it's the ear that judges."

This, coming from a man who had not his sight, was, indeed, very characteristic; and we certainly believe that the observation contains a great deal of moral truth—at least Shakspeare was certainly of the same opinion.

* *Badagh* signifies a churl, and was originally applied as a word of offence to the English settlers. The offensive meaning, however, is not now *always* attached to it, although it often is.

"Now, childre," said he, "hadn't we betther have a dance, and afther that I'll play all your favourites. So now, childre, trim your heels for a dance. What's the world good for, if we don't take it aisy?"

After playing the old bard's exquisite air, the youngsters, myself among the rest, joined in the dance. The punch being then introduced, a happy night was spent in chat, music, rich old legends, and traditions, principally furnished by Gaynor himself; who, in addition to his many social and amusing qualities, possessed in a high degree the free and fluent powers peculiar to the old Irish senachie.

Such is a very feeble and imperfect sketch of the Irish piper, a character whom his countrymen love and respect, and in every instance treat with the kindness and cordiality due to a relation. Indeed, the musicians of Ireland are as harmless and inoffensive a class of persons as ever existed; and there can be no greater proof of this than the very striking fact, that, in the criminal statistics of the country, the name of an Irish piper or fiddler, &c., has scarcely, if ever, been known to appear.

Perhaps, in future numbers, I may endeavour to give some of the fine old legends which, in my early life, I heard from Gaynor's lips. If I do, they shall at least have the advantage of being authentic as to locality, as well as in fidelity to the circumstances and facts of the tradition which hands them down.

THE DAUGHTERS OF ENGLAND.

The proper place of women in society, the education requisite for them, and the occupations which best suit their powers and position, form subjects of inquiry confessedly increasing every day in interest and importance. Female poets, lecturers, and politicians, are now becoming quite ordinary characters in the civilised world; and the question is, whether this is to be regarded as matter for gratulation or for regret. On this point great diversities of opinion exist. It is well, at least, that it should be fully and fairly discussed. In a new volume entitled "The Daughters of England,"* from the pen of Mrs Ellis, authoress of "The Women of England," and other popular works, we have the subject treated in most of its bearings, as is partly indicated by the headings of her chapters —"Economy of Time," "Cleverness, Learning, Knowledge," "Music, Painting, Poetry," "Beauty, Health, and Temper," &c.

Alluding, of course, to women generally, and not to individuals, Mrs Ellis believes, what some of her more ambitious sisters do not believe, that the sex has a sphere of duty and action peculiarly its own. Interpreting the word *love* in a general and wide sense, she lays down the axiom that "to *love* is woman's *duty* —to *be beloved* her *reward*." At the same time, her standard of female amiability is a very high one, involving the possession of many qualities both of head and heart. The love of distinction, merely for its own sake, Mrs Ellis conceives, can seldom lead, in the case of woman, to the great end of life—happiness. We find her expressing herself strongly on the subject of female authorship, as if it were inconsistent with feminine delicacy, and attended with the unavoidable effect of separating a female from her own proper sphere in society; yet we cannot see how there should be any impropriety in a lady employing her pen in a moral and instructive literature, any more than in her exerting herself in any other walk of industry consistent with a modest course of life. We think we could point to a few instances in which ladies practise literature without any deterioration of their character as ornaments of the domestic circle; and we have little doubt that the present authoress is of their class.

Mrs Ellis unavoidably devotes a large share of attention to accomplishments, and we are glad to find her advocating the propriety of a few of these being sacrificed for the sake of solid and useful knowledge. Regarding science, our authoress says—"Women are too much accustomed to look at the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, with eyes that may almost literally be said not to see. An insect is to them a little troublesome thing, which flies or creeps; a flower is a petty ornament, with a sweet perfume; and a mine of coal or copper, something which they read about in their geography, as belonging to Newcastle or Wales. I do not say that their actual knowledge is thus limited; but that they are too much in the habit of regarding these portions of the creation as such, and no more.

Chemistry, too, is apt to be considered by young women as far too elaborate and masculine a study to engage their attention; and thus they are satisfied not only to go on through life unacquainted with those wonderful combinations and properties, which in some of the most familiar things would throw light upon their real nature and proper use, but also to remain unenlightened in that noblest school of knowledge, which teaches the sublime truth, that the wonder-working power of God has been employed upon all the familiar as well as the astonishing objects we perceive, and that the same power continues to be exemplified in their perpetual creation, their order, adaptation, and use.

Chiefly, however, would I recommend to the attention of youth, an intimate acquaintance with the nature and habits of the animal world. Here we may find a source of rational and delightful interest, which can never fail us, so long as a bird is heard to sing upon the trees, or a butterfly is seen to sport among the flowers.

I will not go the length of recommending to my young countrywomen to become collectors, either of animals or of insects; because, as in the case of translations from the best of ancient writers, this has already been done for them, better than they are likely to do it for themselves; and because I am not quite sure, that simply for own our amusement, and without any reference to serving the purpose of science, we have a right to make even a beetle struggle to death upon the point of a pin, or to crowd together boxes full of living creatures, who, in the agony of their pent-up sufferings, devour and destroy one another.

Happily for us, there are ably-written books on these subjects, from which we can learn more than from our own observation, and museums accessible to all, where different specimens of insects and other animals are so arranged as materially to assist in understanding their nature and classification; and far more congenial it surely must be to the heart and mind of woman, to read all which able and enlightened men have told us of this world of wonder, and then to go forth into the fields, and see the busy and beautiful creatures by which it is inhabited, sporting in the joyous freedom of nature, unharmed, and unsuspicious of harm. Yes, there is an acquaintance with the animal creation, which might be cultivated, so as to do good to the heart both of the child and the philosopher—an acquaintance which seems to absolve these helpless creatures from the curse of estrangement from their sovereign, man—an acquaintance which brings them near to us in all their natural peculiarities, their amazing instincts, and in the voiceless and otherwise unintelligible secrets of their mysterious existence."

Mrs Ellis then goes on eloquently to show how much pleasure is of necessity added to existence by even such a slight acquaintance with the sciences of natural history, botany, and geology, as enables one to recognise the commonest insects, flowers, and stones. In walking, the sight of these seems like the sight of familiar friends. Nor are public questions to be wholly overlooked by women, in Mrs Ellis's opinion. "I am perfectly aware that there are intricate questions brought before our senate, which it may require a masculine order of intellect fully to understand. But there are others which may and ought to engage the attention of every female mind, such as the extinction of slavery, the abolition of war in general, cruelty to animals, the punishment of death, temperance, and many more, on which neither to know nor to feel is almost equally disgraceful. I must again observe, it is by no means necessary that we should *talk much* on these subjects, even if we do understand them; but to listen attentively, and with real interest, when they are discussed by able and liberal-minded men, is an easy and agreeable method of enlarging our stock of valuable knowledge; and, by doing this when we are young, we shall go on with the tide of public events, so as to render ourselves intelligent companions in old age; and when the bloom of youth is gone, and even animal spirits decline, we shall have our conversation left, for the entertainment and the benefit of our friends."

Mrs Ellis has a chapter on Selfishness, the chief form of which in women is, according to her, "a habit of making self at once the centre and limit of every consideration, which habit is far from being incompatible with liberality in giving." With the following remarks we fully concur:—"It is highly important to begin early to think much of others, and to think of them kindly. We are all, when young, and especially those who believe themselves gifted with more than ordinary talent, tempted to think it both amusing and clever to find out the faults of others; and amongst the busy, the meddling, and the maliciously disposed, this habit does often unquestionably afford a more than lawful degree of amusement; while to her by whom it is indulged, it invariably proves in the end most destructive to genuine cheerfulness, good humour, and peace of mind; because its own nature being offensive, it raises up against her a host of enemies, by whom all that is wrong in her character is magnified, and all that is good is evil spoken of. At the same time, she will also find that this seeming cleverness is shared with the most vulgar-minded persons of both sexes and of every grade in society, because none are so low as to be incapable of seeing the faults of their neighbours.

Could such young satirists be convinced how much real enjoyment they sacrifice for the sake of awakening a momentary interest in their conversation, they would surely pause before the habit should have become so far confirmed, as to have repelled their nearest friends, and set them apart from all the social sympathies and sweet charities of life; for such is inevitably the consequence of persevering indulgence in this habit, but especially with such as possess no real talent for amusing satire, and who, in their futile attempts to attain the unenviable distinction of being satirical, ascend no farther than to acquire a habit of speaking spitefully. It is almost needless to say, that such women are seldom loved, and seldom sought, in cases where a sympathising friend or kind assistant is required. When such individuals are overtaken by affliction, they then feel how different a thing it is to have wounded and repelled, from what it is to have soothed and conciliated. Happy for them if they begin to feel this before it is too late."

Our authoress then traces some sad consequences from this "habit of trying to be striking and amusing in company, so that self may, by that means, be made an object of greater importance. In comparison," she adds, "with such behaviour, how beautiful is that of the simple-hearted young woman, who can be so absorbed in the conversation of others, as to forget that she has taken no part in it herself; but more especially admirable is the conduct of her, who looks only or chiefly for what is to be loved and commended in others, and who, though not insensible to the darker side of human nature, draws over it the veil of charity, because she considers all her fellow-creatures as heirs to the same sufferings and infirmities which she endures, yet as children of the same heavenly Father, and subject with herself to the same dispensation of mercy and forgiveness.

The habit of thinking perpetually of self is always accompanied by its just and necessary punishment—a more than ordinary share of wounded feeling. The reason is a very obvious one—that persons whose thoughts are usually thus engaged, are apt to suppose themselves the subject of general observation, and scarcely can a whisper be heard in the same room, but they immediately settle it in their own minds that they are the subject of injurious remark. They are also keenly alive to every slight—such as not being known or noticed when they are met, not being invited to visit their friends, and a thousand other acts of omission, which an unselfish disposition would kindly attribute to some other cause than intentional disrespect.

It is the result of selfishness, too, when we are so unreasonable as to expect that every body should love us; or when we are piqued and irritated when convinced that some, upon whom we have but little claim, do not. Surely so unfair a demand upon the goodwill of society might be cured by asking, Do we love every body, do justice to every body, and deserve to be loved by every body? For, until this is the case, what title have we to universal affection? It might also tend, in some degree, to equalise the balance of requirement in favour of self, if we would recollect that the faults we most dislike in others may all the while be less offensive to us than ours are to them; and that not only for all the actual faults, but even for the objectionable peculiarities which society puts up with in us, we owe a repayment, which can only be made in kindness and forbearance to others.

In the manners and appearance of persons accustomed to dwell much upon the slights they are subject to, and the injuries they receive from others, there is a restless uneasiness, and a tendency to groundless suspicion, as much at variance with peace of mind as with that charity which 'thinketh no evil.' Compare with such a state of mind and feeling the sunny calm which lives ever in the countenance of her who is at peace with all the human race; who finds in all, even the most humble, something either to admire or love; and who esteems whatever kindness she receives from others as more than her own merits would have entitled her to expect; and we see at once the advantage she enjoys over those with whom self is the subject of paramount interest."

We conclude with a few remarkably good observations on a point which we do not recollect ever before seeing treated:—"In order to act out the principles of integrity in all their dignity and all their purity, it is highly important that young women should begin in early life to entertain a scrupulous delicacy with regard to incurring pecuniary obligations; and especially never to throw themselves upon the politeness of gentlemen, to pay the minutest sum in the way of procuring for them gratification or indulgence. I do not say that they may not frequently be so circumstanced, as, with the utmost propriety, to receive such kindness from near relations, or even from elderly persons; but I speak of men in general, upon whom they have not the claim of kindred; and I have observed the carelessness with which some young ladies tax the politeness, nay, the purses of gentlemen, respecting which it would be difficult to say, whether it indicated most an absence of delicate feeling or an absence of integrity.

I am aware that, in many cases, this unsatisfactory kind of obligation is most difficult to avoid, and sometimes even impossible; yet a prompt and serious effort should always be made, and made in such a way that you shall clearly be understood to have both the wish and the power to pay your own expenses. If the wish is wanting, I can have nothing to say in so humiliating a case; but if you have not the means of defraying your own charges, it is plain that you have no right to enjoy your pleasures at the expense of another. There are, however, different ways of proposing to discharge such debts; and there is sometimes a hesitancy in the alternate advance and retreat of the fair lady's purse, which would require extraordinary willingness on the part of the gentleman, were his object to obtain a repayment of his own money.

It is the same in the settlement of all other debts. Delicacy ought seldom, if ever, to form a plea for their adjustment being neglected. Indeed, few persons feel their delicacy much wounded by having the right money paid to them at the right time, or, in other words, when it is due. The same remarks will apply to all giving of commissions. Never let such affairs stand on and on, for want of a suitable opportunity

* Fisher, Son, & Co., London.

for arranging their settlement; especially, never let the payment of a debt be longer delayed because it is evidently forgotten by the party to whom it is owing."

ADVENTURE OF THE SAMMONS.

In the year 1780, while the war was still vigorously prosecuted between Great Britain and her North American colonies, a number of remarkable and painful occurrences, arising out of this unhappy dispute, took place on the borders of Canada and the revolted districts. Among these events, the following, which is abridged by a writer in the North American Review from Stone's Life of Brandt, may convey to our readers an idea of the sufferings to which a people are exposed during a period of civil war:—

"Old Mr Sammons, with three sons and one or more daughters, lived upon the old Johnson estate, which had been sequestered. Sampson Sammons, the father, was a sturdy old Whig [American], and well known to the British commander, Sir John ——, whom he often talked with about the rebellion. His sons, Frederick, Jacob, and Thomas, the youngest eighteen at the time of which we write, were much of the same mind and body; young Sampsons, knotty and fearless. Sir John ——, knowing their characters, thought he would catch them alive, and take them to Canada; so he sent his Indians out of the way, and by good management, captured the whole race early in the morning, without a blow. The old man and his boys were at once bound, and marched off in the direction of Canada, though but a little way. That night, the youngest boy, by the aid of the wife of a British officer, managed to escape; and the next morning, the father, having procured an interview with the Tory chief, read him such a lecture upon the ingratitude of thus treating one who had formerly stood by him, and upon the iniquity of his conduct generally, that he too was set free, and a span of his horses returned to him. But Frederick and Jacob were less fortunate, and were taken to the fortress of Chamblee, just within Canada, between Lake Champlain and the St Lawrence. At that post there were about seventy prisoners, and not a very strong garrison; so that the first thing to which the young Sammons made up their minds was an escape. Finding, however, their fellow-captives indisposed to do any thing for themselves, Jacob and Frederick determined to act without the rest; and, accordingly, the first time they were taken out of the fort together, to assist in some common service, they sprung from the ranks, at a concerted signal, and 'put,' as the phrase is in the west. The guards, startled, and less fleet of foot, could not catch them; and though Jacob fell and sprained his ankle, he managed, under cover of the smoke produced by the gun-shots made at them, to hide himself in a clump of bushes, which his pursuers did not think of searching. It had been agreed previously between the brothers, that, in case of separation, they were to meet at a known spot at ten o'clock at night. Jacob, the lame one, mistook the hour, and having gone to the spot and not finding his brother there, he left it, with the intention of getting as far from the fort as possible before daylight, his accident making time especially important to him. He accordingly pushed up the western bank of the Sorel river towards Lake Champlain, intending to swim it just below the lake, and then find his way along the eastern shore. Various events, however, occurred to prevent his doing this; but, after running great risk, by putting himself within the power of a Tory, whose chief excellence seems to have been the possession of a most kind and fearless wife, he was so lucky as to find a canoe, of which he took charge, and in which he made good headway towards home, until, in one of the narrow passes of Champlain, the British fortifications, on both sides, forced him to leave his vessel and take to the woods again.

He was without shoes, food, or gun, and had to find his way to Albany, through an unknown wilderness, along the Vermont shore. For four days he lived on birch-bark. Then he caught a few fish, and managed also to secure a wild duck. The fish and duck he ate raw. Thus he laboured on during ten days. His feet, meanwhile, had become so badly cut, and so intolerably sore, that he could scarce crawl, and swarms of musquitoes made every moment of rest a moment of misery. While thus wretched and worn out, he was bitten upon the calf of the leg by a rattlesnake. And what did this young hero do, then? Yield and die? Not he. With one stroke of his jack-knife he laid his leg open, producing a plenteous flow of blood, and with another slew the poisonous reptile. And then came a day or two of such experience as few meet with in this life. Sammons, worn to a skeleton, with feet ragged from wear and tear—his leg wounded, and not a soul within twenty miles to help—lay there under the log where he had been bitten, a little fire burning by him, which he had kindled by the aid of a dry fungus, living on the rattlesnake which he had slain. He ate the heart and fat first, and felt strengthened by the repast. There he lay, under that log, for three days—patient and surgeon, sick man, hunter, cook, and nurse, all in one. On the third day his snake was nearly picked to the bones, and he was too weak to fetch wood to cook the remainder. Jacob made up his mind that death could not be postponed; and, having already shown how little division of labour was needed in such cases, determined to essay one more office, and with his knife proceeded to carve his epitaph on the log by his side. But God was not far off from that brave man. He fell asleep, and strength from unknown sources flowed into his limbs. On the fourth day he rose refreshed, and having made sandals of his hat and waistcoat, proceeded to hobble on his way once more, taking with him, as stores, the unconsumed portion of his snake. That night, again, he was comforted, being assured, by some means unknown to him, that he was near fellow-men. Rising with this faith, he struggled on till the afternoon, when he reached a house and was safe. It was the 28th of June 1780. Such were the fortunes of Jacob Sammons.

His brother Frederick was less fortunate. He had made many efforts, to no purpose, to find Jacob, who, when he fell, would not permit Frederick to stop and help him, and in seeking him had run many risks. At length he crossed the Sorel; killed an ox; made some jerked beef; and for seven days travelled along the eastern shore of the Champlain without ill luck. But on the morning of the eighth day he awoke sick; a pleurisy was upon him—a fever in his veins—pain in every limb. It began to rain also, and there he lay, this other young hero, not far from his brother, who at that very moment, in that very neighbourhood, was nursing his rattlesnake bite—there he lay, knowing not that any one was near him, for three days, on the earth, in the summer rain, and his blood all on fire. For three days, we say, he lay thus helpless. On the fourth day he was better, and tried to eat a little of his beef, but it was spoiled. He managed, however, to crawl to a frog-pond near by, put aside the green coating of the pool, and drank. He caught frogs, too, and feasted, though not a Frenchman in any of his tastes probably. There he lay, for fourteen days and nights; and having resigned all hope of life, he put up his hat upon a pole, so that it might be seen from the lake. It was seen by an enemy; and he was found senseless and speechless, and carried—shame on the human creature that bore him—back to his prison again. And not to his prison only, but to its darkest dungeon; and there, for fourteen months, in utter darkness, he lay in irons—in irons so heavy and so tight, that they ate into the flesh of his legs, so that the flesh came off to the bone. And for fifty-six years afterwards—for he was living in 1837, and may be living yet—the wounds then made did not heal. The British officer, whose heart enabled him, knowingly, to do this thing, was a captain in the 32d regiment. May God have mercy upon his soul.

But Frederick's adventures were not yet ended; for neither was his captivity over, nor his spirit broken. In November 1781, he, with others, was transferred to an island above Montreal, in the rapids of the St Lawrence. There, as a first step, he organised another plot for escape, which failed, and, as a second step, jumped, with a companion, from the island into the rapids of the great river. Our hero and his comrade swam for four miles through those rapids, navigating among the sharp rocks and fearful shoals with their best skill. Landing on the north side of the St Lawrence, they fought a club battle with a village-full of Canadian Frenchmen; conquered; killed a calf; and, seizing a canoe, tried to cross to the south side of the river. They were above the rapids of the Cedars, where no canoe can live long unguided, when their paddle broke in the mid-stream; and once more destruction seemed certain. A fallen tree, in the branches of which they caught, saved them, however; and, crossing the next day below the falls, they struck into the forest to seek the Hudson. For twelve more days they toiled on, living on roots, without shoes, without clothes, without hats, and reached Schenectady at last, in a plight that made Christian men give them a wide berth."

HUMBLE ORIGIN OF EMINENT LAWYERS.

To show what may be attained by honourable and persevering industry, we quote the following passages from an article in the Dublin Monthly Magazine for January, on the subject of modern statesmen:—

"It is curious how sensitive lawyers are concerning their origin. As they grow into eminence—partly from the connexions which they form, and partly from the prejudices which they imbibe with a legal education—they become aristocratic in their inclinations, and would fain persuade people that they are of the magnates of the land. Ask a successful lawyer any question rather than '*What* was your father?' The number of persons who have risen by the law from low fortunes, to the very highest places in the state, is extraordinary. The present Attorney-General of England (Sir F. Pollock) is the son of a saddler. The shop (known to sporting characters) at Charing-Cross, now kept by the Messrs Cuff, belonged to Pollock *père*, who disposed of his business to its present proprietors. The father of Sir William Follett (Solicitor-General) still keeps a timber-yard near Exeter. Sir John Williams, of the Queen's Bench in England, is the son of a Yorkshire horse-dealer. The Chancellor of Ireland (Sugden) is the son of a barber. It is only fair to say, that this profound lawyer glories in his origin. At the Cambridge election, when Lord Mounteagle beat him by a majority of twenty-eight, Sir Edward was assailed, while speaking from the hustings, with a cry from a Whig snarler, of 'Off! off! you barber's son!' Sir Edward, not at all disconcerted, said at once, 'The difference between the person who thus assails me and myself is simply this—had he been born the son of a barber, he would have remained in the same condition during all his life; I was born one, and have risen from that humble sphere.' When presiding some few years since at an operative Conservative society in Lambeth, he voluntarily alluded to his origin. Sir Edward was formerly clerk to Mr Groom, the conveyancer. His admission to the bar was opposed, on the ground that he had been a clerk; and the opposition would have been successful, but for the strenuous exertions of that amiable and most learned person, the late Francis Hargrave, who contended for his admission on the ground of the candidate's ability as displayed in his legal writings. The father of Mr Platt, Queen's Counsel, one of the most eminent of the English Common-Law bar, was a clerk to the late Lord Ellenborough. Baron Gurney's mother kept a small shop for political pamphlets. Mr Petersdorff's father was a furrier. Lord Kenyon, who was successively Attorney-General (under Lord Rockingham's second administration), a Baronet, and Master of the Rolls in 1784, and in 1788 Lord Chief-Justice of the Queen's Bench (in succession to the Earl of Mansfield), and who died worth £300,000, was clerk to an attorney. Lord Hardwicke (who was Attorney-General in the thirty-fourth year of his age), was son of an attorney at Dover, who, according to some persons, was hanged for forgery. Lord Eldon was son of a coal-fitter at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and his brother (afterwards Lord Stowell) borrowed forty pounds in order to enable him to go his first circuit. Lord Tenterden's father was a barber at Canterbury. Lord Langdale was formerly an accoucheur. Lord Campbell, and Serjeants Talfourd and Spankie, were formerly reporters on the Morning Chronicle."

THE ROMANCE OF EMIGRATION.

About three weeks since, a pretty and interesting young woman, with two fine children, of the ages of one and three years, called at the office of our city clerk, inquiring for the mayor. That officer was absent, but her sorrowful demeanour spoke so affectingly in her behalf, and although evidently in humble life, she seemed so intelligent and unassuming in her distress, that Mr Lacy, the clerk, was led to ask the cause of her trouble, when she told him her brief story. Her husband, she said, was named Evans, and left his native place, Brecknock, in Wales, a year ago, to seek a new home for his family in America, leaving them to follow when he should have found the desired spot, and earned the means to enable them to make the journey. He finally settled at Oakhill, Jackson County, in the southern part of the state of Ohio, where he worked industriously at his trade, that of a tailor, until he had laid by thirty dollars for the passage-money of his family. This amount he enclosed to his wife, with directions as to the best route to reach her destination, which would be *via* Liverpool and New York. She accordingly bade adieu to her birthplace, and started on her lone and distant voyage, cheered by the prospect of soon joining her husband in their new western home. On arriving at the nearest seaport on the coast, she was persuaded by the mercenary captain of a trading vessel that it would be much easier to go by way of Quebec, whither he was bound, and she therefore took passage with him. It was two long months before the tardy craft reached port; and during this time, her stock having been exhausted, she was compelled to purchase from the captain, at his own rates, a supply for the wants of herself and her children. The extortion to which her inexperience made her an easy prey, and the increased expenses of the inconvenient route she had ignorantly taken, left her without a shilling on her arrival at Buffalo. She was still five hundred miles from her journey's end, without a friend or acquaintance, truly a helpless stranger in a strange land, with her little children looking up to her for food. The energies of a woman's nature, so strikingly developed by necessity, did not leave her to despair. She obtained shelter for herself and her children in a cellar-room in the Trowbridge block, for which she had to pay five shillings a-week, and succeeded in procuring a little sewing from a clothing shop, which barely realised as much money as paid for their gloomy lodging and coarse and scanty fare. She wrote a letter to her husband, informing him of their arrival and destitute situation; but weeks wore away in cruel suspense, while she wrote again and again; and on the return of each post, learned, with a heavy heart, that it had brought no letter for her. At length her employer had no more work for her, and she was obliged to pledge articles of clothing to procure necessary food. This wretched resource now failed; several weeks' rent were due; and in her extremity she thought of applying to the mayor for advice and relief. The poor Welshwoman's simple statement touched the manly heart of Mr Lacy. He commenced a subscription; and Mr Williams, a countryman, a worthy mechanic residing here, with prompt philanthropy, took Mrs Evans and her little ones into his house, when a discovery that his guest was born within half a mile of the old home he left twenty years before, and the family histories she related, amply repaid the kind Welshman for his hospitality. Another honest Welshman soon cheered her with his greeting. Fifteen dollars, the sum necessary to send her to Oakhill, were soon raised, and Mrs Evans's passage was engaged on board the packet. But while hastening to redeem a shawl, which, during the preparations for the start, she recollected still lay on the pawnbroker's shelves, the boat cast off. Lamenting her disappointment, she turned round, and her husband stood before her. He had been in the city ten days in search of her; had boarded at the United States' Hotel, just over the low and squalid apartment in which his little family were staying—he comfortably lodged, and living upon the luxuries of a well-served table, while they were famishing only a few feet distant. It was a joyful meeting; the dollars were returned to the good subscribers; and the re-united and happy family took boat the next day for their western home. —*From the Buffalo Advertiser.*

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ENEMY-MAKERS.

THERE are some children who seem as if they could scarcely move a step without breaking or spoiling something. Whatever of a fragile nature they lift or handle, they are sure to let fall or knock over. Whatever they attempt to do, they do ill, so that it would have been far better let alone. If introduced into a garden, their feet find it quite impossible to keep off the parterres, and their fingers to abstain from plucking the flowers. In the parlour, they are perpetually raising unearthly screams from cats and dogs, on whose toes, tails, or feelings they have trampled, or setting up younger children than themselves into squalling fits, in consequence of pinches, cuffs, and bruises which they inflict—to all appearance unconsciously. Wherever they go, their course is marked, like that of a hurricane, by the wreck and disorder which they leave behind. An ill luck seems to attend them in all positions and all circumstances, and so many and so bitter are the complaints which they give rise to, that one at length almost pities even while suffering from them.

The enemy-makers are a class a good deal like this department of the juvenile world. I would define them as persons having an unfortunate aptitude, by word and deed, to give offence to their fellow-creatures, each of whom, so offended, becomes of course a deadly foe for life. Enemy-makers are often very meritorious persons. I have known them possessed of some of the most popular of the virtues, besides being clever and amusing. In their general conduct, and even in their general manners, there may be nothing exceptionable. But all this is of no avail against the leading peculiarity. Every now and then they commit some blunder or utter some speech, which throws one of their neighbours into irreconcilable hostility. This person becomes of course a focus or centre for the diffusion of unfavourable sentiments respecting the offender. He speaks ill himself, and engages as many of his friends to do likewise as possible. Thus, a single wry word will perhaps create a score of ill-speakers. It is needless to remark how these foci will at length become so numerous, as to absorb nearly the whole of the offender's neighbours, leaving him hardly one who is willing to keep on fair terms with him.

Lately visiting a friend in the country, I was much pleased with the intelligent, I might almost say brilliant, conversation of a gentleman who was asked to meet me at dinner. It seemed to me a piece of good fortune in the place, to have residing in it a man of a character so rarely met with out of great towns. I was surprised, however, in no small degree, when, afterwards conversing with various families, to find that my praises of this gentleman were not well received. In some instances, ladies faintly assented to them with a strained politeness; in others, met them with disdainful sneers and tossings of the head. One gentleman muttered something through his teeth, and another looked black in the face and said nothing. I met the man again, and liked him still better. He came and undertook to be my conductor through the curiosities of the district. We became great friends. It was incomprehensible how so pleasant and obliging a person should be unpopular. At length, I got a key to the mystery. My new acquaintance was an enemy-maker. He had, from a strange recklessness, allowed himself on various occasions to say sore things of sundry persons. He had treated one or two foolish and officious individuals with impatience, and allowed them to know what he thought of them. One after another, his neighbours had been thus offended by him, until there were only two or three who would receive him into their houses, or meet him any where else. His various agreeable qualities had been in a great measure lost to the circle in which he resided, and himself rendered a kind of Pariah, solely in consequence of a few trivial acts and a few trivial expressions.

It is not to be supposed that the enemy-maker is necessarily an unhappy man. Some may have their moments of regret for the unpopularity into which they have fallen; but generally they are quite at their ease on the subject. This is owing to the peculiar constitution of mind by which they become enemy-makers. The enemy-maker would be described by the phrenologist as a person with large self-esteem and small love of approbation; and such is at once a just and intelligible account of the leading features of his character. Perfectly satisfied about himself, he regards not what his neighbours may think of him. But the bulk of human beings are constituted differently, being liable to conceive great offence if they are not well thought of, or are treated disrespectfully. The enemy-maker, from his own want of this feeling, does not understand or sympathise with it. Himself insensible to both its agreeable and disagreeable affections, he acts very much as if there were no such thing in nature. Hence it is that he is so liable at every turn to come disagreeably across one person or another. But this defect of feeling makes him at the same time able to endure with equanimity the consequences of his unlucky tricks. He may sometimes be surprised at a cool reception from one whom he took for a friend, and think it rather odd that he has not got an invitation from some particular family for a twelvemonth; but he is not apt to be much or long discomposed by such circumstances, every thing being made up to him by the satisfaction which he habitually feels with himself.

It is nevertheless a great misfortune to be an enemy-maker, and it would be well for any person who has a tendency to become one, to put himself on his guard against it by the means which his intellect supplies, thus bringing one part of his mental constitution to compensate for the defects of another. Let him be fully aware that, though he feels independent of the approbation of his fellow-creatures, and cannot imagine how any one should be otherwise, most are in reality otherwise, and therefore conceive great offence when this sentiment of theirs is wounded. Let it be deeply impressed upon him that, in his intercourse with other parties, the most shining qualities will fail to maintain their attachment or respect, if he does not act delicately with regard to their *amour propre*. Here the flatterer may give him a lesson, if not an example. It is daily seen that a man of many bad qualities will keep a fair place in society by making himself agreeable to every body. Just as certainly will the most worthy man fail to do so, if he has a habit of putting his neighbours ill at ease with themselves by biting and undervaluing speeches.

> "What care I how fair she be,
> If she is not fair to me?"

old Wither sings; and such is the very process of ideas which leads to the enemy-maker being so much scouted. There is nothing more common in literary circles or coteries, than to hear some writer of reputation denied every good attribute, or at least allowed the very faintest praise; the cause, when examined, proving to be that this writer has dropped a contemptuous, and probably unjust, expression respecting some favourite member of their set. A single offensive sentence blinds them to his whole merits. In like manner, I have known a first-rate wit lose all character as such with one who had laughed a thousand times at his jokes, on his happening in one unlucky moment to give way to a jest, of which that person was the subject. From that moment, what had formerly been all very lively and amusing became intolerably low and coarse. In fact, the bulk of mankind are affected in their judgments of individuals, to a very great extent, by considerations affecting themselves; and if there be one particle of uneasiness in their own hearts about any one, it is sufficient to depress a saint into a hypocrite, and a philosopher into a fool. How often is merit denied where there is no knowledge of the person whatever, merely because his circumstances excite a little envy! Much more, of course, may this disagreeable affection be excited, if a positive offence be offered. If the enemy-maker would take these things into serious consideration, and endeavour to act with some degree of caution, he might train his judgment to keep him comparatively free of trouble, notwithstanding that he remained unconscious as before of the nature of the wounds which it is his unfortunate tendency to inflict.

Enemy-making sometimes, but comparatively infrequently, arises from a certain want of self-control, rendering it impossible for the party to abstain from saying some smart thing, or acting upon some favourite plan. This is a most unfortunate variety of the tribe, for they are not necessarily insensible to the effects of their delinquencies. A joke—perhaps merely a whimsical association of a couple of words—occurs to their minds, and, though the alienation of a friend, and much consequent vexation, is the certain consequence, they can no more restrain themselves than can the sot when his fatal beverage is placed before him. They take a fancy for doing a particular thing, or following a certain course, probably of quite an indifferent nature, and, though it is sure to cause a swarm of hornets to come about their ears, they are equally incapable of abstaining from it. They always repent afterwards, but generally to little other purpose than to deepen the regret which they feel for their imprudence. To this class I would say, consider what a word or an action is. It may appear a passing thing of a moment, but yet carry the seeds of the events of future years. Let no one think a word a light or insubstantial matter. Words are things, as much as if they had the weight of lead or gold. While a word can express the ideas of one mind, and raise ideas and excite to actions in another, it can never be justly held as mere breath, as common thinkers are ready to term it. Let words, then, be used with caution. Retain an offensive one, as you would abstain from shooting a poisoned arrow at a multitude. Upon the shutting of the lips may depend the comfort of many days to come. Why, then, oh why should they, in such a case, be opened?

The late Sir Walter Scott was remarkable for the example which he held up to all men, but particularly to his literary brethren, with regard to enemy-making. In his personal conduct, and in the numerous productions of his pen, he was singularly void of offence. He was not a bitter speaker; he answered all men civilly; he bore with his bores like an angel. Then, as he himself tells us, he had early seen the absurdity of such a course as that of Dryden and Pope, who made all their inferiors their bitter enemies, in consequence of satirising them, thus exposing themselves to an incessant storm of petty malice, which could not but be a source of constant torment to them. Scott wrote despitefully of no man, and, when any silly attack was made upon him, he took no notice, but let it "hum and buzz itself asleep." By this policy, he got through

life with more kind regard from his fellow-men than ever before, perhaps, befell one who attained such eminence. We become particularly sensible how admirable his conduct was in this respect, when we contrast it with the paltry viperousnesses which some eminent literary men ever and anon allow to escape them, as if to show how compatible the best talents are with false taste and an essentially mean and vulgar nature. Enemy-makers of all kinds might be directed to study the character of Scott, as a lesson calculated to be of the greatest benefit in their peculiar case.

After all, in as far as it may be impossible to effect a complete cure of the enemy-maker, I would call for his being regarded a little more gently by the world. He is an unfortunate being, whether as naturally defective in tact or self-control. Then his unlucky escapades expose him to so much inevitable obloquy, and act so injuriously, in most instances, on his fortune. Upon the whole, he is a more fit object of pity than of blame. When any ordinary person of the world experiences a shock from an enemy-maker, let him consider what an unhappy thing it is to have a tendency to act so as to excite hostility; let him reflect how fortunate he himself is in being free from such a peculiarity; and he will be disposed not so much to resent as to forgive.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF COLERIDGE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

At what precise period opium-drinking acquired a mastery over Coleridge it does not seem possible to determine, as he sedulously kept the matter secret from his friends. Mr Cottle, one of his oldest friends, did not become aware of his giving way to this habit till 1814, on which occasion he addressed to him an affectionate remonstrance, to which a reply of the most touchingly despondent character was sent by the delinquent. It was not a matter of doubt that at this period he drank from one pint a-day to two quarts of laudanum per week. On one occasion he was reported to have taken, within the twenty-four hours, one whole quart of laudanum. This exceeds the quantity taken by that literary impostor Psalmanazar, or, indeed, any other opium-consumer upon record. The following letter to Mr Wade of Bristol, dated June 1814, is most melancholy, but instructive, as evincing how absolute is the slavery of such a passion.

"Dear Sir—For I am unworthy to call any good man friend, much less you, whose hospitality and love I have abused; accept, however, my entreaties for your forgiveness and your prayers.

Conceive a poor, miserable wretch, who for many years has been attempting to beat off pain by a constant recurrence to the vice that reproduces it. Conceive a spirit in hell, employed in tracing out for others the road to that heaven from which his crimes exclude him. In short, conceive whatever is most wretched, helpless, and hopeless, and you will form as tolerable a notion of my state as it is possible for a good man to have.

I used to think the text in St James, that 'he who offended in one point, offends in all,' very harsh; but I now feel the awful, the tremendous truth of it. In the one crime of Opium, what crime have I not made myself guilty of! Ingratitude to my Maker; and to my benefactors—injustice; and *unnatural cruelty to my poor children*; self-contempt for my repeated promise—breach, nay, too often actual falsehood. After my death, I earnestly entreat that a full and unqualified narration of my wretchedness, and of its guilty cause, may be made public, that at least some little good may be effected by the direful example.

May God Almighty bless you, and have mercy on your still affectionate, and in his heart grateful,

S. T. Coleridge."

About this period he was in great distress for money, notwithstanding that his regular expenses were not great, and that several friends were generous to him, Mr De Quincey giving him a present of L.300, and Dr Fox of Bristol one of L.50, while the pension of the munificent Wedgwoods was still continued. He declares in a letter that, if he had L.200 clear in his possession, he would put himself into a private asylum for lunatics, in order to be cured of his fatal love of opium, his will being of no avail in the case. Could there be a more affecting illustration of the dismal nature of this indulgence? It is gratifying to reflect that Coleridge ultimately was emancipated from its thraldom.

In 1808, he was invited, most probably through the intervention of his friend, Sir Humphry Davy, to deliver a course of lectures, at the Royal Institution in London, on poetry and the fine arts. He received for the course 100 guineas; but he was often a delinquent upon lecture days, and it was not merely once that a whole line of the carriages of the families of the gentry were reversed in their course up Albemarle Street by the first arrived receiving the intelligence of Mr Coleridge's "sudden indisposition." Indisposition it certainly was on the lecturer's part—but not of the nature of ill health. Haply some friend had broken in upon his preparatory hours, and, in that case, it is most probable that the friend received the lecture in his own person, while the true audience were riding back disappointed to their residences. Sir Humphry Davy at this time remarked, that he feared Coleridge's want of punctuality would always prevent his emergence from difficulties. Some of the lectures actually delivered were uttered in tones so uncaptivating, and with a listlessness so repulsive to uninitiated auditors, that we cannot be surprised that the lecturer did not become a general favourite. Yet for this position, and for these subjects of criticism, there is no doubt that Coleridge was naturally better adapted than for the author's desk. It is probable that opium-drinking thus early was exercising its baneful influence upon him. We believe that a very eminent short-hand writer was employed to take down these delivered lectures, and that he found the task to be impracticable; not from incapacity for his duty, but, as he is said to have expressed it, the impossibility of catching Mr Coleridge's *flow* of words. Most other speakers he could almost precede when they had uttered half of a sentence, because practice had enabled him to form a tolerable conception of the style of the conclusion of the period. But Mr Coleridge was so unlike all other speakers, and so full of ever-startling thought, that the conclusion of his sentences was quite as novel and unexpected as the commencement

On June 1, 1809, appeared No. 1 of "The Friend." This was a single-sheet periodical, projected by our author, and published by him at Keswick when resident at Grassmere in Westmoreland. A more injudicious plan and place of publication could perhaps scarcely have been devised by the most perverse ingenuity. Its appearance was too frequently irregular as to date of publication, and its rambling character unattractive. After the publication of twenty-eight numbers, it was given up; though afterwards, in happier times, enlarged, almost rewritten, and reprinted in three volumes. In "The Friend" appeared some of Coleridge's attempts at a system of political philosophy, but in so unconnected and irregular a form as rather to perplex than enlighten as to his entire views on this subject. Both in mental and political philosophy, Coleridge has declared that his object was to overthrow the ascendancy of Locke and Paley. How far he might have succeeded in this attempt, had more auspicious circumstances fostered his endeavours, we can only conjecture; certainly the efforts he actually made fell far short of the object.

In "The Friend," Coleridge thus spoke of the improvement of the human race:—"A whole generation may appear even to sleep, or may be exasperated with rage—they that compose it tearing each other to pieces with more than brutal fury. It is enough for complacency and hope, that scattered and solitary minds are always labouring somewhere in the service of truth and virtue; and that by the sleep of the multitude the energy of the multitude may be prepared; and that by the fury of the people, the chains of the people may be broken." He proceeds to unfold the high requirements for the successful exercise of intellectual powers, and adds—"Are we then to despond—to retire from all contest—and to reconcile ourselves at once to cares without generous hope, and to efforts in which there is no more moral life than that which is found in the business and labour of the unaspiring many? No!—but if the inquiry have not been on just grounds satisfactorily answered, we may refer confidently our youth to that nature of which he deems himself an enthusiastic follower, and one who wishes to continue no less faithful and enthusiastic. We would tell him that there are paths which he has not trodden; recesses which he has not penetrated; that there is a beauty which he has not seen, a pathos which he has not felt, a sublimity to which he hath not been raised. If he have trembled because there has occasionally taken place in him a lapse of which he is conscious; if he foresee open or secret attacks, which he has had intimations that he will neither be strong enough to resist, nor watchful enough to elude, let him not hastily ascribe this weakness, this deficiency, and the painful apprehensions accompanying them, in any degree to the virtues or noble qualities with which youth by nature is furnished; but let him first be assured, before he looks about for the means of attaining the insight, the discriminating powers, and confirmed wisdom of manhood, that his soul has more to demand of the appropriate excellencies of youth than youth has yet supplied to it; that the evil under which he labours is not a superabundance of the instincts and the animating spirits of that age, but a falling short or a failure. But what can he gain from this admonition? He cannot recall past time; he cannot begin his journey afresh; he cannot untwist the links by which, in no undelightful harmony, images and sentiments are wedded in his mind. Granted that the sacred light of childhood is, and must be, for him no more than a remembrance. He may, notwithstanding, be remanded to nature; and with trustworthy hopes, founded less upon his sentient than upon his intellectual being—to nature, not as leading on insensibly to the society of reason; but to reason and will, as leading back to the wisdom of nature. A reversion, in this order accomplished, will bring reformation and timely support; and the two powers of reason and nature, thus reciprocally teacher and taught, may advance together in a track to which there is no limit."

It was in "The Friend," too, that the fine "Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouny" was published. Of this hymn, which consists of an apostrophe to Mont Blanc, we annex the greater portion:—

"Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous black jagged rocks,
For ever shattered, and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam!
And who commanded (and the silence came)
Here let the billows stiffen and have rest!

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven,
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at you feet?
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer; and let the ice plains echo—God!
God! sing ye meadow streams with gladsome voice!
Ye pine groves with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder—God!
Ye living flowers, that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element—
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!"

In the year 1816, Coleridge published his poem entitled "Christabel," which is in fact an unfinished and unfinishable romance of a mystic nature. Of a similar character was a ballad entitled the "Ancient Mariner," published amongst his earlier poems. There is a remarkable instance of alteration in the value of literary property connected with this ballad. It appeared originally in a small volume of ballads composed in very simple language, and partly after the model of the old English ballads. Most of them, with the exception of the "Ancient Mariner," were from the pen of Mr Wordsworth. The volume was loudly assailed with a burst of ridicule, amidst which it sunk out of public notice. The publisher of these ballads in their original form, in disposing of his copyrights to the Messrs Longman, found the copyright of this volume valued at "nothing." Upon his request it was willingly returned to him at this value, and by him given to Mr Wordsworth at the same. At the present period, perhaps, no portion of Mr Wordsworth's poems have been more fully appreciated, being by numerous readers as loudly applauded as they were once derided. Moreover, the "Ancient Mariner," to the unintelligibility of which Mr Wordsworth principally attributed the failure of this volume, has now become one of the most admired of Coleridge's minor poems.

During the years 1816, 1817, and 1818, were published several of our author's works, the chief of which were, "The Statesman's Manual; or, the Bible the Best Guide to Political Skill and Foresight;" and the "Biographia Literaria," a rambling but exceedingly interesting volume, before noticed, a large portion of which is devoted to the critical development of the theory of poetic phraseology, in connexion with Mr Wordsworth's poems. In 1825, appeared "Aids to Reflection, in the Formation of a Manly Character, on the Several Grounds of Prudence, Morality, and Religion," &c. This work, which is mainly of a religious character, and based upon the author's distinctions between reason and understanding, has been more popular than might have been expected from its philosophical character. We have now the third edition in our hands, with a preface by an American gentleman, from an American edition.

The last work, we believe, published by Coleridge himself, was a small volume sent forth in 1830, "On the Constitution of the Church and State, according to the idea of each," &c.

It would appear, from the list of works that he has left as almost ready for the press, that his greatest performances were never delivered to the eyes of the public. In this list there are named four works on poetry and philosophy, "of which," says he, "I have already the *written* materials and contents, requiring

only to be put together," &c. None of these have, however, been brought forward by his friends. The greatest disappointment has been excited in reference to what he calls his "great work" upon philosophy in relation to Christianity, to the preparation of which he himself tells us that he devoted twenty years of his life, and to which he considered all his other prose writings as only preparatory. He could probably have spoken the matter of this work in his private conversations, but he had not advanced far in preparing it for the press, and it is thus lost to us. Such of his posthumous works as have already been given to the public (and they are probably all that could or should be given) consist of mere scraps, often not very intelligible, but upon the whole valuable.

Coleridge's mind was eminently projective. He *proposed* to write more works than most persons would read in a lifetime. Some of them were of vast import and labour, and a few were actually in progress; but it is quite a safe assertion that he seriously projected much more than he ever could have lived to complete at his rate of performance. In fact, he was known as a man who could never be relied upon to fulfil any engagement. When advertised to deliver lectures, he was the first to propose excuses for absence on several of the appointed days; nor could he be expected to complete his promised periodical publications, if any friend should unfortunately drop in and engage him in discourse upon the subject in hand. These circumstances, together with his unaccommodating and often offensive manners, render it not so remarkable that he was always poor, as that he found so many friends. As soon as he repulsed one of these, he seemed to gain another, in a remarkable manner, and this continued till the end of his life. Perhaps no man ever lived who might be held up so suitably as an example to be imitated in some points and shunned in others—to be admired and reprobated—loved and disregarded. That so little of what he has done, and what he has left, seems to realise, to any thing like its full extent, what is known of his powers, may prove an instructive chapter to posterity—to great equally with common minds. To the first it enforces the important truth that the highest intellectual powers, undirected by well-regulated habits of thought and action, will neither bring worldly happiness to their possessor nor secure him hereafter an enviable fame—while it tells the more humbly-gifted that a vigilant and well-directed exercise of their powers may bring them not only happiness, but secure them a place in the grateful hearts of thousands.

For the last nineteen years of Coleridge's life he lived in serenity and comfort in the house of a friend at Highgate Grove, near London, lecturing sometimes at public institutions, and writing various scraps of poetry and prose, but chiefly displaying the extraordinary powers of his mind, in a kind of self-sustained conversation, which he would pour out for hours at a time to a circle of admirers, astonishing all by the rich store of thought which he seemed to have at command. For many years before his death he was subject to acute sufferings of body and melancholy lassitude, but he contemplated his end with undisturbed serenity, and much of child-like piety. The last four lines of an epitaph which he wrote for himself are—

> "That he who many a year, with toil of breath,
> Found death in life, may here find life in death!
> Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame—
> He ask'd, and hoped through Christ. Do thou the same."

He expired on the 25th of July 1834, and on the 2d of August was privately buried at Highgate New Church, where a handsome marble tablet has been placed by his Highgate friends, graved with a beautiful inscription to his memory.

In the above sketch, it is obvious that we could merely permit ourselves to glance at the most generally interesting features in the life and writings of Coleridge. Any thing approaching to a detailed appreciation of Coleridge's literary character and attainments, cannot be attempted in a popular miscellany like the present. The outline of his life, which we have here presented, may indicate, in a small degree, what he attempted. But of his metaphysics, which occupied so large a share of his contemplation and conversation, it would be injudicious here to attempt an explanation. They frequently transcend our grasp, and, we really believe, not seldom transcended his own. He had no system that was definable, and no practical result that was aimed at. He has been accused, latterly, of borrowing largely from the Germans in this department, although we think somewhat unjustly, at least as to extent. We confess he borrowed the groundwork of his speculations from them—that is, the starting posts for his intellectual excursions—but this he has acknowledged.

The thread of the life of Coleridge is so indistinctly manifested by the literary remains and letters, &c., that have been published, that we have found the greatest difficulty in preserving the appearance of consecutiveness in this brief sketch. If our readers should feel a desire to know how he succeeded in bringing up and educating his family, we confess that we have been unable to discover any clue to the answer. It may, however, be unknown to some, that one son is now a judge, another a bishop, and a third a poet. The will of Coleridge is, though pleasingly affectionate, somewhat amusing, inasmuch as it is a specimen of a wordy bequeathment of next to nothing—nothing in pecuniary value. To kindred and friends he apportioned his various books and manuscripts, with a solemnity ill according with their value, except as mere testimonials of affection.

THE PLACE AND THE MARRIAGE.

ALTERED FROM A FRENCH FEUILLETON.

Four travellers occupied the interior of the diligence passing betwixt Bordeaux and Paris. The customary call of the conductor, on leaving the former place, made out their names to be M. Dufour and Mademoiselle Amenaide Dufour, M. Raymond, and M. Bernard. The first of these was a man of fifty, with the air of a respectable, wealthy, good-natured merchant, and the lady, his daughter, was a very pretty and interesting girl of eighteen. The other two were young men, seemingly about thirty years of age, and were both of them favourable specimens, in looks and manner, of the educated classes of society. After the first few moments, M. Dufour opened up a conversation, taking, with wonted stage-coach caution, the weather as his subject; and by his address to M. Bernard, it became apparent that they were acquainted. However, though the discourse grew more general and more interesting in its cast, the reader will learn more of some of the parties by an account of a conversation betwixt the two young men, when they descended for a time to relax their limbs by walking.

After offering his companion a cigar, Raymond remarked, "I am going to Paris to solicit a provincial place, which I am almost certain of obtaining. No one yet knows of the vacancy, and no one is even likely to know for some short time." The other was also so far open in speech. "I will confess to you that it is Mademoiselle Amenaide who takes me now to Paris. They are going for the Carnival and Lent amusements. I met them in the country, and, though not an accepted suitor, I have not discovered any rival as yet." "The place is lucrative, and there is little to do—six thousand francs a-year," said Raymond. "A very charming girl," continued Bernard, "with a dowry of a hundred thousand francs, and twenty thousand livres a-year in prospect." Thus did the two young men keep up the fire on both sides, until it was time to return to the vehicle and its other passengers.

It was somewhat odd that both the young men threw themselves into the corner of the diligence, and seemed alike disposed to silence after their return. The fact was, that M. Bernard was busied in mental cogitation on a point newly started to him. "A married man has need of a place, to give him consideration in the world," thought he; "and, as I am so very far below the Dufours in fortune, this place of six thousand francs a-year would help in every way to ensure me against rejection." Raymond had formerly been too much absorbed with meditations on his place to look much at Amenaide. "What a charming-looking girl!" he now said, as he glanced at her; "he is not accepted, and she really may not like him; oh! how nicely such a wife and my place would suit." The consequence of Bernard's reflections was, that he set himself with art and diligence to draw out of Raymond the particulars relative to the vacant office, and secretly noted down the whole. Raymond, on the other hand, took up what was in itself a natural and pleasing task. He applied himself to the duty of playing the courteous cavalier to Mademoiselle Dufour. He soon noticed, however, that his chances of success seemed to be small. Bernard appeared to be respected by the father, and to stand reasonably well in the graces of the daughter. Raymond's good sense also satisfied him that they were not people to change friends for mere change's sake, and that, even if Amenaide was not prepossessed, he, a stranger in Paris, would have very little chance with Bernard, who was thoroughly fitted to be their daily cicerone there.

After three days' travel, the party reached Paris, where the carnival or public masquerades, held during the holidays preceding Lent, were then in full blow. M. Dufour went to lodge in a respectable hotel. Bernard did not think it proper to go to the same abode, but accompanied Raymond to a neighbouring hotel. When they had got installed, "I hope you do not intend," says Bernard, "to spend your first days in business, in place of going about with us, and satisfying your curiosity in this new scene?" "I should like it of all things," answered Raymond; "but you must remember that my business will not allow of being deferred." "I think you said that you conceived yourself sure of some considerable advantage as to time," said Bernard; "you will take a week's amusement at least?" "I cannot," replied the other; "that would compromise all." "Two or three days, then," said Bernard; "to-morrow, at all events, M. Dufour and Amenaide count upon you to walk and dine with them." "I did not hear them say so." "They charged me with the invitation; you cannot disappoint them." Raymond, who was too easy in disposition, could not resist the wily arguments of his companion, and said, "Well, since I might disappoint others, pleasure be it for to-morrow, at least!"

On the morrow, the two young men accordingly accompanied the Dufours to the Museum. Bernard there directed them along the gallery of the Louvre; and, under the pretext of some little business, left them, recommending them to devote a quarter of an hour to each picture, "as he had often done." He was absent three hours. In that time he had seen friends, had put in operation various manœuvres, and had made applications, all as Raymond had revealed his intent to do. In the mean time, Bernard was safe as regarded Amenaide, for, though the lady seemed very little chagrined by his absence, the honest Raymond had no intention of supplanting a suitor really favoured by her. After dinner, the party went to one of the theatres. Having afterwards seen M. Dufour and his daughter home, Bernard without much difficulty induced Raymond both to visit a café-table and a masquerade-ball at the opera. The inexperienced young provincialist paid a heavy penalty for these indulgences. While his wily friend escaped uninjured, Raymond was incapable of stirring from his pillow all the following day. Of this time Bernard made the best account, stirring actively to get the vacant place for himself. Raymond recovered somewhat from his sufferings, and rose in the evening; but though his perfidious friend tried to wile him abroad by a billet in a female hand, making a fictitious appointment at the masquerade balls, the young man had the good sense to keep his chamber, that he might ensure no neglect of business on the morrow.

Next morning, accordingly, Raymond remarked to Bernard when they met, "Paris has many temptations. Hitherto I have been feeble, but now will I turn to business in reality." "Pooh!" said Bernard, afraid of a premature discovery, "what is the hurry?" "I will delay not a moment longer in making my applications." "Well, then, you must at least breakfast first, as those to whom you are going will also do; and, as I have engaged some other friends to breakfast with me this morning, come with me." Raymond saw no danger in a breakfast. However, it proved otherwise. One of the young men whom he met at the table took an occasion rudely to contradict him, and seemed desirous, in short, to fasten a quarrel upon him. Raymond was any thing but quarrelsome, yet no young man of common spirit could have borne tamely the insults given to him, and he made such retorts as brought on a challenge. According to the horrid customs of modern Paris, an immediate adjournment of the whole party to the wood of Vincennes took place, and, almost ere Raymond could reflect seriously on his position, his hand was armed against a fellow-creature. The same hand was raised mechanically by the bewildered young man, but still the aim proved deadly. His opponent fell. The others rushed up, and the instant cry of all was, "He is dead!"

"Unhappy chance!" cried Bernard; "fly, fly, Raymond! The laws are now most severe on the duellist; fly to the country instantly. I will conceal myself here in a secure retreat, and communicate with you when the danger is over." The agitated Raymond returned accordingly to his hotel, to make arrangements for flight. Here, however, he met M. Dufour, who had come to ask for him, and the poor youth told the old merchant all. "Flight is the worst step possible, my poor boy," said Dufour; "it is like owning to the whole fault. I would advise you simply to conceal yourself for a short time. You may then appear or not as things are likely to turn out." "But where can I take refuge?" said Raymond; "I know no one here." "Come with me," said the good merchant; "my own private apartment shall be your hiding-place for a day or two." Raymond was but too happy to accept of the proposition, and in the chamber of the old merchant he did find a refuge. When they were fully informed of the rude and cruel manner in which he had been hurried into the late affair, he had the satisfaction of receiving sympathy both from Amenaide and her father.

After a consultation, M. Dufour went out on the following day, to make inquiries cautiously on the subject of the duel. To his surprise, he found that neither the police, nor the newspapers, nor the public, appeared to have the slightest knowledge of any such event. Another inquiry, at his own suggestion, M. Dufour also made. This was an inquiry at the office, where Raymond had intended to apply for the provincial post which was vacant. Here the startling information met him, that for the last three days, a M. Bernard, from Bordeaux, had been actively canvassing for the post, and was likely to procure it. M. Dufour went home bewildered. He then first communicated to Raymond and Amenaide the fact of the total silence existing as to the duel. Raymond started up. "Oh! thank Heaven!" he cried; "he may have recovered—I may be no shedder of blood." When Dufour proceeded to relate what had passed at the office, however, a different feeling found its way into the young man's mind. He sat thoughtfully for a few minutes. His face flushed, and he said, "I am no murderer, but I am a dupe. Pardon me," he continued, "I cannot now disclose to *you*, at least, my suspicions." But the suspicions of both M. Dufour and Amenaide were now also aroused, and, at their pressing request, he stated that, on looking back on all that had passed—on reflecting on his communications to Bernard, on the engagements and delays which had been forced on him by the latter, and on the circumstances of the duel—he suspected that deep treachery had been practised against him. "The man who has been guilty of it shall never be my son-in-law," cried Dufour. "The man who has been guilty of it shall never call me wife," said Amenaide, with even more emphasis. Raymond looked at her, and his look called up a blush.

Raymond was so fully convinced of the perfidy of

Bernard, that he proposed to go out himself, and make inquiries. "No, my dear boy," said Dufour, "there is a possibility, though a slight one, that the duel may have been no pretext. The truth will soon come to light. For the post, let it go; it may be made up." The last words had an amazingly and mysteriously strong effect on Raymond. He remained within doors, and from the long and seemingly interesting conversations which he held with Amenaide, it is probable that he found not the time heavy on his hands. This state of things came to a close with the appearance, on the second day, of M. Bernard. His face was joyful when he met M. Dufour; that of the latter was grave.

"The affair is arranged, then?" said the old merchant. "What affair do you speak of?" asked Bernard. "The duel of Raymond, certainly," was the reply. Bernard had probably hoped that this matter, or at least the details of it, would never reach the ears of the Dufours. He coloured slightly, as he replied, "Bah! it was all nonsense—a jest which his simplicity led some wags to play off upon him. His opponent was never hurt. But see, M. Dufour; while the silly fool has run away into exile, I have been prudent enough to secure his proposed place. And now, I think I may venture to ask your daughter's hand without delay."

"And I refuse my hand," said Amenaide, entering from the open door of another room, leaning on the arm of Raymond. "You, sir, have treacherously abused this gentleman's confidence; you artfully forced his inexperience and good nature into delays to take advantage of them; and you finally conspired with accomplices to remove him from your path. It was here, happily, that he found a refuge. For what you have done you have your chosen reward. M. Raymond here receives my hand in recompense, the sole condition attached to it being that he leaves you to the punishment which your own selfishness will attach to your reflections on the subject."

ENGLISH POPULAR FESTIVALS.

GOOD FRIDAY.

Good Friday,* as the presumed anniversary of the day of the Crucifixion, has for ages been solemnly observed throughout Christian Europe, the only exceptions being in Presbyterian countries, such as Scotland. In Catholic times, the observances of the day in England were of the same character with those which are still maintained in many parts of the Continent. It is still a solemn festival of the Church of England, and the only one besides Christmas which is honoured by a general suspension of business. Strict church-of-England people abstain from any kind of animal food, even from cream to tea; such, we are informed by Boswell, was the custom of Dr Johnson.† The churches are well attended, and it is considered proper to appear there in black clothes.

The religious usages of old times were generally more remarkable for the earnestness which prompted them than for their rationality or good taste. One of those appropriate to Good Friday appears in modern eyes of an unusually grotesque character. The priests took an image of the crucifix, which they carried with doleful hymns round the altar. Then stripping the figure of its coat, they laid it down before the steps of the altar, upon Turkey carpets, and with pillows to support the head. They and the people then crept along the ground in succession towards the crucifix, where they kissed the feet of the image, with marks of the greatest tenderness and devotion, many shedding tears. This was called "Creeping to the Cross." An old book containing the ceremonials observed by the English monarchs, directs the usher to lay a carpet on this day for the king "to creepe to the crosse upon." The queen and her ladies were also to creep to the cross. On the same day, the king hallowed rings to be distributed amongst the people, as a preservative against cramp and falling sickness. This was a custom which took its rise in the supposed virtue of a ring which had been given by King Edward I. to a poor person who asked him alms for the love of St John the Evangelist, and which, having found its way to Palestine, was afterwards brought back to the king by some persons returning from that country. On account of the healing power believed to reside in it, it was kept for centuries in Westminster Abbey with great veneration; and the king was presumed to be able to impart its virtue to other rings, by means of the ceremony of consecration. These were called cramp-rings, and received and sent abroad with an implicit faith in their power to cure fits. In some parts of England, the common people are still found to put some faith in what they call cramp-rings.

Another of the strange religious rites practised on Good Friday was a representation of the burial of Christ. A figure representing the dead Christ, wrapt in grave clothes, was carried along amidst the acclamations of the people, who knelt and beat their breasts before it, and deposited in a receptacle designed to represent the sepulchre, where it was allowed to rest till Easter day. The service called *Tenebrae* [that is, darkness], which is still practised at Rome, appears to be a modification of this custom. Upon a triangular frame, fifteen candles are arranged, seven yellow ones at each side, and a white one at the top. The fourteen yellow candles represent the eleven apostles, the Virgin Mary, and the women that were with her at the crucifixion; the white one at the top represents Christ. Fourteen psalms are sung, and at the end of each one of the yellow candles is put out. Then, the light on the altar being extinguished, the white candle is taken down and hid under the altar. The putting out of the fourteen candles denotes the flight or mourning of the apostles and women, and the hiding of the white candle denotes that Christ is in the sepulchre. Then a noise is made by beating the desks and shuffling with feet, to represent the earthquake and the splitting of the rocks. In St Peter's church, on this day, the hundred lights usually kept burning on St Peter's tomb are extinguished, and an illuminated cross is suspended under the dome, where it appears as if self-supported.

Eggs and apples are curiously connected with Good Friday. A Protestant writer in Elizabeth's time notes the Popish custom of "creeping to the cross with eggs and apples." Probably they were used as offerings. Another writer, of the same age, says that the Roman Catholics, on Good Friday, "offered unto Christ egges and bacon, to be in his favour till Easter day was past." "To holde forth the cross for egges on Good Friday," occurs among the Catholic customs censured by John Ball, a Protestant writer, in 1554. A French writer of a later age speaks of a custom of preserving all eggs laid on Good Friday, as good for extinguishing fires into which they may be thrown. In England, no kind of eatable but one, soon to be adverted to, remains in association with the day. We find that, in the time of the civil war, the puritan severity relaxed itself on this day upon a principle of contradiction. A "zealous brother" is thus described in 1631:—"He is an Antipos to all churchgovernment; when she fasts, he feasts: Good Friday is his Shrove Tuesday. He commends this notable carnal caveat to his family—Eat flesh upon days prohibited, it is good against Popery."

In old times, Good Friday was distinguished in London by a sermon preached at *Paul's Cross* (a wooden pulpit mounted on stone steps, and surmounted by a cross, which stood till the time of the civil war, in the open air, near the north-east corner of St Paul's Cathedral). The sermon was generally on the subject of Christ's passion. Connected with it, two or three others were preached on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, in Easter week, at the Spital in Spitalfields, where the Lord Mayor and all the most eminent persons in London generally attended. The "Spital sermons" are still kept up, but take place in St Bride's Church.

The eatable above alluded to is the famous Hot Cross Bun. All England still eats hot cross buns on Good Friday. These are small cakes, slightly spiced, sometimes of a round shape, and sometimes long and tapering at both ends, but always marked on the top with an indentation in the form of a cross. In London, as well as in almost every other considerable town in England, the first sound heard on the morning of Good Friday is the cry of "Hot Cross Buns!" uttered by great numbers of people of an humble order, who parade the streets with baskets containing a plentiful stock of the article, wrapped up in flannel and linen to keep it warm. The cry, which is rather musical, is strictly—

> Hot cross buns—
> One a-penny, buns—two a-penny, buns;
> One a-penny, two a-penny—hot cross buns!

Hucksters of all kinds, and many persons who attempt no traffic at any other time, enter into the business of supplying buns on Good Friday morning. They make a stir on the streets, which lasts till church time, and it is resumed in the afternoon. About a century ago, there was a baker's shop at Chelsea, so famous for its manufacture of excellent buns, that crowds of waiting customers clustered under its porch during a great part of the day. The buns were brought up from the oven on small black tin trays, and so given out to the people. The king himself had stopped at the door to purchase hot cross buns, and hence the shop took the name of the Royal Bun-House. As always happens in London when any thing original and successful is struck out, the royal bun-house soon obtained a rival, and was obliged to advertise as the Old Original Royal Bun-House. The wars of these two houses, like those of York and Lancaster, have long since been hushed to rest, and we find it stated in a recent work* that neither of them is now distinguished for this article above the other bakers' shops of Chelsea.

Hot cross buns appear to be identical with the small consecrated loaves which are distributed by the church in Catholic countries to those who, from any impediment, could not obtain the host. These loaves are made of the dough whence the host is taken, are marked with a cross, and are kissed before they are eaten. It is remarkable that the bread of the Greeks was marked by a cross on the upper surface, and that they gave such loaves as offerings to the gods, under a name which in the accusative case is βουν (boun). The prophet Jeremiah also speaks of cakes used in Pagan worship. Two small loaves, marked with a cross on the top, were found in Herculaneum.

EASTER SUNDAY.

Easter (from the Saxon *oster*, rising, referring to the Resurrection) is observed with much ceremonial, not only throughout Catholic Europe, and in the countries where the Greek church is established, but in Turkey and the Mahommedan countries along the coast of Africa. The festival is an engraftment upon the Jewish Passover, the name of which (*pascha*) is still applied to it in almost every country besides England. The Catholic observances of Easter are of an elaborate character. At Rome, the Pope is carried in state to perform high mass in St Peter's, from the balcony of which he afterwards blesses the people assembled in the piazza below—perhaps one of the most imposing religious spectacles which the world any where presents. In England, before the Reformation, the Catholic observances of Easter were as fully enacted as in any other country. Early in the morning, a sort of theatrical representation of the Resurrection was performed in the churches, the priests coming to the little sepulchre where, on Good Friday, they had deposited the host, which they now brought forth with great rejoicings, as emblematical of the rising of the Saviour. In the course of the day, the clergy had a game at ball in the church, a custom of which it is now difficult to believe that it ever could have existed. A ball being brought in, the dean began a chant suited to Easter day, and then, taking the ball in his left hand, commenced a dance to the tune, others of the priests dancing round, hand in hand. At intervals, the ball was handed or tossed by the dean to each of the choristers, the organ playing music appropriate to their various antics, until it was time to give over, and retire to take refreshment.

At present, in large seats of population, Easter Sunday is distinguished by little besides the few peculiarities of the service, and the custom of going to church in attire as gay as possible. But in rural districts there still exist a few vestiges of old superstitions and customs connected with the day. It was once a general belief, and probably still is so in a few out-of-the-way places, that on Easter morning the sun danced or played immediately after his rising. People rose early and went into the fields to see this supposed phenomenon. Suckling, in his ballad on a wedding, alludes to it—

> "But, Dick, she dances such a way,
> No sun upon an Easter day
> Is half so fine a sight."

And Sir Thomas Browne, in denying it in his "Vulgar Errors," uses language which shows how intertwined with religious feeling the notion had become—"We shall not, I hope," says he, "disparage the resurrection of our Redeemer, if we say the sun doth not dance on Easter day." In some places, it was considered necessary, in order to realise this spectacle, to go to the brink of a fountain, and observe the reflection of the sun upon its surface, which of course would reduce the miracle to a natural fact. On Easter day, it was customary to adorn the churches with flowers, and there was in some places a custom called Clipping the Church, which was thus acted. The children came one after another to church, where they arranged themselves with their backs against the walls on the outside, taking hold of each other's hands, until so many were assembled that they formed a complete cincture round the exterior of the building—the people looking on, and shouting joyfully.

The viands appropriate to Easter day in the old times were, first and above all, eggs, then bacon, tansy pudding, and bread and cheese. The origin of the connexion of eggs with Easter is lost in the mists of remote antiquity. They are as rife this day in Russia as in England. There it is customary to go about with a quantity, and to give one to each friend one meets, saying, "Jesus Christ is risen," to which the other replies, "Yes, he is risen," or, "It is so of a truth." The Pope formerly blessed eggs to be distributed throughout the Christian world for use on Easter day. In Germany, instead of the egg itself, the people offer a print of it, with some lines inscribed. Formerly, the King of England had hundreds prepared to give to his household: in a roll of the expenses of Edward I., there occurs, in the accounts of Easter Sunday, in the eighteenth year of his reign, "Four hundred and a half of eggs, eighteenpence." The custom is supposed to have been originally Jewish.

At this day, the Easter eggs used in England are boiled hard in water containing a dye, so that they come out coloured. In some instances, this colouring is variegated or figured, by tracing over the egg with a candle end. The boys take these eggs, and make a kind of game, either by throwing them to a distance on the green sward, he who throws oftenest without breaking his eggs being the victor, or hitting them against each other in their respective hands, in which case the owner of the hardiest or last surviving egg gains the day. Even in Scotland, where holidays and holiday observances are almost unknown, *Paste* (that is, Pasch) *eggs* are regularly prepared by the boys, and thrown in the manner here described, but generally on the Saturday before Easter Sunday. When the eggs are broken, the children make a feast of the contents, keenness of digestion making up, it is to be supposed, for the hardness to which they have been boiled.

It was customary to have a gammon of bacon this day, and to eat it all up, in signification of abhorrence of Judaism. The tansy seems to have been introduced

* Good Friday occurs, this year, on the 25th of March.

† In Ireland, many of the common people eat only a crust of bread on Good Friday, and, in some places, sucking infants are withheld from their ordinary sustenance.

* Hone's Every-Day Book, i. 404.

into Easter feasts, as a successor to the bitter herbs used by the Jews at their passover. It was usually presented well sugared. Aubrey tells us that, in his time (the seventeenth century) the first dish brought upon table at Oxford on Easter Sunday was "a red herring riding away upon horseback," that is, a herring placed somewhat after the manner of a man upon horseback, in a corn salad. Throughout England, the fire was allowed to go out on Easter Sunday, after which the chimney and fireplace were completely cleaned, and the fire once more lighted.

It was a custom in the thirteenth century to seize all ecclesiastics found walking abroad between Easter and Pentecost, and make them purchase their liberty with money. This was an acting of the seizure of the apostles after Christ's passion. We have still what appears to be a relic of this fashion in a custom which exists in various parts of England. A band of young men goes abroad, and whatever female they meet they take hold of her, and pull off her shoes, which are only returned to her upon her paying some trifling forfeit. In Durham, it is done by boys, who, on meeting any woman, accost her with, "Pay for your shoes, if you please." The trifling sums which they thus collect are spent in a feast at night. At Ripon, celebrated for its manufacture of spurs, travellers riding through the town are stripped of those articles, which in like manner they have to redeem. On Easter Monday, the women make a return by going abroad in groups, and causing the men to redeem their shoes.

"Lifting at Easter" is another old custom, which may be presumed to have originated in a design of dramatising the events connected with Christ's passion. It consisted in hoisting individuals up into the air, either in a chair or otherwise, until they relieved themselves by a forfeit. A curious record makes us aware that, on Easter day, in the eighteenth year of the reign of Edward I., seven ladies of the queen's household went into the king's chamber, and *lifted him*, for which fourteen pounds appears to have been disbursed as a forfeit. The men lifted the women on Easter Monday, and the women claimed the privilege of lifting the men on the ensuing day. Three hoists were always given, attended by loud huzzas. A gentleman named Loggan thus described the ceremony, as performed in his own case in 1799:—"I was sitting alone last Easter Tuesday, at breakfast in the Talbot in Shrewsbury, when I was surprised by the entrance of all the female servants of the house handing in an arm-chair, lined with white, and decorated with ribbons and favours of different colours. I asked them what they wanted. Their answer was, they came to *heave* me. It was the custom of the place on that morning, and they hoped I would take a seat in their chair. It was impossible not to comply with a request very modestly made, and to a set of nymphs in their best apparel, and several of them under twenty. I wished to see all the ceremony, and seated myself accordingly. The group then lifted me from the ground, turned the chair about, and I had the felicity of a salute from each. I told them I supposed there was a fee due upon the occasion, and was answered in the affirmative; and having satisfied the damsels in this respect, they withdrew to *heave* others."

LETTERS FROM A LADY IN LONDON TO HER NIECE IN THE COUNTRY.

THE TOWER.

My dear Jane,—In my last letter I mentioned some of those places which appeared to me particularly interesting in passing through the city; and now I wish to conduct you along with me on a visit to the Tower, a large government establishment on the bank of the Thames, at some distance eastward from London Bridge, and in the midst of that great line of wharfs and shipping which distinguish this as the commercial end of the town.

On emerging from some confined streets, and descending a little towards the river, we come upon an open space called Tower-hill, in the midst of which the Tower is situated, on the north bank of the Thames, from which it is separated by a broad platform or quay, communicating with thoroughfares leading past each end of the building. A moat or ditch surrounds the entire area, which comprehends a space of upwards of 12 acres; the ditch measuring nearly 140 yards in circumference, and in some parts extending to the width of nearly 50 yards. The appearance of this moat, at the time of my visit, forcibly convinced me of the state of desuetude to which this once formidable place of defence had been reduced, by the happy and peaceful times in which we live; but I fancied that an enemy would still find it a fearful slough of despond, being a deposit of mud, &c., left by the evaporation of the water; but by opening sluices in connexion with the river, the water can be supplied at a minute's notice. Crossing this moat by a stone bridge, we entered through four different gates on the west side, this being the principal entrance; and instead of *a tower*, I imagined myself entering a small fortified town, so spacious are the walks and so numerous the houses all around.

The principal object in the vast cluster of buildings is the White Tower or Keep, a large edifice of a square form, 115 feet long by 96 feet in width, and upwards of 90 feet in height, consisting of three distinct storeys, surmounted by battlements, and each corner finished by a round tower and vane.

The White Tower was originally built by William the Conqueror about 1078, and was, for several centuries subsequent to its erection, used, along with some other buildings now pulled down, as a royal residence—the unsettled state of the nation rendering security indispensable for crowned heads; and even with such precautions as were resorted to for protection, the said heads were not always allowed to repose on the shoulders of their kingly owners. How little, my dear Jane, are we, who live in blessed peaceful times, able to estimate the amount of human suffering, physical and mental, which has been endured within these walls! How many of the wise and good, of the gay and beautiful, have been here confounded with the actually vicious, terminating perhaps years of hopeless imprisonment by violent disgraceful deaths or by secret assassination!

The apartments appropriated to the use of state criminals are principally confined to this quadrangular building; and here, in 1305, William Wallace was imprisoned previous to his execution. In the following reign, David of Scotland and several lords of his court were confined here; followed, in 1359, John King of France and his son. From that period the Tower was the scene of many of those dark tragedies consequent on the struggles amongst the various branches of the Plantagenet family for the supreme power. A gloomy, long-arched gateway thrown across the walk which leads to the inner ward or court, is called the entrance to the *Bloody Tower;* and in a room over this entrance it is said the young princes Edward V. and his brother, the Duke of York, were murdered; but this cannot be authenticated. However, at the bottom of a staircase which leads into this arch, a quantity of human bones were found in the time of Charles II., who had them collected, placed in an urn, and deposited in Westminster Abbey, under the impression that they were the remains of those hapless children.

Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey, and her equally unfortunate husband; Sir Thomas More, and Sir Walter Raleigh; were successively sacrificed here, besides many victims, more or less distinguished, if not in their lives, at least by the manner of their deaths. Queen Elizabeth, before she acceded to the throne, and while she was an object of dread to her sister Mary, suffered imprisonment in one of the towers. The council-chamber and chapel, and several of the apartments, are now used as offices for records and state-papers; but none of these rooms, nor those formerly occupied by prisoners, are now shown. Queen Elizabeth's apartment is now the governor's wine-cellar.

Visiters wishing to be shown through the various places open for inspection, must make their way to a kind of office or chamber guarded by yeomen in scarlet-laced coats; and here they wait until a certain number assemble, when, escorted by one of the yeomen as a guide, they are conducted first to the Horse Armoury, which I was surprised to find a comparatively recent erection, though close under the White Tower. It may be described as a museum of ancient arms and armour, in which character it throws a light on the middle periods of English history. Formerly, the ideas that prevailed about armour were very confused. A painter forty years ago, representing a Norman knight of the army of William the Conqueror, would have clad him in plates of steel, though no such thing existed for ages after. A hundred years ago, Dutch painters, depicting scenes in the life of Christ, thought it quite proper to invest the Roman soldiers of Herod in the armour of the sixteenth century. All this is now reformed, in consequence of careful inquiries into the history of armour, a branch of antiquarian knowledge in which there is none more eminent than Dr Meyrick, who has published a splendid work on the subject. Now, you must understand that the armour in the Tower was till lately arranged without the least regard to historical truth. Figures of certain kings were made up in armour which did not perhaps exist for a hundred years after their time. A few years ago, Dr Meyrick gratuitously undertook to arrange it correctly, so that it now illustrates our history with some degree of distinctness. Imagine an apartment a hundred and fifty feet in length and between thirty and forty feet in breadth, with a division down the centre, formed by graceful Gothic arches or stalls, divided each from the other by a single pillar. Each of these stalls is occupied by a mailed figure on horseback, representing several of the kings of England in the costumes of the respective periods of their reigns, each surmounted by a banner, bearing the name and date of the supposed figure. Amongst these chivalrous knights—twenty-two in number—are many names which occupy a conspicuous place in the records of past ages; and in contemplating the objects before me, I could not help giving way to the feeling that I was in the actual presence of those personages whose virtues or crimes had rendered them distinguished. I learned, however, that only one half of the number of suits were really worn by the parties named, the rest being a selection, arranged as nearly as possible in accordance with the known period assigned them in this collection.

The first figure is that of Edward I., bearing date 1272, and exhibiting a specimen of the chain armour which had till then been prevalent, namely, a kind of shirt composed of metal rings, capable of resisting the blow or thrust of a sword. Edward, you will remember, distinguished himself at that early period of his life in Palestine—so that, on the authority of Dr Meyrick, we may look with some confidence on this as a fair representation of the appearance of one of those strange military enthusiasts who sought to redeem the Holy Land from Pagan domination. After Edward there is a gap till the middle of the fifteenth century, by which time the plate armour or mail had come into fashion. As specimens of the armour of that age, we have, first, the imbecile Henry VI., next his overthrower Edward IV.—the first being furnished with a curious saddle of bone work, and the horses of both arrayed in housings of velvet, richly embroidered. The next in order is Henry VII. (1508), in a tilting suit of steel, enveloping the entire figure, rendering the wearer, one would suppose, invulnerable. The horse, too, is equipped in a kind of mail. He is followed by his son Henry VIII. (1509), wearing an entire suit, with breastplates, and backplates, armplates, gauntlets and braces, all inlaid with gold, and authentic as being the armour of Henry. The next is the Duke of Suffolk (1520), in a suit of plate armour; followed by the Earl of Lincoln (1535), in a suit very richly gilt.

Early in the sixteenth century, defensive armour is considered as having attained its perfection, both as to ornament and strength. There were instances in that age of battles between small but well mailed armies, which would last a long day, and be attended by scarcely any bloodshed or damage of any kind, except a vast deal of fatigue to the metal-covered knights, and perhaps a few deaths by suffocation. We thus become prepared for the elegant and very complete specimens afforded by the figures of Edward VI. (1552), the Earl of Huntingdon (1555), the Earl of Leicester (1560), Sir Harry Lee, champion of England (1570), and Elizabeth's favourite hero, the Earl of Essex (1585). After this period, armour became more ornamental, or a matter of dandyism, than useful; and such is the character of a few of the next ensuing figures, including the gentle King James himself, who, you know, is said to have been unable to bear the sight of a drawn sword. The finest specimen of this age is presented in the figure of Henry Prince of Wales (1612), son of James, in a splendid suit of highly finished mail, engraved and gilt in the most elaborate manner. He is followed by the court favourite of the period, George Duke of Buckingham (1618), in a plain suit; next to whom is Charles Prince of Wales (1620), in a rich suit of armour, engraved and gilt; this figure is that of a youth, apparently of twelve or fourteen years of age. Next to him is the Earl of Strafford; and then comes Charles again, as king (1640), in a suit of gilt armour presented to him by the city of London. He is succeeded by his son James II. (1685), whose armour is only partial, there being now little worn but breast and back plates. This is the last in the centre row; but in a recess on the opposite side of the room is another representation of Henry VIII., which, I would say, is by far the most superb figure in the room. The armour, which is said to weigh 112 lbs., was a present from the Emperor Maximilian I., on the occasion of the marriage of Henry with his first wife, Catherine of Arragon.

Near to this, in the same recess, is a small figure in a full suit of armour, said to be that of Charles Prince of Wales, when *three years old.* I presume it was necessary to accustom the body to the use and weight of mail from the period of early youth, at least occasionally, otherwise the enormous weight must have been insupportable.

In a different part of the gallery there is another equestrian figure in a suit of chain mail, said to have been worn in the time of Stephen, 1140. This is extremely curious; and from its great age, it is now almost black in appearance. But we have all this time been so much taken up with these gentlemen of the olden times, that scarcely a look has been bestowed upon the room itself, which is well worthy of notice, being decorated in the most tasteful and curious manner with weapons and arms of all sorts.

The ceiling is divided into compartments, bordered with muskets, pistols, cutlasses, pikes, &c., arranged with the utmost order and precision; the walls also are graced with similar devices, and gracefully disposed groups of ancient weapons occupy other parts of the room. We were next conducted from this by a staircase through one or two outer rooms to a part of the White Tower, where we were shown a long apartment filled with all kinds of interesting objects in the shape of weapons, instruments of torture, &c. It was exceedingly curious to notice the ingenious devices practised by mankind for the destruction or annoyance of their fellow-creatures; and I could not help feeling, that, had the same degree of labour and skill been applied in the promotion of objects of professed utility, we should have been much farther advanced in civilisation and happiness than we even now are. We had in this room an opportunity of observing the progressive improvements in arms, offensive and defensive; and could not repress astonishment at the muscular strength of our ancestors, in the facility with which they wielded swords, lances, &c., which a modern fine gentleman would fail to move. The small wicked-looking instruments of torture, called the *thumbikins*, are here shown, as also a ring for enclosing the neck, which, being moved by means of a screw, may be supposed to have produced the most exquisite torture. The block and axe used at the execution of the unhappy Anne Boleyn, are objects of painful interest, from which we gladly turn to a kind of theatrical representation of Queen Elizabeth on

horseback, in a fac-simile of the dress worn by her when she made a progress to St Paul's to return thanks for the defeat of the Spanish Armada. This dress is embroidered with tinsel beads &c., very much tarnished by time.

On the right-hand side of this room, a small dark apartment is shown, said to have been the sleeping-room of Sir Walter Raleigh; this, I suppose, is doubtful; but only a few years ago his handwriting was visible on the walls, but it has since been obliterated by whitewash.

Descending again, and passing through the Horse Armoury, we were conducted towards the Grand Storehouse, or Small Arms Armoury. This forms part of what is called the Inner Ward, which consists of rows of buildings or offices on the north and east sides of the spacious court, the White Tower conspicuously occupying the centre. The Grand Storehouse is a long brick building of handsome construction, faced with white stone, and surmounted by a clock-tower rising in the middle of the roof. Its erection was begun by James II. and completed by William III., for the purpose of storing arms available in the service.

On entering, a new scene opened up. The large apartment on the ground floor was filled with cannon, some of them of very peculiar construction; two or three pieces raised from the wreck of the Royal George attracted special notice. The wooden carriage of one of them was perfectly entire, but the cannon and the other carriages were very much decayed by their long immersion in the water. There were numerous curious pieces of ordnance, which have figured in their day; and some interesting remains of vessels—amongst others, part of Nelson's ship the *Victory*—the steering-wheel, I think.

From this we ascended by a staircase, branching off to the right and left from the first landing, to the Small Arms Armoury, a magnificent room, 354 feet long, the floor occupied from the base to the ceiling by square kind of racks, all detached one from the other with passages between, and sustaining muskets to the number of nearly 200,000; some of these were of inferior value, not having the latest improvements which have been made on fire-arms, but they were gradually undergoing repair, and a great proportion of them were in first-rate order, with percussion barrels, caps, &c. The sides and ends of this noble apartment were ornamented in all imaginable shapes and forms with every variety of weapons, forming suns, stars, scrolls, serpents, &c., arranged with as much elegance and taste as if the materials had been perfectly flexible. Opposite the door, an open space is reserved, supported on pillars, twisted round with a wreathing composed of pistols, daggers, &c., the capitals formed also of pistols, both ends standing out in relief. The centre of this space was occupied by a very beautiful piece of cannon, which our guide informed us was a present from the Pope to Napoleon, and taken from the French in the last war. This elegant piece of ordnance was of elaborate workmanship; the wheels of the carriage on which it rested represented the sun. In a glass-case near this was shown the sword-belt and sash of the late Duke of York, presented by the late king. In the staircase the greatest degree of ingenuity was exhibited; the rails and balustrades being entirely composed of fire-arms of various descriptions, and above the first landing was a splendid military device, formed with swords, cutlasses, &c.; in this the kettle-drums taken by the Duke of Marlborough at the battle of Blenheim, occupy a prominent place, as also the guns taken at Waterloo. The walls at each side were graced by two enormous stars, also made up of arms. These ornaments were all the work of Mr Stacey, queen's decorator.

The last place exhibited was the Jewel Room, where a portion of the crown jewels were deposited for security. This is called the Jewel Tower, and is on the north-east side of the inner ward. We entered by a passage to a small vaulted room, lighted with lamps, there being no access for daylight. The lamps, however, threw a strong light upon the jewels, which were placed within an iron railing. This recess was lined with crimson cloth, the background filled up with the large gold plate used at the communion, and in front of these were cups, flagons, &c., richly chased, for the same sacred purposes. The shelves were occupied by several crowns, one of which the exhibitor declared to have belonged to Anne Boleyn; but this is very doubtful. It was very small, and composed only of a rim, or fillet of gold, set with precious stones, the cap being of crimson velvet. The crown of her present majesty was the most dazzling object in this valuable collection, and was placed at one side on a revolving stand, so that it could be seen all round. It was made from the crown of George IV., which was remodelled from that of Charles II., and is certainly a brilliant composition of all that is rich and rare. The band, or circlet, is of gold, studded with gems; the front being graced by a sapphire of inestimable value, of the deepest and most intense blue, two inches long, and one inch in breadth. In the other side of the rim is the ruby worn by the King of England at the battle of Agincourt, of great size and beauty. The top of the crown is formed by four arches, covered with brilliants and pearls, the arches uniting in supporting a ball and Maltese cross, composed entirely of diamonds. The cap is of crimson velvet. On the opposite side, also on a revolving stand, is a model of the White Tower in gold, ornamented with precious stones. This was presented by the city of Exeter to one of the monarchs of England, and is used on state occasions as a salt celler, the tops of the towers opening for the reception of the salt. It is said to be worth eight thousand pounds.

The royal christening font was also here, the queen being the last royal infant christened from it, a new one having been made for the princess-royal. This was a large vessel of gold, beautifully chased. A small golden eagle, and vessel for the anointing oil, used at the coronation, were also exhibited; and in a case below, covered with glass, were the sceptres, orbs, &c., which all bear a conspicuous part on occasions of state ceremonial. Beside them lay the gold staff of Edward the Confessor, which weighs upwards of nine pounds of solid gold.

I have thought it necessary, my dear Jane, to put all that relates to the description of the Grand Storehouse and the Jewel Tower in the *past tense*, these being the places recently destroyed by fire, my visit having been only a few days previous to this sad event. The jewels, however, were removed in safety while the fire was raging, and deposited with Messrs Rundell and Bridge, in whose strong room I have since seen them. The loss of arms, by the destruction of the armoury, has been immense, amounting, it is supposed, to a quarter of a million sterling; yet, great as this is in a pecuniary point of view, I should have regretted much more the loss of the more ancient parts of the building, these possessing a value as objects of antiquity which could not be estimated by pounds, shillings, and pence. Before leaving this interesting place, we were shown an open space on the right-hand side, where executions formerly took place; and in the centre of this Anne Boleyn and many other noble personages were put to death. The traitors' gate, a low entrance, opens out on the south of the White Tower, towards the Thames. Through this gate prisoners were conveyed by water to Westminster, where their trials usually took place. I shall conclude by hoping that the trials of all such unhappy victims of cruelty, bigotry, and oppression, have passed away for ever; and that the Tower may never enjoy celebrity otherwise than in connexion with the dark and tragic scenes of past ages.

"NOTES OF A HALF-PAY IN SEARCH OF HEALTH."*

Captain Jesse, the writer of this agreeable sketchy production, tells us that he found himself at a mess-table in India, when only sixteen years of age; and that the natural result of the style of living which he there found to prevail, was two or three fevers, cholera, and ultimately a very tormenting dyspepsia, with nerves and spirits gone. Knocked up in body and mind, home he came to recruit; was recommended by a London physician to throw physic to the dogs, and amuse himself by travelling. With his wife as a companion, he travelled accordingly, and now gives the world the benefit of his observations and reflections. The captain's excursions took the direction of Greece and Russia, and, though both are now well-beaten tracks, he has contrived, by means of well-directed observation, to pick up a variety of amusing particulars. We propose to induce readers to peruse the entire work, by offering a few short extracts as a specimen of the contents.

Going to Constantinople, he could not, as an old Indian, avoid taking a bath, according to the Turkish method. "The principal Hummums in Stamboul are situated in the pipe bazaar, the entrance being on the right in going up the street; but there is nothing to indicate the approach to so large an establishment. The undressing-room, about twenty paces square, was lighted by an open lantern in the dome above; a fountain played in the centre, and fresco arabesques (though indifferently executed) gave an air of finish to the apartment. A platform, elevated about three feet from the ground, and built round the walls, was covered by loungers and divans. Though at the early hour of six in the morning, the place was full of bathers, and I soon found myself sitting next to a sedate-looking Turk, on the platform before mentioned. It was tenanted by many others, some, like myself, preparing for the operation; others, wrapped in hot linen—that on their heads being elegantly arranged like a turban—were enjoying the greatest luxury of the bath, the pipe and sherbet after it. My inability to converse I found decidedly unpleasant; however, I was soon undressed, and having thrown a cotton towel round my loins, and placed my feet in a pair of wooden pattens, not particularly comfortable, I hobbled through a small passage which led me into the murky atmosphere of the *tepidarium*. Here I saw one of the assistants rubbing down an old and bearded descendant of the prophet, with a head like that of Michael Angelo's Moses, and so motionless, that he might have been the very statue itself. No jockey ever strapped a hunter with such force; it was *a repeal of the union* between the skin and flesh, for every stroke of the hair-glove brought away a considerable portion of the former. To me this appeared a *violent measure*, but he submitted very quietly, and I entered the *caldarium* a little more reconciled to my fate. There was nothing remarkable in the room I had left, but the one I was now in struck me greatly: it was circular, and about twenty-five paces in diameter, dimly lighted by perforations in the dome above; under this was a stone platform, inclining from the centre downwards, which, as well as the pavement generally, was intersected by pieces of coloured marbles, evidently of great antiquity. On this platform the bathers, as they entered, lay down, placing a towel under their heads. Certainly there was nothing very luxurious in this couch; on it, however, they underwent the process of shampooing, a ceremony I dispensed with, having tried it many years before in India; it consists in squeezing every muscle of the body, and making every joint crack. A barber, whose assistance I required, now made his appearance; and such was the excessive perspiration, that he relieved me of my beard without the aid of soap, in a very expeditious and agreeable manner. The operation over, he and my attendant disappeared, and I was left to my own observations. These were pleasant enough, for every one appeared to be enjoying himself; and as the laugh and more subdued song were re-echoed from the lofty dome, all apprehensions regarding the hair-glove vanished.

I was now stuck up against the wall, in a recess which contained a stone basin, receiving both hot and cold water, and the assistant, aided in his operations by the hair-glove, began to remove two or three layers of what a Turk considers superfluous skin, but which I, having worn it for some thirty years, looked upon in no such light. The fellow, however, effected this excoriating process in so very humane a manner, that the most strenuous supporter of Martin's act might have stood by without the slightest annoyance to his feelings. During each pause of the glove, I was drenched with very hot water; and when it was finally laid down, I thought I was a pretty good example of a modern Marsyas. The repeated sousings which followed, got the steam up on me to such a height, that I felt it was a case of high pressure, and rushing into the adjoining room, as to a safety-valve, I threw myself down on the ground, gasping like a fish out of water. The change in the temperature soon relieved me, for though this room felt oppressive as I passed through it on my way to the one I had just left, it now felt equally cold. But the operation was not yet over, for my scrubber soon re-appeared with a pewter basin full of lather, which he laid over my person with a piece of hemp, very much like a ship's swab on a small scale: the effect was delightful after the glove, and removed all irritation. Another drenching followed; and having thus been flayed, parboiled, and steamed, half-drowned and half-suffocated, I put on dry things and retreated to a seat in the undressing-room, as quickly as my pattens would allow me. Here my hot linen was again changed, and my head wrapped in cloths, arranged, no doubt, in a turban, like those already alluded to; I was then furnished with a chibouque, and I sunk back in my fauteuil, thinking what Pipes would have given for such a bath for the gipsy. The expense of all this was seven piastres, about eighteenpence, including coffee and lemonade, both exquisite, the latter being iced. In fact, it was only when sipping them, and smoking the sultana, that I found myself in a position to be called luxurious; and I left the Hummums, though rather sore, much gratified with my visit. The Turks only pay one piastre and a half, but, the pipe excepted, without refreshment."

Captain Jesse spent a considerable time at Odessa, from which he proposed to travel through the Crimea, but was delayed and vexed in no ordinary degree by the Russian functionaries, who rule over the passport establishment. We let him describe the scenes which occurred on this occasion. "The following day I was again at my post. My papers lay duly arranged upon the table, but the man in green paid no attention to me; and though many applicants were successful, the crowd around him appeared to increase rather than diminish. I soon saw how matters stood; and feeling certain that, unless I followed the example of those who had retired, I should again be desired to 'call again to-morrow,' I put my hand in my pocket, a sign-manual which this purveyor of signatures perfectly understood, and we effected an amicable exchange. Handing me the papers, he pocketed the silver with the most perfect *sang froid*, telling me, as he dropped the 52-copeck pieces into his pocket, that 'the imperial salary would not keep him in boots.' I was now enabled to pass the sentry who guarded the entrance to the sanctum of the Chef de Police. His office, like most other public ones in Russia, consisted of four bare walls, with a brick stove reaching up to the ceiling in one corner, and was furnished with a deal table and a few chairs. Though a civil functionary I found him in full uniform, and, as usual, radiant with orders. The table was covered with papers, and in the centre stood the palladium of the place. This extraordinary affair, which is to be seen in the principal room of every public office in Russia, is made of copper or iron, gilt, and, though much larger than a Metronome, and having three sides instead of four, is not unlike one; the imperial eagle crowns the apex. On this singular instrument of office is engraved a variety of instructions, addressed to those intrusted with the administration of the laws, and suitable advice respecting the great sin of bribery and corruption. This public monitor is said to have been devised by Peter the Great, whose anxiety on the subject appears to have been well founded. The person in the present instance had accumulated a fortune that his net salary for one hundred years would never have

* London: Madden and Co. 2 vols.

amounted to. But his is not a solitary case, for the respect paid to the mute admonitions of these tablets is in form only, and that is most religiously observed. As it is the representative of the imperial power, no Russian enters the room without taking off his hat to it; the serfs carry this feeling still farther, and I have observed many of them who had accidentally caught a glimpse of it from the adjoining room, bow as low to it as they would have done to the altar. Foreigners, ignorant of the sanctity of this emblem, not unfrequently meet with sharp rebuffs for their unwitting neglect in not saluting it. I was first awakened to the necessity of so doing by a threat of having my hat knocked off.

But to return to my passport. The signature I had so long waited for was duly affixed, and I left the office, but not in possession of that document, for my three days of apparently '*pas perdus*' had merely procured me a certificate that I was not in debt, which happily I knew before. I had now to proceed to the office of the military governor, where two or three more bribes were administered, and another *triangle* or two propitiated, before I could obtain it. Then it was of no use to me as a final measure, for as I intended to travel post, I had still to present it at another office to get a *padaroshna*, or order for post-horses. There I was again obliged to show my certificate from the police that I had no debts; and two days more were consumed before I received the document which at length set me at liberty to start."

We hear much of the far-sightedness and excellence of character of Nicholas, but either he is unduly eulogised, or is kept in ignorance of the infamous treatment of travellers, of which the above is an example.

The account of a dinner-party at St Petersburg is as follows:—"My first introduction to Russian society was at a dinner-party, at the Countess T——'s. We were invited for four o'clock, the usual hour, and, on our arrival, found the party already assembled in the drawing-room; the ladies were in morning dress. A tray was shortly after brought in, with caviare, herring, and other *et ceteras*—a perfect epitome of an Italian warehouse. This was followed by another, with 'votka' (*rum*) and liqueurs; the ladies, as well as the gentlemen, partook slightly of both. Dinner was then announced, and on entering the dining-room, we found only the dessert on the table; there was nothing but the glass and plate on the sideboard. The fresh fruit and flowers had a much more pleasing effect than roast joints, fricandeaux, and curry. A slice of black bread, a white roll, and a decanter of *vin ordinaire*, were placed for each guest. The dinner was composed of the best French and English dishes, which were handed round in rotation, with wines at intervals, by free servants out of livery, well dressed and well trained. This, however, is the case only in the best houses; the generality are serfs, equipped in liveries made in the house by their fellow-slaves. These wait without either glove or napkin; and as the pump in the yard is their jug, and the trough under it their only wash-hand basin, their hands are not agreeable objects to the eye, and certainly not in keeping with the unnecessary quantity of plate and glass which is frequently displayed, or the taper and jewelled fingers of the ladies of the party. Quass was to be had if asked for; but this is avoided in company, as beer is amongst some of the *soi-disant* select in England. I have, however, seen many exceptions to this in Russia; and sometimes sat next to a countess, who regularly emptied a decanter of this execrable beverage. After dinner, it was exceedingly disagreeable—to make use of a mild term—to see every one rinsing his mouth heartily, and expectorating copiously into his finger-glass. This operation over, the conversation suddenly ceased, apparently by mutual consent; the company rose, crossed themselves, and having bowed to the noble hostess and to each other, all round the room, returned to the salon in the same order as they left it. Coffee was then brought in; and in about half an hour, almost every one had retired. While musing on this circumstance, and admiring the ingenuity with which the eight decorations of an acquaintance were arranged—for they were all suspended from a small gilt sword, similar to those sold in London under the denomination of 'Prince Albert's toothpicks'—he came up to me, and whispered in my ear, 'Captain, it is time to go.' 'Where to?' said I. 'Home,' replied my friend. 'Home! why, I did not order the carriage till ten!' 'Ah, indeed, that is unfortunate; but such is our custom, and it will be thought very odd if you remain.' In less than a quarter of an hour after this, I found my wife and self trudging home on foot, our evening costume attracting no little attention from the promenaders on the boulevard; and we regained our hotel, much amused at being, according to our habits, civilly turned out of doors. This was a good specimen of a Russian dinner, where, with the exception of the misuse of the finger-glasses, there was nothing to offend a person of the most fastidious taste. In Russia, however, polished manners, nay, even the decencies of life, are often forgotten in the violence of temper fostered by the possession of irresponsible power; and scenes sometimes occur which would not be met with at the tables or in the society of any other European country. At a large dinner-party, at which a friend of mine was present, one of the servants, in handing a wine-glass, had the misfortune to let it fall. The master of the house, a general, totally oblivious of the presence of ladies, rose from his chair, and with one blow laid the luckless offender, his serf, bleeding on the ground. A few excuses followed, as readily accepted as they were made, and the dinner proceeded as if nothing had taken place. Smoking is allowed in the most fashionable houses, the custom being somewhat qualified by the use of '*cigaritos*.' This habit even the ladies sometimes indulge in; and I was not a little astonished to see that spitting-boxes formed part of the furniture of the drawing-rooms in the imperial villa at Moscow."

Captain Jesse describes the people generally of Russia as being bigoted and superstitious in the extreme, a condition from which their ignorant and selfish priesthood have no desire to rescue them. The abasement of the serfs is likewise most distressing to contemplate. Hundreds of them, we are told, are taken from the east and central parts of Russia to the Crimea, and are there let out to hire for the benefit of their proprietors, much in the same way as hack-horses are let in England. They may also, though in an indirect manner, be sold; a sound, well-formed man will bring a thousand roubles, but a woman may be purchased for five hundred. They are likewise sometimes staked at the gaming-table; the captain says he knew of a serf who was bartered for a pointer. When serfs are skilful in the arts, they may realise large sums by their labour; but their gains are at the mercy of their owners. A serf belonging to Count H. was a clever watchmaker, and offered a large sum for his emancipation: the request was refused. "No," said the count; "pay me five hundred roubles a-year, and I will not exercise my power, but I will never part with it." Outraged humanity will one day exact a severe reckoning for these accumulated atrocities.

IRISH SERVANTS.

[The very beautiful work of Mr and Mrs Hall, descriptive of Ireland, to which we have frequently referred in terms of commendation, appears to approach its completion, preserving to the last the same interest and tasteful illustration of natural character which distinguished the early numbers. This work, it will be observed, is the product of two gifted minds—the solid and useful being the work of Mr Hall, while the interweaving of characteristic sketches, aided by a lively fancy, is the appropriate province of Mrs Hall. This lady may be said to unite the qualifications of both an English and Irishwoman—in manner English, but in heart truly, we should say *warmly*, Irish. This love of her native country extends to all connected with it; and the good qualities of her countrymen and women are a constant theme of praise, while, to do her justice, those of an opposite tendency are by no means passed over in silence. In the last published number of the work on Ireland, we have a specimen of this national attachment, in her description of Irish domestic servants, a portion of which we take the liberty of laying before our readers.]

The greater number of Irish servants employed by the middle classes are taken from the lowest and *poorest* in the country. We repeat, they are not properly fed, they are not properly lodged at night, and their wages are not in proportion to their labour—we mean even at the Irish rate of remuneration. Our hearts have ached for these poor, ignorant, but warm-hearted and affectionate creatures. We have seen the mistress of a house—perhaps an opulent tradesman's wife—such a woman as in London would give her maid-of-all-work ten or twelve pounds a-year, her tea, and either a pint of beer *daily*, or beer-money, and her nurse-maid eight pounds, with the same allowance—employing a bright-faced but half-clad girl, who had to do every thing as best she could, for *four pounds a-year*—wash, iron, cook, clean, scour, scrub, and wait upon company; and yet her mistress descanted long and loudly on the impossibility of obtaining "good servants!" Now, in England, the middle class (the class that stamps the character of a country) prepares, as it were, the servant for a higher step. The poor Irish lass has no hope of a higher step, because she has learned nothing where she has been. She is constantly obliged to make one thing do duty in half-a-dozen ways, where there is a total want of "system;" and has no idea that, unless the furnishing, cleanliness, comfort, and arrangement of a kitchen are attended to, there can be nothing well ordered throughout the house. Little or nothing is done to raise the poor servant in the scale of moral or intellectual being; no effort being made to improve her habits or her tastes, so that she looks upon the brushing and cleaning up-stairs in some degree as a work of supererogation. She does not *see* the necessity for it—she does not reason as an English servant does—"I cannot sit down to my supper till I have cleaned my kitchen." And why? Because there have been no pains taken to improve *her knowledge of the decencies of life*. We write of the habits of the middle class, and a step below them; and we say, that until they treat their servants better, and pay them better, they cannot have decent servants. Our domestic comfort, here and everywhere, depends on our servants; and surely it is worth while to consider how we can best obtain that comfort. If the money expended by careless habits in Ireland were saved by prudence, the gentleman farmer, the town tradesman, the person of limited income, would be able to pay servants, so as to induce well brought-up respectable young men and women to go to service. A servant would consider herself well paid, and would be well paid, in Ireland, who received seven or eight pounds a-year. Let her have her breakfast, her dinner *at one* (a servant's health and habits of *order* are strengthened by the system of early dining), and a third meal of plain wholesome food. Do not degrade her by supposing she would steal food like an animal. Do not treat her as a thief, *or you will make her one*. Feed her entirely without reference to "breakfast-money." There is something inexpressibly humiliating in bread being *locked up* from fellow-creatures who are labouring for you. In service, as in matrimony, there can be no "separate maintenance" without evil arising. Let the servant have her money free of her maintenance; that is one step towards establishing a better order of things. Remunerate her for her labour *honestly*. Pay her enough to enable her to be always clean and decent in appearance.

We hope these comments will not be considered dull, and, still more earnestly, that they may not be taken as offensive. The subject is one of very vital importance; and in directing attention to it, we may be the means of doing essential good to both the employer and the domestic. Unless truths are conveyed in plain and direct terms, they have usually little weight. The unselfish attachment, ready industry, willingness to labour, and fidelity, of the Irish servants, are appreciated even where their careless, unformed, and *uneducated* habits, militate against them; and it is unquestionable that a more careful training, under a better order of things, would render them infinitely more valuable auxiliaries to a household, either in Ireland or in England.

But this branch of our subject let us illustrate by an anecdote.

Mrs L. was a lady in London, who, when she advertised for a housemaid, added the very unamiable, but by no means unfrequent, "P.S. No Irish need apply." Notwithstanding, a very decent, pretty, and respectable-looking young Irishwoman did present herself in the lady's drawing-room as an applicant for the situation.

"I told you," said Mrs L. "that no Irish need apply."

"It was on the paper, I know, ma'am," answered the girl; "but I thought if I had a good character, and could do my work well, that no lady would refuse me bread because of my country." Mrs L. was a young housekeeper, and she had worded her advertisement by the advice of friends; persons who cherish a prejudice as if it were a perfection, and, forgetting altogether how frequently they have had idle, dirty, careless, and dishonest English servants, pour out the vial of their wrath upon the Irish, from whom they withhold the power of exhibiting their advantages by contrast. Fortunately for Kitty Gallagher, however, Mrs L. was considerate as well as just. She looked into the poor girl's open and honest countenance as she stood with the flush of humble indignation on her cheek, inquired carefully into her character, and examined her three or four written discharges, which of course "went for nothing," but subsequently called on two persons who had known her; and the result was her engagement.

Mrs L. was the wife of a highly-respectable mercantile man; one of a class who, of all others, entertain great mistrust of the Irish people; their methodical and business-like habits preventing them from making allowance for the volatility and heedlessness of their mercurial neighbours. Mrs L. had consequently to encounter the "astonishment" of her aquaintances, and the warnings of her husband.

With every desire to do right, and habits that were tolerably clean and very active, Kitty found she had so much to learn that she frequently cried herself to sleep; as she told us herself, it was not the hard work that overcame her—she could do ten times as much and think nothing of it—but "the particularity"—the necessity for spotless stairs and carpets, for stoves polished like mirrors, for a total absence of dust everywhere; for a manner, staid, silent, smileless, and of distant respect; for a noiseless step, and a voice never heard except in the most soft and brief reply; then the getting up fine things: she could have washed, to make like snow, tablecloths, sheets, and dresses, but the difficulties of small-plaiting and clear-starching, the very clock-like regularity of the house, "broke her heart"—there was a place for every thing, and every thing must be in its place. Then her fellow-servants would set her wrong instead of right, and sneer at her afterwards; they ridiculed her country, and wondered she could eat any thing but potatoes, like all her people. Though loving to laugh, she did not relish being laughed at, and between her desire to do well in all things, and her national sensitiveness, poor Kitty had enough to encounter during the first twelve months of her servitude. On the other hand, Mrs L. more than once fancied she had acted imprudently. Kitty was not only blamed by the other servants for what she did, but for what she did *not*: her eagerness to please frequently occasioned blunders and mistakes; her phraseology was perplexing; and her foot was not as light, nor her "manner" as fully formed, as that of a London servant. But then her habits were very inoffensive. She was ever cheerful—willing to assist in every one's work; no matter how late or how early her services were needed, she was always ready. By degrees she blundered less, and absolutely dusted both corners and skirtings without "following." Then she was so humble when reproved, so happy when praised! At first, a sort of womanly spirit prevented Mrs L. from confessing she was wrong in her judgment, and by degrees—slow, but sure degrees—Catherine established herself in her mistress's good opinion. We have observed a great number of the Irish in England, of all grades and classes. No instance has ever occurred within our knowledge where they failed in attaining their object, except by being drawn off from it to run after something else; when they really persevere, when they add to their native energy a singleness of purpose, *we never knew them fail*. Kitty, in her humble way, was evidence of this; she felt deeply grateful to her mistress for having made an exception in her favour; she had good sense enough to understand that she had bettered her condition, and to feel that in England girls "with two or three hundred a-piece" were not ashamed to go to service. She resolved to master the difficulties with which she was surrounded, and to keep her place; gradually, her good humour and good nature became appreciated. Mrs L.'s two little ones caught scarlet fever, and when the nurse declared she was afraid to remain with her charge, Kitty volunteered to take her place. "I am not afraid," she said; "and sure God can keep the sickness from me by their bedside as well as by my own; and if I was to go, His will be done! but I am not afraid." Night and day this girl watched with their

mother over the children; at her request, no stranger smoothed their pillows or aided her exertions; what she lacked in skill she made up in actual tenderness, and her quickness and attention never wearied; in time, the children recovered, but they had become so attached to their Irish nurse that they intreated their mamma to let her remain with them, and the former nurse took Kitty's place. When Kitty was a girl, there were no National Schools, and at that time she was so ignorant of "book learning" that she did not know her letters; but she managed to learn them from the children, and concealed her deficiency so well, that Mrs L. told us it was not until Catherine *could* read, that she confessed how entirely uninstructed she had been. During a period of five years, she continued in her place, unspoiled by much kindness; and frequently did her mistress boast to her acquaintances of the treasure she possessed in an Irish nurse; it was quite true that Catherine's accent was anything but correct, still her mistress declared it to be "her only fault," and one for which her fidelity and good conduct amply atoned. Love now somewhat interfered with her duties; a master carpenter paid his addresses to the kind Hibernian; her mistress was too just to prevent her settling respectably, and as her intended husband had formed an engagement to go to New York the following spring, Kitty decided on remaining with her "darlings" until within a week of his departure, when she was to exchange the guttural of "Gallagher" for the more euphonious name of Miller. Hitherto, Mr and Mrs L. had enjoyed in life uninterrupted sunshine—every thing prospered which the merchant undertook; but a few eventful months made a terrible change in their circumstances; loss followed loss with fearful rapidity, until at last their house was advertised to be sold, and Mrs L., firm and patient in adversity as she had been cheerful and considerate in prosperity, placed Kitty's quarter's wages in her hand, and told her that, for the future, she must herself attend to her children; her voice faltered as she thanked the poor Irish girl for the care and tenderness she had bestowed upon them; and she added a wish, that as the time had arrived when Kitty was to be married, she would inform her of her prospects after she and her husband had been some time in New York, and rely upon Mr L. to remember her faithfulness, if ever he had the power to serve them. We quote Mrs L.'s own words. "Catherine," she said, "stood without replying until I had done speaking. I was more agitated at parting with her than with all my other servants: she had evinced more affection towards me and mine in an hour than the others had shown in a year."

"Is it to leave you, ma'am, you want me, and to leave the young master and miss! Ah, then, what have I done, to make you think I've no heart in my bosom? I'll be no burden to you, but I'll never leave you. Leave you in your trouble? Sure, it's neither peace nor rest I'd have by day or night, to think it's my two hands you'd be wanting, and they not in it. And as to Robert Miller, it will be better for him to be by himself for the first two or three years; and so I *told him this morning when we parted.* 'I'll never leave the mistress in her trouble, Robert,' I said; 'and if it's any bar, why, I'll give you back your promise;' and he would not hear of that, but took on a good deal at first; only it's all over—time and distance are nothing to true hearts, and if he does forget me, why I'm doing my duty still. I'll never leave you in your trouble." "Her devotion, so simple, so perfectly unaffected," added Mrs L., "drew more tears from my eyes than my own sorrows. I had nerved myself for them, but this overpowered me; the children became wild with joy when they found Kitty was to remain with them; and she certainly was the good spirit of comfort in our humble cottage. But this was not all: she had saved in my service about fifteen pounds, and every farthing of this money she spent in buying in, at the auction which finished the desolation of our once happy home, such small things as she believed me most attached to; these she had conveyed to our dwelling secretly, and then, with a delicacy which must be innate, she intreated me to forgive the liberty she had taken, and endeavoured to persuade us she had but returned to us our own. I often think that my husband's proud spirit would have been bowed even to breaking, but for the true nobility of Catherine's heart; toiling as she was in all capacities for our sakes, I never saw a shadow on her brow. She was an existing proof (amid much that led us to believe the contrary) of the disinterested generosity of human nature; she taught us the value of usefulness—she made us ashamed of our prejudices, and never did she once make us feel that she had sacrificed a pin's worth to our interests."

This is no romance—it is simple and unvarnished truth; both the mistress and the servant are intimately known to us; we have not added an iota to the story as the former told it to us. Kitty's generosity of character did not effervesce; during a period of three years she remained firm to her purpose, because Mrs L. needed her services. At length a distant relative of Mr L.'s died, and as next of kin, Mr L. inherited a very comfortable property; then, indeed, Mrs L. found Kitty more than once weeping over the letters she could hardly read, but which, nevertheless, she knew by heart. It was not, however, until she had succeeded in training "a cousin of her own," whom her mistress not only consented, but was happy to receive, that Kitty performed her promise, and rewarded her lover for his constancy.

How many other examples of devoted and disinterested attachment of Irish servants to their employers we might add to this, and yet record only cases entirely within our own knowledge!

May we not hope that the prejudice against them in England, so rapidly diminishing, will be, ere long, altogether gone; and that when their advantages—of faithfulness, industry, and willingness to labour, in all ways and on all occasions—have been considered and appreciated, they will acquire those, perhaps, equally essential, habits of neatness and order, into which they have hitherto not been properly disciplined, because kept far too much away from opportunities of improvement?

THE BRITON'S FIRESIDE.

'Twere vain to seek on foreign shores the comforts of a "home,"
That name is less familiar as farther on we roam;
No other clime can boast the peace, the calm and tranquil pride,
A Briton feels when all is mirth around his fireside!

'Tis there the old forget their age, and gambol with the young,
To mingle in the merry dance, or join the social song;
Oh! if from thought thou'd'st turn away, some rankling care thou'd'st hide,
Go, imitate the Briton's lot, and learn his fireside.

Yet not alone in gayer hours this social peace is known;
It lives and blooms when all the sweets of passing mirth have flown;
Yes! there the father mildly checks the faults he cannot chide,
And chains the feelings of his child to that dear fireside!

Say, who can view the happy few, in innocence and mirth
Assembled round the very hearth which sparkled at their birth;
Who, launched upon life's troubled sea, have struggled with her tide,
And not proclaim the blessings of a Briton's fireside?

Long may the hand which guards our isle avert the luckless day,
When from her shores such happy scenes must fade and pass away!
Long still may Britons boast their peace, and feel an honest pride,
That they alone of all the earth possess a fireside!

W. H.

THE STEAM NAVIGATION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

[From the *Journal des Debats*, December 1841.]

England is increasing in an extraordinary manner her means of communication with every part of the world. On March 20, 1840, a contract was entered into between the government and the Royal Mail Steam Navigation Company, by which the latter engaged to organise a line of steam-packets between England and the Gulf of Mexico. In less than twenty months from the signing of the contract the running of these vessels has commenced.

The conditions imposed on the company were, that they should build fourteen large steamers, each of 400 horse power, and capable of carrying the heavy artillery now in use. All these vessels were to be completely found in every respect. From the time the company should be prepared to commence the running of these vessels, they were to dispatch, at equal intervals, twice in a month, a steamer, which should first carry the mail to the island of Barbadoes, and from thence into the Gulf of Mexico; and the company were bound to take measures for the landing and receiving mails at all the different points at which they were to touch, in an interval of not exceeding twenty-two days (except in case of accident) from their arrival at Barbadoes to their departure from Samana, in the island of Hayti, on their return to Europe.

The government, on its part, engaged to pay to the company an annual sum of L.240,000, payable, in equal proportions, every quarter.

Not twenty months have elapsed since this contract was signed, and already eight of those stupendous vessels, ready for sea, have assembled at Southampton, which is to be their point of departure. These vessels are said to be magnificent; and in the trial trips to which they have been submitted, have shown their amazing powers, none of them performing less than twelve knots an hour, and one of them, the Clyde, fifteen. The remaining six vessels will be at Southampton by the 15th of next month. One of these fine vessels started last week for her voyage, and will be the first vessel that has made the run between Europe and the Gulf of Mexico by steam power alone. Others will follow in regular succession.

This activity does honour to the directors of the company; but it is not only to the continent of America that the English direct their attention. In the other hemisphere they evince no less efforts to unite their Indian possessions with England by means of rapid and regular communications. The port of Bombay has become one of the most important points of the globe for steam navigation. Her steamers regularly ply to the mouths of the Indus, the Persian Gulf, the Red Sea, and Suez, where they every month transport the correspondence from India, China, and the Indian Archipelago, carrying back in exchange the correspondence of Europe with Asia. The last courier which came by that route was the bearer of no less than 50,000 letters for Europe. This is not all. The presidencies of Calcutta and Madras would also have their direct communication with the mother country, without being compelled to make use of the Bombay line; and have, therefore, established a separate line of steamers, which, from next month, will run to Suez, touching at Ceylon, Madras, and Calcutta, to take and carry passengers from and to those different ports. Four steamers of 500 horse power each are already ready for this service. In the mean time, every exertion is making at Bengal for the extension of steam navigation on the magnificent river Ganges; in a short time the voyage from Calcutta to Benares, which cost the unfortunate Jacquemont so much labour and time, will be performed as easy as the voyage from Paris to Havre.

Steam navigation will shortly establish regular communications between the different points of the magnificent empire which the genius of England has founded in the south sea. A steamer has already commenced running between Sydney, Port Philip, and Van Diemen's Land. It is announced that other vessels will soon arrive to form a rapid communication with all those points by which England has attached the great continents of Australia, Van Diemen's Land, Norfolk Island, and the island of New Zealand. It is talked of, and it is an idea which will be eventually realised, of establishing a regular line of steam-packets between Sydney and Ceylon, or Calcutta, that is to say, to place Australia at a distance of from seventy or eighty days' run from Europe, whilst hitherto the voyage from the coast of Europe to that antipodean continent has seldom been less than from five to six months.

When we witness such marvellous results as these of the genius of England, we cannot avoid making painful reflections as to our own country. Where are our transatlantic steam-vessels? When will they be ready to commence their voyages? Are the great sacrifices offered by the government in promotion of this affair to be for ever without result? It is scarcely credible, that the gratuitous gift of steamers, and the formal promise of an allowance of more than a million of francs annually, has not yet induced the people of Havre, our first port, and within fifty leagues of the capital, to form a company for the service of the line to New York.

THE BAROMETER.

We extract the following from "Observations on a Meteorological Diary," published by A. Abraham and Co., Opticians, Glasgow:—

"The barometer indicating the most minute variations of atmospherical pressure, when correctly observed in connexion with other meteorological phenomena, various changes of weather may be deduced; hence the instrument derives its familiar appellation of the weather-glass. By ordinary observers, too much importance is attached to the words invariably engraved on the scales of barometers—*fair, change, rain*, &c., without paying the required attention to the actual cause of fluctuations in the mercurial column. The changes of weather are not indicated by the actual height of the mercury, but by the change from a given point. If, for instance, the mercury has rapidly fallen from 30 to 29 inches, or from the words *fair* to *rain*, and the result, as indicated, has been a storm, probably, after a short interval, the mercury gradually rises, accompanied by fine weather; by the casual observer the instrument would be deemed imperfect, because the mercury stood one or two tenths above *rain*, and the sun shining brilliantly—the farmer perhaps waiting anxiously for the mercury to rise to *fair*, would thus risk the loss of a favourable opportunity of reaping his produce. Again, if the mercury be at the word *fair*, and gradually descending, and rain the result, the barometer is condemned as useless. To prognosticate changes in the weather by the action of the barometer, the changes of the mercurial column should only be attended to. The barometer being an instrument for determining the weight of the air, and influenced in its action by variations of atmospherical pressure, if placed at a considerable elevation, would stand proportionably lower than one at the level of the sea; the mercurial column falls one-tenth of an inch for every ninety feet of perpendicular ascent—hence its value for determining altitudes; if, then, the words on the scale are only referred to, corresponding changes of the weather could seldom occur at the summit and base of a hill. In our climate, the fluctuations of the barometer are influenced in a great measure by the direction or force of the winds. In serene and settled weather, the mercury generally ranges about 30 inches at the level of the sea; and previous to, or during storms, it falls below 29. The following rules for predicting the changes of the weather, as indicated by the barometer, are from the best authorities:—

1. The gradual rising of the mercury generally indicates the advance of fine weather in summer, and in winter of continued frost, more particularly if accompanied by a north or north-east wind.

2. A gradual descent of the mercury denotes rain in summer, and snow in winter; westerly winds most generally prevail during the fall of the mercury, a south-west wind indicating a longer continuance of rain. If the fall has been very rapid, it invariably portends stormy weather, the surface of the mercury presenting a very uneven and jagged appearance; after stormy weather, the mercury generally rises very rapidly.

3. In sultry weather, the sudden fall of the mercury indicates thunder showers; during frosty weather, a thaw, and a sudden rise in winter, usually high winds and snow.

4. If, during summer, the mercury is low, with a beautifully clear sky, the atmospheric appearance must yield to the barometer—rain and sudden changes will soon approach; if the mercury has been low for two or three successive days, with the wind veering from north-west to south-west, heavy showers, with squalls of wind, are usually indicated.

5. Whatever change of weather suddenly follows any change in the barometer, its continuance will be of short duration: thus, if fair weather *immediately* attend the rise of the mercury, or reverse, if rain, a fall of the mercury.

6. If fair weather continue for several days, during which the mercury is gradually descending, a long succession of foul weather will most probably ensue.

7. If no change in the barometer is indicated in the wheel form by the motion of the hand, or in the vertical by a visible change in the mercurial column, by gently tapping the former, a slight movement of the hand will indicate its tendency to rise or fall; and by observing the surface of the mercury in the latter, if *concave*, falling; *convex*, rising.

8. If the mercury fluctuates considerably, alternately rising and falling, the weather will prove generally very unsettled and changeable; if the mercury falls *gradually* very low from a given point, it portends a heavy and long continuance of rain.

9. A sudden and extreme change in temperature, either from heat to cold, or reverse, rain generally follows within twenty-four hours.

Some of the preceding barometrical denotations occasionally occur without the anticipated results visiting the immediate locality of observation, although experienced at a distance."

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SELF-DOING AND BEING DONE FOR.

THERE are some principles of great force in human affairs—as the energy evoked by habits of self-dependence, the persevering constancy kept up by hope, and the influence of property—to which too little attention, perhaps, is paid by the speculative thinkers of our age, when considering the circumstances which affect the welfare of communities. We are not sure that we have given these principles a proper degree of attention in some of our own speculations.

The effect upon a human being of bringing him up and keeping him in a state of pupil-like dependence on some stronger mind in his neighbourhood, is sufficiently striking. The native powers of such a person are never fully developed. The soft appliances to which he is subjected, have rather the effect of repressing and weakening such energies as he possesses. He acquires a tendril-like inclination to cling to the power by which he has been always protected, and to which he has been accustomed to look for the gratification of all his desires. Treated always as a child, he continues to be, in short, a child. Nor is it merely the non-development of intellect that marks his sad case; but, unable to think for himself, his very sense of right and wrong is languid, and he is content to take his morals, as well as his bodily aliment, from his protector.

In the case of one who has to plunge into the struggle of the world at an early period of life, with the consciousness of having only his own energies to trust to, how different is the result! There may be a danger of foundering at first; but, that over, we quickly see the adventurer exerting his whole powers—a manly, vigorous, and determined being. He may do much that is amiss. He may go sadly wrong upon certain occasions, for want of a prompter, or for lack of experience; but every error is a lesson to a mind so sharpened, and in time he attains to a far higher standard than he ever could have done under the fostering hand of any kind of protector whatever. This is very much, perhaps, what enables friendless youths so often to make an advance towards fortune, while others possessed of what are called advantages, such as the influence of paternal care and paternal fortune, come little speed. There seems to be an immense virtue in letting a youth, to use a common phrase, feel the weight of himself, though it is not always convenient or agreeable to do it.

Mr Laing, in his late work, "Notes of a Traveller," shows the same contrast to exist between nations whose governments perform all the public business by means of functionaries, and nations which are allowed to do the greater part of the public business themselves. In some continental countries, administration is nearly perfect as a piece of mechanism. From the central government proceed chains of officers in proper gradations, not only for the collection of the revenue as with us, but for the administration of justice, the management of the police, education, and the general business of the country. Mr Laing shows, that, while there are about thirty paid government officials in a Scottish county of 145,000 inhabitants, the department of the Indre and Loire, with only twice the population, has 378 such functionaries. The mayor and his adjunct govern a commune, equivalent to a parish with us; each canton, formed from a number of communes, has an inferior court of civil and criminal law, with five paid officials; each arondissement, formed from a number of cantons, has a higher court, with ten paid officials. An under-prefect takes charge of an arondissement, and a prefect is the highest officer of a department. It is calculated, that in all there are 138,000 paid functionaries in France, exclusive of the clergy, the police, the mayors of communes, and the persons engaged in enforcing custom-house laws. Government thus has every thing done for the people. It is well done, but with a cost of eight millions sterling, and it keeps Frenchmen in pupilage. Much of the best young energy of the country is diverted from the productive pursuits of industry to seek for posts under government. "All independence of mind is crushed," says Mr Laing, "all independent action and public spirit buried, under the mass of subsistence, social influence, and honours, to be obtained in the civil and military functions under government on the continent." With a show of political liberty, "the French people have as yet no real civil liberty." They cannot move from one place to another, even to exercise the elective franchise, without a passport from a government officer. "The spirit of subordination and implicit obedience, which we confine to military service, enters on the continent into civil life. A Frenchman or a German would not think himself entitled to act upon his own judgment and sense of right, and refuse obedience to an order of a superior, if it were morally wrong; nor would the public feeling, as in England, go along with and justify the individual who, on his own sense of right and wrong, refused to be an instrument of, or party to, any act not approved of by his moral sense."

How different the case in England! The bustle of petty dignitaries, vestries, and local councils, is often ludicrous; the unpaid magistracy has been subject for both jest and rancour; road trusts are notoriously liable to abuse. Yet all these things are highly serviceable, for they give individuals of an active turn of mind throughout the country something to think about. The necessity of considering and managing public affairs, on however limited a scale, brings out energies in the people, particularly where there is also the stimulus of popular election. An unpaid English magistrate is an independent being; he will put up with no ill usage or dragooning from high quarters. The unpaid town-councillor, though he may be pragmatical and officious, is generally honest and sincere. Mr Laing thinks that, down even amongst the rudest of the people, the active moral agency produced by self-government may be traced. The individual Englishman, the most uneducated and depraved, is superior, in the estimation of this traveller, to the educated continental man of a much higher class, in his discrimination of right and wrong in human action; "he is more decidedly aware of his civil rights as a member of society, and judges far more acutely of what he terms fair play, or of what is due to himself and by himself, in all public or private relations or actions. It is the total absence of government interference, by superintendence and functionaries, in the stream of private activity and industry, that has developed in a remarkable degree the influence of the moral sense on action among the English." Even in the occasional outbreaks which disturb the peace in England and America, our traveller sees the symptoms of something good at bottom. They come, he thinks, from the same spirit which stands forward to save nations on national emergencies. Germany and Italy never have any mobs: they are better without these express things, but they are the worse of wanting that national spirit, of which these things are probably manifestations, though of an irregular kind.

It would thus appear as if there were a perfect analogy between the effects of self-dependence in an individual and in a people. The man who thinks and acts for himself is often wrong, but he is in the main a superior being to one who is only right because he is kept in constant leading-strings. He will probably do something distinguished, while the other only does not do any harm. For all the exigencies of life, he will prove infinitely more serviceable than the other, and it will be his invariable tendency to become a leader. Just so with nations. The people of a free country may be rude and wrong at times; but it is only amongst them that any vivid energies will be found. They alone will make great and rapid advances. In any shock between the two, it can be no difficult problem which will go to the wall. This analogy is useful for the argument in both cases. If it is well for an individual to practise self-management and self-dependence, it may be presumed also to be so for a nation. If it is well for a nation, we may calculate with the greater confidence that the more that individuals are left to the exercise of their own energies, the better.

There is certainly at present a disposition to lessen the range of the self-doing principle. It springs from good motives, and there is perhaps need for it in existing difficulties and peculiarities in our social condition; but the evil is an evil for all that, and it is well to be fully aware of this, even while consenting to partial breaches of the principle. A prevailing outcry of the day, for example, is that the humbler classes are neglected, and go to misery and error for want of due tendence. It seems to be considered as a sort of duty in some people to do a vast deal more than they do for some other people. But no class of men should be in such need of help. Men of all classes ought to be perfectly independent of each other, in every thing but moral suasion and brotherly love and charity. If the state of our working-classes be so deplorable (not temporarily, but statedly) as is represented, there must be causes for it which no such superficial remedies can be expected to reach. We may—we must—take means to alleviate, if there is no immediate possibility of curing, the evil; but we should still keep in mind that constant pretendings from one class to be taking care of another, providing for it, flannel-petticoating it, cottage-and-gardening it, feeding it, and even educating it, must have a detrimental effect of its own, in reducing the independent tone of the assisted class, and rendering those composing it altogether inferior as men and as fellow-citizens. Those who give most largely of their means to stipendiarise the humbler classes are probably the most benevolent, but we question if they are the most effective, of the friends of those classes. In a well-directed effort so to improve their social circumstances as to enable them efficiently to help themselves, more real good is done to them. The industrial power of every well-constituted human being is sufficient, in fair circumstances, to provide for all needs, without man being beholden to man, or class to class. And we may be very sure that only when men are thus independent will they prove right moral beings, or show the energies of men.

The world has never certainly seen so rich a country as England. Its immense wealth is owing not to soil or climate; it is not owing, like that of ancient Rome, to the plunder of all other countries; it is owing to the immense productiveness or industry of its inhabitants. But an unexpected effect attends immense industrial productiveness in this and some other countries. Society becomes polarised into a few with much, and a many with little or no wealth. It may be very true that only large capitalists can carry on either manufactures or agriculture with the result of large production. But when political economy has carried the case thus far, moral economy may come in and

ask, if this result is not obtained at some sacrifice on her ground. Large establishments for production, whether in farms or factories, require that the great majority of the people should be merely *employés* under masters—persons in whom, necessarily, from their situation, many of the higher moral and intellectual energies of human nature receive an imperfect development. The principle of hope is universally acknowledged as one of great efficacy in human affairs: to how much good effort does it prompt, from how much error does it withhold!—nature's cheap stimulus to all duty! But the bulk of those who commence a life of labour have little to do with this great principle. They only can look for a continuance of the advantages which they enjoy, on the condition of their continuing to merit them. Again, the possession of even a little property is confessedly of vast efficacy in raising the moral tone of human nature. It increases self-respect, stimulates to exertion, and creates an interest in the social fabric of the world. This, also, is a principle of well-doing and well-being which the bulk of our working-men unfortunately do not enjoy. May it not be these wants which mainly cause those hitherto inexplicable exceptions from the high state of morality and the high state of affluence which our country has attained—namely, its vast mass of intemperance, and its not less vast mass of pauperism? High and low wages are not here the question. It is conceivable that a small rural proprietor, in Switzerland or Tuscany, realises less of money's worth by his toils than many of our working men; but then he has the dignifying and invigorating sense of property, and sees every day's efforts tell in making things a little better. He is thus made to keep up and go forward, while the tendency of the English *employé* is quite the reverse. It is no new observation, that most of our enjoyments lie in prospect, and in the tone in which the mind is preserved. If the smallest possible proprietor has most of this enjoyment, he is the best off, although others may be able to show greater gains.

If these be principles affecting the bulk of the industrious in this country, the philanthropic mind may well despond; for how can the social framework of a country be so completely changed as it would require to be in order to undo such evils? England will for certain go on producing its enormity of wealth, without much regard to the negative pole of the social magnet. It may only be expected that its humanity, ever a shining star in its forehead, will exercise a healing and restoring influence over much of the misery unavoidably flowing from its state, and that counteractive moral agencies will go on improving in strength and comprehensiveness. A nation under such circumstances is a curious spectacle. Units make the whole; but units, like the separate members of a coral-line community, work on instinctively, seeing little or nothing of the general result produced. A reef rises, before the multiform being at work knows what it is about. How difficult for any one out of the whole, then, to affect the case for either good or evil! Only it is sometimes found in the human coral, that wide-seers do at length arise and speak, and that their voices come in time to have power, and that new and better courses are accordingly taken for the general interest.

FAMILY MANAGEMENT.

A TALE.

"WHAT can be the reason Harriet and Miss Williamson are so late in returning from their walk?" said Mrs Aylmer to her husband, as they were sitting one November evening in the comfortable library. "What can they be about?" continued the lady, an additional shade of gloom passing over her face, as she watched the approaching shadows of night darkening more and more the room in which they sat. "That girl Harriet keeps the house in a continual state of agitation; I never know what it is to have a moment's peace with her mad-cap pranks."

Mr and Mrs Aylmer were people of rank and fortune, who resided in the south of England; they had married late in life, and the results of their union were two children, a boy and girl. Mrs Aylmer was chiefly remarkable for her capabilities of putting herself into terrific fits of ill-temper, which alarmed and subjugated all around her to fulfil all her behests, and for ruling with strict and unflinching authority over her respectable husband. Mr Aylmer's principal peculiarities were an excessive love of good English dinners, and long comfortable naps after them. Charles Aylmer, the son and heir, was a sickly spoiled boy of fourteen. He was ill-tempered, selfish, cowardly, and mischievous—the darling of his mother, who remitted in his favour the uninterrupted severity she showed to all else—the heir of the property, and the sovereign of the household. He was chiefly remarkable for telling tales of his sister; eating a surprising quantity of cakes and sweetmeats; a great love of tyranny, united to a strong sense of personal danger. He had a tutor, who, for L.100 per annum, with a considerable number of physical comforts, was willing to take charge of an unwilling pupil and a disagreeable boy. Harriet Aylmer was fifteen, a fine tall girl, very handsome, very high-spirited, very clever, and very disobedient, passionate, and mischievous; she had always shown great aptitude for teasing and laughing at her brother (for which she invariably got punished), and for treating with supreme contempt all existing authorities. Her character was redeemed from its great faults and unfeminine love of mischief by deep and strong powers of affection, which few had the power of calling forth, and by great kindness and benevolence towards those worse off than herself for the luxuries of life. She was neither her mother's darling nor her father's heir; and as they had some floating ideas of the necessity of both rewards and punishments in the education of children, they solved the difficulty by applying the rewards to Charles and the punishments to Harriet. Poor Harriet, she was no one's pet! She teased her brother, disturbed her papa's naps, grumbled at her mother's partiality, caricatured the tutor, disobeyed and disliked her governess, held Mrs Jones, her mamma's officious maid, in supreme contempt, and was disliked by one half of her friends, and continually reproved by the other; the only persons who loved her undividedly were her little dog Fido, the gardener's daughter, silly Jane, and most of the servants, who pitied and excused her.

Now that we have introduced the Aylmers to our readers, we will continue our tale where we left it off, in the old library.

"Well," continued Mrs Aylmer, "I must know what keeps them so long. Ring the bell, Mr Aylmer; Miss Williamson should remember I don't approve of a young lady of Harriet's age being out so long. Oh, here they come!" she exclaimed, as the door opened. It was not them; it was Charles and his tutor.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed the boy, bursting in with an excited look and heated face, "what do you think Miss Harriet has been doing?—she will get what she does not like, I expect, when you know."

"What has she been doing?" asked Mrs Aylmer; "something wrong, I have no doubt; but don't be in such a hurry, my darling. Poor child! you are quite out of breath; you will kill yourself with such speed. I thought I had told you, Mr Ramsay," said she, turning round to the embarrassed tutor, "that I do not wish Mr Charles to exert himself in this way, to put him in such a state. It is very odd people cannot attend to what is said to them."

"I assure you, madam," answered the unfortunate tutor, seeing a storm brewing in Mrs Aylmer's threatening brow—"I assure you, Mr Charles was so anxious to come and tell you that he saw Miss William" ——

"Stop, stop!" interrupted Charles, "I don't want you to tell mamma—I shall tell her myself."

The obsequious tutor was silent, and the spoiled child proceeded to relate how his sister had in a frolic seized upon and bound her governess to a tree in the adjoining wood. A servant was immediately sent to release her, and a search instantly made for the delinquent, far and near. Some one thought of going into her room, where she was found, sitting quietly by the window. By this time the unfortunate governess was released from her situation, and had returned home, with the determination of not staying another day with such a pupil. Pale with anger, she rushed into Mrs Aylmer's presence.

"Madam—Mrs Aylmer" — she gasped, as soon as she found words.

"I know all," interrupted Mrs Aylmer, waving her off with her hand. "Pray, do not repeat things so very unpleasant for a mother's ear; but I must say, Miss Williamson, you must have your pupil under very indifferent command, for her to get to such a pitch."

"Madam," again gasped the ill-treated governess.

But it was in vain for her to speak; Mrs Aylmer would not listen to her.

"Well, then, Mrs Aylmer," she at last said, "you will perhaps have the kindness to hear me when I say that, sorry as I may be to leave a house where I have experienced so much *kindness* and *lady-like treatment*, I am obliged to decline the honour of any longer conducting the education of your daughter."

"Spare yourself the trouble," interrupted Mrs Aylmer again, with a haughty glance, "for I have long thought of removing Miss Aylmer from your care, and the events of this night have hastened my determination." She rung the bell. "Robert, tell Mrs Jones to bring Miss Aylmer here."

"My dear, shall we not dine first?" interposed Mr Aylmer, with a timid voice. (He had been sitting for some time looking on in great annoyance at the bustle and turmoil going on around him.) "It is past seven o'clock, and the dinner will be spoiled," he continued, fidgetting in his chair, from a mixture of fear of his wife's anger at the interruption and dread of the dinner being over-cooked. His faint appeal was of no use.

"Mr Aylmer, may I beg of you once more not to interfere? I believe," said she, casting on him a glance of supreme contempt, "your dinner is of more consequence to you than all your family put together." At this moment Harriet entered, her brow firmly set, her mouth closed, and her whole appearance showing she had made up her mind to bear the storm hovering over her head with dogged indifference. It is needless to repeat her mamma's address to her; the specimen we have given of her eloquence will show the style of it. Harriet listened unmoved and unsoftened. "Well," said her mother, stopping at last for want of breath to go on, "what have you got to say for yourself? Speak—are you deaf?"

"No, I wish I were," muttered Harriet, sullenly; "I have not any thing to say; I know if I were to explain, it would do me no good—I should not get justice done to me."

"Leave the room, Miss Aylmer."

Harriet obeyed; in opening the door she passed the poor governess, wiping tears of mortification from her eyes. Harriet was touched; she went up to her, and, taking her hand, said, "Come, Miss Williamson, let us be friends; I will forgive you if you will me. I am sorry I tied you to a tree, but you put me into such a passion, I could not restrain myself." The governess flung away her hand, and, with flashing eyes, muttered something about hypocrisy. Harriet turned as red as fire; she looked round the room; her brother Charles was laughing at her disappointment. "Take that for your pains," said she, giving him a box on the ears, "you cowardly tell-tale;" and, with flashing eyes, ran out of the room.

The simple version of this adventure was as follows:—Miss Williamson and Harriet were taking their usual afternoon's walk. Harriet had brought with her in her arms her little pet Fido, who was seized with an unaccountable whim of keeping up a constant barking. Miss Williamson, who was not in the best of humours, having had a brief interchange of words with Mrs Aylmer, felt very much inclined to vent her ill-humour upon the present company. In no very gentle terms she insisted upon Harriet putting the dog down. Harriet refused, and Miss Williamson seized hold of the dog, and threw him roughly on the ground; poor Fido howled piteously, and limped away. With sparkling eyes and raised colour, Harriet took hold of her pet, and dared Miss Williamson to do it again. The governess was so unmindful of her position as to do it. Harriet said nothing, but not many minutes after, she seized her opportunity, and, being a remarkably strong girl, tied her governess to a tree; she then quietly left her, and going back to where her poor little dog lay really hurt, she took him up in her arms, and went to her own room, where she remained, with dogged firmness, till called upon to account for her conduct.

The next day, Harriet was conveyed in a close chariot by her mamma to a school some fifty miles off, celebrated for the strict seclusion and severe discipline in which the young ladies were kept. Mrs Aylmer, still burning with anger against her daughter, gave such a character of her to Miss Lewis, the head of the establishment, that this lady looked upon the entrance of Harriet into her house with almost the same fear and trepidation as she would had an Ogre, a Jack Sheppard, or an officer of the Guards, with a Lovelace kind of reputation, been presented to her as a boarder. However, seeing Miss Aylmer was of rank and fortune, and that much money, and, perchance, much credit (if she could succeed in changing her into a propriety-loving young lady), was to be gained by her admittance, she consented to receive her under certain severe restrictions, to all which Mrs Aylmer consented, and came away perfectly satisfied that she had introduced her daughter to such discipline "as would make her know herself," as she expressed it, "and regret the home she now despised." Miss Lewis was stiff, starched, and a decorum worshipper. She had no idea of imbuing her pupils with the genuine feeling of kindness they ought to have for each other; but she did her best to teach them never to behave *ungenteelly* to each other, and always to be polite and young-lady-like. She expected from her young ladies that they should know dancing, singing, piano, harp, drawing, French, Italian, all in a young-lady-like manner, and that they should have a certain elementary knowledge of all the other branches of education; that they should make a curtsy on entering a room, and another when they went out, and call each other *dear* when they spoke to one another; above all, that they should not know the meaning of the word love, or, at all events, if they were so unfortunate as to have this knowledge, they should *appear* not to know it, and be particularly incensed at the mention of the institution of marriage. Such characteristics, she considered, made a perfect *young lady*.

The second act in this drama of family management now opens.

Mrs Medcalf was the widow of a naval officer, who on his deathbed had bequeathed to her a modest income, and the guardianship of the orphan son of his dearest friend, whom, in the absence of any family of his own, he had adopted as his son. Mrs Medcalf was the sister of Mr Aylmer, but owing to the great difference between her character and that of her sister-in-law, and also to the disapprobation she continually expressed of the manner in which her nephew and

niece were brought up, she held very little intercourse with Aylmer House. She knew very little of the children, but had a general impression that they were very spoilt and disagreeable. One dark and stormy night in the month of January, she was sitting over her tea, musing on the approaching college vacation of her ward, William Mansfield—whom she longed to see as much as if he were her own son—when she heard a voice at the hall door begging to see her. There seemed to be some dispute upon the subject, so she rung the bell to know who was there, when the drawing-room door opened, and there entered with the servant the muffled-up figure of a young girl. Mrs Medcalf started; she knew the face, but could not at once recollect it, as the stranger advanced and threw up her veil.

"Aunt Margaret!" at last said our old friend, Harriet Aylmer.

"My niece Harriet!" said Mrs Medcalf, in utter astonishment; "what has brought you here?"—and she motioned to the servant to leave the room. "What is the matter?—what brings you here?" she repeated, in an anxious voice.

"I am come to ask you for a home and for a refuge from those who persecute me," said Harriet, with a burning cheek and almost menacing tone; "and if you refuse it me I go away, and no one will ever be troubled with me again."

Mrs Medcalf saw she was dreadfully excited. "Sit down, my poor girl," said she, soothingly, "and tell me what has happened to you—you look dreadfully fatigued and excited; I will do any thing I can for you. Do not be frightened," she continued, observing the sofa shake under the emotion of poor Harriet, who at length burst into such heart-rending tears and sobs, that her aunt thought she would almost fall into convulsions; she untied her bonnet and cloak, gave her some cold water to drink, and, finally, had the pleasure of seeing her restored to more calmness.

"These are the first tears I have shed since I left my father's house," said she at length, finding words to utter; "and I was nearly desperate, when your words, the first words of kindness I have heard, quite overcame me." She at once began her story; she related, in clear terms, the misconduct which had caused her dismissal from home, and her being sent with the most disgraceful of reputations to school. There she had had to undergo every kind of disgrace and contumely; she was not allowed to associate with the girls, nor were they permitted even to speak to her; she was always kept apart from every one, and every night was sent for into Miss Lewis's room, where she was accused of every possible fault and misdemeanour, and exhorted to repent of them. Tales of her misconduct at home were daily circulated among the girls, as warnings to avoid the like; and, in fact, every humiliation and mortification were showered upon her. "I was treated as a felon, and as if I had the feelings of a felon, and not those of a young girl like the others," said Harriet, with flushed cheeks; "so at last I could bear it no longer; I thought any thing would be better; and I watched and watched till I made my escape, and came to see if you would take me in; and if you had refused, I would have gone and killed myself," said she with vehemence; "I am sure I would. I had but a few pence in my pocket, as my money and jewels were taken from me, and I have walked fifty miles, sometimes buying a pennyworth of bread."

Mrs Medcalf shuddered with horror at this relation; she thought with terror of all the dangers her niece's violent temper, and the injudicious treatment to which she had been subjected, might have brought her. She was too sensible a woman to reason with her on her conduct that night, so with soothing words and kind promises she conducted her to her bed; she could scarcely refrain from tears when she saw her swollen and blistered feet, which she got bathed and bandaged, and giving her a composing draught, left her to seek that repose of which she stood so much in need. It was a late hour that night before Mrs Medcalf retired to her room; Harriet's conduct occupied her most anxious thoughts. She was a very superior woman, both in feeling and intellect; and she resolved, if possible, to take charge of her niece. She wrote an earnest and solemn letter to the parents, stating that Harriet was under her roof, and another to Miss Lewis, acquainting her that her former pupil was in safety, and that she need take no further measures for her recapture.

The next morning the aunt went into her niece's room; she found her just awake, very feverish, and evidently very unwell from fatigue and excitement. She sent for medical assistance; it was a week before Harriet was able to leave her bed, and *then* she was very much paler and thinner. In the meanwhile, Mrs Medcalf left her to the attendance of her trusty maid, and set out herself for Aylmer House. She exerted all her eloquence in representing Harriet's case to her parents, and her whole stock of patience in listening to Mrs Aylmer's animadversions in return. By dint of prophecies of shame and disgrace to the family, if Harriet, by unrelenting rigour, was driven to extremity, and confident promises of amendment if kindness was shown to her, she prevailed upon the mother to give her up to her charge. This Mrs Aylmer was the more readily induced to do, in despite of her jealousy of her sister-in-law's interference in family affairs, as she felt that Harriet's high spirit was too much for even her passionate temper to curb. She consoled herself for granting the request by remembering that her darling Charles would be only too happy to get rid of his sister for ever. After making, therefore, as many objections as she could muster together, she graciously acceded, and Mrs Medcalf returned content with her mission.

When her niece was sufficiently well to bear the news, she told her of her success. Harriet fell at her feet in an ecstacy of joy, and promised for herself much more than she was able to perform.

Time passed on. Mrs Medcalf knew she had taken a heavy responsibility upon herself in thus adopting her niece, and that the charge of so wayward and passionate a girl could not be otherwise than a distressing one; and such she found it, for, strive as Harriet would, she could not correct the faults of sixteen years in a few months, and many were the bitter hours passed by her in repentance and regret for having offended her aunt. But what will patience, unwearied kindness, and charity, not effect? Mrs Medcalf laboured hard at her task, and before six months were passed, Harriet looked upon the displeasure of her aunt as her greatest misfortune. But all were not like her aunt; to others she often behaved ill. Her aunt suffered. Harriet was heart-broken, and firmly resolved to do so no more—which resolution she kept, till a temptation too strong to be overcome came in her way. Fortunately this occurred more rarely every day, and Mrs Medcalf looked forward with sanguine hope to the reward of her benevolence.

About this time William Mansfield came to pass his college vacations with his guardian, before setting out on a three years' tour on the continent. He knew Mrs Medcalf had the disagreeable Miss Aylmer staying with her, who was known in all the neighbourhood as a mischievous vixen, and whose reputation had been more than usually severely handled, as she had no one to defend her. It was therefore with no pleasurable feelings that he looked forward to having his tête-à-tête conversations with his second mother, whom he loved most affectionately, disturbed by her presence. When he did see her, he was very much surprised to see so tall and striking a looking girl; and could scarcely believe that one who seemed so likely to grow up into a lovely and elegant woman, could really be so odious as she had been described. But, alas! these first favourable impressions soon wore off. Harriet was very apt to take antipathies, and she instantly disliked and felt affronted at the supercilious and slim collegian, who seemed to wish to keep her at such a distance, and to look with contempt on all she did and said. She was, besides, very shy, and consequently awkward, never being accustomed to see strangers. She was at one moment silly and bashful, at another rudely familiar; and she was not at the slightest pains to conceal that she looked upon his room as better than his company, to use her own more expressive than elegant phrase. As for William, he was disappointed to see his solitary interviews with Mrs Medcalf intruded on; and, we are afraid, looked upon Harriet as little better than a disagreeable interloper.

It was with these sentiments they parted, and Mrs Medcalf felt William's disappointment as not the least of her trials, for he had been accustomed to look upon her house as his undivided home. She was sorry also to see two persons, who were likely often to meet under her roof, and whom she felt would soon be equally dear to her, show so little mutual good-will.

The morning after he left, while Harriet and her aunt were sitting at work together, Harriet opened the conversation by observing, "I am glad William Mansfield is gone; he is a very disagreeable, proud, conceited man. I wonder, aunt, you are so very fond of him."

"Even granting that all you say of my poor William is correct, which I should be deeply grieved to believe," answered her aunt, smiling, "I should perhaps still love him. You know I love you, and many people say you are very disagreeable, proud, and conceited; but I do not think so," she continued more gravely, observing the colour mounting to Harriet's temples, while the tears suffused her eyes—"I should be sorry to do so. As for William Mansfield, he is a most amiable, benevolent, and liberal-minded young man; and let me tell you, Harriet, I did not think you showed either delicacy of feeling or gratitude to me, in gratifying your own prejudiced opinions, instead of remembering all I had told you of his worth. You behaved to him with great rudeness and unkindness, which I did not think you would have done towards one whom you know I look upon as a dear and beloved son, nor do you show generosity in speaking ill of him to me when I am overwhelmed with sorrow at his departure." Mrs Medcalf looked so seriously displeased that Harriet was miserable; she burst into a flood of tears.

"Ah! I behave ill to every one," said she, as she hastily left the room. The lesson was severe, but necessary; it never was repeated, nor again called for.

Two years have passed since this little scene. Harriet is eighteen, a clever, accomplished, talented girl, exceedingly lovely and graceful; perhaps there is too much vivacity in her movements, too much fire in the rapid glance of her rich hazel eye, for the strict propriety-chart of a fashionable young lady; but no one, even Miss Lewis herself, could fail to admire her open brow, beaming look, and the ingenuous smile of her half-opened lips, showing the pearly teeth beneath: she was Mrs Medcalf's greatest source of happiness and pride; she introduced her to the small but select society she was accustomed to see herself, and looked upon her as the greatest ornament of the circle. As for Harriet, love is a faint term to express all she felt for her aunt; she knew she owed not merely her present happiness, but perhaps even her existence, to her kindness—I cannot more aptly express her feelings, than to say she flourished in her presence and languished in her absence, and never felt thoroughly happy but in her company. Harriet had also been home several times; and though these visits had at first been hard to bear, no self-control now was too difficult for her to undertake to gratify her aunt. All the energy she had once shown to commit mischief and folly was now expended in obtaining control over herself, and giving pleasure to this generous friend. She had succeeded so well by her patience and gentleness, that even her lady mother was softened in her favour, and graciously contemplated having her home again, now that she was likely to do honour to the family name; but Charles expressed such decided disapprobation against this step, that, fortunately for the aunt and niece, the scheme was abandoned; as for her papa, he loved her as much as he was capable of doing, and much more than he did either his lady or his heir. Harriet's affectionate heart was often gratified by receiving from him kind letters and numerous presents, which showed he did not forget her; and when the family paid Mrs Medcalf a visit, Harriet endeavoured to make up, by her attentive solicitude, the trouble she had once given them. The absent traveller often wrote to them; gradually Harriet began to look upon him with the sisterly affection and interest which she felt to be due to the adopted son of her benefactress, and which his amiable character really deserved; she invariably called him cousin; and he on his side did not forget her—he often enclosed a few kind words for her, and sometimes sent her different specimens of the manufactures of the country he was passing through. It was impossible for Mrs Medcalf to write to him so often and familiarly, and not introduce the subject of her niece's improvement; and though William suspected the account to be slightly exaggerated, he still felt there must be much good to call forth such ardent praise.

"Aunt," said Harriet one morning, "I should like to thank my cousin William for his last present to me; shall I write a few words to him in your letter?" Her aunt consented; and thence sprung up a correspondence between the two pretended cousins, which did more to unfold their real character to each other than a year's fashionable acquaintance would have done. In happiness and content the time passed over, and now was the term of the traveller's absence nearly expired: they expected him from day to day.

One bright summer evening that Mrs Medcalf had gone out to visit a neighbouring cottage, and Harriet was alone in the drawing-room, a ring was heard at the door, and a strange voice inquiring for Mrs Medcalf, Harriet advanced to meet the stranger, whom she believed to be some casual acquaintance. The door opened, and a tall young man of about five-and-twenty stood before her; his naturally pale complexion embrowned by travel; a good-humoured smile played upon his lips, while his dark eyes gazed earnestly upon those of his wondering companion.

"You don't know me, I see, Miss Aylmer," he said. After a moment's reflection, the truth flashed upon her: that tall manly figure was that of the slim, pale collegian she had seen three years ago—it was William Mansfield. With a vivid blush, she placed her hand in his. "Is that all the welcome you give your affectionate cousin and old friend?" said he, as he kissed her blushing cheek; "remember what a long time I have been absent, and how delighted I am to see you all again." Mrs Medcalf was sent for; she could not sufficiently admire his manly appearance and intelligent conversation; and they separated that night mutually pleased and happy. Harriet admired the liberal and enlightened sentiments expressed by William, his benevolence, and gentle manners. William thought Harriet the loveliest girl he had ever seen; and when he fell asleep, visions of her open brow and laughing eye were mingled with the kind smile and loving kiss of her aunt. As for Mrs Medcalf, she admired them both, and thought within herself "'Twere a pity so pretty a pair should ever be parted."

The intimacy of the *cousins* every day became greater; William, for worlds, would not give up the relationship, it afforded him so many opportunities of showing love and friendship which pass current among relations. One day, some months after his return, as they were walking out together, Harriet was conversing upon a theme she never tired of—her beloved aunt. Gradually she began to relate the adventures of her early youth; William had never heard them before; he listened earnestly, and could not sufficiently admire the truthful ingenuousness with which she related her youthful follies. "Where should I now be?" said she, as she concluded her tale, looking up with enthusiasm in his face, "if my aunt had not taken pity upon me?"

"Certainly not in my arms," said the daring lover, clasping her to his breast with an insinuating smile. "Tell me, Harriet," said he, in a voice which he meant to be irresistible, "will you not make up for being so naughty a child by being a good girl, and promise to love a modest, well-disposed youth like myself for the rest of your days?"

Harriet broke away from him, but it was in vain to feign displeasure; she did not feel it. She again gave

him her hand, with the half-serious condition that he would behave better another time. Before they returned home she had promised to be his wife, if her aunt approved of their union. Mrs Medcalf *did* approve of it; and before another month was passed, William was pleased because he had won Harriet for his wife; Harriet was pleased because she was married to the man she loved; Charles was pleased because he now had Aylmer House to himself, without fear of intrusion; Mr and Mrs Aylmer were pleased because their daughter had married a man with L.5000 per annum; and the good aunt was pleased because *evil had been changed into good.*

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

EMIGRATION.

We are constantly receiving newspapers from the different colonies, and also papers respecting the colonies published in London, and the great broad fact appears on the face of all, that the colonies, with scarcely an exception, are greatly in want of labourers. "*Send us labourers,*" is the cry of the Canadians, the Australians, and the settlers of the Cape and of New Zealand. The demand is heard from one end of the colonial world to the other, and the most flattering temptations are held out for complying with it. At a meeting held at Niagara—called in the *Niagara Chronicle* "The Great Emigration Meeting"—which took place on the 7th of January last, a long speech was delivered on the subject by Dr Rolph, in which he speaks of the exertions made by the inhabitants of Montreal to render emigrants comfortable on their arrival, to relieve them if sick, or in a state of destitution, and to forward them to districts where their labour is required. He adds, that at the many public works now in a state of advancement in the provinces, there is a steady demand for mechanics and labourers; and that as many as "one thousand able-bodied labourers are at this moment urgently required on the Welland Canal."

Of the demand for labourers at Sydney we need here say nothing, as we lately gave publicity to the letter of a "Magistrate of the Territory," mentioning that the demand was excessive. We turn, then, to the Cape of Good Hope, which, from all we have heard, has been steadily but unostentatiously advancing in a career of prosperity. Such, we are informed, is the demand for labourers at the Cape, that the inhabitants are thankful to receive and hire African slaves, who have been liberated by British cruisers while on their way to America. But they tell us they would infinitely prefer white and trained servants from the home country. At a late public meeting on the subject at Cape Town, it was resolved to raise funds by subscription to defray the expense of bringing emigrants from England. The temptations held out are—a delightful climate, meat at 2d. a-pound, and a hearty welcome to all steady and respectable persons willing to make themselves useful.

We have thus sufficiently drawn attention to the circumstance of the colonies being, according to their own showing, in want of labourers; and the point to which we now advert is the extraordinary degree of negligence on the part of the colonists themselves, in actually making known and getting what they want. If they wish to see a host of working men with their families arrive on their shores, why do they not take some trouble to make working men acquainted with that important fact, and also tell them how they are to get out? If every thing be true that the colonial and emigration journals say, the case stands thus:—*There*, at a distance of a few thousand miles across the sea, are immensely large countries, as fertile as the heart of man could desire, yet comparatively destitute of persons to work upon them; and *here*, on the other hand, is a country overcrowded with population, with a redundancy of labourers, almost starving for lack of employment. Does it not, then, appear somewhat strange that the colonists should take no intelligible means of supplying themselves with these spare labourers? Every colonial newspaper teems with accounts of "great emigration meetings," at which resolutions are passed declaring that thousands of men are required, and in some instances arrangements seem to be made for paying the passage of individuals; but beyond these public declamations little seems to be accomplished, and the process of emigration remains year after year in the same meagre, unsatisfactory condition. We dare say the "Great Emigration Meeting" at Niagara thought it had done a vast deal, by its powerful resolutions and speeches, to promote emigration from the United Kingdom; and yet, we ask, what labouring man here knows any thing at all of the matter, except perhaps what we are now telling him? Three years ago, we copied into our paper the account of a similar meeting at Montreal, at which it seemed to be the resolution to establish agents in this country for the purpose of receiving and handing forward emigrants. Our brief notice brought dozens of letters from poor people, inquiring where these agencies were situated. We could not tell; and are pretty certain that no such agencies were ever established. This is a sample of the slovenly manner in which the colonies set about the great business of helping themselves to servants. Instead of opening fixed establishments in this country, to advise and help forward emigrants, they perhaps send a person to lecture on the subject. We do not want lecturers. The public are already sufficiently alive to emigration, and only want some practical advice, assurance of good treatment, and assistance.

The inhabitants of Montreal, greatly to their honour, have, it seems, organised a humane system of assisting the poorer class of emigrants; but who in Great Britain knows that such is the case? In this as in every thing else, the colonists appear to labour under an impression that what they do is heard of through the medium of their newspapers, which, we can assure them, is a fallacy. The people of Great Britain and Ireland seldom, by any chance, see a colonial paper, and know nothing of what is going on in the colonies. The home newspapers, they must know, seldom notice any colonial movement unless it be of a warlike or political character. The opening of new ports and roads, public improvements, establishment of societies, progress of cultivation and agriculture, and such matters, remain unnoticed, from an idea, perhaps, that the quoting of paragraphs on these points would excite little interest in British readers. For example, in the speech of Dr Rolph, above alluded to, we observe a number of interesting particulars respecting the social progress of Canada within the last two years, but we doubt if a single newspaper, not expressly colonial, will notice them. This remarkable silence of the general newspaper press on colonial matters was exemplified on the occasion of the outbreak in Canada a few years ago. Nobody had been prepared to hear of any such uproar; and while civil war was raging in a department of the empire, the people of the home country could not comprehend what it was about. We mention this only to show that the colonies should adopt some more effective means than now exists of making all reasonable complaints and demands heard in this country. Whenever they have a desire to operate distinctly on public opinion, they must appeal *directly* to the people through the medium of our newspaper press.* But to make their designs respecting emigration known, something more is desirable. The great mass of persons whose services are most required in the colonies, see no newspapers. Ploughmen, shepherds, day-labourers, men with families living in remote situations, and female domestic servants, form an understratum in society into which the products of the daily press do not commonly penetrate. The persons in such situations are thrown entirely on their own glimmering conceptions of what they have to expect by emigration, or they rely on the advice of such individuals as they imagine will set them on the right track.

Do not let it be supposed that we advocate a sweeping system of emigration. We advise every man to stay at home who possesses a decent livelihood, or the intrepidity to push his way by skill and industry. Our observations are directed to the colonists, who are making such an incessant clamour about the want of labourers, and to the great number of labourers who feel desirous of emigrating. We have thought considerately on the subject, and it appears to us that the process of emigration will never be any thing else than the scramble it now is, until arrangements of the following nature are organised, and fully and fairly acted upon:—

1. Every colony which wishes labourers must, on its own side of the water, organise means to receive and employ all who arrive seeking employment—have plenty of lands ready surveyed for emigrants to buy in lots, if they want to settle in that way—and, above all, have a person in waiting on the arrival of every ship, to tell the people what they are to do; so that, in short, a man would arrive with a perfect confidence as to his being at once satisfactorily provided for.

2. Each colony must organise means equally as effective here. It must send a properly commissioned agent (who should be backed, or recognised as trustworthy, by the colonial and home government), to establish an emigration office in every large town, as, for instance, in London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, Cork, &c. This office should resemble an open shop, be furnished with maps and plans of the colony, and descriptive pamphlets and papers explaining what classes of emigrants are required. The keeper of the office should be an intelligent and conversable person, who would take pains to explain, in a friendly way, every desired particular—tell exactly how the proposing emigrant should proceed, which port he should sail from, and, if possible, put him in communication with the skipper. Sub-offices in remote localities might be opened in connexion with these principal establishments.

3. It should be part of the office-keeper's duty to publish advertisements in the newspapers, and also by handbills, defining the objects of his mission, and stating his readiness to furnish every species of information to applicants. The handbills should be posted up in most towns and villages throughout the country; and the language employed in them ought to partake of the simplicity of common speech.

If the various colonies could unite to appoint a common agency, much expense might be spared; but we fear that is quite hopeless, and would therefore advise each to start on its own account in the first place. It will be observed that we say nothing of paying for transmission; that must be left to the capacity of the colony for raising funds. Very distant colonies, possessing means, might instruct their agent to pay the whole, the half, or the quarter, of passage-money, according to circumstances. Canada, in our opinion, could get an abundance of hands, merely by the organisation we point out, because numbers of men are able to pay for themselves, and many in a state of destitution would be assisted by parishes, subscriptions, and private friends. As government, according to all accounts, is about to establish a better system of marine transport for emigrants, it cannot be doubted that, by the simple plan we have hinted at, the colonies would speedily be in possession of labourers commensurate with their capital. Those states, likewise, in the North American union, which are at present desirous of procuring free labour (Virginia, we believe, for one), might advantageously follow the same method, which, by proper management, would, we seriously believe, be successful beyond any assignable limits.

* Within the last few years, the growing importance of the colonies has called into existence a class of periodical publications, chiefly newspapers, in London, which are devoted either to colonial topics generally, or to the concerns of single colonies in particular. Among these we may notice, as standing at the head of the whole, "The Colonial Gazette," which, we have heard, has been of considerable use in schooling the colonists with regard to their political and social relations.

ANAGRAMS.

An anagram consists in the transposition of the letters of any word, or set of words, so as to form, by a new arrangement, some other term or terms, having an application, of one kind or another, to the sense of the original words. The art of forming anagrams was a species of literary trifling so much in fashion in the days of Elizabeth and her successors the Stuarts, that the learned Camden did not disdain to compose an essay on the subject, in which he lays down the laws to be followed in the composition of the anagram. The precise in practice, he says, changed not one letter, with the exception of the aspirate *h* alone, which, like the Greeks, who merely symbolised it by a comma, they conceived to have no proper title to be called or used as a letter. The less strait-laced anagrammatists, however, took other liberties, such as that of substituting *u* for *v*, *c* for *k*, *s* for *z*, and the like. Camden himself liked the anagram exceedingly, as yielding "a delightful comfort and pleasant motion to honest minds;" and the more difficult the anagram the better, as it is then, he says, "a whetstone of patience to them that shall practise it; for some have been seen to bite their pen, scratch their heads, bend their brows, bite their lips, beat the board, tear their paper, when the names were fair for somewhat, and they caught nothing therein." All this seemed to our antiquary a very charming sort of perplexity.

Anagrammatising is of very ancient date, having been one of the ways by which the mystical religionists of old locked up their secrets, and endeavoured to throw a sanctity around the names of peculiar persons and things. The Jewish cabalists directly professed the art of *themura*, that is, of changing or transposing terms to discover a hidden signification in them. This is precisely the art of making anagrams. From Noah's name they made *grace*, for example, in Hebrew; and in Messiah they found *he shall rejoice*. In the *Cassandra* of Lycophron, a poem written about 300 years before Christ, we find the first name of Ptolemy Philadelphus transposed from *Ptolemais* into *Apo melitos*, "from" or "out of honey;" in which case the second *o* would be obtained by placing '*O* before the name, making it "the" Ptolemy, as being a generic appellation. The name of the same king's wife, *Arsinoe*, was anagrammatised into *Eras ion*, "Juno's violet." Other ancient writers, Eustachius among the rest, give examples of the art as used among the Greeks. To come a little farther down the mount of past time, we find Friar Bacon, according to a common custom, concealing one of his gunpowder ingredients, *charcoal*, under an anagram. As might be expected, the French were early and long attached to this sort of badinage; so much so, that Louis XIII. had a regular anagrammatist pensioned at 1200 livres a-year. In France, a man sometimes even made his fortune by working out a single happy transposition of a king's or great man's name. Thus, all France rung with the anagram on the monarch, *François de Valoys*, whose name was converted into *De façon suis royal*, indicating him to be indeed "of regal strain." *Marie Touchet*, favourite of Charles IX., would not allow the lucky fellow to go unrewarded who discovered her fascinations to be indicated in the very name which she bore, and which says, *Je charme tout*, "I charm all;" and a vacant clerkship, a sinecure without doubt, would to a certainty fall to the no less fortunate man who found the chancellor *Louis de Boucherat* to have been baptismally and patronymically designated for his high office, because his name told that he *est la bouche de roi*, "is the mouth-piece of the sovereign."

Even Calvin deigned to anagrammatise. His adopted Latin title, *Alcuinus*, is a very simple transposition of *Calvinus*. Nor did the grave reformer disdain to enter into an anagrammatical contest with Rabelais, in whose Latinised name *Rabelaesius*, he found the words *rabie laesus*, "bitten by madness." Rabelais was not the man to let a shaft of this kind be aimed at him without a return, and accordingly, using some liberty with the lexicographically-jumbled letters *i*, *j*, *v*, and *u*, he found in Calvin's name the old French vulgarism *jan-cul*, which casts a disagreeable reflection on the person of the Reformer

It was one of the weaknesses of this age to imagine that, from a transposition of the letters of names, grave and important indications of the truth might sometimes result. Thus, when it was found out that *James Charles Stuart*, the baptismal designation of James I., was convertible into "claims Arthur's seat," it was seriously said, that "this shows his undoubted rightful claim to the monarchy of Britain, as successor to the valorous King Arthur." The anagram in question was the production of a Welshman named Owen, famous for these sort of things, and was prophetically made before James came to the English throne. Another on *Jacobus Steuartus*, "James Steuart," runs thus:—*Tu es ob justa carus*, that is, "For thy just acts art thou beloved." Another, and really a happy and simple one, makes out of plain *James Stuart* the words "A just master." James's favourite, the noted Villiers, had an anagram of rather an appropriate kind made on his name, while he was an earl. *George, Earle Buckinghame*, was transposed into *Oh, grave, able king, grace me!* a prayer which the monarch, for flatteries much akin to that conveyed in the anagram, was pleased to listen to most graciously, as was not unfelt by the national purse.

Elizabeth had her full share of this species of honours. The two following transpositions are among the most apposite made on the name of the maiden queen: *Elizabetha Regina* was found convertible to *Angliae eris beata*, that is, "A blessing shalt thou be to England;" and *Elizabetha Regina Anglorum* was turned to *Gloria regni salva manebit*, or "The glory of the kingdom shall remain intact." Lord Chancellor Ellesmere might have taken a family motto from an anagram made on his name, *Thomas Egerton*; namely, *Gestat honorem*, "He is arrayed in honour." When the vile assassination of Sir *Thomas Overbury* took place, an anagram appeared on his name, exclusive of the title, which Sir Symonds d'Ewes speaks of as not unworthy to be owned by the first wits of the age. It was, *O! O! base murthyr.*

Collet, whose curious Relics of Literature contain much information on this subject, informs us that one "Mistress Mary Fage," in the time of Charles I., devoted a whole volume to the publication of anagrams and acrostics composed by herself. Mistress Fage was indeed a mistress of the art. Princes, peers, and prelates, to the number of four hundred and twenty, are both anagrammatised and acrosticised in her "Fame's Roll," in the subjoined fashion. *John Weymes*, Earl of Weymes, was one of the parties whom she delighted to honour; and she makes of his name the really good transposition, "Shew men joy." The acrostic commences thus:

> "In your great honour, free from all alloy,
> O truly noble Weymes, you *shew men joy*;
> Having your virtues in their clearer sight,
> Nothing there is can breed them more delight."

And so on with *Weymes*. What honours, and rewards more tangible than honours, fell to the ingenious Mistress Fage, history faileth to record. Some peculiarly happy anagrammatist made out of General Monk's name a chronogram, marking a date as well as an anagram. Thus, *Georgius Monke, Dux de Aumarle*, was found to form *Ego regem reduxi, Anno Sa. MDCLVV.*; in English, "George Monke, Duke of Albemarle," "I restored the king, in the year of safety (*Sa.* for *Salutis*) 1660."

Owen, the learned Welshman, has been referred to. He had a happy knack of making his anagrams epigrams, and sometimes, in two lines, contrived to turn one word half a dozen ways. As he wrote in Latin, and as, in translation, the anagrams are necessarily lost, we content ourselves with giving an humble imitation of one; in which, with the help of a *so*, something like his plan will be made manifest.

> "Since *brevity* of speech *so* charms the ear,
> Let no *verbosity* in thine appear."

But Owen could manage the matter without coupling two words, and all due laud be accordingly given to him for his ingenuity.

By anagrammatising his name, Sir Thomas *Wiat* was found to be "A wit;" *Waller* had the "Lawrel" in his patronymic; and *Vernon* was baptised to "Renoun." *Crashawe*, the poet, had a beloved friend of the name of *Car*, and having found out that his own designation was convertible to "He was Car," he made the circumstance the basis of some affectionate lines bearing on the friendly union which their names showed to exist between them.

In modern days we have had no lack of anagrams, though no hidden virtue can now be found in them. Three of the most noted men of recent times have been each the subject of good anagrams. One of the best made on *Napoleon Bonaparte* is in Latin, being *Bona rapta, leno, pone*; which, Englished, signifies, "Rascal, yield up your stolen possessions." *Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington*, is transposable to "Let well foil'd Gaul secure thy renown." Better still than these is that which makes of *Horatio Nelson, Honor est a Nilo*; meaning, "His honours are from the Nile." The following are amusing and apt general anagrams. What is *Revolution?* "Love to ruin." A *Telegraph?* "Great help." What are *Lawyers?* "Sly ware.' What comes from a *Dispensatory?* "O! I send pastry." Is the *Assembly* composed of good men? "Yes, lambs." Who moved the *Amendment?* "Ten mad men." What do the Catholic *Representatives?* "Serve Saint Peter." Got you *Satisfaction?* "It is a fact, son." Perhaps, however, the subjoined anagram, with which we shall come to a close, is better than any of these.

> "When *I cry that I sin* is transposed, it is clear,
> My resource, *Christianity*, soon will appear."

Though anagrammatising be unquestionably the veriest trifling, it may, like the composing of Bouts Rimés, serve very well to pass a social evening; and, being so far an exercise of the intellect, it is certainly preferable, as an occupation for such hours, to many with which even cultivated circles have long been in the habit of employing themselves.

A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

LUCERNE TO BERNE.

HAVING satisfied our curiosity at Lucerne, we moved *en route* to Thun,* a distance of between fifty and sixty miles, and therefore too great a stretch for Louis to perform with his cattle in the compass of a single day. But we were in no hurry; our object being to see, saunter, and inquire, not hasten over a certain space of ground in a given period of time. The road which we pursued lay in a westerly direction from Lucerne, and was one of the wildest we had traversed. The weather, also, had all at once changed, though fortunately only for a day or two, to gloom, mist, and drizzle; and the face of nature was altogether dismal. Proceeding by a hilly path across a limb of the Brameg, the torrents were seen dashing furiously in foam from the lofty summits of the mountains, and the river Emme, a tributary of the Reuss, swept impetuously onward, carrying rubbish and all the loose objects it could collect in its headlong course. At different points on the journey, the waters from the hills had brought down great masses of sand and gravel, which lay scattered over the little patches of field occupied by a pains-taking peasantry, ruining their crops for the season, and levelling their hedgerows and bushy enclosures. Thus, however, from the deposits of mountain debris, have the lower arable lands of Switzerland been originally formed; and, more wonderful still, thus have been created the broad territories of the Netherlands, which are in reality composed of particles of mud floated by the Rhine from the higher grounds of Switzerland. The flat green polders of Holland were once rocks on the Alps of the Grisons, Glarus, and Berne.

About mid-day, in a tempest of wind and rain, we were ushered into the large roadside inn of Entlebuch, where, though apparently out of the world, we were served with a dinner of first-rate character, and, as usual, at a very moderate charge. Our place of lodgment for the night was farther on, at Langnau, a village somewhat different in appearance from places we had formerly seen. We had got out of the Roman Catholic and somewhat stand-still cantons which border on the Lake of Lucerne, into the plain, common sense, Protestant canton of Berne, in which there is as much hard work, and as few holidays, as any political economist could well desire. Langnau is situated in the midst of a fertile vale, and seemed to be occupied by an industrious rural peasantry. All the houses are of wood, unpainted, and generally of such a size as to accommodate perhaps five or six families each; the various entrances being by different flights of steps and half-pendent galleries. Some are distinguished by texts of scripture, carved in the beams running along the front, and from dates also carved over the doorways, we saw that several were two centuries old—a great age for a merely wooden house; but the fabrics are greatly preserved, I should think, by the large overhanging roofs, and by the practice of fumigation from the wood fires, the smoke being often left to ooze out by the doors, windows, and other casual openings.

A forenoon's ride through a country of low green hills and well-cultured dales, reminding me, in many particulars, of Scotland, brought us to Thun, which was to be our head-quarters for a few days. Thun is a substantially built old-fashioned town, situated chiefly on the right bank of the large river Aar, about half a mile below the point where it issues from the Lake of Thun; but the river here parts into three channels, again uniting a short way down, and therefore the town is a good deal cut up into separate sections, connected by wooden bridges. A large volume of water, one way and another, possessing a beautiful green tinge like the Limmat and Reuss, rushes past and turns several large mills for the inhabitants. Like Zurich, the town has got rid of its ancient gateways; the streets are open to the adjoining country, and we were pleased to see various symptoms of improvement in the environs.

In the course of our rambles we ascended, by a flight of steps of uncommon length, from the main street to the summit of a huge knoll, on which stands, with some other buildings, the old castle of Thun and the church of the town. The view from the walls of the churchyard is picturesque and grand beyond description. Looking in a southerly direction, we have the magnificent range of the Bernese Alps, covered with snow, and among which the Jungfrau rises conspicuous with its rugged glaciers, the whole fronted by a range of dark rocky mountains, including the Stockhorn and Niesen, both of which are remarkable peaks. Then, beneath these, we have the Lake of Thun with its wild romantic shores; and following the Aar, to where it passes us, and rolls away to the right, there is spread out a country rich and beautiful in the extreme.

From the beauty of its environs, and its suitableness for the retirement of foreign families, Thun has become a place of considerable resort of late years, and we found its hotels crowded with visiters. These establishments are situated most advantageously a short way east from the town, in the midst of fine pleasure-grounds, at the base of a woody hill, and close on the banks of the Aar. The houses, three in number, and capable of accommodating at least a hundred individuals, independently of lodgings for servants and coachmen, are conceived on a most superb scale, yet are not dearer than establishments of an ordinary kind, and certainly far less so than any third-rate inn in England. In one of the edifices is a *salle de lecture*, or reading-room, in which we found an English newspaper for the first time since entering Switzerland, and also an old friend—a copy of our own Journal. The keeper of these hotels is a singularly enterprising person. To accommodate the English, a handsome chapel, in the Gothic style of architecture, was finishing on the face of the hill, within the pleasure-grounds. And to bring and carry away customers who may visit his establishment, he keeps a small steam-boat constantly plying to and from the upper end of the lake.

An excursion to the farther extremity of the Lake of Thun and the country beyond, including Unterseen and Interlaken, formed a chief object of our visit; and as two or three days would be spent in our examinations, we here found it necessary to dispense with Louis's services, or at least to leave him free to seek another engagement. This was sad news to the kind-hearted lohnkutscher. He belonged to Lausanne, and had built himself up in the hope that we should proceed thither; he was right so far, but we had resolved to spend a few days in Berne besides those in Thun, and the expense of detaining him seemed to be unnecessary. It is true, I afterwards repented not retaining him for the whole journey, for though well enough served, we never again procured so honest and joyous a soul. Louis received his fees with a downcast air; wished a *bon* voyage to *les dames*, to whose fears in descending the mountains he had always been most attentive; said he was sorry we could not take him home to Lausanne, where his family resided, and to which all other Swiss scenery was a mockery; and, with many adieus, we parted. Next morning he was hired to proceed back to Zurich, but at what time he might regain his home it would be difficult to say; the profession he followed might keep him wandering about the country for months. A poetic friend, to whom we mentioned the little story of our intercourse with Louis, and his melancholy parting, has thrown the lohnkutscher's sentiments into the following random versification:—

THE LOHNKUTSCHER'S SONG.

The strangers summon me now to the route,
They come to visit our lakes and rills,
To see our snow-fed cataracts spout
In beauty from a thousand hills.
My charge is ready, my horses neigh,
And I must mount as soon as I can;
Yet, ere I depart, will a fond thought stray
To sweet Marie and pretty Lausanne.

Now, now we are pacing along the road;
Gaily *les Anglais* are chatting behind;
While at times I point to some fair abode,
Or spot made famous by valour or mind.
Kindly they question—I quickly reply;
Poor though I am, they esteem me as man;
Yet still and anon will remembrance fly
To sweet Marie and pretty Lausanne.

At night in a friendly home we stay,
And off on each morrow we jog again;
The freshening breeze of the early day
Brings lightsome spirits and health in train.
Lo! in the distance our Alps arise!
Barely their ever-white summits we scan;
Ah! much less dear are these hills to my eyes
Than sweet Marie and pretty Lausanne.

Hark! from the mountains the *Rans-de-vaches!*
How at these sounds doth my bosom glow!
Now, could I die, 'mid the sabres' clash,
For my own, my cherish'd Canton de Vaud.

* Pronounced Toon.

Canton de Vaud, so lovely, so fair,
How oft 'midst your vineyards my young foot ran;
And oh! what dear ones this moment are there—
With sweet Marie in pretty Lausanne!

Kind strangers, I fain would pursue your way—
But longings for home are astir in my heart;
Oh! bend to Lausanne your footsteps, I pray;
You cannot—you ought not—thus to part.
Delightedly hoped I to reach my dear home
With you in your tour over hill and champagne;
But you go whither Louis too far would roam
From sweet Marie and pretty Lausanne.

Departing by the morning steamer from Thun, we were in a few minutes on the lake—a sheet of water about half the dimensions of that of Lucerne, and much more regular in outline. From one extremity to the other, it may measure about twelve miles. The shores are lofty, and in some places precipitous, overhung by huge piles of hills, partially wooded, and here and there dotted with chalets, or rude mountain cots. With the exception of one or two small villages, the scenery is all still nature, and, on the whole, is neither picturesque nor interesting. But we were now becoming fastidious.

At the farther extremity of the lake, the passengers were disembarked, and immediately commenced a scramble for hackney-caleshes, voitures, and chars—the latter what we should call four-wheel gigs, with folding-up hood, drawn by one horse, and very sorry affairs. Some were going to explore a waterfall ten miles off, and be back in time to return with the boat; some were bound for the Oberland; some for Brienz. Not one was going to stay and see what could be seen in the very interesting spot of ground on which we were now landed, except ourselves. But it is always so with the English tourists. During our whole journey we never saw any one looking contentedly at what happened to be at the time before him—every body was hurrying forward to see something somewhere; and if it was at the top of a hill, or across a precipice, where there was some chance of personal danger, so much the better. The glory of *saying* they had seen so and so, appeared in most instances the prevailing object of ambition.

That part of Switzerland in which we had now arrived, is a little secluded world in itself. A plain of about three miles in length, and from a quarter to half a mile in breadth, is bounded on both sides by lofty rugged hills, above which, on the south, towers the sublime summit of the Jungfrau; while at one extremity is the Lake of Thun, and at the other the Lake of Brienz. Originally, I daresay, these sheets of water had been one, but soil from the mountains has formed an alluvial vale, and narrowed the watercourse to the neck of river, the Aar, which is now the only bond of union between the two lakes. The vale, sunk among lofty heights, flourishes a green paradise in the wilderness. It is richly clothed with verdure, ornamented with forest and fruit trees, and the seat of a numerous population, composed of Swiss and foreigners, the latter being principally English, who have made the discovery that the situation is at once *cheap*, agreeable, and salubrious. There are two villages. The first we come to is Unterseen, a surprisingly old-fashioned place, situated on the Aar, at the distance of a mile from the hamlet at which we were landed.

Unterseen consists entirely of wooden houses, thoroughly Swiss in shape—great overhanging roofs, outside stairs and galleries, casement windows, and all ornamented with long inscriptions of a considerable age. On one house we observed the date 1614, and a beam over the gateway at the entrance to the village was marked 1654. The leading street, at the centre of which is the open market-place, is mean and tortuous, without the slightest vestige of modern improvement or taste; while the general aspect of affairs, though not indicating positive poverty, or the squalor one sees in the large Scotch towns, is slovenly, and I should scarcely think wholesome. The antique houses are hives of population from the ground to the garret, and I can only say that those who imagine that living in cellars is only found in England, have never seen the dingy dens of Unterseen. As dirt is not usually put into pictures, the place, I have no doubt, with its romantic environs, will look extremely beautiful and picturesque—on paper.

From Unterseen to Interlaken, the road is almost a continuous avenue, lined by tall bushy trees, here and there varied with an ornamental villa or boarding-house; and at length we have such a mixture of trees and houses as to make it difficult to say where the village begins or ends. The greater part of this rural retreat appears to consist of houses of a superior order, devoted either to casual lodgers or stranger residents of longer standing; and we can testify to the village numbering among its larger establishments an inn of immense size, and possessing all the qualifications that any body could desire. The ladies were charmed with Interlaken. Never was there such a pretty place. It was like a scene in a theatre. Neat pavilions filled with Swiss toys exhibited their attractions under great spreading trees; long shady walks, with seats, invited the visitant to loiter away the lazy hours, and from over the bounding enclosures came the perfume of flowers and orchards. The adjacent hills—the Silver Horn, the Monk, Mount Eiger, and, above all, the brilliant white Jungfrau piercing the blue firmament—contribute at once shelter and picturesque beauty to the scene. With these attractions, and, as is said, cheapness of living, it is not surprising that Interlaken has become the home of self-expatriated English.

The shop-system of Interlaken may be said to be that of a perpetual fancy fair. On every hand there is something pretty and characteristic of the country for sale. The staple commodity is articles carved out of a pure whitish wood, for which the Swiss are celebrated. How pleasing is it to find a small community taking up some branch of trade for which its habits and tastes adapt it, and positively making wealth out of next to nothing! We had found a population drawing a subsistence at Spa from wooden painted boxes, another at Wiesbaden from the carving of deers' horns, and now we had one living by that simple manufacture which consists in shaping bits of wood into small objects of fancy and domestic use. Ever blessed and honoured be the spirit of honest industry wherever it is found; but doubly blessed be the industry which bears up against the influence of untoward circumstances, personal and local. Once I visited an humble cot in a country part of Scotland, the inhabitant of which was a poor lad, who for some years had been confined to bed in consequence of a paralysis of the limbs. Was that young man repining at his melancholy lot, and wasting his faculties in idleness? Not at all. He was sitting up cheerfully in his couch, carving small boxes and card cases, while all around him were spread the instruments and half-finished objects of his labour. A spectacle of industry like this, sets to flight all notions of inapplicability of any person or place for any kind of manufacture. As in the case alike of this poor Scotch lad and the Swiss cottagers, all difficulties melt away before a willing heart; and where that is wanting, every advantage of situation is useless.

I confess I was interested in the manufactures of Interlaken, and took much more pleasure in learning something of them than I should have been with the view of a waterfall. The articles are not made here only, but in other parts of the country, and chiefly by persons in the intervals of labour in the fields, and, consequently, for the most part during winter. It is a universally recognised principle in Switzerland never to be idle, if any thing can be done, or unless there is some decided festive sport to attend. Every district has some kind of article which it is the hobby of the people to make. I believe they do not try their hand on wooden clocks, these being the staple of the hills of the Black Forest, in the grand dukedom of Baden—a district, however, which is territorially adjacent to Switzerland, and from which ship-loads of these articles are exported annually to England and America. At the present moment, the cottages of Scotland are supplied with clocks from this quarter, through an extensive ramification of agents and venders. Complaints have sometimes been heard from hand-in-pocket out-of-the-way towns, that they are languishing for want of some species of manufactures. Here is one I can see no reason why they should not take up. An Englishman should surely be as able to make a clock as a German, or a toy as well as a Swiss. The Swiss toys range from a very humble to a high order, from an article of the value of a penny to that of a pound—the better class of objects being beautifully carved vases, baskets, and other things of a fanciful kind, well known to persons of taste.

Ascending by a winding path the picturesque hill which bounds the vale of Interlaken on the east, and leading towards the Lake of Brienz, we had an opportunity of enjoying a very delightful walk and seeing the Swiss cottage manufacture in active progress. As we had remarked a hundred times before, many of the houses were intolerably dirty, and a small village, which we attained at the nearest point of the lake, was, without exception, the most odious in this respect we ever beheld. But, at the same time, the spectacle of industry was equally extreme. Before almost every door was a woman, brown and skinny, working as if for a wager at skutching hemp, by means of a wooden apparatus which made a loud clacking noise; the place being seemingly in the possession of a set of female furies, every one of which would have answered to act the part of a witch in Macbeth without painting or dressing for the character. Within doors, industry of another sort was exercised by children and old people. Some were carving fancy objects, and in one house about a dozen children were engaged in making small toys, such as horses, sheep, and dogs, some cutting the pieces of wood, and others painting them. One little fellow was very seriously engaged in putting leaves of green paper on stumps to form trees; and another was painting a row of toy soldiers three inches high. This we found was a place of manufacture for the foreign market. The children of an insignificant Swiss village were working at something like a penny a-day, to furnish means for amusement to the more fortunate children of England and other countries. The juveniles of younger growth, who were not yet in harness in the workshops, also were not idle. A number seemed to be loitering out of doors on the outlook for strangers; and on our making our appearance, we were beset by offers of egg-shells decorated with the pith of rushes, and other trifles. The practice, as may be supposed, is little else than a disguised beggary, but the disguise at least assumes the semblance of virtue, and is less reprehensible than positive alms-seeking.

But I must bring my paper to a conclusion. We visited the shores of the Lake of Brienz, which appeared to be much more savage and desolate than those of Thun. Tourists who are desirous of exploring the country beyond have now an opportunity of doing so by a small steamer, which daily navigates the lake from Interlaken. Our return to Thun offered nothing worth mentioning; and I may add, that neither did our journey to Berne, our visit to which will form the subject of next article.

VULGAR HALLUCINATIONS.

THE MOCK KING OF MUNSTER.

As happens in the case of all great changes affecting the social framework, the unsettlement of the long-established form of clerical polity in Europe during the sixteenth century was attended with popular commotions equally extensive in their amount and destructive in their effects. Such consequences are, indeed, more peculiarly inseparable from revolutions in the religious world. Except in extreme cases, secular authority may be transferred from one body to another without the reins of governmental discipline being relaxed in any great degree; but it is not so as respects clerical affairs. When the European princes judged it right, at the era of the Reformation, to leave their subjects free to quit the pale of the old church, they were also left free, upon the same principles, to select for themselves a new spiritual path. Wild were the delusions and appalling the errors which resulted, in that comparatively barbarous age, from this unfortunate but unavoidable necessity. Madmen, fanatics, and impostors, with persons in whom, perhaps, all three peculiarities were mixed up, had here an ample field for their operations, and they left not the opportunity unused. Intending to notice popular hallucinations of various kinds in succession, we conceive that we may, without quitting our path, give some account here of one extraordinary instance of the kind springing from the source described.

The modern sect of Anabaptists use, in consequence of their adoption of a peculiar custom, a denomination which was made odious in Germany in the sixteenth century by a set of impostors and fanatics of the most depraved description. In 1533, there came to Munster, in Westphalia, a Dutchman named *John Bockholt*, a tailor by profession, and a native of Leyden. He was a ringleader of a fanatical party in his own country; and, with the aid of a John Matthison, one Gerhard, and some others, began to spread his mischievous principles in Munster. The time was, unhappily, but too favourable for such an attempt in Germany, where the ancient religious customs of the people were torn up by the roots, leaving them impressed with vague notions of an approaching new era, and ready to listen to the wildest speculations on the subject.

This was fully shown in 1525, twenty years before this period, when a fanatic named Munzer had the art to raise a numerous army of Suabian, Franconian, and Saxon peasants, and took the field with the intention of overturning all governments and laws, under the pretence that the world was now to be governed by the Founder of Christianity in person. The Saxon Elector, and other princes, raised an army, however, and routed the insurgents. Immense numbers were slain in battle and executed. John Bockholt soon gathered a party in Munster, whom he persuaded that a new spiritual kingdom was to be established, and that Munster was to be its capital, under the title of the New Jerusalem, whence the novel doctrines were to be disseminated over the earth. This idea was flattering to the mob, and the Leyden tailor gained continual accessions of adherents. As he went on, even the learned, including some monks, joined his sect, until at length he found himself powerful enough to venture on his great project. His followers rose suddenly in arms, attacked and deposed the magistrates, and became masters of the city. Immediately afterwards, John of Leyden was proclaimed *king* of the New Jerusalem.

We have said nothing of the doctrines or personal doings of the man who thus got the sway of a great city, containing many thousands of people. His extravagances are almost incredible. He married eleven wives, to show his approbation of the polygamy which prevailed in the times of *other* kings of Jerusalem; and to assimilate himself to a particular king of the Hebrews, he ran or madly danced, without apparel, through the streets of Munster. Other most offensive and pernicious acts were daily committed by this mock-monarch, whom it is too much charity to set down as insane. He of course saw visions, and dreamt dreams in abundance. In one dream it was communicated to him, he said, that the cities of Amsterdam, Deventer, and Wesel, were given to him as his own. He accordingly sent disciples or bishops thither, to spread his new kingdom. In the state of the public mind at the period, these pseudo-embassies were not, as they appear now, ridiculous. The Amsterdam envoy gathered so many proselytes that he attempted to seize on the city. He marched his followers to the town-house on a given day, with drums beating and colours

flying. Having seized on the house, he fixed his head-quarters there; but the burghers rose, and with some regular troops surrounded the fanatics, the whole of whom were put to death in a severe manner, in order to intimidate others of the class.

It may well be imagined that the city of Munster was in a dreadful condition under John of Leyden, it being a doctrine of the sect that all things should be in common among the faithful; and they also taught that civil magistrates were utterly useless. Hence enormous crimes, as well as ridiculous follies, were practised continually—real enthusiasm of belief adding to the evil rather than diminishing it. The following incident is the only one descriptive of the insane and scandalous practices of the sect which we shall venture to record—a specimen is enough. Twelve of them met, five being women, in a private house. One of the men, a tailor by trade, having prayed for four hours in a sort of trance, then took off his garments, and throwing them into the flames, commanded the rest to do the same. All did so; and the whole subsequently went out to the streets, which they paraded, crying "Woe! woe! woe to Babylon!" and the like. Being seized and taken before a magistrate, they refused to dress themselves, saying, "We are the naked truth!" Were it not for the sequel, we might simply feel disgust at this, as the doing, possibly, of shameless profligates. But when these very persons, instead of being placed in lunatic asylums, were taken to the scaffold, they sung and danced for joy, and died with all the marks of sincere religious enthusiasm.

John of Leyden did not long enjoy the throne of Munster. Its rightful sovereign and bishop, Count Waldeck, aided by other petty princes of Germany, assembled an army, and marched against the city. The fanatics shut its gates, and resisted; nor was it until after an obstinate siege that the occupants were overcome. The mock monarch was taken, and suffered a cruel death, with great numbers of his wrong-headed associates.

The popular hallucination, however, did not end here. The severe laws which were enacted after the deaths of Munzer and Bockholt, in order to check the spread of their principles, were of no preventive value, perhaps the reverse. We are told by Mosheim, that immediately after the taking of Munster, "the innocent and the guilty were often involved in the same terrible fate, and prodigious numbers were devoted to death in the most dreadful forms." There is proof, too, as in the single case detailed, that even where great profligacy characterised their peculiar course of conduct, there was often mixed up with it such an amount of sincerity, as ought to make us think of them with pity as beings labouring under a strange delusion, rather than blame them as persons erring under the common impulses leading to vice. "In almost all the countries of Europe, an unspeakable number of these wretches preferred death, in its worst forms, to a retractation of their errors. Neither the view of the flames kindled to consume them, nor the ignominy of the gibbet, nor the terrors of the sword, could shake their invincible but ill-placed constancy, or induce them to abandon tenets that appeared dearer to them than life and all its enjoyments."

SMALL COTTAGE FARMS.

The occupiers of a very few acres of land, whether as owners or renters, although by no means an insignificant class of the community, either as regards numbers or the position they occupy, or ought to occupy, in society, have hitherto received little attention at the hands of writers on rural economy. How they may have been affected by this neglect, we do not intend at present to inquire. Sufficient be it for us, if we can suggest any means by which the condition of this class can be improved. There are few counties in the United Kingdom in which cottage farmers are not found, in larger or smaller numbers, particularly in Ireland; and the manner in which they can most advantageously better their circumstances, is the object of our present observations. It unfortunately happens that this class of agriculturists, whether proprietors or renters, proceed on no proper principle of management, and are in reality little better off than the peasantry by whom they are surrounded. The grand error consists in a rigid adherence to old prejudices, and these it ought to be always a matter of importance to examine and abandon, if opposed to the light of science and practical economy.

Cottage farmers are not supposed to require the aid of any other machinery than that which they can use with their own hands. Ploughs, and all the ordinary apparatus of the great farmeries, are out of the question. The principle to be pursued is, to make the hand labour of the whole family tell to a good purpose on the productive capacity of the soil; and thus, by saving any money outlay, actually compete with the large farmer, who pays for all the assistance he requires. In order that the cottage farmer may make the very most of his possession, he must work it thoroughly with the spade. Some persons imagine that common delving is all that is meant by spade husbandry, which is a mistake. The soil must not only be turned over, but dug or trenched, by which the earth may be thoroughly stirred and mixed to the depth of eighteen inches or two feet; and where the soil proper will not admit of this, then a portion of the subsoil must be stirred in the operation of trenching. At the time this is being performed, all large stones should be removed, in order that the crops which shall be cultivated in the ground may be free from all such obstructions. In this process, however, care must be taken, where there is no great depth of natural soil, not to bury that of the best quality beneath the inferior kinds or the subsoil; and it is by no means a difficult matter, during this operation, to keep the best quality of soil nearest the surface. By a complete loosening and mixing in this way, exceedingly poor soils may be made to yield better crops than those of a very good quality under the ordinary mode of cultivation; and what tends to make trenching a matter still more deserving of adoption is, that, through a long course of years, there is no necessity for disturbing the ground below the depth that the spade or the plough commonly penetrates in ordinary culture.

It is after this manner that the Flemings have succeeded in bringing so much barren and waste ground, not simply into a cultivated state, but actually into a condition of great productiveness. The plan they adopt is this:—A ditch or trench, two or three feet wide, is dug with a trenching spade to the depth of two feet, or nearly so, if practicable, care being taken to place the best quality of soil uppermost, and to pulverise and mix the whole carefully; levelling the inequalities of the surface as the work proceeds. When such a trench has been completed, the digger commences another of similar width, and so proceeds until the whole piece of ground has been dug over or trenched. Where the ground is so wet as to require draining, drains may easily be made, at convenient distances from each other, as the work advances; but it is frequently found that trenching, in a great measure, obviates the necessity of draining, inasmuch as the subsoil is rendered so loose that the water readily percolates through it. It occurred that, in subduing the once barren heaths of Guelderland and the adjacent provinces, the difficulty of obtaining manure was so great at the outset, that nothing but the most hardy plants, and those inferior crops which do not refuse to grow on barren soils, were attempted to be cultivated; at length, by bringing a portion of them under the surface soil, and accumulating small quantities of manure at first, and afterwards larger, by degrees the most barren of these sandy soils became enriched, and by mixing and manuring, acquired the necessary degree of retention of moisture and compactness of parts, so that the more valuable crops were substituted for the poorest ones.

In alluding to these practices of the Guelderland farmers, which prevail throughout Flanders, we cannot sufficiently impress on the minds of cottage farmers the great importance of saving every particle of manure, liquid or solid, and disposing it at proper intervals on the fields. In Great Britain, hundreds of thousands of pounds are lost annually by neglecting this grand point in rural economy. Every drop of manuring liquid should run into tanks, covered to prevent evaporation, and all the more solid materials should be consigned to a pit, also covered from the weather; the addition of any waste vegetable matter to the mass of decomposing substances will increase the bulk and value of the manures so secured, and, if properly incorporated with the soil at fitting occasions, the few acres of the cottage farmer, be they naturally as barren as the wilderness, will be made to bloom like a garden.

Trenching and manuring are thus the two great means of melioration. The difference between trenching and ploughing is, that in the one case the spade dashes, breaks, and pulverises the soil, putting all the particles in the way of doing their duty to the roots, while in the other, the plough leaves many lumps of soil unbroken or untouched, and therefore of comparatively little use to the vegetation. We have some remarkable instances of the value of trenching in our own island; and probably not a more striking one than what has taken place on the "Muirs of Drumforskie" (now called Charleston), in the county of Kincardine, where comparatively worthless lands, by letting them out on "improving leases," apportioning a few acres of those waste lands to each family, have by trenching, draining, and spade culture, been brought into such a state of productiveness, that, at the expiration of the leases, 357 acres have been estimated to yield a clear revenue of L.750, or at the rate of two guineas per acre, per annum.

Under the old system of agriculture, except where the soil was exceedingly fertile, *three* acres was the quantity of land usually set apart for the keeping of a cow the whole year round, and never a smaller allowance than two acres. Consequently, an occupier of four acres of good land could not keep an amount of stock beyond two cows. Something over half of the four acres would be required for summer pasture, and the remainder would be scanty enough to supply the necessary quantity of hay-grass. Sometimes a small holder of this sort would break through the old regulation, and plough up an acre or so for corn of some sort; but as the abstraction of an acre from the four would greatly diminish either the pasture or hay crop, and as every thing connected with the cultivation of a corn crop by the plough would have to be hired, and the straw prove but a poor substitute for hay where only milch cows were kept, it is doubtful if such a proceeding would be found an advantageous one.

We will now proceed to show what may be effected by first trenching the ground after the manner already explained, and afterwards by introducing such vegetable products as are best calculated to thrive on the particular quality of soil under cultivation, and also to yield the largest supply of nutritious food. If, in a family of five or six persons, there is no one capable of assisting the husband in the operation of trenching, it would require several years to elapse before the whole of the four acres could be thoroughly trenched; but an active and industrious man would find little difficulty in bringing half an acre annually into an improved state; for as 80 rods make the half acre, and there being 313 working days in the year, to accomplish this it would require little more than a quarter of a rod to be trenched daily, whereas a moderate day's work, even where the soil is stony and difficult to trench, would considerably exceed a rod. But where there is a boy or two to assist, an acre might, with perfect ease, be brought into an improved state yearly.

Several experiments have been made in order to ascertain the quantity of produce in roots, artificial grasses, &c., that an acre of ground, under this sort of culture, could be made to yield; and the result has been that even less than 80 rods, or half an acre, will produce food sufficient to maintain a cow. This calculation is founded upon the well-known fact, that 100 lbs. weight of green food, a considerable portion of it roots, is a sufficient daily allowance for an ordinary cow. But cows kept upon such produce must not be allowed to pasture on those portions of the ground that are devoted to grass crops, such as clover, lucern, tares, &c.; but for the better health of the animals, they should have an open space to move about in adjoining the shed or out-building, where they find shelter from the storm and cold; for in soiling cattle during the hottest part of summer, an open shed, with a rack for their food, is to be preferred to shutting them up in close stables. Mr Allen, in his "Colonies at Home," very properly remarks—"Whenever it is possible to make a rod of ground produce 500 lbs. of the artificial grasses, in the several cuttings during the season, I greatly prefer it to any thing else, for cows thrive best upon grass and hay." He afterwards observes, in reference to this sort of food—"As it sometimes suffers much in dry seasons, we must not depend entirely upon it; but I have proved that it is possible to keep a cow all the year round upon the produce of half an acre of land, if it be carefully cultivated." He then proceeds to give a list of the produce he raised, which consists of lucern, cabbage, tares, mangel-wurzel, potatoes, turnips, parsnips, and carrots; and as a portion of hay is indispensable along with some of the root-crops during the winter season, he did not attempt to grow it, but sold a portion of his potatoes, and laid out the sum he received for them in hay.

It might be too much to expect that a small cottage farm of four acres, under the management of an ordinary cottage farmer, could at once be made to produce sufficient food for the keep of *eight* cows (half an acre to each cow), in the place of *two* cows under the old system of cottage farming. But giving him the advantage of an extra acre—that is, reducing the number of cows from eight to six, the products of his various crops, under good management, where the soil is tolerably fertile, would be amply sufficient to maintain *six* cows, or three times the number he formerly could keep; for, according to this estimate, there would be nearly three-quarters of an acre to each cow. It is certainly true, that, even after the whole of the ground had been trenched, there would be more labour annually required to cultivate the sundry crops, and to feed and look after the cows, than was required while the land continued under the old system of management; but, surely, the produce of the four extra cows would be more than sufficient to pay all expenses, even were it necessary to hire all the extra labour and attendance.

By dairy-farming in this way, small occupiers, whether owners or renters, might greatly improve their present condition: proprietors, in particular, might raise themselves to a state of independence to which they can never aspire while their few acres of land are allowed to remain comparatively uncultivated. Nor would this be the only advantage, since, by the increased productiveness of the soil, a larger proportion of the necessaries of life would be supplied for the benefit of the general community.

It has been proved, over and over again, that an acre of ground, *well cultivated*, will yield abundance of both corn and vegetables for the support of a family of moderate size. Hence it would become an object highly deserving a small occupier's consideration, whether it would be more to his advantage to grow his own corn, or to keep one cow less; for if an allowance of three-quarters of an acre is given to each cow, that quantity of land would yield sufficient corn for a year's consumption; and whether the yearly produce of *one* cow—that is, the value of the milk, butter, &c., yielded by her—would effect the purchase of a supply of bread stuff, is somewhat more than doubtful.

If means and accommodation permit, we should recommend cottage farmers to keep an ass to assist in taking produce to market, or in any other serviceable job. As the ass will eat almost any kind of green food, and that even which is refused by cattle, and is a humble and willing servant, he may be made to contribute materially to the comfort of the cottage farmer and his family.

DANNECKER THE SCULPTOR.

We find, from a notice in the *Art Union*, a monthly journal of the fine arts, that the celebrated German sculptor, Dannecker, died at Stuttgard on the 8th of December, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. "To all artists (observes our authority) who have visited Germany, his works are well known, and his fame has reached all English lovers of art through his widely celebrated 'Ariadne,' an exquisite composition, in the possession of Bethman, the banker at Frankfort. The early history of Dannecker is like that of many, very many, first-class artists, and might be written in less than a dozen words, from that vocabulary which supplies the plain means of describing the commencement of every similar career; these are, poor parents—innate devotion to art—intense application—difficulties—success. His parents endeavoured to thwart his inclination for the plastic arts; but the fascination was too strong upon him, and it carried him through all their opposition. His father was employed in the stud of Duke Charles of Wurtemburg, to whom the youthful Dannecker explained, personally, his views; and in 1771, at the age of thirteen years, obtained permission to study in the academy at the 'Solitude,' a ducal residence near Stuttgard, where pupils received, gratis, instruction in painting, sculpture, and music. One of the principal rules of this academy was infringed in the admission of Dannecker—for the students admitted were not below the middle rank of life; he, however, soon distinguished himself, and bore away, in his sixteenth year, the prize from older competitors—the prize awarded to him for his model of 'Milo of Crotona.' Friedrick Von Schiller was a fellow-townsman of Dannecker, and also a fellow-student at the Solitude, where a friendship commenced, of which a lasting memorial remains in the famous statue of the illustrious poet. In 1780, and in his twenty-second year, he quitted the academy, as did his friend Schiller at the same time. While studying, he was encouraged by employment from the duke, who afterwards appointed him sculptor to the court, with a salary of 300 florins a-year—about L.25. Ardently desiring improvement beyond what his native place could afford him, his wishes pointed to Paris, which place he received permission to visit; but at first without any addition to his pittance, which was increased by 100 florins only after a residence of some time in that capital.

At Paris he became the pupil of Pajou, and made the friendship of the sculptor Scheffauer. At that time, as now, in the French capital, the facilities for the study of nature were greater than in any other European city. To this study, therefore, he devoted himself during the term of his sojourn there, which was about five years. In 1785, he quitted Paris in the society of Scheffauer, with whom he proceeded to Rome, where he attracted the attention of Canova, by whose instruction and advice he was much benefited. In Rome, also, commenced his friendship with Goethe and Herder, who, like himself, were seeking inspiration from the relics that enriched the Eternal City. In Italy his reputation took its rise; for there he produced works which caused the academies of Milan and Bologna to elect him a member of their respective bodies. On returning to Stuttgard, he was employed for some time in modelling various subjects for Duke Carl; and he was thus occupied until 1796, when he again commenced working in marble, and executed his famous 'Sappho,' which is at Monrepos. Many busts of very celebrated persons are among the works of Dannecker; and none better known than that of his early friend Schiller. His works in marble and bronze are numerous, amounting in number to about 500; of his busts, that of Lavater is considered the finest; and of his ideal productions, his *capo d'opera* is a statue of the Saviour. This last-named work was finished in the year 1824, having been a subject of elaborate study during eight years. For the original conception he was indebted to a dream; and, perhaps, no other work of its class acquired, during its tardy progress, a greater degree of renown for its author. For some time before his death, Dannecker was but the wreck of what he had been, and had ceased, from mere superannuation, to exercise his art."

A CHANCE SPECULATION.

A certain citizen of Montrose, it is said, wrote to his agent in London to purchase a ton of copper for him; but the letter being one of the very worst specimens of penmanship, as well as perhaps not very correct in point of orthography, the agent read the order a *ton of capers*. Surprised at such an order, but nevertheless anxious to oblige his correspondent, he immediately set to work, and bought up the commodity in all quarters till he had the requisite amount. This, as may be conceived, was attended with the very natural effect of creating a demand for capers (in the language of trade, capers came to be inquired after), and also of rendering them scarce, so that they in consequence rose very much in price. The agent now wrote his correspondent that he had had great difficulty in fulfilling his order, but at last had succeeded in procuring for him a ton of capers; but that capers had since risen very much in price, and if he chose to sell, he had now an opportunity of realising a handsome gain on the transaction. The Montrose citizen, as might be expected, was very much astonished in his turn by the communication, and the manner in which his order had been fulfilled, but had the good sense to write immediately to sell by all means; and thus, it is added, pocketed a considerable sum from an unintentional speculation and unexpected advantage. Such a thing is possible, or may be conceived to succeed, with a commodity like capers, of which there is always a limited quantity in the market, but resembles one of those stratagems of war by which a town is sometimes taken, the success of which is more wonderful than would be the failure.—*Corbet's Inquiry into the Wealth of Individuals.*

THE LOVER AND THE BACHELOR.

A DIALOGUE—BY J. WILSON.

[*From the Londonderry Journal of 21st July* 1840.]

LOVER.

Scorner of wedlock, thou dost seem
Content and gay in love's despite;
Thy life glides on as doth a stream,
Unruffled by the tempest's might.

The storms of passion never cloud
The placid calmness of thy brow;
Thou'rt ne'er elated, never bow'd,
By joy or sorrow more than now.

Serene and fair as summer sky
Thy cheerful aspect, mild and meek;
Thy breast doth never heave a sigh;
Care hath furrow'd not thy cheek.

Oh! that this boiling blood of mine
In such unruffled course would move!
I'd change this leaping heart for thine!
But, tell me—didst thou ever love?

BACHELOR.

Brain-addled boy, I pity thee,
If thou in woman's toils art caught:
Peace cannot dwell but with the free;
And, oh! the bitter cup is fraught

With wormwood, that the soft white hand
Of passion to its victim gives!
Boy, trust not woman's visage bland;
She ever smiles when she deceives.

A serpent in her bosom lurks;
The fascination of her eye
Destruction to its victim works;
And shun it most when 'tis most shy.

A pouting lip and hectic cheek
(Though bile-suffused the one may be)
Are things to make a young heart weak;
But suffer not their sovereignty.

Or sorrow may thy breast assail;
For woman is a wavering thing—
Capricious, vain, and sure to fail;
And oft the fruit of love's a sting.

LOVER.

Ah! speak not thus, my hopes to mar—
Love, surely, is not all a dream!—
Some may be false, but many are
And ever will be what they seem.

At least, the heart that throbs to mine
Accursed deception never felt:
And, oh! at love's unalter'd shrine
The good of every age have knelt.

BACHELOR.

And been befool'd, as thou wilt be—
Love may be strong, but seldom stands
The tug of stern reality,
Without a loosening of its bands.

The cares that ever wait on those
Who link their fate on life's rough road,
The lover never feels or knows
Until compell'd to bear their load.

And then the carping ills of life
Dispel all vain, delusive dreams:
The husband frowns upon his wife,
And wonders where hath flown the beams

Once seen or fancied in her eyes,
Piercing his heart and bosom through;
And where the hoped-for paradise:
Ah! fain he would—but dare not rue.

LOVER.

Enough, enough, I'll hear no more
Of worldly wisdom; will is weak
When feeling makes the heart adore,
And bids it either yield or break.

'Tis not the symmetry of form,
The mellow cheek, the melting eye,
The rising bosom, soft and warm,
That forces from my breast a sigh.

It is a something which was ne'er
By language yet defined, but starts
From mutual eyes, when they declare
The wordless secret of two hearts.

BACHELOR.

Thou'lt have thy will, impetuous boy;
And why should I disturb thy dreams?
But ah! anticipated joy
In borrow'd radiance always gleams.

Such whims my fancy ne'er shall strike;
Give me a book, a friend, a chat;
And if I may not love, I'll like,
And stroke my sleek old dog and cat.

[Had we written the foregoing verses, we certainly should not have allowed the bachelor to have the last word.]

M. PERIGORD AND HIS DANCING-DOG.

The following anecdote is from the Life of Wilberforce:—"We were talking of the levity and gaiety of heart of the French, even under the severest misfortunes. This drew forth an anecdote, which had been related to him by Mr Pitt. Shortly after the tragical death of Marie Antoinette, M. Perigord, an emigrant of some consequence, who had made Mr Pitt's acquaintance at Versailles, took refuge in England, and on coming to London, went to pay his respects in Downing Street. The conversation naturally turned upon the bloody scenes of the French Revolution, on their fatal consequences to social order, and in particular on the barbarity with which the unfortunate queen had been treated. The Frenchman's feelings were quite overcome, and he exclaimed, amidst violent sobbing, '*Ah, Monsieur Pitt, la pauvre reine! la pauvre reine!*' These words had scarcely been uttered, when he jumped up as if a new idea suddenly possessed him, and looking towards a little dog which came with him, he exclaimed, '*Cependant, Monsieur Pitt, il faut vous faire voir mon petit chien danser.*' Then pulling a small kit out of his pocket, he began dancing about the room to the sound of his little instrument, and calling to the dog, '*Fanchon, Fanchon, dansez, dansez!*' the little animal instantly obeyed, and they cut such capers together, that the minister's gravity was quite overcome, and he burst into a loud laugh, hardly knowing whether he was most amused or astonished."

SUPERSTITIOUS OBSERVANCES IN RUSSIA.

Lent and all fast days are kept with much greater strictness in Russia than in any Roman Catholic country, and the poor may literally be said to fast, for they never eat any thing but haricot beans, with rape-oil and black bread, during this season; and so bigoted and superstitious are they upon the point, that nothing would induce them to transgress this ordinance of their church. A criminal who had murdered his mother at Odessa, was sentenced to receive the knout, and be banished to Siberia if he survived the punishment; he did so, and on his road there, the gang to which he was attached halted one day at a wretched pot-house on the road-side to obtain some refreshment. It was during Lent, but this miserable hovel was kept by a Jew, and he had therefore flesh, as well as fish and herbs, to offer to his guests. "What will you eat?" said the host to the thieves—"fish or flesh?" "What!" said the matricide, "eat meat in Lent? Dog of a Jew! I have killed my mother, and would kill my father too, rather than eat meat in Lent." A journeyman carpenter, who was at work at my house, asked for some bread; the servant gave him half a loaf: he took it, but knowing that we were foreigners, asked, before he began to eat, whether we fasted? She answered in the negative. "Oh, then," said the man, "take back your bread: nothing would tempt me to taste it."

Easter eve is looked forward to with great impatience, and twelve o'clock on that night with infinitely more eagernesss than the hour of sunset is in the Ramadan. Long before midnight the steps of the churches, and the roads leading to them, are crowded with people laden with eatables of all kinds, which must be blessed by a priest before they can break their long fast. Every one brings something, according to his means, and the poor hoard up every copeck during Lent for this occasion. There is, of course, a great variety in their offerings; the rich bring sucking-pigs and lambs, confectionery, poultry, and hams, while the serfs have loaves of bread, cakes, and hard eggs. Most of these are decorated with ribbons and flowers; the eggs are generally of various colours, usually red, but some are gilt, and have saints, and all kinds of patterns, painted on them. Many bushels are frequently collected in one house; they are boiled hard, and no one goes out without a few in his pocket, to keep up the following singular custom:—

Ivan and Alexis meet in the street; the two friends stop, and each pulls out an egg; the former holds his in the hollow of his closed hand, in such a manner that the small end only can be seen; this Alexis endeavours to break, by tapping it with the end of his, but not by any means in a hurry, for a good deal of manœuvring is shown on the occasion, and it is some time before Ivan has arranged his to his mind. At last, all is ready, and his friend gives the fatal blow. The one whose egg is broken loses; the victor pockets both, and says, "Christ is risen;" the other replies, "He is indeed risen." They then take off their hats, kiss three times, make a most profound bow, and part, to repeat the same ceremony at the corner of the next street. Another great event of the day is a general change of linen; the mujik puts on a new pink shirt, which lasts him till Easter comes round again.—*Captain Jesse's Notes of a Half-Pay.*

RISING IN THE WORLD.

What is rising in the world? Here is all the difficulty. Is it for the prosperous man to move in a bigger house, and patronise tailors, milliners, and upholsterers, and give splendid entertainments? This may be perfectly allowable and proper, as the reward and natural consequence of industry and frugality; but it is not rising in the world. The only way to rise in the world, even for the prosperous man, is to cultivate his mind and manners, and educate his family. It is not to set up his carriage, though this may be perfectly allowable, if he can afford it. It is not to resort to this or that watering-place, though there is no objection to his doing that, if he pleases. *It is to raise himself and family in the scale of moral and intellectual beings.* It is not to bring up his sons in idleness, under the preposterous notion of making them gentlemen, and in so doing make them fops and dandies instead of men, and thus prepare them for squandering his estate much faster than he amassed it. It is not to educate his daughters with merely showy accomplishments, and with the expectation that this world is to be as a show, and life a holiday. The best symptom of rising in the world that he can give, is to despise the follies of society, to set at naught the despotism of fashion, to perceive and resist the absurdity of a business community following in the footsteps of the aristocracy of Europe. It would show hopeful signs of rising above the vulgar, both great and small, if he should refuse to countenance the nonsense of turning night into day, and day into night.—*Burnap.*

TEMPERANCE.

Gouty affections are as much caused by excess in eating as by intemperance in drinking: the quality as well as the quantity of the food should be attended to. Persons who are in the habit of frequently dining out, can never be effectually cured of this disease. The system pursued by a dog doctor in Paris, is the best that can be adopted for the prevention of gouty affections. Ladies bring their lap-dogs to him in their carriages, and say their pets are unwell, and they know not what is the matter. The man locks the dogs up in an airy room, gives them some water, a little bread, and a dry bone to pick. By way of exercise, he makes them skip about, two or three times a-day, by means of a little horsewhip dexterously applied. At the expiration of a fortnight he takes them home to their mistresses, well, active, and hungry.—*Polytechnic Journal.*

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THE PRIVATE PURSE.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

PART I.

"TELL my niece, Miss Geraldine—I mean, tell Mrs Leeson—that as soon as she has put off her bridal and put on her travelling dress, I wish to see her," said Mrs Gascoigne to her maid, who had not answered her bell until she had rung it twice.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the flushed maiden, who was bowed out with white satin ribbon, as if she too were just made a bride.

"And listen—When all this mummery is over, take off these white fal-lals, and lay them by; they will do for the next fool of the family who chooses to enter the 'holy bonds'—ah! ah!"

The servant hardly murmured "Yes, ma'am" to this, nor had she quite closed the door on the crackling laugh of her mistress, when she muttered, "Well, that beats all! She to come on a visit to her own sister, on her niece's wedding-day, and grudge me wearing of the ribbons that cost her nothing! But it's just like her! Stingy!—augh! It's no use talking—I can't a-bear stinginess. I wonder why she could not stay below at the breakfast like other Christians; but it's none of my business. Put by the ribbons, indeed, that never cost her a brass farthing!" A group of ladies passing from one room to another interrupted this soliloquy, and turned the rippling current of the waiting-maid's small mind from meditation to observation. In an instant she became spell-bound by the white roses that garlanded the bridesmaids' bonnets.

Mrs Gascoigne, a lady of some five-and-fifty years, who had been a wife for a year and a widow for ten, was occupied after her own fashion. She was seated at a table in her dressing-room, and upon it was her open desk. Her long narrow features were pinched into a mean expression; her hair grew thinly above her brow; and yet it was short and frizzed, as if it had not the heart to grow long. Her lips were thin and compressed, betokening, however, secrecy rather than firmness. I have noted ugly mouths, still of a bland and generous formation; but I never saw a mouth like Mrs Gascoigne's that was not indicative of meanness and subterfuge. Her eyes were fine—that is to say, well set, and of a good colour; but their expression was unpleasing—it was sharp and suspicious. Her dress was neither good nor becoming, and she had flung aside the silver favour indicative of the motive that had drawn her from her own home. A faded purse of blue and white was between her fingers, and into it she had dropped some guineas—not sovereigns, but old-fashioned golden guineas—which she had, as it were, purloined from her own desk. She shook them once or twice, and an unconscious smile disturbed the gravity of her face—it was evident that she loved the golden chimes. Then she picked one out, and put it into its secret hiding-place in her desk. "Forty-nine," she said to herself—"forty-nine will go as far with a foolish girl as fifty; but it's an odd number—she may wonder why it was not fifty." Another was taken from the purse and returned to the drawer. A moment's pause—she looked out a third, a fourth; weighed it for a moment on her well-practised finger—it was a thought light, so she exchanged it for one that pleased her better, and it was dropped into the hoard. Another—she chinked the purse again. "Forty-five good guineas—forty and five," she repeated—"hum! quite enough to commence a private purse for the wife of a young banker;" and she shut it to with a determined snap.

"May I come in, dear aunt?" said a sweet voice at the door—"may I come in?"

Until the desk was shut and locked she made no answer; and then, affecting not to have recognised tones the sweetness of which told upon every ear, as the joy bells sound upon the summer air, she inquired, "Who is there?"

"Me, aunt—Geraldine," answered the same music.

"Oh yes, dear, come in," said Mrs Gascoigne. For a moment she looked with pride upon the young and lovely being who had that day committed her entire destiny into the hands of one who had promised, with his whole heart and soul, to "love her, comfort her, honour and keep her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, keep him only unto her so long as they both should live."

"Why, dear," exclaimed Mrs Gascoigne, as the mind returned to its old habits, "what a deal of money that dress must have cost! it is a real pity to hack it travelling—a real pity. Dear Geraldine, have you no turned silk you could wear on the journey?—eh?"

"You know, aunt, I brought Henry no fortune, so mamma thought the least thing I might have was a handsome wardrobe;" and she looked as much annoyed as she could have been with any thing on such a day.

"Ah, dear—well, that's true; I suppose your poor mother scraped together all she could to make up the trousseau, and has no little purse to give you, eh?"

"My dear mother," replied the bride—and the ready tears rose to her eyes—"has indeed done every thing to make me happy—I was going to say independent—but every woman is dependent upon her husband; and Henry is so gentle and affectionate, I have no fear that he will make me feel he was rich and I was poor. Mamma gave me ten guineas, and," added the fair girl (she had not numbered nineteen summers), with a proud air, "it will be a long time before I spend all that."

"That's my own Geraldine—keep it, dear—don't spend it—keep it. Gold grows by the keeping; it does not rust or mildew—keep it; it is power—all that man or woman wants. I know that—by wanting it, Geraldine. Ay, you may smile, and I daresay your mother and all of them think it not true: poor Mr Gascoigne left me enough, but no more. You, Geraldine, were my god-child—called after me—and I must say that you have been as good and as affectionate as if I had made you a present every birthday, which, perhaps, I might have done, had I not been afraid you would have married your cousin Arthur Harewell."

"My dearest aunt!" ejaculated Geraldine, in a tone of surprise.

"Oh, yes! I know he was very fond of you; but I hate every one of the Harewells; they are as poor as church mice, and yet as proud of their intellect as if they had been every one city members. Now, my dear, I am going to tell you a secret, which I must not have you tell Henry; your own secrets you may tell him, if you are foolishly fond of talking, but as this is *my* secret, you have no right to tell it."

"No," said Geraldine, somewhat hastily, "I will not tell him your secret, aunt. I have no right to do that, I think."

"Certainly not, my dear; all men have odd notions, and it is a foolish thing to tell them every nonsense; it makes them think little of us women, to keep up a tittle-tattle about every trifle."

Geraldine gave no reply to this. She had made up her mind to tell Henry every thing; this was her own right-minded impulse; for her mother, a quiet, amiable, fashionably-thinking woman, fancied she performed her duty when she sent Geraldine to a boarding-school, heard her play and sing, and saw her dance during the vacations—restricted her own expenditure in all things that she might have the best masters, and be as well dressed as girls who had ten times her fortune—a sure way to enfeeble the mind—took it for granted, that, as she knew her catechism, had been confirmed, and went every Sunday to church, her religious education was such as to befit the high calling of a Christian—and had never spoken to her of the duties a woman is called upon to fulfil as wife and mother, until about a week previous to the wedding-day, when she told her to be affectionate and forbearing, and "not to forget her own dignity." Something she added about the duties of a mother, and the advantage of cold bathing for infants; but quickly concluded by saying that there would be "time enough to think of that." No wonder that Geraldine was unable to reply to her aunt's commonplaces, and at once unravel their fallacy and penetrate their danger. There are, to my knowledge, at this moment, when volumes on female education pour from the press—when national education is rendering the lower superior to the higher class in solid and useful knowledge—there are scores of well-intentioned ladies, gentlewomen by birth and in manner, who love their daughters, who would (if they knew how) forward their temporal and eternal welfare in every possible way—and yet do no more than Geraldine Leeson's mother did. When shall we have a school for mothers?

Mrs Gascoigne resumed the broken thread of her discourse more quickly than I have finished my digression.

"Well, my dear Geraldine, I have here a little present for you—just enough to prevent your running to your husband's pocket every moment; but *you must not tell him a word about it*—it is *my* secret. If he or your mother were to know I had scraped together fifty—no, five-and-forty—guineas for you, they would expect me to go on giving; and the more you give, the more you may. So, take it with my blessing, child, and take care of it; *spend it secretly* for any little thing you may want, and say nothing about it."

Geraldine was really surprised and pleased; she had never in all her life had so much money of her own, and least of all had she expected it from her "stingy aunt." She reiterated her thanks most sincerely; and little thought she had taken the first step towards deceiving her husband and working her own misery.

"Remember," repeated Mrs Gascoigne—"remember, it is my secret, and you have *promised*; you cannot conceive how I should suffer if you broke your word." Again Geraldine kissed her, and bade her affectionately farewell—not before she had been twice summoned by her bridesmaids.

"I *might* as well," said this dangerous monitor, as she took her seat by the window to observe the departing carriages—"I might as well have taken back that odd five; and then the ten her mother gave her would have just made up the fifty. I hope she'll take care of it, poor dear child! There she goes, and her cousin, Arthur Harewell, handing her in! Well, I shall conceive it my duty to give Henry Leeson a hint to look after his pretty wife when Master Harewell is in the way. It is a very queer world we live in!"

The people who make the world "queer," as they call it, are the first to complain of this queerness; and so it was with Mrs Gascoigne. Her own marriage had been entirely dictated by interested motives. She married a rich old miser for the sake of his wealth, when she was past forty; and upon her "queer" ways his "queer" ways became engrafted. Geraldine's match pleased her, *because* Mr Leeson was rich; and

she fancied her god-child had inherited her disposition, *because* she had discarded a poor cousin, whom she believed, erroneously, she loved, and married a wealthy man, whom she, as erroneously, believed she did not love. If Geraldine *had* chanced to like and wed her poor cousin, Mrs Gascoigne would never have given her five-and-forty pence.

Geraldine Leeson had escaped many of the contaminations of a public school, from a sincere desire to learn thoroughly whatever she undertook; consequently she had little spare time. She knew the sacrifices her mother made that she might become accomplished; and besides, she loved her home dearly and devotedly. She had not left it as early as many children do, so that the home affections, if not full-grown, had taken root before her departure into a community as varied and as dangerous as that of all large schools must be, until their entire system is thoroughly regenerated. Still, as this was a "finishing school," she could not but hear various speculations, on the part of many of the elder girls, as to "when they should come out." How anxious the mamma of one was to get papa into good humour, to spend a winter in Paris—whether he could afford it or not—because her cousin had made an excellent match there; to be sure, the gentleman thought at first, from the style they lived in, that they were very rich, but he knew the difference now; and the other girls laughed at this, and exclaimed, "What fun!" Another mourned bitterly "papa's stinginess," and how *her* poor mamma was obliged to alter the house bills to make them appear more than they were, or else they never could have any thing fit to wear; while a third rejoiced that such never could be the case at home, as *her* mamma's pin-money was secured, and she did as she pleased without consulting any one! All this sort of poisoning is carried on, like all poisonings, secretly: I do believe that few women, undertaking the charge of youth, would suffer such observations to go unreproved; but no governess can have ear and eye for fifty, or even five-and-twenty, "grown-up" young ladies, who are permitted to sleep, four or two, in the same room, and to walk attended by foreign teachers, who frequently do not understand the language spoken by their pupils.

Geraldine had escaped systematic corruption; she loved music and dancing for their own sakes, and never cared a great deal for creating a sensation. She, of course, desired to be loved; but she never degraded affection by calculation. She would have paused, certainly, before she wedded poverty; but she would not have married simply because her lover was rich. So far she was tolerably right; but, unfortunately, many mothers, and hers among the number, have confused notions as to the boundaries of the delicate and indelicate. If love is mentioned, instead of impressing the young mind with a just idea of its sacred nature, its holy attributes, its natural impulses, it is dismissed with an "Oh fie!" or a reproving look, which at once assures the daughter that her mother cannot be her confidant, and thus a mother loses a stronghold in her child's mind; whereas, making it the subject of conversation, speaking of it as an event on which much of the happiness or misery of after-life depends, would strengthen the reasoning powers against its undue influence, and, while subduing its violence, lead to its being considered in its more holy and sacred bearings.

Geraldine's mother would have almost blushed herself at mentioning a husband to her, in the abstract; and yet she could not fail to perceive to what the hint of, "Geraldine, wear your blue and white, and let Esther dress your hair; I want you to look particularly well to-night" tended—for this was done when only one eldest son was expected to "come in and try his new flute." How much of the dignity of truth, with which every British mother ought to be crowned, is sacrificed to those petty arts; how much misery ensured, by domestic duties feebly sustained!

"I hope," said her mother—"I hope and pray you may make a good wife;" and she meant what she said, but she had never adopted the means to make her one.

Geraldine read over the marriage ceremony, thought for a moment how harsh that word "obey" sounded, then wondered she had thought so—"it would be so easy to obey one she loved as she loved Henry—obedience would be pleasure;" and so she closed the book. Her nature was very timid. She had little strength of either body or mind, but she had much affection, a gentle yielding temper, and wished to do right in all things. Her husband had settled a handsome independence upon her in case of his death; but the idea of wanting any thing while he lived she had put far from her. Although induced by her selfish aunt to promise not to mention her fatal gift, it had never entered into her head that she was doing wrong in keeping a secret from her husband.

Six months had elapsed since Geraldine became the wife of Henry Leeson. She was established in a pretty house at the "West End;" had a chariot of the newest build, a pair of unexceptionable bays, a very tall footman, and a very little page; went sometimes to the opera, presided at a small dinner party, and assisted at a soirée, with infinite propriety; and so liberally had her husband ministered even to her fancies, that she had only spent five guineas of her store. She had told him of her mother's gift, but remained silent as to her aunt's. Her cousin had come to town to "keep his terms," and her aunt had succeeded her mother as an inmate for a month. "The season," as it is called, had commenced; and if it had not been that her aunt's presence damped her spirits, she would have been as happy as any wife could be. Her husband never was late at his club, and, like most junior partners in a bank, did not remain at his counting-house longer than was absolutely necessary.

One evening, soon after the aunt and her niece had taken their places in front of a private box at Covent Garden—for they did not move in the very high sphere which eschews English theatres altogether—Henry, leaning over his wife's chair, exclaimed, "Why, Geraldine, what a handsome chain! I have not seen it before. Where did you get it?"

"I bought it, love."

"When?"

"Oh! let me see—this week."

"This week! and never consulted me! I hope," he added, looking somewhat serious, "that it is paid for."

"Of course it is, Henry. Why do you ask?"

"Because that chain must have cost twenty-five guineas at least; and you know, last week you shook your empty purse at me, and I put only ten guineas into it. Where did you get the money?"

Her aunt contrived to press her foot, as a warning. "I told you mamma gave me ten guineas when I left home."

"But you told me how you spent five of that at Cheltenham. We young bankers understand subtraction."

"Well, then," she replied, colouring with confusion, "if you must know, mamma made me up the money, as I fancied the chain."

Mr Leeson bit his lip. "Indeed!" he replied; "she is richer than I fancied."

"It does not need a mother to be very rich to give a child ten guineas even for such a toy as this," she said, flinging the links over her pretty shoulder.

"Certainly not, my dear; but riches are comparative. One person is rich with a pound, another poor with a thousand." He looked serious, even stern for a moment, as if something very unpleasant was presented to his mind; and then his fine animated face brightened up, and he added, "I hope my little Geraldine has not made a private purse!"

She could not reply; she felt agitated, degraded; she had told a falsehood, and one likely to be detected. The performance passed unheeded; she tried to smile, but, instead of smiling, burst into tears. Mr Leeson had not been long enough married to slight a wife's tears; he withdrew her from the front, and thought he had spoken harshly, when he had only spoken seriously; he caressed and apologised, and every affectionate word he spoke added to her self-reproach. Soon after, her cousin entered the box: his manner was only that of most animated young men, light and careless, with an occasional *empressement*, rendered more striking when contrasted with his ordinary trifling. Still, that manner was the one, of all others, her husband disliked most. Nor had Mrs Gascoigne's injudicious hint been wanting, to increase the antipathy he had felt towards this well-intentioned but frivolous young man, from the first. Arthur Harewell used a cousin's privilege to the full; inquired—Henry thought more tenderly than was necessary—after her health, then rallied her on her seriousness, talked the usual quantity of nonsense, which women, who know any thing of the world, understand to be matter of course, and then offered some observations on her dress. She complained that the chain had an unsafe clasp, and he offered to take it to the jeweller's to get it repaired—conveying the idea to Henry's mind that he knew where it had been purchased. Mrs Gascoigne, who hated every one of the Harewells, did not fail to cast in as many inuendoes as she could, to annoy the young barrister, who had too much tact to retort on an elderly rich relative, yet became gradually irritated by his own forbearance. Geraldine was so unhappy as to seem constrained; Henry grew snappish and morose; and the only one of the party who seemed contented with the evening's proceedings was Mrs Gascoigne. Not that she acknowledged a wish to make any one, particularly her god-child, unhappy; but, like all other discontented people, she did not quite understand why any thing in this world should go smoothly forward, and it was consolatory to imagine that others were as uncomfortable as herself. There are persons in this world who derive much consolation from the belief that many are more unhappy than themselves. Geraldine was unaccustomed to deception; as long as the five-and-forty guineas had lain dormant in her desk, there was no visible proof of their existence, and she had no temptation to deceive; but the chain coming so palpably before her husband's eyes, had changed altogether the nature of the case, and called her deceptive powers into action. She was, however, a bad actress, and felt so. Her impulses were good.

"I will not," she said, "run a second risk; I will return my aunt her twenty guineas, and not suffer myself to be again tempted: I was fortunate to get off so well last night." She took out the money, and entered her aunt's room.

"You look pale enough," was the morning salutation she received; "and truly, my dear, I am not astonished at it. Mr Leeson's conduct was very harsh to you last night, and, I confess, I thought rude to me; yes, dear, rude to me—to fly into a passion about a trumpery chain, because, forsooth, *he* was not consulted—to ask if my niece and god-child had *paid* for what she wore—to inquire *how* she got the money—taunting you with your want of fortune."

"Oh, dear aunt, he never thought of that!"

"Permit me to know best, if you please, Mrs Leeson. If your mother had done as she ought, she would have stood out for pin-money, and not have left you the degrading task of dunning your husband for every little foolish thing—turning men into *molly-cots*—Ah! you may smile if you like, Geraldine; the phrase is not very elegant, but it is very expressive—you will allow *that*, I suppose. However, you were no child of mine, or I would have managed differently, and taught you differently. Men change, my poor girl; and it is quite right for a woman to provide against that change."

"By a large stock of affection?" inquired Geraldine, half amused and more than half awakened by her aunt's theory.

"No, my dear, but as large a stock of cash as she can muster. Henry makes you an allowance for house-keeping; you do not spend it *all*, I hope?"

"No, aunt; he has given me great credit for good management. I saved nearly five pounds out of my first month's allowance."

"And you told him so?"

"I certainly did. Now, my dear aunt, why do you look so? Where would have been the pleasure of saving without his praise? I saved five pounds, and gave it him."

"And he took it?"

"Yes; of course he did."

"And after that to speak so meanly about the chain! (which, to confess the truth, was a bit of extravagance; but he did not think that)—a pretty clear proof that he expects you to consult him on every inch of ribbon. Don't be a fool, Geraldine. I know the world, and I know that the more you give in, the more you may. Why, you do not expect a *business-man*, such as Mr Leeson surely is, to suffer you to lay out *his* money for what you may fancy?—he knows how money grows out of money too well for that. No; make up your mind to one of two courses—either be content to sink into an upper servant, spending your month's allowance upon the house, and giving in your honest account, or do as I did—as other women do—and keep a little for yourself; you do not know how you may want it; and, from the fuss he made last night about that stupid chain—in public, too—I think you may very easily judge that he intends to draw the purse-strings tight; and you looked all the night as penitent as if you had committed a crime. Well, well, you will know better. I once knew a woman who managed to scrape a purse together so cleverly, that, when her husband got into difficulties, she was able to provide all sorts of little comforts for the house, without the knowledge of the creditors."

"But was that honest?" inquired the young wife, "as it was saved out of his means."

"But surely he intended it to have been spent?"

"Yes, very likely," replied Mrs Leeson, who was musing on her husband's rudeness; and then she added, "Yet such a system destroys mutual confidence."

"My poor foolish child!" retorted her aunt, with an ominous shake of her head—"My poor foolish child! you do not surely believe that your husband tells you every thing—makes *you* a confidant! A handsome, would-be-fashionable young man make his wife his confidant!—tell her every thing! Why, what a fool you must be!—ah ah!" and the old crackling laugh grated on Geraldine's heart. "By the way," resumed the adviser, "who was with you when you bought that chain?"

"My cousin."

"Oh! and you told Mr Leeson that, too, I suppose."

"No, I did not; but I would in a moment, for I saw no harm in it."

"Well, my dear, *he would;* he's as jealous as a Turk. I would not wonder if he thought that Arthur Harewell had given you that chain."

"I told him mamma gave me the money."

"Oh! ah! so you did; I daresay he thought her a great fool, for he must know how little she has to spare; however, dear, there's an end of it now. Take my advice—do not invite Arthur to the house yourself, keep what money you have safely, and add to it whenever you can. You'll find Henry, with all his love, will draw the purse-strings tighter and tighter every year; it's always the way with those business-men: and men of independence are just as bad in the other way, they draw in to meet their own greedy extravagance."

Geraldine was so confounded by the variety of new ideas—the suspicion that she did not possess her husband's confidence, that he insulted her by his jealousy, that let her be as confiding as she would, she would meet with no return, that he was, or would be, avaricious, not from want but caprice—all caused her such pain, that she retired to her room to find relief in tears, without returning the remainder of her money. If she had preconceived notions upon the subject—if her mind had been decided that, *let her husband's conduct be what it would, her duties, solemnly pledged at the altar, remained the same,* all would have been well. But, poor thing, she had no fixed principles to build on. Her cousin called a couple of hours after, and she did not ask him to dinner. When her husband returned, he found her languid and cold, with an indescribable air of offended dignity; whereas he, on the other hand, felt constrained and afflicted at a duplicity he had discovered for the first time. If *either* had confided in the other, how much after misery would have been spared to both!

Mr Leeson heard from the footman that Mr Harewell had called, and thought it was odd his wife did not as usual mention his name, with those of two or three other visiters; then he asked her abruptly, "Why she had not detained her cousin Arthur to dinner?"

Her aunt's insinuation as to her husband's jealousy immediately occurred to her, and she stammered and blushed so as to recall vividly to his mind the young man's frivolous manner on the preceding evening; and the consequence was, that both felt exceedingly unhappy.

It is not to be wondered at that Mr Leeson suffered a good deal of anxiety; for it so happened he had discovered that his wife's mother was exceedingly distressed for money before she had quitted his house to return to her own; and, with a delicacy which deserved increased confidence, he had placed a sum at her disposal as she was leaving London, intreating her not to mention it to Geraldine, lest the shadow of obligation might give her pain. The old lady thanked him with tears of gratitude, confessing that she had wished to borrow a few pounds from her daughter, but thought it better not, lest it might lead to uncomfortable feelings. This proved to him that his beloved wife—she whom he loved with all the passion of a strong, truthful, and fervent affection—she in whose simple purity he trusted, and would have trusted for ever—had deceived him by a mean falsehood. If she had not returned him the five pounds already mentioned, he would again have taxed her with forming a private purse; but that act militated so strongly against such a supposition, that he repudiated the idea for one far more painful—he believed she had either

accepted the chain from her cousin, or borrowed the money from him.

Henry Leeson's nature was none of the softest. He entertained the highest possible sense of female honour. Whatever the fact might be, he boasted of always making his affections subject to his reason. And on that same evening, when they were alone, he said, after about twenty minutes had been spent in a restless and painful dialogue, in which neither were explicit, yet both saw that something remained untold—he said, sternly, for the fair and gentle face he looked upon had lost the radiance of truth, "Thus much, Geraldine—thus much; beware at any attempt to deceive me; for, if you do so once, you will never do so a second time."

The young wife wept, and wept bitterly; but though only four-and-twenty hours had elapsed since he dried her tears so anxiously, yet then he had not thought, and calculated, and placed one circumstance with another, to see how they tallied; and he had clung to the hope that she would have frankly told the truth when they were alone—he had pictured her with her pale weeping face, he had framed the gentle counsel, and heard the fond promise; he had hoped even that she had gone in debt rather than have been obliged to any man for a golden gift, which she feared to confess. Her aunt's extreme niggardliness prevented the supposition that she had bestowed any thing upon her save what even misers give—advice. Yet little did he imagine what the nature of that advice would be. Young men in general are careful enough as to what male society their wives mingle with; but they ought to be even more careful as to the female. A woman is on her guard amongst men, but amongst women her heart and ears are both open; yet what pernicious notions may she not imbibe from that dangerous class of persons called "women of the world."

It would be almost impossible to trace how one small suspicion grew out of another; how Geraldine's heart heaved and ached under the consciousness that her husband regarded every thing she did with a prejudiced eye, and listened to her words with a jealous ear; how, having asked him for some fancy of hers, when he was in a mood not to grant a favour, he refused; and her aunt, who unfortunately happened to be present, took occasion to exult in the truth of her evil prophecy.

"You see, Geraldine, I was right; every husband grows selfish sooner or later; and a poor woman who has no spirit is sure to be trampled on—never has a shilling to spend on herself, unless *she manages*."

Geraldine had no broad ideas as to the duties of wedded life. She, happily for herself, had never thought of discussing the rights of women apart from the rights of men. She did not seek to disturb the beautiful harmony of nature, by setting up the weak against the strong—by endeavouring to reason a woodbine into becoming an oak; but she did think sometimes that as the oak did not afford much generous support to the woodbine, the woodbine might manage a little artificial support for itself. So she fell, by degrees, into her aunt's plan. She stinted the house to fill her private purse, and this narrowness rendered his home any thing but comfortable to her husband; but even this was not the worst. She, who had felt and mourned over her first untruth with so much real bitterness of spirit, had become accustomed to falsehood; it was necessary to tell one little lie to hide another; the holy beauty of truth had altogether departed from her. Whenever her conscience reproached her, she whispered to it "that she could not help it—that if Henry had continued the Henry he was at first, it would have been different—that it was his fault—that he was severe—that he had grown suspicious—that as he often blamed her without a cause, she might as well have a little of her own way as not—that he was frightfully stingy." It was impossible for any one to have proceeded in this course, without becoming morally degraded; it is wonderful how slowly yet surely this degradation progresses; until, when a review of the past takes place, we are astonished that what *were principles* should *now* be called *prejudices*, and marvel at our past simplicity. Such were generally Geraldine's reflections. She almost smiled to think how she had blushed and trembled at an equivocation; but such smiles are only as gleams of sunshine on a sepulchre, and when they pass, woe, woe, for the rottenness within!

Arthur Harewell always came to London in term time, and sometimes remained until it had been long over. Henry Leeson would hardly confess to himself that he regarded him with suspicion; and yet, though they frequented the same club, walked together, went to the theatres together, and Arthur was the constant guest at his table, Mr Leeson was any thing but comfortable in his society.

In indulging this feeling, he did his wife gross injustice. She loved her husband, and practised no deception towards him, except on the one point; but it would have been next to impossible to convince him of this. She was universally admired; her loveliness was matured into beauty. She was never absent from her husband's thoughts for ten minutes together; and yet he was the only person who appeared indifferent to her.

Her memory was not always true to her falsehood: she often betrayed herself. She had lost her husband's respect. The vase was broken, and though much of the perfume remained, he did not seek to treasure it, but rather desired to have the power of turning from it altogether: each had a separate interest. And when he looked upon the only child God had given them—a girl—his heart sunk within him, "For," he said, "she will grow up a liar like her mother!" To do Geraldine justice, she endeavoured, strange as it may seem, to impress her daughter with a love of truth; but her ideas of right and wrong, in their bravest and highest sense, were confused—and precept in education is nothing worth without practice.

She had not seen her mother since the birth of her child, as she had been abroad from ill health. Her aunt visited her but too often, for she became, unfortunately, the depositary of her secrets, and still advised her to keep her purse closer than ever, as be sure her child, as she grew up, would want so many things its father would not give it.

It would be impossible to particularise the various instances of mistrust that occasioned so many bickerings between Geraldine and her husband; but they had led to this result—that, even when she spoke the truth, her husband did not believe her. A disbelief in her truth as regarded money matters, was not the only doubt that passed through and occasionally took possession of Henry's mind. He fastened upon her a careless impropriety of conduct, which was altogether apart from her nature; and never did she wear the chain which occasioned her first act of dissimulation, without its rendering him silent and morose. At last her mother, whom much sickness had made a wiser woman, came to visit them; and so great was the change apparent in both, that she resolved to probe its cause as far as she was able.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON FRENCH LITERATURE.

TWELFTH ARTICLE—DU BELLAY AND DE BELLEAU.

THE early portion of the sixteenth century witnessed the appearance of a constellation of poets in the hemisphere of French literature, to whom, in consequence of their number, was given the collective title of the Pleiad. Some of these were men of no slight ability, and their works still retain a high degree of popularity among their countrymen. Two of the most eminent were Joachim du Bellay and Remi de Belleau.

Joachim du Bellay was a scion of one of the most illustrious houses of Anjou. He was born in the year 1524, at the village of Liré, a place distant some few miles from the town of Angers. Being a younger brother, and left comparatively dependent, he sustained considerable neglect in youth; but this proved rather an advantage than the reverse, leading him into habits of self-culture, which did more for his education, it is probable, than any ordinary instruction could have done. He began in early youth to write verses, and speedily acquired the friendship of the great patroness of literature and merit in that age, Marguerite of Valois. It was to his relative, the Cardinal du Bellay, however, that the young poet naturally looked for special support and encouragement, and that influential prelate accorded it so far as to carry his kinsman with him on the same Italian mission which Rabelais accompanied. Joachim du Bellay, though disgusted with the profligacy of the courts of Italy, derived great benefit from his residence in that country, the study of her famous writers having improved and fixed his poetical tastes. His collection, "The Olive," amounting to above a hundred sonnets, has also reference chiefly to Italian subjects and persons, and is composed after the Petrarchan model, the olive being the chosen emblem of the French poet's love, as the laurel was of the Italian's. On the whole, the style of Du Bellay had much of the grace, ease, and sweetness of that of Petrarch, though his countrymen preferred to apply to him the title of the French Ovid.

Spenser, in an address to the French bard, exclaims—

> "Bellay! first garland of free poesy
> That France brought forth, though fruitful of brave wits,
> Well worthy thou of immortality!"

This last line alludes, it is probable, to a little piece on the "Immortality of Poets," in which Du Bellay, with that consciousness of desert which seems inseparable from the temperament of a true poet, boldly prognosticates for himself an immortality of fame. We cannot give a better specimen of his poetry, perhaps, than this very piece.

> While bravely some attempt to gain
> The honours of the conquering sword,
> And others, on a distant main,
> Seek to amass a golden hoard;
> For palace-smiles while this one longs,
> And that one courts the popular throngs;
>
> I, whom the Graces love alway,
> Contemn the gifts that these adore;
> I hate their honours of a day,
> Their cares that gnaw the bosom's core.
> Whatever pleases me is sure
> To be what crowds can not endure.
>
> The laurels of the ancient lyre
> Have given me fellowship with gods;
> And satyrs, full of gleesome fire,
> Chasing the nymphs to their abodes,
> Have made me love, in unsought spots,
> The holy gloom of their rude grots.
>
> I have the hope to roam the skies
> On pinions hitherto untried;
> And, ere a lengthen'd period flies,
> No more on earth shall I abide.
> From all the pride and strife below,
> Far above envy, shall I go.
>
> Beyond the Mississippi's shore
> From the bright day-dawn will I fly—
> From northern bear to black-armed Moor—
> The whitest bird of all the sky.
> I will not dread to leave this light,
> And enter on the last long night.
>
> I have no fear to die, as all
> Must do that breathe our mortal breath;
> Whatever part by death may fall,
> My better part shall mock his wrath.
> Wealth and ambition may have fear
> Of death, for they have life but here.
>
> Away with the funereal song!
> Away with portraiture and bust!
> My ashes are not those that long
> For the vain honours paid to dust,
> Which but for some brief years can keep
> Their memory from oblivion's deep.
>
> Though to the vulgar herd unknown,
> My name shall not unbonour'd be;
> The sisters of Mount Helicon
> A sepulchre have given to me,
> Which nor the potent tempest fears,
> Nor the long course of passing years.

Besides the works mentioned, Joachim du Bellay was the author of rural pieces, called *Vœux Rustiques*, *Visions*, many small pieces, a work on the French language, and some Latin poems, not held in the same esteem with his others. It would be unwise not to take advantage here of such a translator as Spenser, when we have it in our power. The following sonnet was rendered by him into English, and gives one of the picturesque pieces of description that appear in Du Bellay's Visions:—

> "On high hill top I saw a stately frame,
> An hundred cubits high by just assize,
> With hundred pillars fronting fair the same,
> All wrought with diamond, after Doric wise;
> Nor brick nor marble was the wall to view,
> But shining crystal, which, from top to base,
> Out of her womb a thousand rayons threw
> On hundred steps of Afric's gold enchase;
> Gold was the parget; and the ceiling bright
> Did shine all scaly with great plates of gold;
> The floor of jasp and emerald was dight.
> Oh! world's vainness! whiles thus I did behold,
> An earthquake shook the hill from lowest seat,
> And overthrew this frame with ruin great."

A relative high in the church, Eustache du Bellay, Bishop of Paris, obtained for the poet a canonry in the church in the year 1550. But he did not live long to enjoy the benefit of earthly possessions after his return from Rome. At the very early age of thirty-one, Joachim du Bellay was cut off by apoplexy. The date of his decease was January 1555, and he was interred in the church of Notre-Dame.

Of the cotemporary of this poet, Remi de Belleau, we have now to speak. He was pre-eminently the poet of love and nature. Little else is known of his private life, save that he was born at Nogent le-Botron, in Le Perch, in the year 1523, and that he was patronised by René de Lorraine, Marquis d'Elbeuf, whose son was confided to his tutorial charge. Afterwards Belleau, as was customary, went to court and gained favour there. When Charles IX. could not sleep on account of the haunting visions of the victims of the Eve of Bartholomew, the poesies of Remi Belleau were pleasing to him in a particular degree, and, above all, a "Discourse of Vanity, taken from Ecclesiastes," in twelve sections. This is a well-versified work, though without much other merit. "Sacred Eclogues," from the Song of Songs, may be summarily dismissed in the same way. But the largest work of Belleau was one entitled the "Loves and New Transformations of the Precious Stones." This work has a resemblance in plan both to Darwin's Loves of the Plants and Ovid's Metamorphoses. Take, for example, the fanciful story of the origin of the Opal stone as given by Belleau. Iris, the many-coloured messenger of imperial Juno, is sent on some errand to earth. By the banks of the Indus she stays a while to refresh herself, and there falls in love with Opalle, a beauteous shepherd. He is so much struck, too, with the charms of the celestial envoy, that he swoons away; but he recovers, and, in converse with him, Iris forgets Olympus and all that it contains. The impatient Juno searches for and discovers her; when the mortal cause of the forgetfulness of Iris is changed by the angry deity into a stone. The lamenting Iris cannot undo the charm, but she blends together some of her rainbow rays, and, bestowing them on the stone, converts it into Opal.

Our readers will readily see, that, though the poetry may be fine, no human interest can attach to such stories. Even Ovid's tales have more of the latter quality, in as far as real human beings are supposed by him to be the parties metamorphosed. But where all is fictitious and factitious together, the matter must be cold and dry indeed. Like Darwin, Belleau has only wasted his ingenuity. For our present purposes, however, it is fortunate that, in so many instances, the poets under notice should have left the most favourable specimens of their powers in the form of small pieces. Here is such a piece from the mint of

Belleau. The object of this aspiration is to entreat Astræa, or the Star of Peace, to return to France.

Fair Astræa, quit thy sphere,
Thou, so long'd for in our clime;
Come, and make thy sojourn here
For a time!
Civil flames have now too long
Coursed our towns and vales among,
Stirring wrath and whetting swords;
Long hath famine gnaw'd our hoards;
Pestilence, and ruin's darts,
Long have lost us thy sweet arts.

Tempests do not ever roar
In the trembling pilot's ears;
Rocks do not on every shore
Wake his fears.
Thunder, terrible and loud,
Comes not always from the cloud,
Nor the flashing, nor the flame;
Ofttimes will the storm grow tame,
And the gloom will disappear,
And the clouded sky be clear.

Show to us thy lovely face,
At this season fresh and new;
Let us, for sweet ruth, find grace
In thy view.
Let, beneath thy honour'd hand,
Golden grain re-deck the land!
Come, more gracious than the star
Which directs the solar car,
When the god on the void air
Shakes abroad his golden hair!

When thy coming is at hand,
Let the heavens pour on the winds
Odours sweet and perfumes bland,
Of all kinds,
With honey and with manna showers;
So that this fair France of ours
May enjoy a beauteous spring,
To which time no end shall bring,
Nor the changes that have birth
On this fickle, shifting earth.

Having nothing further of interest to give relative to the career of Remi Belleau, save that he died in Paris in 1577, we are the more pleased at having it in our power to present another and concluding specimen of his verses, rendered by an able hand in the London Magazine for April 1822—a publication of so high a character that its brief career is much to be regretted. The piece alluded to is a Song on April.

"April, sweet month, the daintiest of all,
Fair thee befall:
April, fond hope of fruits that lie
In buds of swathing cotton wrapt,
There closely lapt,
Nursing their tender infancy.

April, that dost thy yellow, green, and blue,
All round thee strew,
When, as thou goest, the grassy floor
Is with a million flowers depeint,
Whose colours quaint
Have diaper'd the meadows o'er.

April, at whose glad coming zephyrs rise
With whisper'd sighs,
Then on their light wing brush away,
And hang amid the woodlands fresh
Their airy mesh,
To tangle Flora on her way.

April, it is thy hand that doth unlock,
From plain and rock,
Odours and hues, a balmy store,
That breathing lie on nature's breast,
So richly blest
That earth or heaven can ask no more.

April, thy blooms, amid the tresses laid
Of my sweet maid,
Adown her neck and bosom flow;
And in a wild profusion there,
Her shining hair
With them hath blent a golden glow.

April, the dimpled smiles, the playful grace,
That in the face
Of Cytherea haunt, are thine;
And thine the breath, that from their skies
The deities
Inhale, an offering at thy shrine.

'Tis thou that dost with summons blithe and soft,
High up aloft,
From banishment these heralds bring,
These swallows, that along the air
Scud swift, and bear
Glad tidings of the merry spring.

April, the hawthorn and the eglantine,
Purple woodbine,
Streak'd pink, and lily-cup, and rose,
And thyme, and marjoram, are spreading,
Where thou art treading,
And their sweet eyes for thee unclose.

The little nightingale sits singing aye
On leafy spray,
And in her fitful strain doth run
A thousand and a thousand changes,
With voice that ranges
Through every sweet division.

April, it is when thou dost come again,
That love is fain
With gentlest breath the fires to wake,
That cover'd up and slumbering lay,
Through many a day,
When winter's chill our veins did slake.

Sweet month, thou seest at this jocund prime
Of the spring-time,
The hives pour out their lusty young,
And hear'st the yellow bees that ply,
With laden thigh,
Murmuring the flowery wilds among.

May shall with pomp his wavy wealth unfold,
His fruits of gold,
His fertilising dews, that swell
In manna on each spike and stem,
And, like a gem,
Red honey in the waxen cell.

Who will, may praise him; but my voice shall be,
Sweet month, for thee;
Thou that to her dost owe thy name,
Who saw the sea-wave's foamy tide
Swell and divide,
Whence forth to life and light she came."

THE MISERABLE CLASSES.

The residuum of unutterable wretchedness which exists at the bottom of nearly all our large city populations, is beginning to attract the attention it deserves. We have received a letter respecting that of Glasgow, from Mr George Greig, travelling secretary to the Association for the Protection of Young Females, who has recently visited Scotland for the first time, in the course of a tour for the purpose of establishing provincial auxiliaries to the society of which he is an officer. Conceiving that the judgment of a stranger on this subject may be useful, we gladly give admission to Mr Greig's remarks:—

"Whilst lately on a visit to Glasgow, engaged in a most important and benevolent mission, I was so painfully impressed by the glaring contrast presented by the social condition of different portions of its vast population, that I determined, on my departure, to seek, through the medium of your Journal, for an opportunity to bring before the attention of the right-thinking part of the community some of the fearful evidences which have so powerfully operated upon my own mind. In the following statement of facts, I am not at all led by a desire to select Glasgow as a place especially distinguished by such scenes, believing as I do that, to a slight extent, that city is equalled by most of the large manufacturing towns of England; whilst I have no doubt facts of a similar character might be obtained in all the large towns of Scotland; and, from actual observation, I know that Edinburgh presents similar scenes to an almost equal extent. I have been induced, however, thus to publish the result of my personal investigations in Glasgow, because, from a knowledge of the enlarged Christian benevolence which actuates many of her citizens, I have a well-founded hope that, possessing as they do the means of lessening, if not of eradicating, the great evil of which the following narration presents but a faint though truth-telling picture, they will proceed to the employment of some effectual remedy.

The first miserable feature of the social condition of Glasgow that particularly drew my attention, was the constant prowling about of boys and girls, from six or eight to fifteen or sixteen years of age, in small groups of from six to ten persons, who are to be met with, in all parts of the city, morning, noon, and night, without any ostensible occupation, not even begging, but literally dragging on a most miserable existence; living in the streets by day, and, when completely wearied, at night resting upon the common stairs, or in areas. I conversed with some of these destitute younglings, and found that most of them were fatherless, some without both parents; that very few, if any, had been employed in factories, so that want of trade could not account for their being in that situation; in fact, they appear, from all I could learn, either from themselves or from the police, to be a constantly accumulating portion of the population of Glasgow, who live by begging when they can, and stealing when they do not beg; and who have no other prospect at present before them but a life of crime, or an early death through destitution. From my frequent meetings with these youthful sons and daughters of want, I was led to inquire of Captain Miller, the intelligent and active Superintendant of Police at Glasgow, whether what had so forcibly struck me was of recent or casual occurrence; and he informed me it was only an evidence of a part of the fearfully increasing destitution in Glasgow, of which I might obtain additional proof by visiting the police buildings, and by personal examination of the houses and habits of the residents in some of the crowded parts of the city. To give myself still more proof of the startling fact which had already unsettled my enthusiastic notions of the unequalled moral condition of the Scottish people, I attended at seven o'clock one morning at the police buildings, and there counted *one hundred and three* unfortunates, who had been picked up the previous night by the police from the streets and common stairs, having no other home or abiding place. More than three-fourths of these were girls, from twelve to twenty years of age; the remainder, with a few exceptions of older women, being lads about the same age. On the same day I visited the Night Asylum, where a refuge is provided for the houseless poor, and in which from sixty to seventy inmates find, some a temporary, others a more permanent shelter. From the police buildings I went (accompanied by a policeman in plain clothes) to some of the crowded neighbourhoods, where the poorer part of the population of Glasgow herd together, and endure their most miserable existence—a living reproach upon their fellow-citizens. Your readers would little thank me, were I to unfold at length the sickening details of the fearful compound of vice and filth, disease and wretchedness, which I met with at every step in the Vennels, Havannah Street, New and Old Wynd, &c. &c. I shall therefore content myself with mentioning but a few of the facts gathered by me in those stagnant sinks of misery and miasma, which must serve as types of *hundreds* of similar instances which the observer of the dreadful condition of the inhabitants of these localities could furnish himself with.

We first visited a small court, leading from the New Vennel, and there, in several rooms, not exceeding *ten feet by eight*, I counted as many as seven persons of both sexes, in many instances without either protection, or covering from the cold ground, except the miserable rags upon their backs. In some places the inmates were lying upon stones, and a piece of sacking, or other covering, appeared a luxury. The herding together of both sexes must act with a fearfully demoralising effect, and was evidenced in a number of cases, where we found boys and girls associated as man and wife. In one room, but little larger than a mere closet, we found a young woman, apparently about seventeen or eighteen years of age; and in the corner, upon the floor, was huddled beneath a sack another figure, which, on lifting the sack, we found to be a boy, who, upon being questioned, gave his name, and declared his age to be only fourteen years; this, the policeman told me, was a well-known young thief. The effluvium from these places was most oppressive, and it was not a little increased by the means which seem to be employed throughout all these miserable districts for carrying away their slops, &c., from their rooms—namely, an open trough at each window, down which is poured all sorts of filth. As little pains are taken either to pour the *whole* of such refuse into the trough, or to cleanse the trough after it has been used, there gradually accumulates, at each window, a heap of the most disgusting nuisances; and while this exists within doors, the want of drainage without, and the constant recurrence of open receptacles into which all the troughs empty themselves, with the utter impossibility for a current of fresh air to pass through these crowded lairs, make the atmosphere almost, without a figure, *thick with pestilence*.

In going from the Vennel into Havannah Street, we went by the side of 'the Burn,' a stream which, even at this wet season, was green with putridity; the houses (or dens) by its side seem to be, if possible, worse than the neighbourhood I had just left. I *crawled* into some of them, for the entrances were little more than three or four feet in height, and found that dampness here increased all the evils which the poor residents in these places shared in common with their neighbours. The ground floor is slightly higher than the bed of the 'Burn,' and when that stream rises a little in height, the water must find its way through the earthen floors of these rooms; but when, as is sometimes the case, the 'Burn' overflows its banks, the whole of these miserable tenements must be almost instantly flooded, and the inhabitants run great danger of being drowned. In the dark places in Havannah Street, I found cases of equal destitution and want, rendered the more striking from their being in the immediate vicinity of the college—the residents in which cannot open a window without inhaling the dreadful atmosphere arising from these last harbourages of misery. In one room in this neighbourhood, we found a poor girl lying upon the floor, who told us she *had been there for thirteen months* with a sore leg, which almost prevented her from moving; and she had thus been subsisting upon the charity of the other occupants of the same dwelling, who, though scarcely less miserable than herself, could not see a fellow-creature die before their eyes, without sharing their poor pittance with her. We asked this wretched creature whether she had been visited in that time by any minister? She answered, No. By any elder? No. By the town's surgeon? Alas! he had come to visit another inmate of that dwelling, but having no orders to visit her, left her to suffer from her festering sores.

We then went to the wynds and closes upon the south side of Trongate and Argyle Street, and there found cases quite parallel in want, misery, dirt, and disease, to those we had just left, with occasional instances of similar charity towards such as were a little worse (if possible) than the rest. There we met, upon one common stair, with two girls, and, at the top of the stair, with a man, who, we were told, had crawled there early in the morning, as he said, to die; and, truly, he did not seem to be far from death. One of the girls told me that she had slept upon that stair every night, for three weeks past, having no other home.

In the Old Wynd, among many places of a similar character, and to which the description of the places in the Vennel will equally apply, we went into one room, about twelve or thirteen feet by seven, in which we counted fifteen living human beings, without bedding of any kind, crowded together, to keep each other warm. I was much struck by the strange exclamation of one of the women, 'God had need to be very mindful of us!'—for, truly, I thought, their fellow-creatures, and fellow-citizens, seemed to mind them but little.

I could extend these most painful details to a great length, but I trust I have already shown enough to arrest the attention of the well-thinking people of

Glasgow; and having thus faithfully pointed out some of the dark evidences of the evil, I will endeavour, on another occasion, to suggest a remedy."

LEAMINGTON SPA.

LETTER FROM A VISITER.

A QUARTER of a century ago, Leamington was an obscure unnoticed village; now, it contains 14,000 inhabitants, many very handsome public buildings, broad elegant streets, splendid hotels, and baths, boarding-houses, libraries, news-rooms, conveyances of all kinds, and conveniences of every possible description. The scenery around is beautiful. Rich meadows and corn-fields, with noble trees dotting the hedge-rows, and here and there clumps, larger or less, of the famous oaks and beeches of Warwickshire, make up what is called in common phrase "a charming country." The muddy, sleepy, little river Leam crawls through the valley, adding little to its beauty, except when at a distance the sunlight falls through the rich masses of foliage upon its bosom, when it serves as well as a finer river to reflect the beams, and produce a species of beauty which only river and wood scenery can exhibit. You must recollect, in order to understand the character of Leamington, that it lies in a country very famous in the most romantic times of our history—that Warwick, with its castle, called by Sir Walter Scott "that fairest monument of ancient and chivalrous splendour which yet remains uninjured by time"—and Kenilworth, with all its romance—and Stratford-on-Avon, with its still deeper and more abiding interest—surround the place, and impart something of their character to it. In the heart of "merrie England," associated as this part of the country is, in the minds of us North Britons, with all the superstitions and fine mellow old jovial customs of our ancient writers—with the May-pole and the Christmas carol—the stout October ale, and Puck and Robin Goodfellow, and the "mistletoe bough," and many a "Midsummer Night's Dream" of fairies and witches—and ten thousand other frolics and fanciful recollections—one feels here really in England—the England of Shakspeare and Milton—the England that grew the oaks that built the ships that conquered the world—"merrie England," "old England"—our fatherland! The idea of being in this time-hallowed country, in the very heart of this heart of the world, gives me very great pleasure, made up of indefinable sentiments and from indefinable causes—all of which, however, have reference to a love of country and a pleasant mellow influence from our old poetry. But I forget this is a watering-place, and, after all, not a proper theme to awaken imaginative or enthusiastic emotions. To keep to our statistics, then, and guide-book descriptions.

The houses in Leamington are well built, and look clean and handsome—made of brick, the dark brick of Warwickshire, coated over with cement, so as to resemble stone. Although the general effect produced is that of cleanliness and elegance, still the damp marks on the stucco, and the cracks and flaws made by time, unless the coating is kept very perfect, spoil the appearance to me; and I should almost rather see the honest plain brick than all this starched and painted gentility. Some very elegant houses there are in the Elizabethan style, both small and large, the sweetest places I ever saw; and I am resolved, as soon as I can afford to build a house, to have a handsome cottage like some of those here, placed in a garden, with comfortable gable-ends, and quaint windows and doorway, and chimneys running from the ground in the shape of ancient pilasters, &c. They are very commodious and comfortable in the inside, I am told, and are really very charming without. There are plenty of churches here, some of them very handsome. The Baptists and Independents have also very neat places of worship.

The baths and pump-rooms are very well—nothing very extraordinary, but well managed; half a pint of water at 8 o'clock, walk in the garden—half a pint again at a quarter past 8, another walk—such is the routine. The waters are principally saline, gently aperient; but there are some sulphureous like Middleton, and one or two chalybeate. The saline waters, however, are the staple; and for the rich, high-fed, and plethoric frequenters of the place, must, together with moderate diet, in general produce beneficial effects. The walks round the neighbourhood and in the town are very pleasant, the streets being broad and regular, the flagging ample and dry, the shops attractive, but the wares somewhat high. Every thing, of course, is done here to attract visiters, and to minister to their comfort. No sweep is allowed to walk on the pavement; if a man's chimney takes fire, he is fined by the commissioners; and any nuisance is promptly and severely punished. Fireworks and exhibitions of divers kinds in the gardens amuse the company in fine weather, and concerts and theatrical exhibitions of various kinds (though there is no regular theatre here) are ready to help the visiter off with his time.

You don't meet so many invalids here as I should have expected. Pale-faced ladies and wretched-looking men in Bath chairs you do here and there encounter, but, on the whole, I think the great mass of disease that seeks Leamington is a very tolerable, out-of-door, bathing, water-drinking, sight-seeing, sort of ailment—young fellows knocked up with too much town dissipation—older gentlemen with jolly round red noses—and middle-aged ones with bloated faces and elephantine legs; or, young ladies wan and chalky—older ones with a withering bloom and jaunty step; or decidedly aged, comfortable dames, with marks of good living on their faces, who spend half their lives in Leamington, and the other half in Bath, for the sake of luxury and "the waters." I don't like to see tall, lounging, young fellows, from twenty to thirty, "flag-hopping" down the Parade, with quizzing-glasses and canes, staring at the ladies, and emitting now and then an inane laugh; in fact, I know no sight more thoroughly contemptible than a group of these poor, worthless, useless, young men, brought up to be of no earthly value to society, and insulting the community, which their very presence disgraces. But I do like to see the very handsomely dressed and elegant women, neat and lady-like from top to toe, languidly sliding, or coquettishly tripping, up and down the Parade, in a sunny morning at three o'clock in the afternoon, as Paddy says. These lady-birds are here at home; and the absence of every thing like usefulness about their lives and appearance, which is intolerable in the great, lazy, hulking men, is quite as it should be in the women. Certainly, the way of walking now in fashion among young ladies is of somewhat questionable propriety; the chest being far too much projected, and the walk itself something a little worse than affected. For my part, I am beginning, I find, to admire the middle-aged (I mean the young middle-aged) ladies most now—a quiet, composed, collected, somewhat dignified manner, with a correctness in dress gathered from experience, and a comeliness that the enjoyment of domestic affection breathes over them; this is my style of beauty.

You may say of Leamington that it is essentially a genteel town; in the hunting season, which lasts all winter, it is crowded not only with invalids, old dowagers, and quiet luxurious people, but by many noble and wealthy families, who prefer it as a place of residence, and by sporting gentlemen, who find it a capital place for combining the luxury of a town life with field amusements. The Warwickshire Hunt has long been famous. I have only seen one bad coach, or vehicle of that nature, since I came, and that was the coach which brought me from the Hampton station to Leamington. The seats were all wet, and the inside generally was comfortless and shabby; three of the traces broke before we got started, so miserable was the harness; and the fare for coming eleven miles, in about two hours and a half, by this precious conveyance, was five shillings! How Leamington or the railway proprietors submit to such a state of things, is surprising. This was the only instance of the kind, however. The "flys," cars, barouches, phaetons, &c., which are to be seen in all the principal streets, are extremely neat; the post-boys generally ride on the single horse, their legs over the shafts, instead of sitting on the box, so that an unobstructed view may be had of the country—no contact with the coachman is necessary, and there is room, if need be, for a whole family.

The post-boys, quite different from our fellows, are neat and well bred—jockey caps and leather smalls, with top boots, and clear harness and carriages, being the order of the day: fare, two shillings an hour. The Bath chairs are neat and convenient, some of them very elegant, and run over the well-flagged streets as smoothly and smartly as possible: fare, one shilling an hour. It is well known that if a horse has a particle of "trot" in him, a butcher's boy will have it out. The only sight approaching to excitement in this quiet and orderly town, is a member of this fraternity, with his hat off and hair streaming behind, his blue frock fluttering, and his legs working in convulsions against the ribs of the broken-knee'd, vicious-looking hack, that, with ears laid back, and eyes glaring, and mane fluttering, and tail in a quiver and quake, scours down the Parade at sixteen miles an hour, the rider leaning far over to one side of his Rosinante, in order to balance a huge, black-faced, dead sheep, or deer, whose legs stick out from the basket on the other. It would make an excellent picture. I have no doubt in my own mind that these fellows are often fined for furious riding; but to keep a butcher's boy out of a hard trot would baffle all the commissioners in Leamington, and Dr J. to boot.

Having mentioned Dr J., I must give you a word or two on the subject, for no account of Leamington would be at all complete in which he did not cut a conspicuous figure. Dr J. is the idol of the place—number 1, letter A. I have just come from the baths; the whole of the gentlemen's side was occupied by military men—generals, colonels, and majors—all patients of Dr J. A public dinner is given to him every year as a mark of respect. When he left Leamington last year for a month, it is said the town was deserted; and I am told a petition was sent to him, on his return, begging him never to do so any more. He drives about in a one-horse barouche or phaeton, very light and work-like, and in every street he stops three or four times, pops into a house, and shortly after pops out again, popping a guinea into his pocket. He is seen every where. Between 12 and 2 o'clock, when he sees patients at home, his door is besieged by carriages, and many persons of distinction go away daily, not being able to see the great man. As you ramble about Leamington, you meet the doctor every now and then; and in the dusk, as you come home, there you have the indefatigable mediciner wheeling away from an hotel or a nobleman's mansion, home, I presume, to his dinner. "Deuced bad, only thirty," meaning fees, the doctor was heard to say one day. "Thirty guineas a-day!" The common story is, that this gentleman realises an annual income of fourteen thousand a-year out of the consequences of the united hard labour and pampering of old England.

MR JAMESON ON NEW ZEALAND AND AUSTRALIA.

MR R. G. JAMESON proceeded to South Australia in June 1838, as surgeon-superintendant of "the Surrey" emigrant ship; and having been induced to spend some time in that colony and New South Wales, and to visit New Zealand, he has since his return given the result of his observations to the world in a handsome volume.* As the production of a well-educated man, possessing considerable powers of observation, and of a sober and moderate turn of mind, we consider it a book of some value to intending emigrants, besides having the advantage of being one of the latest reports on the subject. As we have already treated these colonies in a general manner on more than one occasion, we do not feel called upon to follow Mr Jameson in his observations upon them, a course which might result rather in dullness than in instruction. It will be better, we conceive, to present one or two passages of his book to which we find a particular interest attached.

After giving a detail of the inconveniences which befell the first Adelaide settlers on account of the want of "a survey," he proceeds to remark, that it is a mistake "to suppose that the possession of a considerable capital is indispensable to the success of a colonist. [Other qualities and circumstances being equal, we would suppose that a good capital was an advantage—but we shall let him go on.] On the contrary, it has been found, throughout the Australian colonies, that those who have eventually acquired the greatest estates, the greatest flocks and herds, or who have risen to the highest eminence as merchants, owed their success to the moral qualities of integrity and perseverance, or to a clear-sighted view of the circumstances of their situation, rather than to the original possession of capital."

He then gives the following case as an illustration:—"During my residence in South Australia, I became acquainted with a colonist, who had for many years been a shopkeeper in a small sea-port town in Scotland, where, as he assured me, the utmost parsimony was requisite to enable him to make the two ends of the year meet. Having a large and young family to establish and educate in the world, he was a type of that numerous class of men to whom the British islands, swarming with competitors in every pursuit, trade, and profession, afford no longer a tenable position. Emigration forced itself upon him, not as a matter of choice but of necessity; and having weighed well, on one hand, the lasting interests of his family, and, on the other, the inconvenience of moving, the breaking up of old acquaintances and settled habits, he finally resolved to emigrate. Preferring Australia to the American colonies, on account of its genial and delightful climate, as the field of his future efforts, and having by study become a convert to the South Australian principles of colonisation, Mr Cock obtained a passage for himself and family, and arrived in the colony by no means burdened with capital, or rather utterly unprovided with aught deserving of the name.

He entered into partnership with a countryman of his own, similarly situated; and having calmly surveyed the state of affairs in the colony, he resolved to begin business as a colonist in bullock-driving, at that period, and for some time afterwards, an extremely lucrative occupation. The carriage of goods of every kind, besides furniture and wooden houses, from the landing-places at Glenelg and the port to Adelaide, afforded a most abundant source of profit to those who were masters of one or more teams of bullocks; the average daily produce of one team being from three to four pounds.

In a few months Mr Cock and his partner had acquired a capital of two or three hundred pounds, part of which they invested in town allotments, and an eighty-acre section judiciously chosen at the foot

* New Zealand, South Australia, and New South Wales; a Record of Recent Travels in these Colonies, with especial reference to Emigration and the advantageous Employment of Labour and Capital. By R. G. Jameson, Esq. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1842.

of Mount Lofty, where the soil, consisting in general of a rich detritus, must be extremely productive in the average seasons. Their town sections rose rapidly in value; and a few small houses erected by Mr Cock upon his allotments, readily found tenants at a rent which constituted a yearly income of two hundred pounds.

He now found leisure, amidst his increasing occupations, to establish an auctioneer's business, which he carried on for some time with success, but finally abandoned, conceiving that more pleasing, if not more profitable, avocations might be found than that of being instrumental in the selling of property belonging to the necessitous and less successful of the community at a ruinous depreciation. He therefore limited his mercantile operations to the safe and profitable one of selling goods on commission.

Having purchased a few head of cattle, he established a dairy on his farm at the foot of Mount Lofty, the management of which devolved upon his partner, a practical farmer, whose wife possessed all the experience and activity necessary in their situation. When fresh butter was readily purchased in Adelaide at 3s. 6d. per pound, and eggs at 4s. per dozen (a Scotch farm-yard would be incomplete without poultry), it is evident that this undertaking would also be successful.

Encouraged by the high price of sawn and split timber, for building and fencing, Mr Cock carried his operations into the Stringy Bark Forest, where he employed a number of sawyers, splitters, and shingle cutters, who were paid at a rate which enabled them, individually, to earn from 20s. to 30s. per diem, if expert in their trade, and of sufficient strength to encounter its fatigues. It was of little consequence to the employer how much he paid his labourers, since the produce of their labour was an article absolutely indispensable to almost every man in the colony, and he could readily sell it at a profit, or use it himself, with great advantage, in building and fencing by contract.

The necessity of disbursing large sums weekly in the payment of wages, was an inconvenience; but Mr Cock's judicious operations were precisely of that description which it is the interest of a banking establishment to encourage and assist by every means not incompatible with the rules of systematic business. Between the operations of a bank, and the pursuits of spirited and judicious individuals, there exists a relation of mutual dependence and support. It is from the exertions and enterprise of such individuals that a community has its vital circulation. Their example encourages the timid and shames the indolent. Their operations cause a rapid accumulation of produce, a quickened circulation of money, an increased consumption of merchandise; and it is from them that business derives that tone of health and vigour in which a banking and discounting establishment reaps its amplest harvests.

It is here to be observed, that, like almost every man throughout the Australian colonies who has risen from an humble condition to one of affluence, Mr Cock is constitutionally and habitually temperate—in short, a tee-totaller. To abstinence from ardent spirits and all unnecessary stimulants, he unquestionably, in a great measure, owed his clear judgment, as well as a physical constitution capable of undergoing much hardship and fatigue.

It will readily be supposed, that in neatness and systematic management, his farm was surpassed by none in the colony. At this period, agriculture was to be considered as an experimental pursuit, and he, like other judicious colonists, conducted this part of his operations on a very limited scale. On his farm there was a space of two or three acres under a crop of maize, and a field was broken up for the reception of wheat. The maize was by no means equal to what I have subsequently seen in New Zealand; but it looked green and healthy, although the weather had recently been very dry. The soil and situation seemed to be well adapted for the culture of the vine, the orange, and the olive; and he informed me of his intention forthwith to cultivate the first-named plant, availing himself of the services of some of the German emigrants, who had just arrived in the colony. Whether or not he has carried his intentions into effect, and with what success, I have not been able to ascertain. He relied upon his dairy chiefly for the reimbursement of his farming outlay. In the neighbourhood there was abundance of fine kangaroo grass, which, at a small expense, he converted into hay and carted into Adelaide, where it was readily purchased at L.12 per ton.

To conclude this lengthy but not perhaps uninstructive sketch, Mr Cock, who had struggled vainly for many years amidst the difficulties of a cheerless and precarious situation in Scotland, although endowed, in an eminent degree, with the clear and discerning faculties and the prudence which in all countries are most conducive to success in life, was thus, in less than two years from the date of his arrival in the colony, in the enjoyment of wealth, without having trenched upon any hazardous, speculative, or discreditable pursuit. The presence of his father, and the whole of his kindred, who have subsequently joined him, will tend greatly to enhance the enjoyment of his well-earned independence."

The Bay of Islands is an extensive district in the northern part of the north island of New Zealand. It has long been partially and irregularly colonised and latterly has become highly distinguished in consequence of Governor Hobson making it his residence. We have from Mr Jameson some curious notices of the arrangements by which the civilised people in this district maintained social order before regular law was introduced. "At the period," he says, "of my arrival, it contained little more than fifty European dwellings—cottages of wood, white painted, with verandahs; a church of the same materials, but of larger dimensions; and a native *pa-a*, or village, consisting of about a hundred and fifty huts, enclosed by a high and strong fence. The presence of ten or twelve large ships, besides a fleet of small coasting craft, and open boats and canoes, plainly indicated that the place was already of some commercial importance, although as yet it recognised neither flag, law, nor government, and had neither a court of justice, a jail, nor a custom-house.

Kororadika, in the beginning of 1840, contained about three hundred European inhabitants, of all ages and sexes, exclusive of the numerous sailors whose nightly revels constituted the only interruption to the peace and harmony which usually prevailed. These gentry resorted, also, in great numbers to Pomare's village, in the inner anchorage, near the new township of Russell, where Pomare himself, the greatest chief of New Zealand, carried on the lucrative trade of grog-selling, besides another of a still more discreditable kind, for the convenience of his reckless customers—French, English, and American. Here might be seen the curious spectacle of a still savage chief enriching himself at the expense of individuals who, although belonging to the most civilised and powerful nations of the world, were reduced to a lower degree of barbarism by the influence of their unbridled licentiousness.

Hitherto no *legal* restraint upon crime or violence had existed in New Zealand. The authority of Mr Busby, the British resident, was merely nominal. That gentleman lived on the opposite shore of the Bay, at the distance of five miles, and his visits to Kororadika were few and far between; but had he lived in the heart of the settlement, he could have exerted no authority either to punish offenders or to settle disputes. The natives respected him as the representative of the British government; and among the Europeans he was rendered popular by his courteous and conciliatory deportment. His appointment, however, led in nowise to the maintenance of order, or the prevention of crime; and his interference in the affairs of individuals, without the power of enforcing his decisions, could have produced no satisfactory result.

Yet crimes, misdemeanours, and larcenies, were of remarkably rare occurrence; and in no part of the world were the persons or the property of individuals more secure than in this little settlement, within whose precincts no lawyer had ever yet shown his face. The stores were full of merchandise, to the value of between twenty and thirty thousand pounds. The merchants and grog-sellers were known to have in their possession large quantities of specie; nevertheless, the crimes of robbery and housebreaking were unknown and unfeared. Moreover, many commercial bills were in circulation, which were in every case duly honoured. In a word, no statements could be more widely at variance with truth than those which represented the Bay of Islands to be a nest of outlaws and criminals.

However ungenerous it may appear to throw a shadow of suspicion on this pleasing picture of primitive virtue and good conduct, yet it might, perhaps, be argued that the absence of crime and misdemeanours arose less from any aboriginal purity of heart and mind, than from the circumstance of the people being sensible that they were bound together by one common interest, and that the maintenance of social order was indispensable to the safety of their lives and property. Hence they effected this by the influence of a judicial association, the members of which, dispensing with the tedious and expensive forms of justice, scrupled not to act as constables, and to apprehend summarily the culprits they were to try. If, after as complete an inquiry as the circumstances admitted of, the accused was condemned, they then passed immediate sentence upon him, and forthwith proceeded to put in execution the punishment of banishment, preceded by the more dreadful operation of tarring and feathering. Having been stripped, and covered with an enduring coat of the proper materials, the prisoner was led several times backwards and forwards along the beach, to the tune of the *Rogue's March*, and great was the joy with which the natives beheld this august ceremony. The culprit was then put into a canoe, and ordered to leave the beach of Kororadika, with the positive assurance that his reappearance in the neighbourhood would entitle him to a repetition of the same process. Resistance to the mandates of this tribunal was useless, for its members could, if necessary, call in the ready and willing assistance of the natives. Mercantile operations, therefore, were carried on to a considerable extent and with implicit confidence, and debts paid with scrupulous regularity. It was correctly assumed, that since every able-bodied member of the community could obtain a good subsistence with very little labour, no indulgence or mercy could be properly extended to those who gave way to criminal propensities. Were we to judge by facts, we might suppose that the summary processes of this species of Lynch law were more efficacious than regular tribunals; for in a few months after Captain Hobson had established his police court and petty sessions in the Bay of Islands, it was found that offences were committed, not only more frequently but of a graver nature than during the good old times."

STRANGE TRAITS OF RECENT TIMES.

The remarkable characteristic of our country is unquestionably the boundless individual freedom, joined to the complete protection given to every personal right. Perhaps it is only the strength and prevalence of this noble feature of our land, which makes any occasional exception from it the more striking. However this may be, there cannot be any harm, but, on the contrary, much good, from pointing out a few traits of comparatively recent times, in which we see the leading principle, as it were, not fully firmed or consolidated. The keeping of such traits in mind, may have the effect of more thoroughly assuring the consolidation of the principle of the sacredness of individual rights.

In the year 1807, three hundred French prisoners were kept in a small country house at Greenlaw, in Mid-Lothian, under the care of a company of soldiers. As these men occasionally made attempts to escape, very strict regulations were enforced for their secure keeping: in particular, there was a strict order that every light should be extinguished, and that the prisoners should be perfectly quiet, after nine o'clock at night. This was all very well; but, while such an order, and several of the like nature, were issued formally for the regulation of the prison, a verbal order was also handed down from one set of guards to another, to the effect that, if lights were seen and noises heard in the prisoners' apartments after nine, and if the sentinel, on calling out to them to obey the rules, found himself disobeyed, then he was to *discharge his piece through the window*. This order was in force for a considerable time, until at length a Captain Rowan, of the Stirlingshire militia, thought proper to mitigate it so far as to require that, before such a step was taken, the officer on guard should be called to judge as to its necessity. Soon after this regulation was made, about ten in the evening of the 7th of January of the year above mentioned, a noise was heard and lights observed by the sentinel in one of the rooms on the ground floor. The sentinel reported the circumstance to the sergeant, and the sergeant to the officer in the guard-house, a young ensign, who immediately repaired to the spot, and called twice in at the window to order the enforcement of the rules. No notice being taken of the order, the officer commanded the sentinel to fire in at the window. The man obeyed—missed fire—and was commanded again. He now fired, and the shot penetrated the body of a prisoner, by name Charles Cottier, who appears to have been at the time quiet in his bed, and who died of the wound next day.

The officer, who bore an excellent character, was subjected to a full and careful trial, when Mr (now Lord) Jeffrey exerted his eloquence in his defence; but he was found guilty of culpable homicide, and sentenced to nine months' imprisonment—the court being of opinion that, though he had an express order for what he did, the circumstances demanded the exercise of the discretionary power with which he was invested. The case is only alluded to here, on account of the recklessness shown by such an order as to the life of men in the situation of prisoners of war, within the last thirty-five years.

A singular attack upon individual liberty occurred in the West Highlands in 1805. A poor Baptist preacher, settled in a meeting-house there, and who had once been a herring-curer, was preaching one Sunday on the beach to a small congregation, when a neighbouring gentleman, attended by a proper force, seized him and sent him to Greenock to the care of the officer superintending the press-force of that place. Not only was he not allowed to take leave of his family, but an interdict to recover his person and a writ of *habeas corpus* were successively defeated by the speed with which he was hurried from Greenock to Ireland, and from Ireland to a vessel in the Downs. The justice had heard some exaggerated story of his calling in question the lawfulness of war in his sermons, and, thinking this "seditious and immoral," had bethought him of bringing the press into force as a means of ridding the country of him, but without taking care to ascertain his own title to interfere. In reality, the whole extent of the powers of a justice with regard to the press was to give information of any suitable man in his neighbourhood, and protect the press party in its proceedings. The preacher, after enduring every hardship and indignity proper to his situation for six weeks, was liberated upon a petition to the Lords of the Admiralty, who at the same time gave him a protection for the future. He raised an action before the Court of Session, against the gentleman who had so strangely interfered with his liberty, and gained the cause with a hundred guineas damages, the lords, with one exception, taking strong views against the defendant, whom they could not admit to have acted in good faith in the case, in as far as he took an oblique way of getting quit of a man whom he supposed to be dangerous, though they readily owned that his intentions appeared to have been good.

So recently as 1790, the Lord Justice-Clerk, or supreme criminal judge of Scotland, asserted and acted upon a right, which he considered as inherent

in his office, to open any letters as they passed through the Edinburgh Post-office. On the 14th of April in that year, a gentleman who had been fatally victor in a duel, fled from justice, and was outlawed. A writer to the signet in Edinburgh, who had been his legal agent, receiving his rents from his land-steward, conducting a law-suit about a salmon-fishing, and so forth, was surprised, five days after, to receive his letters, five in number, through the medium of the Justice-Clerk, with the appearance of having been opened and resealed, and bearing on the exterior, in each instance, the words, "Opened and resealed by me, Robert Macqueen." The fact may appear difficult of belief; but, remote as the period now is, the agent still lives, and the present writer has actually *seen* several of the letters, bearing the above inscription. The gentleman immediately waited upon the judge, and remonstrated bitterly against an act so injurious to his feelings and to his interests; but was informed that there was sufficient authority for what had been done, and that Sir Thomas Miller, the preceding judge, and others at an earlier period, had constantly followed the same practice. It was persisted in next day with regard to an equal number of letters. The victim of this procedure was on this occasion alarmed respecting his wife, then about to be confined for the first time, fearing that her receiving any letters from her relations which had been so treated, might give her a dangerous shock; and on representing this to the Justice-Clerk, he obtained a promise from his lordship that no letters addressed to the lady would be so treated—the gentleman, however, giving his *word of honour* in return, that, should any such letters contain references to the duellist, they should immediately be handed to the judge! The agent took a protest against the proceedings of the Postmaster, and sent a memorial for the opinion of English counsel. Mr Scott, then Solicitor-General (afterwards Lord Eldon), gave a characteristically cautious opinion, but upon the whole concluded that the act of the Justice-Clerk was without legal grounds. Mr Thomas Erskine pronounced at once that the judge was liable in terms of the Post-office act of Queen Anne, in a penalty of L.20 for every one of the letters opened. However, the complaints of the agent never went farther. Thereafter, when playing at whist with the Justice-Clerk in private society, he was accustomed to remind him of this debt, and when he was the loser, would tell his lordship that he would write off the matter in his *post-office account*.

We shall not of course be supposed to draw these traits of past times into notice from any feeling unfavourable to the parties whose conduct was amiss. We thoroughly believe that all of these parties acted with what they conceived to be good intentions; or, if not in any one instance, it may be hoped that time has brought better views and better feelings. We only wish to illustrate that spirit of particular eras, under which individuals are always more or less liable to act. The two first anecdotes tend to show the moral effects of a state of war: let us add to them the not less remarkable fact, that, so lately as the end of the reign of George II., a man taken up on the streets of Edinburgh for swearing (a vice indulged in by every gentleman of that age) was next day shipped by the magistrates on board a tender in Leith Roads! It cannot be sufficiently impressed on the minds of the humbler class of people, how severely war always presses upon them. They are generally the most easily induced to look favourably on a proposal to have a war, and yet are those whose comfort is most invaded by the horrible scourge.

LIFE IN UPPER MISSOURI.

In the last volume of the Journal (Nos. 474 and 476), we gave extracts from some letters written by a young person engaged in the trade of peltry-collecting in the Upper Missouri territory in North America. They presented a lively and striking picture of a life spent in the most complete abstraction from society, and varied only by adventures with savages and wild animals. Another letter, written by the same individual in May 1841, gives some even more forcible sketches of existence in Upper Missouri. He describes himself as having been promoted to the charge of his fort, which is the remotest of a chain on the Missouri River, and as performing this duty in a dress resembling that of Robinson Crusoe, yet always maintaining robust health and high animal spirits.

The occurrence of a prairie storm in the summer of 1840, gives occasion for the following modestly related anecdote of a presence of mind sharpened by a continual exposure to danger amongst unfriendly Indians:—"I used always," he says, "to sleep in one of the bastions, it being cooler and more free from vermin than the rooms, and safer in case of accidents. I went up about eight o'clock, and sat down smoking my pipe by one of the ports. The evening had been oppressively hot, and about this time the sky in some places was black as pitch. In a short time it was black round and round; the clouds descended till they appeared almost to touch the ground; the atmosphere was close and suffocating. I remarked to an American, that, if I mistook not, we were going to have a fearful night. The words were scarcely out of my mouth, when I heard like a low moaning sound among the ravines. Presently the gale commenced, accompanied by the loudest thunder, the most vivid lightning, and the heaviest rain, I ever saw. It shook the bastion to its foundation. We ran down; I lost my hat in crossing the fort; and by the lightning I could see our flag-staff bend like a willow. I went into my room and lighted a candle, the hurricane still continuing; I heard something fall, and thought it was the old bastion. I tried to get out to see; and after being fairly driven back four times by the wind and rain, I got out and found about two hundred feet of my pickets flat on the ground. This, you may guess, was a bad mess. I called all hands, however, and told them we must remain in the breach till morning; and if any Indians appeared, we could make a breastwork with the fallen pickets. About midnight, however, it cleared off. I got spades and picks, and set to digging a trench two feet deep; and so hard did we work, that we had them all on end again about daylight, and made them the same height as the others with old planks. We had scarcely finished, when a large war party of Blackfeet arrived on their way to the Crows. There is no saying what might have been the consequences, had they come and found us so exposed as we were by the falling of the outer defences; for they are a bad set."

"I may now," he continues, "give you a sketch of boat-voyaging on the Missouri. You say in your last letter you would like to try it as a novelty, but you would find it confoundedly rough work, and eke annoying. How would you like sometimes to be stopped three and four days in the same campment, lying by a fire in the woods, or snoozing it off in a lodge, Indian fashion; and sometimes forced to put ashore, when wood is scarce and little shelter to be had, in a high north wind, and the snow like to take the skin off your face? All that and much more has he to undergo, who tries *voyaging* on the Upper Missouri. But that is nothing to a *voyageur*. By and by the weather gets better, the fires begin to blaze, the kettles to boil; and after stowing away a few pounds of meat, and smoking a pipe, contentment and good humour resume their reign, and all former sufferings and privations are forgotten. In my last letter I gave you a long account of my trip down from my post to Fort Union in a canoe, accompanied by one man only, and he old and frail. It was rather a dangerous voyage; but, thank God, it ended well, as you must now know. On this occasion, however, the case was different; for I had, instead of one companion, at least thirty-five or forty, and off we went 'right merrilie.' We started on the 3d of April 1841, from Fort Mackenzie for Fort Union, with the returns, consisting of 1108 packs of robes, and a good many packs of other peltries; in all, about 1136 packs, in one 'keel' and three mackinaw boats—this being my first trip on water in this country in a large boat—the whole under charge of Mr C., one of the partners: I was second in command. We made a very good stretch the first day, and camped at night very much fatigued. The morning of the 4th was bitter cold, and nearly a foot of snow had fallen during the night. It continued to blow a gale, accompanied with heavy snow; so that we had a lodge put up, which we brought with us in case of our being unable to travel, and remained quite snug the whole day. On the morning of the 5th we started, although it was bitterly cold, and proceeded very well till about eleven o'clock, when the keel got fast aground in a rapid. Freezing as it was, all the men had to get into the water, where they wrought about five hours, but could not get her off. I went below to where the small boats had put ashore, and had one of them unloaded, and sent her to take out part of the load of the keel, after which we got her off. Four or five of the men were seized with violent cramp, owing to being too long in the water. The day was as cold as any I ever felt in Scotland. Early on the morning of the 6th, we commenced reloading the mackinaw, and started; weather still cold. We had not proceeded far when one of the mackinaws got aground. We had to put ashore with the other boats, and send all hands to get her off. It was so late before we could succeed in this, that we could not start again; but had to commence unloading a small boat that had got damaged in the morning. During the night it snowed very hard. The water was, however, baled out of the unloaded boat in the morning; and after stopping the leaks, we reloaded her with all expedition, the weather looking very dull. We had not finished covering the load, when the snow again commenced. Mr C. and I had our lodge put up, as, owing to the snow and cold, we could not start that day. Here we remained till the 10th, the weather as cold and severe as any we had the whole winter. Fortunately, I had some books and a pack of cards, with which Mr C. and I whiled away the time. You can have no idea how annoying it is to be laid past in this manner. Every day seemed a week; and as I had to see all the boats attended to, I never had dry feet half an hour in the day. During this time, the snow fell upwards of two feet in depth.

We made a start on the morning of the 10th, in spite of the cold, which was piercing. I saw two large bears after we started. We had not proceeded far when the keel boat got hard and fast aground; the mackinaws, however, passed. After trying in vain to get her off, until the men could stand no longer in the water, I went in the yawl with all hands, and had one of the mackinaws unloaded, and took out part of the cargo of the keel; this lightened her, and we got her off; reloaded her and the mackinaw the same evening, and went a little below where there was timber, and camped for the night. Many of the men had their legs dreadfully swollen with the cold water. We started on the 11th, and put ashore at the head of a rapid to examine if there was enough of water to pass, but found the keel would have to be partly unloaded. We were two days getting all the boats over this cursed place, one of them being so much damaged that she had to be unloaded, and hauled high and dry to be repaired. Here the country has in many places a curious appearance, the river being hemmed in by precipices on each side, which have been washed by the rains into every shape; they have the appearance of the ruins of an old cathedral in some places, in others of fortifications, whilst here and there the appearance of old walls would make a person think that more than nature had a hand in the formation. There is one large rock called the Citadel, which stands jutting into the river not less than 300 feet in height, and another at a little distance which very much resembles Pitt's Monument in Edinburgh; but owing to the inclemency of the weather, I did not much enjoy the rugged scenery, which is here and there enlivened by a band of bighorn, hanging, as it were, on the brow of the precipice, and regarding us securely as we glide past far below them. We started again on the 13th, but had not proceeded above three miles when we were forced to put ashore owing to the high wind; here we remained all day. Some of our men went to hunt, but were rather unsuccessful. Starting again on the morning of the 14th, we passed Arrow River, but had gone only a short distance, when a mackinaw got aground. We put ashore to wait for her, but before we could get her off, the wind began to blow so hard that we could not again start that day. I played cards and read to kill time. 15th—Started early, and passed the Judith River. This is a place where the Crows generally cross to steal horses from the Blackfeet. There is plenty of timber here for the purpose of concealment, and every point is full of Indian forts, in one of which Mr C. and I took up our quarters, having been again forced to put ashore on account of the wind. We remained here during the rest of the day. 16th—Up and off by peep of day, but had to put ashore in consequence of the wind, which detained us till late in the afternoon; when we again started, and passed the rapids of Holmes and Rondin, on the latter of which one of the boats got aground: it was nearly dark when we got her off, so we camped at the foot of the rapid for the night. We are now fairly in what the voyageurs call the *Mauvaise Terre;* the precipices rise abruptly on each side of the river to a tremendous height, and are washed into a great many curious shapes, intersected by deep gloomy ravines which run far back; there are a few stunted pines here and there, which in their appearance harmonise well with the dismal character of the place. Here, also, we saw large bands of bighorn, but they are very poor at this season."

Several other days passed in a similar manner, no one without some unpleasant accident; and when they had been out fifteen, they had only proceeded as far as one could easily have ridden in two. On the morning of the 5th of May, amidst stormy and wintry weather, they started from the neighbourhood of a place called the Round Hill. To continue the journal of the young trader—"We passed immense bands of buffalo to-day, and saw the work of the beaver in our last camp. They had about two hundred trees cut down, as neatly as if chopped by an axe, some of them as thick as my body. We kept on making a little each day till the 11th, on the evening of which day we arrived at Fort Union, having been no less than thirty-nine days on our trip."

The following is his account of his companions:—"The voyageurs are generally either Canadians or French creoles. Some few are of other countries, but none are equal to the first mentioned, either for enduring the hardships and fatigues of a voyage, or the changes of the weather. Uncle Toby speaks of 'our army in Flanders' as something considerable in the way of swearing; but Marlborough's men must have been sober Christians in comparison with our voyageurs. They are always worst when engaged in rough work. They are, as might be expected, woefully ignorant, and scarcely one can read a single word. One would think that, from the nature of their occupations, they would be unhealthy; but that is not the case; for, with the exception of rheumatism from being obliged to go so frequently and in all seasons into cold water, they seldom have any disease. *Indigestion* is certainly not one of their complaints; the quantity they eat is enormous. Some of them, when we were lying by in consequence of the bad weather, would cook and eat from morning till night. One day I particularly observed an old Canadian of the name of Mallet; he first discussed about three pounds of meat roasted on the fire like a steak; he had hardly finished that when the cook of the large boat called the men to breakfast; there he ate as much boiled meat as would have served you for three days at least, drank about a gallon of the *broo*, and then put the marrow-bone of a bull and about another pound of meat to the fire to be cooking, whilst he cut a pipe of tobacco and smoked it. I saw him the same day eat two more marrow-bones and nearly a whole goose, besides taking his share of the mess. But there are few of them a bit better; it is incredible what they can stuff into themselves. Though growling is a part of their nature, they are very respectful to their superiors; they make themselves upon such free and easy terms, as would to you appear pretty much like forwardness. The moment their fatigues and sufferings are over

the fire kindled, and plenty to eat, they are as happy as princes. There is a continual chattering and laughing among them, and frequent songs. Some of their boat-songs are very pretty, and they roar them out manfully to the stroke of their oars."

THE PIRATE.

[From the *Manx Liberal.*]

By the time that the several dispositions ordered by the captain had been made, the stranger, a beautiful brig, had approached within long gunshot. We (that is, officers and passengers) were congregated upon the poop deck, in anticipation of momentarily receiving an iron summons to round to. This, however, did not appear to be part of the unknown's policy; and whilst he was fast drawing ahead, Macsawney, who carried on the duties of the ship as if she floated unquestioned mistress of the blue expanse, ordered eight bells (having taken the sun) to be struck, and invited his passengers to partake their customary meridian. They were in the act of descending, when Bosy reported that the brig, having given a broad yaw to leeward, showed Spanish colours at her peak. These were scarcely set ere they were dipped, an indication that it was their wish to speak us. The atrocities which have degraded Spain's once imperial banner, coupled with the rakish loom of the stranger, and our proximity to the Cape de Verd Islands, the favourite resort of the lawless, caused us to survey him with a curiosity in which apprehension was not slightly mingled. Our doubts and fears were in course of speedy solution, for the self-styled Spaniard had now lessened his distance to a couple of hundred yards. A more exquisite hull it was impossible to look upon—long, low, and of exceeding beam—the bow round as an apple, with a cutwater sharp as a wedge, from which projected a female figure-head of the most graceful proportions. Every line was symmetry itself—her bottom beautifully moulded, her copper bright as burnished gold, and her run clean and fine as the heels of a racer; in short, the very model of what an English nobleman's yacht should be. The capacity might amount to some three hundred tons. The beauty of the hull was fully equalled by the gear aloft, which was taunt, tapering, and well set up; the lower mast was clean-scraped and bright varnished, with long heads painted white. He carried courses, topsails, with a slab reef to make them stand better, top-gallant sails, fore-topmast staysail, jib-boom mainsail, a thundering ringtail, fore-topmast and fore-top-gallant studding sails; his royal yards were sent down, and his flying jib-boom housed. All his yards were remarkably square, his canvass well cut, and it was impossible to surpass the light airy tracery of his taper masts, with all their mazy lines of superincumbent cordage. As we approximated, we gave our meteor flag to the breeze—his Spanish ensign still floating at his peak. His lovely craft was in perfect command, and having drawn a little before our lee beam, he immediately hailed.

"Ship, ahoy!" "Hallo!" responded Macsawney. "What ship's that?" "The Saucy Sally. What brig's that?" "The Vomito Pietro," was the answer. "Where are you from?" "The Cape of Good Hope." "Heave to—heave to! I have intelligence to communicate."

"Ay, ay," sang out Mac. "Cheerily, my lads; round in the weather main and topsail braces. Foretop there! down top-gallant stun'sail; in with big Ben; clap on the topmast stun'sail downballo! That's it—with a will, men. So—o! Man royal and skysail clue-lines!"

In a surprisingly short space the Saucy Sally was reduced to top and top-gallant sails, jib and spanker, the fore and main course hanging in the brails. The Vomito Pietro was still under sail, although, while our ship was obeying her injunctions, she had hauled up so sharp in the wind as not only to deaden her way, but to drop a short distance astern. Perceiving our main-topsail to the mast, he once more ranged within hailing distance.

"Ship, ahoy! Send a boat aboard of me, d'ye hear?" "Brig, ahoy!" shouted Mac. "No boat of mine leaves this ship. If you have any thing to communicate, send your own boat."

"Send your boat this instant, sir, or I'll fire into you." "Blaze away," sang out the imperturbable Scotsman. "Down on the deck, lads; you shall pepper him by and by."

A pause ensued; the vessels gradually separated; the Vomito Pietro hove to some sixty yards forward of the Sally's lee beam, and, without further ceremony, exchanged the Spanish ensign for the skull and marrow-bones. At this moment both vessels had nearly lost steerage way, the wind having fallen dead calm.

"We must be guided by circumstances," said the captain, addressing us; "but in no case must we allow them to obtain a footing upon our decks. Better go to the bottom like men than be flung into it like dogs. He will no doubt seek to board under cover of his long guns. Let him try; but do not, I implore you, throw away a shot until each of you is sure of his man: every one they lose adds to our chance of escape."

The captain was right in his conjecture, for scarcely had he ceased speaking, ere the Vomito, apparently satisfied with reconnoitring, launched both her quarter-boats full of men. No sooner had they touched the water, than they sent forth a wild yell, to which, as a fitting accompaniment, the roar of their long eighteen opened its deadly throat, happily without any material injury resulting. Emboldened by the non-return of fire, the boats, after a brief conference under the Vomito's stern, commenced pulling, making somewhat of a sweep, apparently with the design of assailing the Saucy Sally on either quarter.

"Divide yourselves," continued the watchful and indefatigable Mac; "but, above all, be cool—be steady. Ah!" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands with great delight, "it would be a noble chance. I'll try it, by George! at the worst it can but fail. Look alive, a hand or two; ease off the weather and haul in the lee main braces; there's a cat's-paw aloft; the ship already feels it, and there will be more ere long. Jump aft, O'Donoghue; take the wheel; run the pirate alongside; and, d'ye mind me, let every mother's son of ye, as he wishes to see kith and kin again, pay the strictest attention to my commands."

Circumstances had indeed altered the Scotchman's plans. At the very moment he was endeavouring to give a warm reception to the five-and-twenty or thirty wretches, armed to the teeth, fast approaching in the pirate's cutters—at that very moment a light air swelled the Saucy Sally's sails. Like other tropical flaws, this air was extremely partial, and did not yet extend to the Vomito, which lay a motionless log on the water. Freshening in its course, at length it struck the guilty brig, but too late to save her from the grapple of the Saucy Sally, who was already speeding under its full influence. Two minutes sufficed to lay her alongside, but few more to pour her resistless crew upon the corsair's decks; and, whilst the main body battled the astonished ruffians, one or two secured the helm, and got the brig before the wind—Saucy Sally bearing her faithful company, her passenger riflemen picking off the banditti with surprising accuracy. Discomfited on every hand, the survivors hurried below, leaving their trophy in the Sally's power. The boats, meanwhile, foiled almost in the moment of possession, rowed with all the energy of despair; but the breeze had once more set in strong and steady, and both the Saucy Sally and the Vomito were dropping them fast. Their maniac yells rent the air—the water flashed under the fury of their strokes, and the boats were urged onwards with a strength almost superhuman. At the moment when hope must have been all but dead within them, the Vomito suddenly hove up in the wind's eye. Could it be? Had the merchantman failed, and were their comrades victors? They paused upon their oars, joining company, as if to ponder the course proper to be pursued. Brief was the space permitted for consideration. A plash, a stunning report, and an iron shower, sped its fatal flight, dashing their splintered oars from their nerveless grasp—scattering, with one crash, the dying and the dead, with the shattered skiffs that bore them, in ruined fragments upon the devouring deep! One instant, and the welkin rang with the howl of despairing fiends; another, and nought was heard save the faint and passing struggle of mortal agony—fearful but just retribution! Their own trusted weapons had been turned upon themselves; and O'Donoghue, by the mouth of their boasted Long Tom, had sped them unannealed to their account.

SPRING IS COMING.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

SPRING is coming! joyous spring!
See, the messengers that bring
Tidings, ev'ry heart to cheer,
That her advent bright is here;
See, the many-colour'd train,
Peeping up on glade and plain—
Crocuses, and snow-drops white,
Struggle into sunny light,
And the violet of blue,
And the valley's lily too.
I could dream their fairy bells
Ring a merry chime that tells
Spring is coming!—and when they
Faint, and fade, and fall away,
'Tis, that long by winter nurst,
Their full hearts with joy have burst.

At the tidings that they bring,
"Spring is coming! welcome spring!"
Children we of northern skies,
Most her loveliness do prize—
Most, with longing hearts, we yearn
For her swift and sure return;
We who know the sullen gloom,
When the earth is nature's tomb;
Well may we with heart and voice,
At the sweet spring-tide rejoice!

Dwellers in more genial climes,
Not for you these passing rhymes;
Ye can never understand
The contrasts of our northern land.
Ye are not so great and wise,
Ye have lowlier destinies
Than the children of a zone
Where the wintry blasts are known.
But gaunt famine doth not stride
By the proud and wealthy's side;
There ye see not little feet
Press upon the frozen street,
While the infant's tearful eye
Tells its tale of misery.
When in curtain'd, lighted hall,
What to you that snow-flakes fall?
When beside the blazing log,
What to you is frost or fog?
When on down your limbs ye stretch
Think ye of the homeless wretch?
To *the poor* it is that spring
Doth her richest treasures bring;
And methinks that I do hear
Countless voices, far and near,
Joining in a grateful strain,
"Spring is come at last again!"

March 4, 1842.

LITERATURE IN FRANCE.

We are gradually becoming inoculated by the French and German taste for cheap bibliopolism. Perhaps our fresh issues of books of sterling and recognised merit, are almost as cheap as they could be made, consistently with careful production, with the supply of a serviceable paper, and with the excessive duty to which that article (of downright necessity) is in this country ridiculously subject. But the prices of all new books amongst us are perfectly enormous compared with those which prevail on the Continent. Every one who has been to Germany knows what the fair of Leipsic produces. In France, the business of publication is carried on with perhaps still less expense to the public; immense editions are sold, and author and bookseller are both of them well remunerated. Facts in these cases are the only arguments. During the last eighteen months, a series of little works, entitled "Physiologies," as "Physiologie du Tailleur," "Physiologie de l'Etudiant," "Physiologie de l'Homme à Bonnes Fortunes," has issued from the Parisian press—not very voluminous, certainly, but excellent in quality, and copiously illustrated by Gavarni and all the most eminent caricaturists of France. For these little works, for which a crown at least would be charged in London, with probably some lying nonsense in the trade puffs about "unprecedented cheapness," a single franc is charged in Paris. Let the London trade look to this. If they are not prepared to treat the public with liberality, with what face do they complain of want of encouragement? So long as they publish their books at unpurchasable prices, that they should break by dozens is only a natural consequence. A "Bibliothèque Française" is now being published in Paris, in thirty volumes, presenting, for three or four francs a-volume, the works of the most celebrated writers of France, illustrated by learned notes and a selection of the most esteemed commentaries. The publisher (it is no fulsome falsehood to call him "spirited") deals with nothing but *chefs d'œuvre*, and has literally realised his promise that "leur extrême modicité de prix" would place these volumes in a state of the most satisfactory completeness, "à la portée de toutes les fortunes." There is a splendid work called "Le Jardin des Plantes," with richly coloured engravings of the highest excellence, zoological, floricultural, and botanical—portraits of Cuvier, Buffon, and the other naturalists of France—views and plans of the gardens, &c.—now going through the press in thick and voluminous parts, for 30 centimes (3d.) each! If it must be our fate (which seems extremely probable) to be speedily outstripped in information and intelligence by our neighbours of the Outre Manche, let the shame rest upon monopolising, money-grinding booksellers. Let not penny magazines and cyclopædias, for the diffusion and confusion of "useful knowledge," be flung in our teeth as an answer to these remarks. They are no answer; letterpress and illustrations are both the work of inferior men, incapable of awaking the popular mind, or inspiring popular interest.* But the illustrations of animal and vegetable nature, to which we have alluded above, are the productions of the first artists of France; and elegance and exactitude of outline are rendered complete by the most magnificent colouring after nature—what a contrast to the stark and staring woodcuts by which foreigners are so much diverted in our "penny literature!"

In addition to the vast fecundity of the Parisian press in novels, romances, and tales interminable, bristling in *feuilletons*, and packed into library volumes, there is likewise a translation-factory from the English kept pretty briskly at work. The lingual steam-engine is driven by M. Defauconpret, who has translated the works of Sir Walter Scott for the Cabinets de Lecture. This gentleman has also translated several copies of Cooper's novels, and some of Captain Marryat's—the preference of selection being unquestionably accorded to them in consequence of their "naval" character—a school of art in which France is extremely backward. These translations, as may well be conceived, are truly Frenchified affairs; even the very names being curiously and ridiculously metamorphosed; thus, we have "Monsieur le Midshipman Easy" for one title, "Le Marin à Terre" (The Middy Ashore) for another, and the last issued figures as "Joseph Rushbroock." But no Frenchman ever yet could spell an English name.

The most noticeable thing about these publications is the remarkably cheap price at which they are sold. Each volume is charged only 3½ francs, whilst the paltriest translated trash that goes into our circulating libraries here is impudently priced at half a guinea a-volume. The most splendid works of original fiction, witness Eugene Sue's "Mathilde," are published at the same price as Defauconpret's translations. Observe how, by this liberal arrangement, author and public (and the bookseller himself in the long run) are benefited. Cheap reprints of "standard" English works, from French presses, abound; and Galignani's establishment has been cut out in some directions, and forced in others to reduce its expensiveness, by which it rivalled even London humbug. There is scarcely, in short, a book of acknowledged merit in the circle of English literature that you cannot purchase, reprinted in Paris by Frenchmen, yet with great accuracy, for 8d., 10d., or, at the very utmost, 15d. In this most astonishing activity of the publishing world, a very marked preference is given to English literature, the German being little cultivated.—*Times.*

WHAT A MAN WILL DO FOR RELIGION.

Men will wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it; any thing but—*live* for it.—*Lacon.*

FORGIVENESS.

The brave only know how to forgive; it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at. Cowards have done good and kind actions—cowards have even fought, nay, sometimes conquered; but a coward never forgave: it is not in his nature; the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of soul conscious of its own force and security, and above all the little temptations of resenting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness.—*Sterne.*

INDUSTRY.

There is no art or science that is too difficult for industry to attain to; it is the gift of tongues, and makes a man understood and valued in all countries and by all nations; it is the philosopher's stone, that turns all metals, and even stones, into gold, and suffers not want to break into its dwelling; it is the north-west passage, that brings the merchant's ship as soon to him as he can desire. In a word, it conquers all enemies, and makes fortune itself pay contribution.—*Clarendon.*

* We of course demur to this, limiting ourselves, however, to the single remark, that the *Penny Cyclopædia* is a work which would do honour to any age or country.—*Ed. C. E. J.*

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EDUCABILITY OF ANIMALS.

THIS is a subject on which, as far as we are aware, no attention has been bestowed in the way of scientific investigation. Yet such illustrations of it have been given, as would seem to point it out as a rich field for the philosophical naturalist. Regarding the endowments of animals as we generally do, it would be scarcely possible for us to believe some of the anecdotes which have been related on this point, if they were not, in general, authenticated in such a way as to preclude scepticism.

In the latter part of the last century, one Bisset, a native of Perth, by trade a shoemaker, having applied himself with great perseverance to the teaching of animals, succeeded in making a set of cats play in harmony on the dulcimer, uniting their voices to the tones of the instrument; and this singular orchestra was exhibited, to the perfect satisfaction of the public, for a succession of nights, in the Haymarket theatre. He it was who trained that "learned pig," of which our fathers used to speak so highly, the animal having been exhibited in every part of the empire. At a somewhat earlier period, a Saxon peasant boy trained a dog to the pronunciation of words. The boy had observed in the dog's voice an indistinct resemblance to certain sounds of the human voice, and was thus prompted to endeavour to teach him to speak. The animal was three years old at the beginning of his instructions, a circumstance which must have been unfavourable to the object; yet, by dint of great labour and perseverance, in three years the boy had taught it to articulate thirty words. It used to astonish its visiters by calling for tea, coffee, chocolate, &c.; but it is proper to remark that it required the words to be pronounced by its master beforehand, and it never appeared to become quite reconciled to the exhibitions which it was forced to make. The learned Leibnitz reported on this wonderful animal to the French Academy, attesting that he had seen the dog and heard it speak; so that there does not appear the slightest ground for doubting the fact, such as it was. All doubt on the question of possibility may, indeed, be considered as set at rest by the recent exhibition of the educated dogs in London—animals which could play at dominoes and chess, and even indicate when their adversaries made false moves. These creatures were visited and *played with* by thousands, and we never have heard that a deception of any kind as to the reality of their acquired powers was detected.

Laying aside such extraordinary examples as these, the ordinary training conferred on horses, dogs, and other domesticated animals, seems to be sufficient to establish the general fact of animal educability. We have no more forcible illustrations of the principle than in the uses which are now made of certain of the canine tribe in rural sports. The pointer, setter, springing spaniel, and all that class of dogs, are understood to be descended from one stock, the Spanish spaniel, with a slight crossing from the fox-hound, for the sake of improving the speed. The original animal may be considered as a record of the original powers, to which every thing else must be regarded as an addition made by human training. Now, the original animal is only gifted by nature with a fine scent for game, and a disposition to make a momentary pause on seeing it, for the purpose of springing upon it.* Man has converted this inclination to a temporary pause into a habit of making a full stop, and the animal, instead of gratifying his destructive tendency by flying upon the game, has been trained to be contented with witnessing a vicarious execution by the gun of his master.

It is a mistake to suppose that only the spaniel tribe is capable of serving sportsmen in the capacity of pointers and setters. There are other classes of dogs which perseverance would enable, to a certain extent, to act in the same way. Gervase Markham, who wrote on sports in the sixteenth century, speaks of having seen dogs of the bastard tumbler kind adapted to act as setters, though not so well as those of the spaniel kind. Mr Blaine is of opinion that this power can be cultivated in most dogs.* It has even been elicited in another and very different class of animals—the hog. Some years ago, Mr Toomer, gamekeeper to Sir Henry Mildmay, bethought him of teaching a pig to act as a pointer, having been struck by the scenting powers of the animal in its search for palatable roots under ground. He began by allowing a young female pig to accompany his pointers in their breaking lessons to the field. Within a fortnight, to his own surprise, she was able to hunt and point partridges and rabbits. There being an abundance of these creatures near the keeper's lodge, her education advanced rapidly by frequent exercise, and in a few weeks she was able to retrieve game as well as the best pointer. *Slut*, as this extraordinary animal was called, was considered to have a more acute scent than any pointer in the charge of the keeper; and it was a kennel of the highest character. They hunted her principally on moors and heaths; and it often happened, that when left behind, she would come of her own accord and join the pointers. "She has often stood a jack snipe when all the pointers had passed it: she would back the dogs when they pointed, but the dogs refused to back her until spoke to—Toomer's dogs being all trained to make a general halt when the word was given, whether any dog pointed or not, so that she has been frequently standing in the midst of a field of pointers. In consequence of the dogs being not much inclined to hunt when she was with them (for they dropped their sterns, and showed symptoms of jealousy), she did not very often accompany them, except for the novelty. Her pace was mostly a trot; she was seldom known to gallop, except when called to go out shooting; she would then come home off the forest at full stretch, and be as much elated as a dog at being shown the gun. She always expressed great pleasure when game, either dead or living, was placed before her. She has frequently stood a single partridge at forty yards' distance, her nose in a direct line to the bird; after standing some considerable time, she would drop like a setter, still keeping her nose in an exact line, and would continue in that position until the game moved: if it took wing, she would come up to the place, and draw slowly after it; and when the bird dropped, she would stand it as before."†

These facts, together with what common observation presents to us in domesticated parrots, blackbirds, ravens, magpies, monkeys, &c., place the educability of animals upon a basis, in our opinion, not to be shaken. But the most wonderful thing, and the most convincing part of the proof, remains, in the fact of the transmission of *acquired qualities* by animals to progeny. The habit which education has conferred upon the pointer appears in his puppy, who may be seen earnestly standing at swallows and pigeons in a farmyard, before he has ever once seen such a thing done by his seniors, or received the least instruction. Here only the object is amiss; the act itself is perfect. As may be readily supposed, the puppy of a race of English pointers can be trained to the whole business of the field, in one-tenth of the time which the most experienced breaker would require to effect any improvement upon the simple instinct of *the pause* in an original Spanish spaniel. On the subject of the hereditary transmission of acquired qualities by animals, we have some curious information from the venerable naturalist, Mr T. A. Knight.

In a communication to the Royal Society, in 1807, Mr Knight remarked the disposition of bees to seek for cavities in trees, where such existed, as places to swarm to, and surmised, that their taking up with the hives offered them is a result of domestication, which becomes inherent in those which have for several generations been under the care of man. To support this view, he cited several other instances of domesticated animals inheriting the acquired habits of their parents. "In all animals," he says, "this is observable; but in the dog it exists to a wonderful extent; and the offspring appears to inherit not only the passions and propensities, but even the resentments, of the family from which it springs. I ascertained that a terrier, whose parents had been in the habit of fighting with polecats, will instantly show every mark of anger when he first perceives the scent of that animal, though the animal itself be wholly concealed from his sight. A young spaniel brought up with the terriers showed no marks of emotion at the scent of the polecat, but it pursued a woodcock, the first time it saw one, with clamour and exultation: and a young pointer, which I am certain had never seen a partridge, stood trembling with anxiety, its eyes fixed, and its muscles rigid, when conducted into the midst of a covey of those birds. Yet each of these dogs are mere varieties of the same species, and to that species none of these habits are given by nature. The peculiarities of character can therefore be traced to no other source than the acquired habits of the parents, which are inherited by the offspring, and become what I call *instinctive hereditary propensities*."

It appears from another communication made by Mr Knight to the same society in 1837, that he had then been pursuing investigations on this subject for nearly sixty years. He proceeds in that communication to give a general account of his investigations. "At the period," he says, "at which my experiments commenced, well-bred and well-taught springing spaniels were abundant, and I readily obtained possession of as many as I wanted. I had at first no other object than that of obtaining dogs of great excellence; but within a very short time, some facts came under my observation which very strongly arrested my attention. In several instances, young and wholly inexperienced dogs appeared very nearly as expert in finding woodcocks as their experienced parents. The woods in which I was accustomed to shoot did not contain pheasants, nor much game of any other kind, and I therefore resolved never to shoot at any thing except woodcocks, conceiving that by so doing the hereditary propensities above mentioned would become more obvious and decided in the young and untaught animals; and I had the satisfaction, in more than one instance, to see some of these find as many woodcocks, and give tongue as correctly, as the best of my older dogs.

Woodcocks are driven in frosty weather, as is well known, to seek their food in springs and rills of unfrozen water, and I found that my old dogs knew about as well as I did the degree of frost which would drive the woodcocks to such places; and this knowledge proved very troublesome to me, for I could not sufficiently restrain them. I therefore left the old experienced dogs at home, and took only the wholly

* Thoughts and Recollections, by one of the Last Century. London: Murray. 1825.

* Encyclopedia of Rural Sports, 792.

† Daniel's Rural Sports.

inexperienced young dogs; but, to my astonishment, some of these, in several instances, confined themselves as closely to the unfrozen grounds as their parents would have done. When I first observed this, I suspected that woodcocks might have been upon the unfrozen ground during the preceding night; but I could not discover (as I think I should have done had this been the case) any traces of their having been there; and as I could not do so, I was led to conclude that the young dogs were guided by feelings and propensities similar to those of their parents.

The subjects of my observation in these cases were all the offspring of well-instructed parents, of five or six years old or more; and I thought it not improbable that instinctive hereditary propensities might be stronger in these than in the offspring of very young and inexperienced parents. Experience proved this opinion to be well founded, and led me to believe that these propensities might be made to cease to exist, and others to be given; and that the same breed of dogs which displayed so strongly an hereditary disposition to hunt after woodcocks, might be made ultimately to display a similar propensity to hunt after trufles; and it may, I think, be reasonably doubted whether any dog having the habits and propensities of the springing spaniel would ever have been known, if the art of shooting birds on the wing had not been acquired.

I possessed one young spaniel, of which the male parent, apparently a well-bred springing spaniel, had been taught to do a great number of extraordinary tricks, and of which the female parent was a well-bred springing spaniel; the puppy had been taught, before it came into my possession, a part of the accomplishments of its male parent. In one instance I had walked out with my gun and a servant, without any dog; and having seen a woodcock, I sent for the dog above mentioned, which the servant brought to me. A month afterwards, I sent my servant for it again, under similar circumstances, when it acted as if it had inferred that the track by which the servant had come from me would lead it to me. It left my servant within twenty yards of my house, and was with me in a very few minutes, though the distance which it had to run exceeded a mile. I repeated this experiment at different times, and after considerable intervals, and uniformly with the same results, the dog always coming to me without the servant. I could mention several other instances, nearly as singular, of the sagacity of this animal, which I imagined to have derived its extraordinary powers in some degree from the highly-cultivated intellect of its male parent."

Mr Knight states, that in sixty years he had observed the woodcock tribe become much more shy and wild than it formerly was, the result, he conceives, of "increased hereditary fear of man." This is certainly a result in conformity with the difference observed between birds in general in peopled and unpeopled countries, the former being shy from the youngest period of life, while the latter are tame and unsuspicious at all periods, until they become acquainted with the destructive propensities of man.

Mr Knight adds a few more cases, which he describes as but a sample of a vast number equally remarkable. We can only afford room for one, relating to a young dog of the variety called retrievers. He obtained a puppy of this breed, a month old, from a distant county, and said to be descended of a very well-bred family. "I had walked," he says, "up the side of the river which passes by my house in search of wild-ducks, when the dog above mentioned followed me unobserved, and contrary to my wishes, for it was too young for service, not being then quite ten months old. It had not received any other instruction than that of being taught to bring any floating body off a pond, and I do not think that it had ever done this more than three or four times. It walked very quietly behind my gamekeeper upon the opposite side of the river, and it looked on with apparent indifference whilst I killed a couple of mallards and a widgeon; but it leaped into the river on the gamekeeper pointing out the birds to it, and it brought them on shore, and to the feet of the gamekeeper, just as well as the best instructed old dog could have done. I subsequently shot a snipe, which fell into the middle of a large nearly stagnant pool of water, which was partially frozen over. I called the dog from the other side of the water, and caused it to see the snipe, which could not be done without difficulty; but, as soon as it saw it, it swam to it, brought it to me, laid it down at my feet, and again swam through the river to my gamekeeper. I never saw a dog of its age acquit itself so well, yet it was most certainly wholly untaught."

To conclude with dogs. A gentleman of our acquaintance, and of scientific acquirements, obtained some years ago a pup which had been produced in London by a female of the celebrated St Bernard's breed. The young animal was brought to Scotland, where it was never observed to give any particular tokens of a power of tracking footsteps until winter, when the ground became covered with snow. It *then* showed the most active inclination to follow footsteps; and so great was its power of doing so under these circumstances, that, when its master had crossed a field in the most curvilinear way, and caused other persons to cross his path in all directions, it nevertheless followed his course with the greatest precision. Here was a perfect revival of the habit of its Alpine fathers, with a degree of specialty as to external conditions, at which, it seems to us, we cannot sufficiently wonder.

The principle of what may be called a transmission of domesticated habits, is to be observed in other animals. "English sheep, probably from the richness of the pastures of that country, feed very much together; while Scotch sheep are obliged to extend and scatter themselves over their hills for the better discovery of food. Yet the English sheep, on being transferred to Scotland, keep their old habit of feeding in a mass, though so little adapted to their new country: so do their descendants; and the English sheep is not thoroughly naturalised into the necessities of his place till the third generation. The same thing may be observed as to the nature of his food that is observed in his mode of seeking it. When turnips were first introduced from England into Scotland, it was only the third generation which heartily adopted this diet, the first having been starved into an acquiescence in it."* The Norwegian pony is accustomed in his own country to obey the voice of his master, rather than the bridle: accordingly, when English-born progeny of this animal is taken in hand by a breaker, unusual difficulty is found in what is called *giving it a mouth*, although it is singularly docile and obedient. In Norway, the pony is accustomed to traverse unenclosed and almost pathless wilds: accordingly, the English-born progeny has no idea of such a thing as enclosures, and will be seen brushing through a hedge with the greatest coolness, as if no such thing were in its way. We have also been informed that the progeny of an American horse, introduced into England, ambles as American horses generally do, a kind of walk to which the English horse can only be trained with difficulty; and the same thing is observed as to the habit which the Irish horses have of leaping with their whole four feet off the ground at once, a movement occasioned by the numerous bogs which come in the way of an Irish horseman. This is a mode of leaping to which it would be as difficult to train an English foal, as it would be to prevent an Irish one from adopting it.

We thus see that not only does what metaphysicians call the *law of habit* exercise a sway in the intellects of animals, but that modification which takes place in human communities, and passes under the comprehensive name of civilisation, also affects the lower tribes of creation. A race of animals, like a race of men, is civilisable; and we cannot doubt that the same softening influences which have produced the advanced nations of Europe, have operated upon the animals existing in the same countries, and made them very different from what they were in early times. It cannot escape remark, that the whole principle of civilisation acquires strength from having its basis thus widened. We become the more confident in the improvability of our own species, when we find that even the lower animals are capable of being improved, through a succession of generations, by the constant presence of a meliorating agency.

THE PRIVATE PURSE.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

PART II.

"How is it, Geraldine," said her mother to Mrs Leeson—"how is it that you and Henry are so changed in your manner to each other? Four years ago, I left you all affection; now, I find you hardly civil—this is very bad."

"It is," replied her daughter; "but it is not my fault. Henry is perpetually insulting, by asking me the most frivolous questions, and then sneering at my replies. He never believes a word I say. It was only yesterday he took our child on his knee, and read her such a homily on the beauty of truth that she looked at him, poor innocent, in fear and astonishment, without understanding his meaning, and then he looked at me. Oh! mother, I wish I had never married. It is very true what my aunt says—you never can know how a man will turn out."

"Your aunt, my dear, is a very bad counsellor. I fear she has caused mischief between you."

"Oh, no! but she told me how it would be. Why, before we were six months married, he took me to task about a chain! But that is nothing; I assure you he is niggardly in the extreme."

"You must be wrong, Geraldine," said her mother, earnestly; "indeed, you must be wrong. When I left you to go abroad—though I did not tell you so, lest it would make you unhappy—my finances were deplorably reduced. He questioned me upon them with the greatest delicacy; and when he found how I was circumstanced, as he was handing me into the carriage, he slipped a purse containing a hundred guineas into my hand."

Geraldine felt her colour change. "But how did he find that out, in the first instance?" she inquired, after a pause.

"I really do not know," replied her mother; "but you remember, dear, I was always a very bad dissembler. Your aunt says I can be seen through in a moment, which I dare say is the case, and I do not care about it. What does it matter when one has nothing to conceal? I never led him to suppose that you had a penny, or that I had sixpence beyond my small annuity; so I confessed that when I came to pay you the bridal visit, I had not five pounds in the world."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Geraldine, the falsehood she had framed as to her mother giving her ten pounds towards the purchase of the chain, and the effect it must have had upon her husband's mind, flashing upon her for the first time. "Oh! mamma, why did you not tell me this before? What must my husband have thought of me?"

"Thought of *you*, my dear?" replied her mother, not understanding her allusion. "Why, what had you to do with it? He knew, as I have told you, perfectly well that you had nothing whatever to do with the matter; but I called it very handsome of him—very handsome indeed." And the lady resumed the perusal of her book, thinking it better to let this anecdote of her son-in-law's generosity operate of itself upon her daughter. Geraldine felt the blood rush to her head, and in another moment she was chill and trembling. She went to her own room, and traced back circumstance to circumstance. She saw clearly that on that evening she must have appeared guilty of duplicity. She remembered her husband's deep-seated and constant love and affection previous to that event; how her every wish was anticipated by him. She remembered how pleased, how happy he looked, when she gave him the five pounds she had saved from her housekeeping; and she could not but acknowledge that all the satisfaction she had received from her secret peculations had been gall and wormwood, in comparison to the approving smiles which she now knew how she had at first forfeited. Truly, her tears were many and sincere. She would willingly have retraced her steps had she known how; but she felt she had not strength to do so. She fancied confession more humiliating than deception; and, moreover, Henry's late unkindnesses were so numerous and so severe, that she forgot, when recalling them, how much was owing to the suspicions she herself had created.

She resolved to confide in her mother the particulars regarding the chain, hoping she should be able to prevail on her to say, if she was questioned on the subject, that she had borrowed the money to lend her; for, as I have said before, lies yield ample fruitage. She had of late mentioned some of her perplexities to her cousin; and here I am forced to pause, to observe that one of the most foolish acts of a young woman's life is the confiding in any man, either what she fears to intrust to her husband, or any complaint against him. It is almost always sure to betray itself; and if it does not, the step is so imprudent, so likely to lead to results affecting her character, and certainly to affect her conduct, that of all things it ought to be the most dreaded, the most avoided. It is seldom that a woman, resolved to bear and forbear, cannot succeed in winning her husband's friendship in the end. When this is really impossible—which I think can only be the case when a man is thoroughly unprincipled—may God help her! It is wiser for her not to complain of him she has sworn to "love, honour, and obey." Her own sex are, with a few most honourable exceptions, too feeble for friendship; and where there is youth and beauty, men are dangerous friends. It is wiser, then, I repeat, under such circumstances, for a woman to conceal her sorrows, and to alleviate them by active and duteous employment, rather than by idle and dangerous repinings. If scandal catches her character, injury will be, at best, sustained in setting it free; and the wretchedness of having been doubted, when forgotten by friends (if it ever be), is never unremembered by her upon whom suspicion has rested. The very reputation of having a male friend is injurious to a young English wife. It is only a vigorous mind that can bear being thus shut in with itself. A firm and noble one *will* bear it, because it is right; and perhaps, after years of firm endurance, be rewarded by the friendship it has so richly deserved—the friendship of *him* in whom a young heart trusted.

Geraldine loved her cousin really as a sister loves a brother; *but no more*. She had never bestowed upon him an atom of an affection that she need have blushed to own even to her husband; and though her cousin may be acquitted of all premeditated wrong towards her, he was not averse to being rallied on the preference evinced for him by his lovely relative. He assured every one "that it was a brother and sister affection"—that "it was impossible it could be any thing else, as they had been children together"—that "Geraldine was too devoted to her husband to indulge even a friendship for any one—except her cousin." But he did not say these things frankly, and seriously, and boldly, as it becomes a man of high honour to do; he said them with a smile or a shrug, or a *dolce* sort of self-satisfied expression, which made the careless young men of his acquaintance declare him a "lucky fellow," and married men say "that Leeson should look after his wife;" while matrons and old maids began to throw something of significance into their countenances when they observed that "they had met Mrs Leeson and her handsome cousin in the square;" and some were malicious enough to forget to add that she was accompanied also by her child or a female friend.

Most unhappily, her husband had become so irritable and suspicious, that she excused herself for her constant deceptions. He had long found it impossible to distinguish between her truth and falsehood; he had become unjust to her virtues; for she was a most devoted parent, while he believed that she was indifferent to her child. When she told the story of the

* Thoughts and Recollections.

chain—that origin of all the evil—to her mother, the old lady, instead of going at once to her son-in-law, explaining it to him, and showing that the advice of her aunt had caused her to step aside from the straight path—that it was *she* who urged her to form a private purse—and by this odious system undermined their mutual confidence; instead of doing this, she set herself to frame a "reason for the lie." And why? Because the little girl was the aunt's god-child, and she solaced herself, by determining that "she would certainly leave her all she had, if she were not displeased; but if Geraldine broke her word—if she forgot that she had promised not to tell—all the previous concealments would have been made in vain, and they would lose the property. Henry would be sure to 'fly out' about it, and what would be the end of it?" The good lady quite forgot that Geraldine had promised to conceal the gift from her, as well as from her husband; but her ideas of right and wrong could all be set aside by interest; we have wonderful tendernesses towards those who break their words for our especial sakes. Geraldine was, in point of fact, incapacitated, in the sight of God, from making the promise her aunt required of her, on the morning of her marriage; because the OATH, so important and so engrossing, which she had taken at the altar, virtually delegated her husband the depositary of her acts, thoughts, and secrets.

How despicable a picture of human nature does this perpetual bowing down to Mammon pourtray! and how vain and insignificant does it appear, when contrasted with so high, so holy a thing as truth! Oh! if those who are heedless of words and their import, did but know the inestimable value of this "bright ornament"—if they had but traced, as I have done during my pilgrimage of observation through life, the cares, and toils, and tangled weariness that *must* follow in the train of falsehood, however small it may appear at first—if they could witness the contempt that dogs the liar to a despised grave—if they could see the family disunions, the heart-beatings and heart-breakings, originating in an untruth, no larger than that grain of mustard-seed that became an outspreading tree—if they could be brought to feel the base, mean, paltry cowardice of a lie—how earnestly they would pray to be delivered from its insidious temptation!

Geraldine's mother, I have already said, was exactly one of those who had neither been educated to become a mother, nor in the knowledge to teach the duties of domestic life to her child. She was, like scores of others, weak, warm, and as brainless as a woman could well be, who went through the etiquettes of life with propriety and exactness. She thought herself acting with extraordinary tact and discretion, when she entered the small library where Mr Leeson sat by himself when at home in the evening, and, shutting the door with a peculiarly silent and mysterious air, asked if she might intrude upon him for a few moments. He placed a chair for her, and, laying down his book, prepared to listen.

Henry Leeson was more changed than men usually are in years so few, and yet he dressed better, was quite as handsome, when in society conversed more fluently, many thought more agreeably, for a dash of vinegar curdled the oil, and rendered him pungent and racy. But his features had lost their affectionate, confiding, easy expression; his face had grown sharp as a lawyer's seeking flaws in an indictment; he could not sit for five minutes looking straight forward, but twisted his eyes to see sideways, and his head to look behind—he had grown suspicious.

The old lady had a difficult card to play, and, of course, played it badly, floundering through muddy sentences, until at last she ventured to regret "that her dear Harry had not been in the drawing-room—he used to be so fond of music—and she had prevailed on Geraldine to sing; and Arthur Harewell said he had never heard her in better voice."

Mr Leeson muttered something about a new book, and Arthur understanding music better than he did, as he heard more of it. And this was answered by an observation, "that more was the pity." And then the gentleman sat, and the lady fidgeted through a long pause—until, with tears of very sincere grief, she declared, in her own simple way, her regrets that two so much attached as her dear son and daughter "were" (Mr Leeson shook his head)—"had been," then substituted the sorrowing mother—were now so estranged "without any cause."

Mr Leeson stiffly said, that "if there had not been cause, there would have been no estrangement—the fault was none of his."

The old lady hit upon one sensible observation by chance—"that in quarrels matrimonial, both parties were generally to blame."

He bowed; and answered, "It might be so, in a degree."

"For instance," she continued, "you were very angry with her long ago, I find, about a foolish chain; and really, Harry, dear, you had no reason."

"The chain was in itself as unoffending," he replied, "as trinkets generally are; but I *had* reason. She told me a falsehood as to her means of purchase. The chain was a gift; yet she assured me she bought it. I have but too good reason to remember it, as the commencement of all our misery. Why, she even used *your name* as the giver of part of the purchase-money."

"And so I was," murmured forth the feeble-minded woman, unable to raise her eyes; but keeping down the truth by the weight of her sister's riches.

"Nay!" he exclaimed; "how could that be, when you yourself —— But you must remember certain passages which prevent a possibility of that."

"She wished so for the chain," said the old lady, "that I borrowed ten pounds to make up the money."

Mr Leeson rose from his seat in wrathful indignation, and but that the being before him was a frail aged woman, could not have contained himself. "You really must excuse me for saying I doubt this. I should, indeed, grieve to feel that those grey hairs were dishonoured by a falsehood, to screen a child who has no feeling for herself."

Self-degradation forced itself upon the feeble-minded mother, and she only said that she hoped he "would permit her still farther to explain."

"Pardon me," he replied, "if I decline any future conversation upon this subject. When I married Geraldine, I imagined I read in the brightness of her sunny face the brightness of truth. I loved her with the entire fullness of my heart. I would have trusted her with my life; I *had* trusted her with more—for every man when he marries trusts his wife with his honour. I pictured long years of enduring affection; and, above all, in return for the most devoted love that man can feel towards woman, I asked for her confidence, her *unbroken* confidence. Nothing else could satisfy me. It must be frank—spontaneous—untainted. My conviction is, that UNMITIGATED TRUTH *is the stronghold of domestic happiness.* She *knew* that such was my opinion; she had heard me say a hundred times that sooner or later sin followed concealment. I did not want my wife to appeal to me on every occasion, or feel it necessary to render an account of her personal expenses; such details are irksome to a man; but I expected that she should have no interest apart from mine—no expenditure that was to be considered private—no stealing from a house purse, to put into one called, for distinction's sake, 'her own.' Mine was at all times open to her hand. If I urged upon her the investigation of accounts, it was only to lead her to those habits of exactness which are inseparable from sound domestic management. I remember how my heart beat with joy, when she brought me the savings of her early housekeeping; if it had been thousands, instead of pounds, I could not have rejoiced more sincerely; it was a proof of frankness on the very point upon which I had depended so much. I felt I had a sweet confiding friend, and that our interests were the same. How soon this changed, I also well remember" —— He paused; and then abruptly added, "What need she have denied that her cousin Arthur gave her that chain?"

"Indeed," exclaimed her mother, earnestly; "indeed, indeed, you do her wrong; Arthur never gave it her. If you have for so long a time indulged this injustice, no wonder you have made her and yourself so wretched."

"My dear lady," replied Mr Leeson, calm even to bitterness, "I *know* he did; and in the gift, or the taking, there was no sin; but there *was* sin in the lie. It destroyed my confidence in her; it implanted the vile weed *suspicion* in my bosom; and ever since, as if a spell were round her, she has heaped duplicity upon duplicity, until now, I could not believe truth to be truth coming from her lips." It was most painful to observe the agitation of his feelings speaking in his eloquent face. "I believe," he added, "I hope and trust, she is free of all other sin; I *hope* it; I—I—believe it; but I cannot believe HER. It was only this very day I came to the determination of removing our child from an influence which must in the end destroy her, as it has destroyed her mother."

"You are not surely going to be guilty of the cruelty of taking her child from her!" ejaculated its grandmother; "you cannot be in earnest. What will even her friends think? Oh! Henry, you would not brand my child as unfit to be a mother! What would the world say?"

"Madam," he replied, "there is a higher tribunal than *that*, where parents will be called upon to give an account of the children committed to their care. Mine is already practised in deception. If I say one thing, and my wife teaches another, what can be expected but that our child will in her turn deceive us both."

"You are too severe; indeed, you are," reiterated the poor lady, who had altogether lost sight of her first object in this fresh trouble, and did not seem to understand how much she had added to the evil feeling she thought to obliterate by her poor subterfuge. Oh! Henry, dear Henry, remember how you loved her!"

"If," answered the afflicted husband, "if I could forget that, I should not suffer as I do."

"Had she been a faithless wife, you could not punish her more severely than you propose to do."

"There are various kinds of infidelity not recognised by law," he replied. "If I believed her guilty in the sense you mean, she should not shelter for a moment here; and yet there are men, who, with less show of cause, have branded their wives. Now, do not agitate yourself on *that* score; I make no charge against her. I believe her pure; but where is the tender faith, the confiding love, THE TRUTH, that should be the woman's THRONE. However, my dream is past; my resolution taken. I will do my best to prevent any man being deceived by my child, as I have been deceived by *her*. You are, perhaps, the most fit person to tell your daughter of my determination. In removing my child, I remove the joy, the light, the solace, of my own existence; but it is for her own good. She shall not return until her principles are fixed, or her mother's course of conduct entirely changed."

Unfortunately, Mr Leeson had selected a powerless messenger, who, of course, inclined to the other side, and who felt keenly, what even the most silly women feel, the love of offspring. Instead of keeping secret as the grave her son-in-law's intention, with garrulous weakness she sought sympathy from those hundred and one "dear friends," who immediately set their own versions of the story afloat; and while but a few saw and understood the father's intention, the mass "conjectured" and "hinted" the "real reason." "Poor Mr Leeson! how generous of him to overlook what had occurred, and keep *her* (his wife) in his house; no wonder he should remove his child; of course, *her* mother would make the best of it;" and so forth.

Geraldine looked upon her husband's resolve as an act of wanton tyranny and cruelty. Having ceased to honour the straightforward truth, she could not believe the one stated to be the true reason of his determination, and, blinded by sorrow and anger, she induced her cousin Arthur to interfere. Women talk and talk, outrage and anger each other, and their words are as nought. Who heeds or cares for them after they are spoken? But men's words are uttered to be remembered and acted upon. Mr Leeson was indignant at any man presuming to interfere in his domestic concerns. Words succeeded each other with angry rapidity, until neither could call to mind how the unfortunate chain was first alluded to. Arthur Harewell, *then*, boldly and fearlessly declared that he never gave it to his cousin; upon which Mr Leeson gave him the lie direct. The usual consequences followed. Arthur Harewell received a ball in his shoulder, and Mr Leeson, also wounded, was conveyed home, where his agonised wife, throwing herself on her knees by his side, bitterly lamented that her aunt's gift had been so fatal. Now, indeed, she spoke the truth. The sight of her first and only love, his lacerated arm bleeding, and his features white as a maiden's shroud, recalled her better nature. What, in that hour, did she care for her aunt's displeasure?—what for the wealth her sordid fingers had grappled together? She believed HE was dying, and dying with the conviction of her utter worthlessness. She did not even seek to extenuate her own fault, while she traced it to its origin; and yet *there*, on her knees, while pouring out her soul in sincerity and truth, she saw she was not believed.

How could she convince him? In a state bordering on frenzy she wrote to her aunt, imploring her to ratify her words, acknowledging her kindness towards herself, but showing what its effects had been. To this appeal she received no answer. The proof, however, that she was able to lay before her husband, at last convinced him that her first fault—her first falsehood—did not originate in herself. Before he rose from his sick-bed, for mental agitation, combined with his wound, terminated in fever, her aunt had died; and her mother was certainly the only one of the family who regretted to find that the legacy she left her niece was characteristic of her sarcasm. "And to my niece, Geraldine Leeson, I give and bequeath, instead of the whole of my property, as I had intended, the sum of one shilling, to buy a padlock for her foolish lips."

I wish I could say here, after the most approved novel fashion, that, so reconciled, Mr and Mrs Leeson lived happily together to the end of their days. Not so. Henry Leeson, though a strict, was a high-minded and generous man, and with such a character even his erring wife was safe from reproach; but the effect of years of misconduct, of *any* kind, cannot be obliterated by sorrow. Repentance works well for the penitent, but the world is little cognisant thereof. The duel had stamped Geraldine in the eyes of that world as a woman, if not of sin, of levity; this in truth in a married woman is so closely akin to sin, that there is but one Power which can discern the difference. When familiar faces turned aside as she passed, when she walked up the steps of the parish church ungreeted, her husband was by her side, and she felt her arm as closely pressed to his heart as when he supported her, a lovely, loving bride, from the altar; but even then she felt indebted to his generosity. She knew that his confidence, though she hoped returning, had not returned. When to prove to the world his perfect conviction as to the virtue of his wife, he paraded town leaning upon Arthur Harewell's arm, the knowledge of the necessity for such conduct made her ashamed of her own shadow.

"Take my child from me now, Harry," she said, with bitter, bitter tears, and her head bent almost to his feet, "and I will not complain. Send her where some one of higher and holier mind will strengthen and stablish her in what is right. Send her where the duties of her sex and station will be brought clearly before her eyes, and where there is no danger of her confounding right and wrong. At any sacrifice of my own, I would save her from the sufferings I have inflicted and endured."

This, indeed, was the language of truth, and Henry felt it, and rejoiced; but his joy was sobered by the knowledge, the fearful knowledge, of what the world said, and the dread that she did not yet understand the perfect and entire union of interests necessary to the happiness of domestic life. Union of sympathies is the happy effect of chance, but a union of interests is a positive duty; and so at last Geraldine felt it.

Time passed on. Mr Leeson, although he despised the feeble mind of his wife's mother, and kept her out of the way of her grandchild, ministered liberally to her necessities. His daughter grew up in mind all that the fondest parent could desire, although her fragile form and sensitive face told of constitutional delicacy; and he had almost forgotten that ever he doubted his wife's truth. They had removed into a new neighbourhood, and formed new friends. The son of one of these, a man of high rank, was paying his addresses to their daughter; and not only were the young girl's affections engaged, but both parents were delighted at the prospect of her happiness.

Father and son were dining one day at Mr Leeson's splendid country seat, when the old gentleman, who was chiefly remarkable for extreme propriety, and was moreover exceedingly deaf, said, as they were chatting over dessert, "By the way, Leeson, my cousin, Sir George, was telling me an odd story about a person of your name, no relation I suppose—eh?" Mr Leeson did not know. "No; but it could not be—very improper indeed if it was. Leeson is a *general*, I do not mean to say a *common* name, but a general one. Something about an affair that ought to have given employment to the gentlemen of the

long robe; but the lady, who was a dreadful story-teller, managed to convince her husband of her innocence, though she convinced nobody else. And only fancy, by Jove! the husband parading St James's Street arm-in-arm with the very cousin whom he had winged! Now, did you ever hear any thing so absurd? How the fellows at the club windows must have laughed!"

Poor Mrs Leeson! After the lapse of years, to hear this at such a moment! She was carried out of the room fainting. An explanation followed, and the match was, at least for a time, broken off.

The shock was of too severe a nature to be endured by so gentle and tender minded a girl as Miss Leeson. She had known her mother only as good and pure. She had been more proud of her character and virtue than of any thing else in the whole world; but after that fatal dinner she never spoke upon the subject, nor asked a question, until at the very last. Within an hour of her death (and she died within a month), raising herself on her pillow, while her parents were at either side, she folded her arm round her father's neck, and drawing his ear close to her lips, whispered, "Tell me, father—tell me truth—was *she* guilty?"

"No, dearest—God knows, she was not."

The girl's face became radiant with joy, and the last word she spoke was a repetition of the sound she loved so well—"My mother!—my mother!—my mother!" And then she passed away, as the leaves from the summer cistus, as fragile and as fair—the first rough blast of a rough world had borne her to the earth.

For years and years her parents lived, two mourning creatures, he strengthening her, and she, patient and silent, save to the young, whom she counselled, as I do you—that when you wed, do it not lightly; but when done, endeavour as much as lieth in you to be of one mind and one interest in all things.

THE LIFE AND POETRY OF HORACE.

FIRST ARTICLE.

Quintus Horatius Flaccus, better known by the Anglicised form of his family name, *Horace*, was born at Venusium, a town of Apulia, on the 8th of December B.C. 65. Of his childhood, he himself relates an incident to which his own fancy has lent a fine tinge of romance. Wandering in the mountainous district near his father's farm, he fell asleep, tired with play; reposed unhurt by the vipers or beasts of prey with which the place abounded; and seems to have been found covered with leaves. His immunity from peril he considers miraculous; and the leaves, which had probably dropped from some tree beneath which he had stretched himself, he chooses to regard as the gift of the wood-pigeons. The fine parts of the future poet soon became apparent to the quick eye of parental partiality. In order to procure him the best instructors, his father, who was only a freedman, quitted Venusium for the capital. Obtaining employment as a collector of taxes, he placed his son, at considerable expense, under Orbilius Pupillus, an eminent grammarian, who initiated him into the native and Grecian literature. The poet, praising the paternal generosity, thus playfully adverts to the economy of the provincial school:—"My father was the cause of these good qualities I am claiming; for, though only the poor proprietor of a little patch of land, he was unwilling to send me to Flavius' school, whither, on pay day, the great sons of great centurions used to bring their wages, slate and satchel swung over their left arm; but had the spirit to fetch his boy to Rome, to be taught like the children of knights and senators." Not contented, however, with providing for the youth's intellectual accomplishment, this excellent man maintained a strict superintendence over his morals—a superintendence gratefully remembered and recorded by his son. When about twenty-one, Horace was sent to Athens, to finish his education. In that seat of learning, to which he reverts with much fondness, he was instructed in ethical and geometrical science; and paced, in company with the son of Cicero, and other students of note, the venerable groves of the Academy. He does not appear, however, to have thoroughly imbibed the tenets of any philosophical sect—his leanings to the doctrines of Epicurus being less the result of inquiry and conviction than of the easy luxuriousness of his natural temperament. From these quiet scenes he was soon removed, and induced to take part in the turmoil of the times. In the civil war which ensued on the assassination of Cæsar, he joined, at the summons of Brutus, the popular party; served about two years in the republican army; obtained promotion to the rank of tribune; and was present at the rout of Philippi. To his shameful behaviour on that occasion he himself repeatedly alludes. Acting on the maxim that

> "He who fights and runs away,
> May live to fight some other day,"

he, like the Greek lyrist Alcæus, in a similar predicament, threw down his shield, and sought safety in flight. The amnesty proclaimed by the victors secured his person from danger, but provided no reparation for his ruined fortunes. On his return to Rome, he found his father dead, and his little patrimony exhausted or confiscated. Not only deprived of an inheritance, but even destitute of a home, the poet was forced to fall back on the resources of his own genius. Nor was he suffered to remain long in obscurity and indigence. Virgil and Varius, with both of whom he afterwards lived on terms of intimacy, successively negotiated for him the good offices of Mæcenas, the favourite minister of Augustus. Being admitted to a conference, his ingenuous avowals and modest demeanour effectually corroborated the recommendations of his friends. Between the first and second interview, however, nine months were permitted to intervene. At the end of that period he was at once placed on a footing of intimacy with his patron, who, besides providing him with an elegant competence from his own private resources, speedily secured him the favour of the emperor. For about thirty years, fortune continued to smile steadily on Horace. The long calm was broken by the death of Mæcenas—a blow from which his friend never recovered. The poet died towards the close of B.C. 8, aged fifty-seven, so soon after his benefactor, that he has been generally accused of shortening his life by poison. There is, however, no sufficient ground for this serious imputation. The expressions cited in support of it from the seventeenth ode of the second book, are merely the commonplaces of strong affection; and his proved timidity, his relish of social pleasures, and the whole tone and complexion of his character, unite to acquit him of the crime of suicide. He was buried on the Esquiline Hill, beside the grave of Mæcenas.

Horace could not boast of a poetical exterior. His person was diminutive in stature, and a disease of the eyes did not by any means render his countenance attractive. Of his modes of living, both in town and country, he has given some interesting details. Even in the city, although free in his hospitality, and fond of the society and conversation of his friends, his furniture was homely and his repasts frugal. His ordinary relaxations, his domestic economy, and the distribution of his time, are thus described:—"Wherever I have a mind, I saunter alone; I inquire the prices of vegetables and corn; I lounge often of an evening about the Circus, that resort of rogues, and the Forum; I stand and listen to the fortune-tellers; then I go home to a dish of onions, pulse, and pancakes. Three slaves serve up my supper; then I retire to rest, and being no way concerned about getting up in the morning, lie in bed till ten. Afterwards, I take my ramble; or, when I have read or written privately as much as I choose, am rubbed over with oil. After diversions and bath, I partake a slight refreshment, and then idle away the afternoon at home." He was always glad, however, to escape from his town residence to his villa at Tibur, or his Sabine farm, both the gifts of Mæcenas; a preference which grew more decided as he advanced in life. Cowper himself does not betray a more exquisite relish for rural pleasures, or present a more delicious picture of them. The seasons of civic gaiety and dissipation were always gladly exchanged by our poet for the plain diet, the untainted sunbeams, the fresh green fields, and the quiet siesta on the margin of a rivulet; and the rustics, as he tells us, would sometimes smile when they saw him handling the hoe. His journeys were usually performed on a little cross mule, to which, it seems, the rider and his portmanteau were equally galling. When residing at any of the fashionable bathing-places, Horace seems to have been more fastidious respecting accommodation than when at home, and also to have indulged himself in a more generous regimen.

Our poet was warm in his friendships; and there must have been much to love as well as to admire in the man whom Mæcenas, after an intimacy of thirty years, could commend in these affecting terms to his imperial master: "Be mindful of Horace, as you would of me." He was, notwithstanding, somewhat testy, and excessively timorous. The latter disposition is evinced, not only by his flight at Philippi, but by his oft-repeated execrations of a tree, the falling of which, while he was walking in his garden, had nearly proved fatal to him. The former characteristic he frankly owns to; and his narrative of a certain rencounter with a *bore* forms a humorous commentary on the confession. If readily offended, however, he was as readily appeased; his forgiveness was equally prompt with his resentment. Of either vanity or meanness Horace cannot be justly accused. Although fond of books, and not insensible to his own reputation, he does not seem to have put on the airs of the *litterateur*; and his liberal praise of Augustus and his minister, is rather to be viewed as the tribute of gratitude than as the incense of servility. From the charge of slothfulness he will not be so easily vindicated. So jealous was he of aught that might impair his ease, that he declined the emperor's solicitation to act as his private amanuensis. Choosing generally to disguise his indolence as contentment, he sometimes freely avows it. Speaking of his early struggles, he states that "stern necessity urged him on to the composition of verses; but now," he adds, "having a competence, I prefer sleeping to scribbling!" If we advert to the inferior features of the poet's character, we can only wonder at the joint existence in the same mind of so much grossness and so much genius; and are half constrained to rank the possessor of qualities so antagonistic and apparently incongruous with that depraved though gifted class so emphatically described by perhaps its most conspicuous member, as exhibiting, in strange and unnatural alliance, "delicacy, coarseness, sentiment, sensuality, soaring and grovelling, dirt and deity."*

The *lyrical* compositions of Horace comprise four books of odes, one book of epodes, and the Secular Hymn; in all, a hundred and twenty-one distinct pieces. Of a few of these we proceed to present the reader with original versions. The moral of the ode which we first present, though the respective inferences are widely different, comes recommended by the very highest authority—"Take no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." The poet entreats the person he calls Leuconoe to abstain from fruitless efforts to discover, by the help of the astrologers, the limits of his life or her own.

TO LEUCONOE.

'Tis impious: seek not thou to know
The doom that waits thyself or me;
Chaldea's mystic art forego,
Inquisitive Leuconoe!

'Tis better far in peace to 'bide
Whate'er may be for each in store;
To take content, whate'er betide,
Yet not to feel the ill before.

Whether the winter be our last,
That sendeth now, to lash the shore,
The Tyrrhene sea, with angry blast,
Or Heaven in kindness wills us more.

Be wise: strain off the wine, and seek
In prudence' scales thy schemes to cast:
Brief, brief is life; e'en as we speak,
The churl Time posts forward fast.

Seize, then, to-day, and save it free
From carking care or paling sorrow:
Jocund and gay to-day be we,
Nor trust a whit the false to-morrow.

—B. I. 11.

In the next ode, Horace, under the guise of allegory, warns the state of some impending peril. The poem, which appears to be an imitation from the Greek, is by some referred to the contemplated resignation by Augustus of the sovereign authority; by others, with more probability, to the civil war between that prince and Antony, which, on this hypothesis, would be on the eve of breaking out at the time when it was written.

TO THE REPUBLIC.

Oh, tempest-toss'd! must other waves
Still bear thee back to open sea?
Hark! how the storm still howls and raves;
Hold thou the harbour steadfastly.

Seest thou thy crew their oars have left?
What may thy crippled mast avail?
Thy sail-yards creak; and, anchor-reft,
How wilt thou ride the lordly gale?

Thy canvass shreds; swept off their shrine,
The gods whom thou wert wont to call;*
Although thy planks are noble pine,
Of Pontus' forests, vain is all.

Thy blazon'd stern will ne'er infuse
Hope in the timid mariner;
The winds are up! Unless you choose
To be their laughing-stock—beware!

Thou object of my fondest care,
I warn thee shun the dangerous seas,
That dance so fair, a sparkling snare,
Among the marble Cyclades!

—B. I. 14.

Our next specimen is in the lyrist's finest vein. His "purpose seems to be to turn Licinius from some precipitate act, and to press upon him the wisdom of moderation."† The reader will remark that the image applied throughout the preceding ode to the position of the commonwealth, gains in beauty as descriptive of the fortunes of an individual; being, in the latter instance, relieved and kept from palling, by its association with other appropriate similes.

TO LICINIUS.

Licinius! list my friendly lore;
Nor dare the deep when tempests roar,
Nor over wary hug the shore
That wrecks full oft the mariner.

For him who loves the golden mean
Nor sordid hovel spreads its screen,
Nor lordly hall attracts, I ween,
The jaundiced eye of jealousy.

Low stoops the pine that tapers tall,
Topple high towers while stand the small,
And heaven's red bolts in fury fall
Full on the cliff's proud pinnacle.

The man of firm and prudent breast,
When evil comes, still hopes the best;
When good, still steels him for the test
Of dark and pinching poverty.

Jove wills hoar Winter's icy reign,
Yet sends the jocund Spring again;
Once more laughs blithely forth the plain,
And flow'rets cluster cheerily.

The grief that clouds thy brow to-day
To-morrow's dawn may chase away:
Apollo loves the lyre and lay,
Nor bends his bow unceasingly.

When evil frowns, nor faint nor quail,
Yet reef betimes the swelling sail,
When blows too hard the favouring gale,
That wafts thee on so speedily.

B. II. 10.

Fancy has seldom acted, with a better grace, the part of handmaid to Prudence.

In the verses which follow, and which form the exordium of an ode too long to be presented entire, the poet launches into the praise of fortitude, the virtue which so often, in ancient times, "raised a mortal to the skies." Augustus, deified by anticipa-

* Byron's Diary

* "Alluding to the tutelary deities, whose images were accustomed to be placed, together with a small altar, in the stern of the vessel."—*Anthon.*

† Pemble.

tion, is classed with the heroes whose valour had won for them exemption from the common lot of humanity. Than the opening stanzas, there is no grander burst in the whole compass of lyric poetry.

> The man whose nerve stern virtue strings,
> Firm by his lofty purpose clings;
> Quails not beneath the scowl of kings,
> And braves the rude democracy.
>
> That lordly soul nor sees with dread
> The gale lash Adria's billowy bed,
> Nor, hissing from his right hand red,
> The bolt of heaven's high Thunderer.
>
> Be earth's big orb asunder riven!
> Crash too the azure roof of heaven!
> Down on his head the wreck be driven!
> 'Twill smite him smiling panicless.
>
> Upborne by virtue, Leda's son—
> Alcides—each his honours won;
> Each trod the empyrean on,
> And storm'd the starry citadels.
>
> Rome's lord the heroes leans beside,
> Where high they feast in godlike pride,
> Quaffs, purple-lipp'd, the nectar's tide,
> And holds celestial revelry.
>
> Thus, too, Sire Bacchus tamed of yore
> And yoked the tigers fierce before,
> And Mars' hot steeds Quirinus bore
> Far from the flood of Acheron.
>
> —B. III. 3.

Respecting the carousals of demigods and heroes, the reader will note the difference between the classic creed and the ferocious superstitions of the North.

The *Epodes* possibly derive their name from being published *after* the odes, to which they form a sort of supplement. They may perhaps be regarded as the connecting link between those compositions of their author, the subject as well as structure of which is strictly lyrical, and the satires and epistles. Some of them are grossly scurrilous, others rankly impure, and, taken as a whole, even in respect of poetical merit, the book of epodes is far inferior to the preceding collections.

The magnificent national anthem, composed at the request of Augustus, to be chanted at the secular games, the fifth celebration of which fell during his reign, is too long to be here translated entire, and the beauty of its fabric would vanish in a fragment.

We now conclude, therefore, the present article, in which we have glanced at Horace as a lyrist. In our next we shall proceed to view him as a satirist and a writer of epistles.

A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

BERNE.

Our journey from Thun to Berne, a distance of about sixteen miles in a north-westerly direction, was performed in one of the public diligences, a well-appointed vehicle of the French form, in which our places cost but the moderate sum of three francs each, with no extra payment at arrival from either driver or conducteur. The route lay through one of the most pleasing rural scenes in Switzerland, being chiefly within the valley of the Aar, and often at a short distance from that beautiful stream. As we advanced from the great hilly region in the vicinity of Thun, the country became more agricultural, and under a better system of tillage. The farm-house establishments were also on a larger scale, indicating the possession of capital and a more extensive system of farming than in other quarters of the country. We passed likewise numerous manufactories of the coarse kind of earthenware for which Switzerland is celebrated, and which is seen almost every where on the continent.

Berne is in some respects to be called the capital of Switzerland; for although only honoured as the seat of the federal diet alternately with Zurich and Lucerne, in order to prevent its rising into undue importance, it is the chief place of residence of foreign ambassadors, and the centre of one of the most populous and wealthy cantons. It occupies a very remarkable situation, on a high peninsula, connected on the west with the surrounding country, but separated from it on the south, east, and north, by the broad current of the Aar. The peninsula declines considerably on its eastern extremity; and here, entering from Thun, the road, after descending a steep bank, crosses by a bridge into the lower quarter of the city, and then proceeds by a toilsome ascent to the main street. At the period of our visit, a lofty new bridge was in progress of erection, which, when finished, will greatly obviate the difficulty of the access. Constructed on this peninsular situation, for the sake of defence in an age in which *faustrecht*, or the law of the strong-hand, predominated, the whole town partakes of the character of a fortification. The houses, substantially built of a grey sandstone, seem as if designed to last for ever, and, like those which we see in the older parts of Edinburgh, rise to a height of five, six, or seven floors, exclusive of a storey or two under ground, and are crammed with inhabitants from cellar to garret.

The scene which we encountered on entering the city was curious and striking. No sooner had we rattled through the old portal, at which a soldier stood on guard, than the vehicle had to toil its way up a long steep street, choked with people, horses, cattle, carts, gigs, stalls, and other encumbrances; and always the farther up the crowding was the more dense, till, on arriving at the level thoroughfare above, the horses and vehicles diminished in numbers, and there being only men and women to contend against, the diligence was permitted somewhat more freely to reach the place of its destination. Having speedily settled ourselves at a hotel, we hastened out to observe the spectacle in all its details. It was the weekly market-day, and it is only on such occasions that a Swiss town possesses the least air of bustle.

The country at large, as I formerly hinted, is very much in the condition of Scotland a century ago; with this difference, that it possesses no class equivalent to our landed gentry, or indeed any class—some merchants and manufacturers excepted—above a plain set of what we should call in England cottage farmers. We had seen how these agriculturists toiled in their fields, and had noticed their primitive mode of living in their old-fashioned and not very cleanly mansions; now, we had an opportunity of seeing them in holiday attire, and observing how they conducted themselves when exposed to the attractions of a capital. As the Bernese agriculturists stand at the head of the Swiss farming class, the opportunity was prized accordingly. We hear much in England of Swiss costumes, but not a little nonsense is afloat on this subject. Nine-tenths of all the females one sees in the country parts, at least in any of the cantons I was in, are dressed like our Highland shearers—a plain kind of blue or brown woollen material, forming jacket and petticoat, being the ordinary wear, while the men are no better, but are uniformly dressed in coat and trowsers of the coarsest woollen cloths. It is only on Sundays and holidays that any thing like peculiar costume is observable, and is in any case confined to females. To all appearance, every particle of ordinary male and female attire, from head to heel, is made at home; and only the extraordinary, such as a few trappings for market-days and great occasions, are bought in shops. All the Bernese women, dressed as we now saw them, wore on the neck a black cotton velvet lappet, held down loosely by a steel chain passing below each arm, from back to breast; and their heads were decorated with boughs of black ribbons and broad black lace—the latter pronounced by the ladies of our party to be of the true kind, and the only expensive article which was worn. To all appearance, the whole people, men and women, were accustomed to laborious country labour, but they were clean; and the great number of horses and cars waiting their return home, showed that many of them were in good circumstances. There was a vast profusion of goods of different kinds spread out in stalls inviting purchasers; but almost every thing was of a plain nature, and chiefly, I should think, of Swiss manufacture. From the number of stalls for the sale of pieces of leather, it was pretty evident that making and mending their own shoes formed as much an object of attention to the farmers at their cottage fireside, as was the preparation of the coarse fabrics used in their personal clothing.

In the upper and more open part of the town, there was a large market for cows and cattle generally; and here we were amused with the number of stalls at which bells were sold for hanging round the necks of the animals. The practice of tying a bell to the neck of a leader of the herd, is common all over the higher parts of Switzerland; and the tinkling sounds which you hear from these bells while travelling in Alpine tracts, have a peculiarly pleasing effect. On the present occasion, it was a Babel of bell-ringing, for the purchasers required to make their selection so as to avoid a confusion of tones.

To those who are accustomed to associate the beau-ideal of farming with broad cloth and top-boots, the homely guise of the Bernese farming population would have appeared inexpressibly ridiculous. Yet it afforded a picture of a social condition anything but contemptible. The people were decent and orderly; we saw nowhere the least appearance of poverty or wretchedness, such as stares one in the face at any hour of the day in Edinburgh; we saw no drunkenness, such as is observable every where at English fairs; and we were told that bankruptcy among these people is scarcely ever heard of.* In short, such a scene of substantial mediocrity of condition is perhaps not to be matched out of Switzerland; where, if there be no farming on a grand scale, as with us, society at all events remains better balanced, and the eye is neither startled with great splendour nor shocked with the spectacle of unmitigated misery.

The *grand rue*, or main street, of Berne, extending about a mile in length, constitutes the chief part of the town—the remainder being an inferior back street, with a few short cross thoroughfares. All is densely packed, no space is lost; and to make the most of the room, the houses are extended over the foot pavements, forming long covered arcades, with pillars in front. These avenues are not elegant. The pillars are short and clumsy, and the shops on the inner side are dull and dingy; many, indeed, are never visited by a beam of the sun. The shopkeepers have less reason to regret this deficiency, from the universal practice among them of laying out their wares on a square bulk in front, which, with the pillars, almost closes up the opening to the street. On these bulks, you see all kinds of articles spread freely out, no one appearing in charge of them, and thus passengers walk through long alleys of goods as in a kind of bazaar. The lumpy projections I have, for want of a better name, called bulks, are the coverings to the stairs which descend by low-browed doors from the street, and lead to the subterranean regions of the buildings. The dwellings above, to the top of the buildings, are entered by common stairs adjoining the shops, each family occupying a distinct floor. No house has any spare ground behind, dense clusters of courts filling up the space as far as the next street. The only means of drawing a breath of fresh air is by the windows in front. Each of these opens, and a white or fancy-coloured cushion being placed on the sole, the inhabitants are able to seat themselves in an easy manner, holding, if necessary, by a cross railing, to prevent their falling over into the street. In fine weather, great numbers of well-dressed persons are observed lolling in these airy and somewhat perilous situations. I must not in this account omit to notice the street itself, which possesses a singular peculiarity in its construction. At certain intervals, in the middle of the causeway, there are fountains throwing out copious streams of water, which, on escaping, flows impetuously along the bottom of a paved channel prepared for it. This channel, which I can only compare to a grave, running up the middle of the street, is about eighteen inches deep, and evidently serves the useful purpose of a burn, at which half the scullery business of the town is, to all appearance, performed. How many accidents take place per annum from this hideous-looking gulf, I am unable to say. Another serious nuisance, in the streets of Berne, is the cutting of firewood, which you see in all quarters, stopping the way and keeping up a clatter of saws and axes. At the time of our visit, pipes were laying for gas.

Berne, though greatly modernised, and beautified by some handsome public buildings, still possesses a number of curious objects of antiquity. The public fountains are surmounted by figures of various kinds, but chiefly of men in armour, and bears; and so also is an ancient tower, the Zeitglockenthurm, which stands at the middle of the main street, like Temple Bar, London, with large and smaller passages beneath. This tall block of masonry, which dates from the year 1191, and had been a portal in the walls before the extension of the town, is ornamented on the eastern side by the dial of a clock, whose functions are performed in a very remarkable way. A minute before the striking of the hour, you hear a strange whirring sound, and observe a bustle among a variety of puppets adjoining the dial—a cock crows and flaps its wings, a king waves his sceptre, and a troop of bears march round in procession. The clock having struck, a similar crowing, flapping, waving, and marching take place, and the apparatus is stationary for another hour. The frequent appearance of the bear as a civic emblem is derived from a legendary story connected with the history of the town; and further to testify their affection for this amiable quadruped, the Bernese authorities have, from time immemorial, kept one or two specimens alive. The incumbents for the time being, we went, as a matter of course, to see during our perambulations. At a short way beyond the western gateway of the town, adjoining a very delightful public promenade, we found a well-constructed bear-pit, in which three of the fattest and laziest bears I had ever seen, were stretching themselves at their ease in the bright summer sun. They were fine examples of a sinecure life, though, if what Murray says be true, they are not now so well provided for as formerly. "At the beginning of the last century, an old lady, dying without near relatives, bequeathed her fortune of 60,000 livres to them. The will was disputed by some distant connexion of the deceased; but the cause of the brutes was so ably pleaded by one of the most distinguished members of the bar of Berne, that the plaintiff was nonsuited. The bears, declared the rightful heirs, were taken under the guardianship of the supreme council, who, treating them as wards in chancery, or minors, administered their property. In order to maintain the succession to the estate, a pair of young bears was always reared, in case of the demise of the elders; and to prevent too large an increase of the race, all that were born beyond this were fattened to furnish a dainty for the civic feasts of the Berne burgomasters. The bears, however, did not long enjoy their fortune. The French Revolution broke out, and its sweeping consequences, not confined to crowns and kingdoms,

* The Swiss, as I have repeatedly mentioned, are a hard-working and very plain set of people, individually possessing resources much inferior to those of regularly employed artisans in Scotland; but they enjoy greater comforts in consequence of their sobriety, and the thrift and industry of their families. After witnessing the temperate mode of living of the Swiss, I feel quite ashamed of my own country. A single fact will illustrate the contrast. Throughout the grand rue of Berne, a mile in length, and densely populated, I did not see a single tavern or spirit shop; I observed, certainly, that several of the cellars were used for the sale of wines (chiefly wholesale), but in none did I notice more than two or three persons seated. In the High Street of Edinburgh, from the Castle to Holyrood House, the same in length as the main street of Berne, and not unlike it in appearance, there are 150 taverns, shops, or places of one kind or another in which spirituous liquors are sold; and in Rose Street, a much less populous thoroughfare, the number is 41.

descended even to bears. The French army having defeated the Swiss in several engagements, entered the town (1798), and immediately took possession of the treasury. Eleven mules were dispatched to Paris laden with specie found in it; two of them bore away the birthright of the bears, amounting at the time to about two millions of francs. The bears themselves were led away captives, and deposited in the Jardin des Plantes, where one of them, the celebrated Martin, soon became the favourite of the French metropolis. When, after a series of years, the ancient order of things was restored at Berne, one of the first cares of the citizens was to replace and provide for their ancient pensioners. A subscription was raised in consequence, and a small estate purchased, the rents of which, though diminished from various causes, are appropriated to their support. The cost of keeping them amounts to between 600 and 700 francs per annum; and well-grounded fears are entertained, that modern legislators, forgetful of the service rendered by Bruin for so many centuries, in figuring upon the shield of the canton, may soon strike him off the pension list."

The carrying away of so much treasure from Berne is quite true, and the circumstance throws a strange light on the condition of society. It appears that until a comparatively late period, the Swiss knew so little of the fructifying power of money lent out at interest, or they were so fearful of losing the principal, that the practice was universal of storing up hard coin in chests. Every franc which could be saved was laid past in a strong box. These chests of coin, wherever found in the possession of public authorities, became the plunder of the French republican army, who, it is said, carried away as much as 120 millions of francs from Switzerland—a windfall which enabled the French government to pay for the equipments of their Egyptian fleet. One would have supposed that, on the restoration of the ancient constitutions in 1815, the people, taught by experience, would have employed their savings in some other way than hiding them in chests: but such was not the case; the practice continued; and when Berne underwent a revolution in 1830, the democratic party, on attaining power, found twelve or thirteen millions of francs reposing in idleness in the town chest. This sum, however, was not plundered, but devoted to the reasonable purpose of improving the town, the schools, the roads, and other public institutions.* The spirit of saving, I am told, is a predominating feature in Bernese society. It is not uncommon for several families to own a common fund, which is sacred from ordinary demands, and may only be drawn upon on the occasion of great misfortunes, or when a marriage dowry is required. All marriages are matters of family negotiation, with very little regard to the feelings of the parties concerned; and if any one rebel, he or she need look for nothing from the family chest. Latterly, these family funds have been more frequently laid out on property yielding an annual increase than was the case formerly—a circumstance no doubt attributable to the repeated seizures of the public cash.

In these and some other traits of character in the Bernese, we have a small insight into the state and tone of their society. They are a pains-taking race, fearful of losing advantages which they may have gained by years of industry and good fortune, and little influenced by modern notions of any kind. I could not help on some occasions finding a resemblance betwixt them and the Dutch—a constant eye to the main chance, not given to speculation, jealous of foreign connexion, encouragers of school instruction on a liberal footing, yet narrow in disposition, and fond of going on in their own quiet way. Like the Dutch, also, they are great supporters of hospitals for orphans, the poor, and other purposes. One of the principal beneficiary institutions in Berne is the Grand Hospital, a large building in the environs devoted to the reception of decayed burgesses, with the inscription over the doorway—"*Christo in pauperibus*" (To Christ in the persons of the poor). Both in Berne and other cantons we find a trait of manners certainly not Dutch. This is a practice pursued by travelling workmen of begging their way, and which is common all over Germany. Young men of this stamp, with knapsacks on their backs, frequently pushed their hat into our carriage seeking for an alms, with very much of the usual mendicatory whine. I do not know that any thing more offensive than this occurs in German and Swiss travelling; and although sanctioned by immemorial usage, surely it must have a demoralising effect on the individuals who resort to it. I spoke of the practice to an intelligent Bernese, who assured me that it was against the regulations of crafts for workmen to beg; and that there were certain corporation establishments in every town to which it was their duty to apply for assistance. These establishments are called *abbeys* in Berne, and the houses belonging to them respectively may be known by external inscriptions and coats of arms.

Besides the numerous beneficiary institutions, public and corporate, the town is celebrated for its large and well-conducted prison, in which *labour* is employed most advantageously as an engine of moral regeneration, on a plan now followed in the best penitentiaries in this country. Of the University of Berne, the scientific societies, the public library and museum, it is unnecessary to speak. I should suspect that the town is not so literary as Zurich, though a third larger and less given up to manufactures. I saw only two booksellers' shops, but they did not seem to possess any native literature worth speaking of: their shelves were filled with the yellow-covered tomes of Paris, and the rough productions of Germany.

In or about Berne there is not much to interest strangers; but the views around are very beautiful. The clear green Aar winding round the foot of the hill on which the town stands—the gardens rising like terraces one after another from the river to the tall houses above—the rich green country beyond—and the distant peaks of the snow-clad Alps—all combine to form a splendid panoramic picture. Desirous of seeing a little more of the country parts of the canton than had yet come under our notice, and also to make some personal inquiries respecting the method of education pursued by M. Fellenberg at Hofwyl, I spent a day in an excursion from the town, which will form the subject of my next paper.

* I have lately perused an excellent sketch of the political revolutions of Switzerland between the years 1830 and 1832, in the *British and Foreign Review*, No. 25, to which I would refer those who are interested in the subject. Of these revolutions scarcely any thing is known in England, although they afford instructive lessons in national government. The general principle aimed at was the abolition of those corporate and family privileges which had weighed down the country since their restoration in 1815, and making the cantonal governments in each case a reflex of the will of the whole people. This double object was effectually gained in Berne, Vaud, Zurich, and seven other cantons; and although not unattended by wranglings, political and ecclesiastical, the changes have given universal satisfaction. Since the people of Berne became in effect their own governors, they have, like those of Zurich, Vaud, &c., done much to promote education on the broadest possible scale—public enlightenment, as they conceive, being the only sure basis of public liberty. During my visit to the country, there was a considerable ferment respecting the suppression of certain convents in Argau; but any notice of this subject would be inconsistent with the character of these pages.

VULGAR HALLUCINATIONS.

COUNT CAGLIOSTRO.

If any one chance to be unacquainted with the general character of this personage, he may learn something of it from the following pithy summary of his titles given by Thomas Carlyle. "Count Alessandro Cagliostro, pupil of the sage Althotas, foster-child of the Scherif of Mecca, probable son of the last king of Trebizond; named also Acharat, and unfortunate child of Nature; by profession healer of diseases, abolisher of wrinkles, Grand-Master of the Egyptian Mason-Lodge of high Science, spirit-summoner, gold-cook, Grand Coptha, prophet, priest, and thaumaturgic moralist and swindler; really a liar of the first magnitude, thorough-paced in all the provinces of lying, what one may call the *king of liars*." The man who so comported himself in life as to merit these titles, and not one of them is inappropriately or unjustly applied, must have in his time played many parts, from the contemplation of which may result both entertainment and instruction.

In the year 1743 Joseph Balsamo first saw the light, being born of poor parentage resident at Palermo in Sicily. Left under the weak control of a widowed mother, the youth showed an unruly and indolent disposition in his earliest years, and greatly neglected even the scanty educational advantages which were afforded to him. In his fifteenth year a circumstance occurred, which, in part, gave the tone to his whole future existence. An uncle got him placed in the convent of Cartegirone, where the house apothecary was charged with the task of instructing him in the arts of chemistry and pharmacy. Idle as he continued to be, he no doubt acquired here some little knowledge of these sciences, and we shall see what use he finally made of it. After some years' stay, he grossly insulted the monks of the convent, was consequently punished, and quitted the place for ever, leaving those behind to congratulate themselves on the happy riddance. Joseph Balsamo, now nearly in his majority, passed the few succeeding years of his life in Palermo, acquiring by degrees the repute of being one of the most finished blackguards in the place, and fully deserving it by robbing his uncle, forging a will, and many similar acts. At length, he used his address to persuade a certain foolish goldsmith that a large treasure, to be obtained by digging, lay hidden in a cave nigh the city, and, on their going at midnight to the spot, Balsamo brought out on the dupe a band of accomplices dressed like fiends, who robbed the poor man, and beat him cruelly. Having his eyes fully opened, the goldsmith threatened to retort with the Sicilian vengeance of the stiletto, and Joseph thought it necessary to take himself off from his native Palermo.

With the lion's share of the booty, sixty ounces of gold, Balsamo proceeded to Messina, where he met an alchymist named Althotas, a man versed in various mysterious secrets of nature, and an adept in the eastern tongues. The career of our hero in connexion with Althotas is buried in doubt and obscurity, his own statements in after days being any thing but trustworthy, or even consistent. The common statement is, that, finding Althotas to be possessed of a secret for making goods out of flax of an almost silken quality, Balsamo persuaded him to try a commercial venture to Alexandria, with a store of that commodity. The voyage was eminently successful. It is probable that they visited Egypt and Turkey after this time, selling drugs and amulets. From the stories afterwards told by our hero, when, concealing his real origin, he let out ambiguous hints of his being some unfortunate oriental prince, it is possible that he also visited Mecca and Medina. A visit to Malta is better substantiated. He was well received by the grand-master, and, with his companion, laboured there for some months at the task of making pewter into gold. It is also said that Althotas died in Malta. Be these things as they may, certain it is, that, during the mysterious years of his life now under notice, the Palermitan was fitting himself most diligently and successfully for his final career; and that, at the close of his probation, he appeared alone in Rome to commence a new era of his history.

It must not be thought that Balsamo had been all this time contented with his ill-savoured, untitled patronymic. He had been a chevalier, a marquis, and six or seven different barons in succession, just as it suited him. Count Alessandro Cagliostro was the title which he bore on entering Rome, and it became his permanent one. He at first contrived to live by selling pen-drawings (forged ones, moreover, being merely engravings Indian-inked); but this was a poor occupation, and he speedily gave larger scope to his genius. He commenced the sale of an *elixir* for warding off old age and disease, and further boasted that he could *transmute metals* and make himself *invisible*. The Maltese grand-master had given him good letters of introduction. These admitted him to society, where his boundless boasting and indomitable assurance impressed some with a conviction of his mystic powers. The elixir sold abundantly, and his success tempted a beautiful Roman, Lorenza Feliciani, to share his rising fortunes. Unscrupulous, witty, and fascinating, Lorenza was an admirable partner for Cagliostro, who speedily made her an adept in all his pretended mysteries. The worthy pair now sought a wider sphere for their combined attacks on the European purse. They opened their career worthily by going to Westphalia on a visit to the Count St Germain, the great quack of the preceding generation, whose character is settled by one fact; he called himself two thousand years old. Cagliostro, no doubt, inhaled much goodly knowledge from this personage; and, for the next three years, Venice, Madrid, Cadiz, Lisbon, Brussels, and, in fact, great part of Europe, enjoyed the advantage thereof. Travelling usually in a four-horse carriage, with the lovely countess by his side, and a host of couriers and beef-eaters before and behind, all in Parisian liveries, the great count enters in succession the cities of the continent, recommended to the high-birthed dupes of one place by those whom he had left in another to awaken at leisure from their dream of eternal youth. Arrived, he fixes himself in some splendid hotel, and shows a full and open purse. Man and wife soon address themselves to business. For ladies, he had lotions beyond all that the imagination could conceive; and for faded gentlemen of quality, he had a Wine of Egypt, and other potions, washes, and charms innumerable. It may be thought that princes and nobles would be apt to deem it degrading in a count to sell things for money, like a common quack-salver. No such thing. The count, generous man, never gets his own money for them. He travels the world to do good; and how readily would he give the precious drugs for nothing, were it not they are brought from far at a great expense! Much of this he himself really defrays, but to reimburse him to a small degree he is forced to take—a consideration. The poor he visits gratis. Thus run the tale and practice of the arch-quack.

Cagliostro and his countess were not always pampered, however, in fortune's coach-and-four. Sometimes their stores ran low; and on unwisely attempting to figure in the eyes of old friends at Palermo, the count was sent to jail by the revengeful goldsmith. He had the address to induce a Sicilian prince to interfere, and he was freed. Then, again, we hear of Cagliostro in London, in the obscur character of a common painter, and bearing the title of plain Signor Balsamo. This was in 1772. He returned to the continent, and must again have climbed the ladder of fortune; for we find him once more in England, in 1776, with a stock of £3000. The count here commenced as usual with his elixir and philosopher's-stone annunciations; but it was necessary to the success, both of himself and his helpmate, that they should obtain access to society. A false friend undertook this task, and introduced them to mock lords and ladies, by whom, ere long, the arch-plunderer was plundered of all his means. A prison was the end. The count gained his freedom, however, and left the uncongenial air of England. Yet the visit was not thrown away. Far from it. He had been initiated into some obscure mason-lodge, and the most brilliant idea of his life struck him in consequence—the idea of the "Grand Egyptian Lodge of Masonry," of which who so fit as himself to become

the head, or, as he called himself, the Grand Coptha? As for the female lodges, again, who so well suited for the "Grand Priestess-ship" as the fair Lorenza?

Full of this new idea, the count recommenced his career on the continent. The repute of the wonderful Egyptian mason, who knew all the secrets of the brotherhood, from the time of its institution by "Enoch and Elias," soon flew abroad. "Arrived in any city, he has but by masonic grip to accredit himself with the venerable of the place; and, not by degrees as formerly, but in one night, is introduced to all that is fattest and foolishest far and near; and in the fittest arena—a gilt pasteboard masonic hall." Mr Carlyle, to whom we are indebted for part of our information, describes the quack as having been received with loud shouts under steel arches; as holding three-hour discourses on all things fittingly unintelligible; and as founding Egyptian lodges in all manner of places, with ceremonials of such a dark, death's-head description, that it makes one's hair stand on end merely to read of them. The elixirs sold now at a double quick rate; and in consideration of the enormous expenses of the Grand Coptha, in correspondences and the like, the money flowed into his coffers in full streams.

Passing in splendour from place to place, the count visited Warsaw, and finally Strasburg. Here he met the greatest of his prizes—the Prince de Rohan, first-class peer of France, and Cardinal Archbishop of Strasburg, rich as Crœsus, and gullible to excess. Knowing well his man, the count at first wrapt himself up in reserve, while he at the same time gained a character by liberally dispensing medicine (brick-dust pills, possibly) to the poor, and even showing them, now and then, his purse. Prince de Rohan sought an interview again and again; he was refused. His anxiety grew greater, and at length he was indulged. At once he became an obedient dupe, and his purse was emptied freely—in payment, chiefly, for the profound predictions which Cagliostro gave the cardinal, to serve in guiding him in all his affairs.

This period, 1783, may be called the brightest in the career of Cagliostro, whose reputation was now European. He was asked by the Prince de Rohan to go to Paris, and went; but he staid at this time only a few days, being anxious to drain a little further the dupeables of Strasburg. But the enthusiasm was past, and he found it advisable to try Bordeaux. Here, for the period of a year, he was so eminently successful in magical and elixir practice, that the authorities at one time granted him a guard to keep his doors clear. Bordeaux exhausted, he thought fit to quarter himself on Paris. It might have been expected that he would have shrunk from exposing his magical pretensions to the eyes of the savans in Paris. Not he. He there openly professed his ability to transmute metals; and, by handicraft deceptions, he practically convinced the silly and unwary. He—when well paid for it, for the dead would not rise for nothing—called up *spirits*, though they seem not to have been seen, but merely to have spoken to him from under glass bells. The countess supported him ably in these deceptions.

But Cagliostro suddenly fell in this very zenith of his glory, and fell irrecoverably. Happening to be somehow involved in the celebrated necklace case of Marie Antoinette, where one of the queen's servants, named La Motte, forged her mistress's name, Cagliostro, as well as La Motte and Rohan, was thrown into the Bastile. On being brought to trial, he told lies of the most astounding magnitude as to his birth and resources, averring for one thing that he was constantly supplied with money by an unknown friend in Arabia; but the court paid no attention to his rant. La Motte and others were duly punished: as for our count, though he got free, it was in the state of a beggar.

The sun of the arch-quack had begun its descending course, and rapid, indeed, was its downward progress. In England, to which he now resorted, he gained the countenance of scarcely one man of note excepting poor Lord George Gordon; and trickery was at a discount now, whether in regard to elixirs or Egyptian lodges. Cagliostro was compelled to look to the Continent again; but, alas! France, Germany, Russia, and the Sardinian territory, were all closed against him by positive royal edicts. He had been too successful in his magic. His wide-spread repute had roused the long suspicious church, and he had lost all power to contend with her. So he felt to his cost, when, after some obscure and poverty-struck ramblings, he ventured at length to enter Rome in 1789, urged by his wife, who, jaded and wearied out, now desired but to reach her mother's grave and die. Cagliostro had not been long there, ere the Inquisition caught him founding what Mr Carlyle aptly calls "some feeble, moneyless ghost of an Egyptian lodge," and he was thrown into the Castle of St Angelo. By papers, and petitions, and explanations, and recantations, Cagliostro still struggled stoutly for life and liberty. The former boon he obtained; but being doomed to perpetual confinement, he died in St Angelo in the summer of 1795. The Grand Copthess was placed for life in a nunnery.

Cagliostro forms on the whole a sad monument of the miseries of a career of imposture. We have seen here what was the end of all; and moreover, with all his impudent assurance, it may be doubted if the instability of his position, and the constant risk of exposure, left him one happy moment even in the hours of his greatest success. Goethe visited his disclaimed mother and sister; and the picture given of their calm tranquillity of mind, in the midst of poverty and privations, but impresses us the more strongly with a sense of the folly of preferring a life of splendid vice to one of humble virtue.

AN INCIDENT IN THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

Let us in idea go back two centuries and a half, and step into the presence-chamber of Queen Elizabeth. The walls are hung with rich tapestry, while the floor is strewed with fresh hay. At the door leading to the queen's apartments stands an usher dressed in velvet, with a gold chain around his neck, the badge of his office. In the chamber may be seen, besides, a great number of councillors, officers of the crown, and clergymen of high rank—for the queen, after giving passing audience to those present, proceeds to chapel, the day being a holiday of the church.

The mid-doors are thrown open, and the coming of the queen is announced. Gentlemen, barons, earls, and knights of the garter, all richly dressed and bareheaded, are the first to enter the presence-chamber from her apartments. They are followed by the lord-chancellor, bearing the seals in a silk purse; and on each side of him walks a nobleman, one bearing the royal sceptre, and the other the sword of state in a crimson scabbard. Queen Elizabeth follows. A small golden crown is upon her head, and rests on a profusion of thick curled hair, of a colour too deeply sanguine to countenance her early flatterers when they called the hue golden. The locks now worn by Elizabeth are, however, but a close imitation of what her natural tresses were in her younger days. Rich pearls hang from her ears, and a necklace of fine jewels is thrown over her shoulders. A white silk robe, bordered with large pearls, adorns her person, and the long train is borne by a marchioness of the realm. Elizabeth is now, as has been hinted, past the meridian of her days, yet is her gait erect and majestic, and her small dark eye retains its clear and vivid expression. A sharpening of the lines of her naturally acute lineaments is all that speaks of the advance of years.

On the occasion when this scene, here described in the present tense, was to be witnessed, foreign ministers were in the presence-chamber, and to each Elizabeth spoke in his own language, whether that were Spanish or Italian, French or Dutch. Whithersoever she turned her eye, all knelt down before her. Whosoever had the honour of a word from her, remained kneeling, unless the great queen raised him. She passed along slowly through the large chamber, conversing to those on one side and another, and sometimes receiving strangers presented by the usher. She came at length to a gentleman advanced in years, who knelt at her look. He was richly dressed, but not in the robes of office or nobility. "Ha!" said the queen, stretching out her hand, and raising this personage; "our good citizen, Sir John Spencer. Welcome! Thou wert informed of our wish to converse with thee?" "I had the honour," answered the citizen, "to receive your majesty's commands to that effect." "Thou hast ever indeed, good Sir John, regarded our slightest wish as a command," continued Elizabeth; "and well thy loyalty beseems thee. Thou hast paid dearly, too, for thy affectionate regard to our person." The old citizen sighed as if involuntarily, showing well that he understood the queen's allusion. She went on, however, to refer more plainly to the subject, while all around fell respectfully back, marking her low tones. "It was while an attendant on our train that my young Lord Compton first saw thy daughter, and the issue was the rash marriage which thou deplorest. Sir John, we would remedy the evil thou hast sustained." The face of the citizen-knight grew suddenly flushed, and then left him more pale than before. He knelt down after a moment of apparently agitated thought, and said, in a low and hurried voice, "I hope—I trust your majesty does not mean to lay your commands on me to pardon"—— The queen interrupted him. "Listen to us, Sir John Spencer. Your paternal resentment will be respected by us. It is a *favour* which we have now to require of thee, and the granting of which may partly remedy the misfortune which you have suffered. An infant boy has somewhat strangely fallen to our particular guardianship. He is of such rank and birth that we conceive thee to be a fitter person to act as his sponsor than any of the nobles of our court. Thy civic position suits thee much more for serving the future fortunes of this boy; and, God's bread, Sir John, thou shalt have a queen for a partner in the office."

Doubt had gradually disappeared from the citizen's brow during this speech, and had been supplanted by a feeling of the highest gratification, as was clear and apparent in his looks. "Your majesty," said he, "does me an honour which kings might be proud of. And by my life, madam, I shall prove, by my conduct to the boy, that your majesty has not so honoured one who is ungrateful for it. I have no child," continued the citizen, more slowly—"I have no child now, and my godson shall supply the place which has been wilfully vacated." The queen was obviously pleased with what had passed. As she looked on Sir John, who had cast down his eyes in closing his speech, there was a sparkle of passing pleasure in her quick dark eye. "Farewell for the present, Sir John Spencer," said she; "due tidings shall reach thee when it becomes necessary to assume thy new duties." The knight stooped to kiss the hand extended to him, and the queen passed on, leaving the citizen to follow, and finally wend his way homewards.

Sir John Spencer, commonly called "Rich Spencer," was in his day the wealthiest and most influential citizen of London. The mayoralty and shrievalty had been both served by him more than once, we believe. He was a great favourite with the queen, being noted for his public-spiritedness, and his anxiety to sustain the honour of his sovereign and his country. Such a feeling was peculiarly evinced by the opulent cloth-worker, as he was by profession, on the occasion of the Marquis of Rosny's visit to England, as ambassador from Henry IV. of France to Elizabeth. The Marquis (afterwards Duke of Sully) was lodged and entertained by Sir John in the most sumptuous manner, at his own private cost. He was understood to be worth a million sterling, and had but one child, a daughter, his sole heiress. Having fixed upon a son-in-law in his own rank in life, the worthy citizen had been deeply irritated by the elopement of his daughter with the young Lord Compton; and though, at the period referred to in our story, more than a year had elapsed since the event, Sir John's anger seemed to have been increased rather than diminished by the lapse of time. Various attempts had been made to bring about a reconciliation, but unsuccessfully. So stood the family affairs of Sir John Spencer, when good Queen Bess intimated her wish to honour him in the manner related.

Of that honour the citizen continued to think with pride, up to the time of his receiving a message from the queen, requiring a second visit from him at Greenwich Palace. Thither, accordingly, Sir John wended his way, meditating how he might best show, in a marked manner, his sense of the high favour bestowed on him by the queen. When ushered into the presence of the latter, he found her with a goodly company of ladies and courtiers; and in presence, also, was her majesty's household chaplain. "Welcome, Sir John," said the queen, as the citizen paid his duty on entrance; "thou art punctual, yet we have been for some time in readiness. The ceremony shall be private, as best befits the condition of our poor little charge." Sir John bowed in silence; and the company, at a motion of the queen's hand, proceeded to the small chapel, where her majesty was accustomed to perform her private devotions.

We shall suppose the child baptised, and the whole ceremony over. Increasing the amount of the honour, the queen gave to the child the Christian name of "Spencer." This unexpected circumstance, and the uncommon beauty of the infant, seemed to determine the knight in its favour. "Madam," said he to the queen, with tears in his eyes, "I have resolved to show my sense of this honour by adopting this child, now my name-son. He shall be my *sole heir*; and, that no foolish relentings may afterwards affect this resolve, I here solemnly vow, before the holy altar, and in presence of your majesty and this fair company, to settle irrevocably my estate by deed in this child's favour, and to place it immediately in your majesty's possession, if you will honour me by accepting such trust."

The eyes of the queen sparkled with unaffected pleasure. "'Tis well, Sir John Spencer," said she; "we are witnesses to your promise, and know that it will be kept." She then turned round, and exclaimed, looking to a side door, "Without there! You may enter." In an instant the door was thrown open, and Sir John Spencer beheld his daughter, the Lady Compton, and her husband, kneeling at his feet. Before the agitated citizen could speak, the queen addressed him. "Sir John, the child whom thou hast here adopted is thine own grandchild. Take these his parents also to your favour, and make this one of the happiest hours in a queen's life." "Pardon, dearest father, pardon!" cried the weeping daughter of the knight; "pardon," continued she, taking her child from an attendant, and raising it in her arms—"pardon, for this child's sake!" Sir John Spencer could not resist these appeals. "Heaven bless you, my children!" said he, embracing them by turns; "I do forgive all the past; and I heartily thank her majesty, who has brought about this happy event."

Our anecdote is told. Many glorious acts signalise the reign of Elizabeth, but it may be questioned if any recorded deed of hers places her character in a more pleasing light, than the little ruse by which she reconciled Sir John Spencer and his daughter.

A CHINESE PAINTER.

A Chinese who was present at the martyrdom of a Christian missionary, was so struck with the firmness with which he died for his faith, that he himself became a Christian. He made his way to Europe, went to Rome, and studied painting: he has been successful as an artist; and there is now here, in the church of St Guillaume, a fine picture by his hand, well designed and strongly coloured. The subject is "The Death of the Christian Missionary," to which he was a witness, and which changed his faith and his life.—*Art Union.*

CURATIVE TREATMENT OF THE INSANE.

THE following are passages extracted from the last report of the Crichton Asylum for Lunatics near Dumfries—an institution on a splendid scale, founded by a large bequest, and conducted by Dr W. A. F. Browne, author of a work on Insanity:—

"It is difficult to convey any adequate notion of the series of operations of which moral treatment consists, to describe the agents which have been, or may be, made to act directly upon the mind itself, because it is impossible to mark exactly where physical treatment terminates, as the efficacy of even a drug may, and often does, depend as much upon the feelings of repugnance or confidence with which it is swallowed as upon its intrinsic properties. Indeed, every step beyond the regulation of the diet and the exhibition of medicine to regulate and restore particular functions—there being no specific for derangement—leads to an attempt to reach the disease through and by the senses, the intellect, or the affections. The residence of an individual in an asylum, the new arrangements, the absence of friends, the subjection to discipline, and the delivery of every thought and wish into the keeping of strangers, are all intended and calculated to address the mind itself, and to serve as silent arguments and warnings against error—to create a disposition to self-examination and self-regulation, and to force the adoption or imitation of rational views and habits. That these instruments often act in this way is unquestionable; and because they cannot be assembled or applied at home, it is well shown that efficient treatment can only be found in an asylum. The occupations, recreations, the rigid routine, the varied exercises, the stern or soothing tones of the physician's voice, all operate on the same principle; and when judiciously selected and perseveringly applied, remodel the whole nature, and sometimes restore health. But besides these means, there are many, such as the following, which are suggested by the peculiar circumstances of each case, founded upon some former taste or capability, or adapted to the actual condition of the patient, or the change which it is desirable to bring about:—

Our amanuenses, greatly increased in number, have been as industrious as if engaged in productive labour. At one time it was ground for envy and emulation which should be selected to assist the medical officer; many thousand pages have been copied or written to dictation, and in one case with a marked humanising and elevating effect. One young lady is at present curing herself of extravagant ideas of her own greatness by copying, and then playing music, at which she is an adept. And that the curative powers of the sister art of painting might not be untried, we have an instance where a convalescent house-painter aspired to portrait-painting, and executed a likeness of the matron. The effort was certainly a failure, but it confirmed and consolidated the recovery of the artist. One amiable, and accomplished, and excellent being, who imagined that it was incumbent upon him to abstain from food to increase the comforts of the poor, and to prevent a general famine, and that his brain was transmuted into fat, and consequently impeded the exercise of his faculties, was induced to engage in the study and translation of Molière's *Malade Imaginaire*. He spent many delightful hours at this task, bending his powers diligently to overcome the difficulties, and to discover the beauties, of the author—coming out of himself, as it seemed, forgetting his own sorrows and ailments, and, it may be, tempted to doubt their reality, while laughing at the hypochondriacal fancies and medicine mania of Argan. He subsequently undertook the translation of the life of St Vincent de Paul, and glowed and gladdened with the benevolence which pervaded his every sentiment in transcribing the eulogiums upon that Howard of the sixteenth century, the friend and father of the poor lunatic. In one case, where it was important to impart new springs of conduct, to alter the character and the profession, and yet to recommend what coincided with the previous tastes and training of the individual, the study of medicine was engaged in; and the patient read assiduously, acquired a very considerable knowledge of the sciences of anatomy and physiology, and imbibed a strong ambition to prosecute his studies further. A well-educated gentleman, who conceives that he is undergoing a temporary penance for an offence against a high ecclesiastical dignitary, and who would willingly spend his days over a Greek or Hebrew work, was bribed to relinquish these severer studies for the acquisition of the French language, which, with a very few hints as to pronunciation, he accomplished, and would have grappled with German had the necessary books been accessible. A schoolmaster, who is too proud of his caste to engage in manual labour, cheerfully attempted the tuition of his fellow-patients. A clergyman of most morose and melancholy disposition, so far forgets his dejection and selfishness for an hour each Sunday, that he reads, reverently and correctly, the prayers of the Church of England to such of the patients and officers as belong to that communion. When it is added that the clerk who reads the responses is likewise insane, it may be imagined that the scene is fraught with interest and emotion, and only surpassed by those which occurred in the primitive ages of the Church, when the energumens crept to the altar and were healed. Recovery cannot, in this instance, be directly traced to the act of devotion or the feelings excited; but there are reasons for supposing that these feelings are of a sedative and salutary kind; and they certainly possess this striking characteristic, that for the time they predominate over every other; and there may be observed the wandering reason, the turbulent passions, the deluded imaginations of priest and worshippers, however widely separated in all others, meeting and uniting in this one point—the solemnity of the act in which they are engaged.

It was determined to produce a powerful, painful, and retrospective train of feeling in a person who seemed to be lapsing from a state of high over-wrought sensibility into one of apathy and senility. He had distinguished himself as a poet; and, during one of his darkest and dullest moods, some of his own beautiful and pathetic verses were read to him. He at first smiled, then appeared to be awakened to a recollection of the circumstances and emotions under which they had been composed, then became deeply affected, and wept. He was agitated for some hours, but the effects gradually disappeared.

To engage the minor affections, and, in the absence of higher objects, to call forth that love for animals which has characterised men of refined and serene temperament, has been considered curative, and tried. Accordingly, sheep have been introduced into one court; in another, rabbits have long ingratiated themselves with the patients; in a third, urchins have become favourites; in a fourth, there is a colony of white mice; and in the fields, a jackass was courted and conciliated by a convalescent.

The great objection to all these measures is, that they embrace only one patient, or a very small number of patients; that the application of them is therefore difficult and tedious; and that success must depend as much upon the skill and tact of the experimenter as upon the consent of the individual to be acted upon. What is wanted is, some plan which shall rouse, arrest, and tend to regulate the intellect of a number of patients simultaneously, without rousing or disturbing the passions; and as insanity, in a majority of cases, consists rather in excited feeling than in disordered reason, this precaution is absolutely necessary. It is not pretended that this panacea has been discovered; but a practice has been recently commenced which possesses many of the advantages coveted, is at all events perfectly innocuous, and promises to afford a very simple, cheap, and pleasing antidote to the darkness and dullness of a winter's evening.

Tranquil and convalescent patients have been allowed to attend quiet parties for conversation and music; to visit the Theatre, the Circus, the Exhibition, the Bazaar, the races, and public concerts; and the liberty thus granted has in no case been abused, nor—so complete has been the control exercised—have the insane been distinguished from those by whom they were accompanied. Now, when familiarised with the beneficent influence of a sounder philosophy, and instructed that many of the insane are only partially separated from the sane, such facts do not excite surprise or interest. But if it be recollected that, at a period by no means distant, no patient ever passed beyond his cell or airing-yard, and that the very individuals now described as mingling in the pleasures of their fellow-men would have been condemned to perpetual confinement and to chains, the boldness and triumphs of the humane system will be appreciated."

ON THE LAUNCH OF A FIRST-RATE.

[From "The Pilgrim of Glencoe, and other Poems," by Thomas Campbell, just published.]

England hails thee with emotion,
Mightiest child of naval art,
Heaven resounds thy welcome; Ocean
Takes thee, smiling, to his heart.

Giant oaks of bold expansion
O'er seven hundred acres fell,
All to build thy noble mansion,
Where our hearts of oak shall dwell.

'Midst those trees the wild deer bounded
Ages long ere we were born,
And our great-grandfathers sounded
Many a jovial hunting-horn.

Oaks that living did inherit
Grandeur from our earth and sky,
Still robust, the native spirit
In your timbers shall not die.

Ship, to shine in martial story,
Thou shalt cleave the ocean's path,
Freighted with Britannia's glory,
And the thunders of her wrath.

Foes shall crowd their sails and fly thee,
Threat'ning havoc to their deck,
When afar they first descry thee,
Like the coming whirlwind's speck.

Gallant bark! thy pomp and beauty
Storm or battle ne'er shall blast,
Whilst our tars, in pride and duty,
Nail thy colours to the mast.

AMERICAN AGRICULTURISTS.

AN Agricultural Society for the state of New York has been instituted lately. The first meeting and cattle-show was held at Syracuse, in September. At the dinner, to which 1200 persons sat down, the Hon. Micah Sterling, in the course of a lengthened address, reported in the *Albany Cultivator*, made the following remarks:—

"It is truth too, beyond all doubt, and as gratifying as it is true, that the number of wealthy and independent farmers has greatly increased within the last quarter of a century. I can only speak more particularly of my own county, where it is a blessed sight to travel among the farmers, and see how in a short time things have changed their appearances for the better—how the log-cabin has yielded to the beautiful stone, or brick, or wooden mansion, the barn of poles to the stately edifice of boards and timber, the front yard of dirt and filth to the neat lane and shrubbery; and how the whole country has assumed, or is rapidly assuming, that appearance of neatness, beauty, high cultivation, and comfort, to which all American farmers, with honesty, industry, and economy, can soon attain. I dare say other parts of the state are equally changed for the better, and equally sustain the great cause of cultivation and improvement. Add to all this, many men of wealth, and taste, and science, have devoted their time, and a portion of their wealth, within a few years past, to the importation and rearing of the first order of stock; and, while it is hoped they are increasing their ample fortunes, they are becoming the true benefactors of the country, and take an active and prominent part in sustaining the cause of home industry and agriculture. If husbandry is made respectable, as it ought to be, it will serve to check one of the greatest evils that bears now heavily on the community—the rush of our young men into the learned professions, which are already filled to overflowing, especially that of the law, which, under the present wretched course of legislation, of making litigation cheap, is starving this once honourable and most useful profession. Yet it is thought to be the high road to office and honour, and ambitious fathers and weak mothers are for making their sons great lawyers and eminent judges. Infatuated policy! The greater part of them never rise higher than respectable pettifoggers. Many of them get disheartened, and sink into dissipation and idleness. * * * *
The business of the farmer knows no such anxiety—is accompanied by no such risks; it is quiet and peaceful. Make it intelligent, and you open to it the first and highest honours of your country: there are no prejudices against it, as against that of the law; there is no limit to it; it is broad and extensive enough for all—a rich and wide domain, the vast possessions of the government, lie open to us—it invites to cultivation and improvement. If our rich men will plant themselves in the country, and educate their sons in the care and knowledge of the farm, they would see the land smiling around them, their children would be honoured in their industry, the occupation of the plough be elevated and respected, their sons prove healthy, robust, and strong men, and they and their descendants become, as the landholders are in England, the great men and strong props of the government. Hard and incessant toil is not essential in any farmer, nor any toil equal to the exhausting unhonoured labours of the lawyer and mechanic: a few hours a-day devoted to the regulation and superintendence of the farm, affording a most wholesome and agreeable exercise to the body, is all that is requisite to the independent farmer; reading, writing, &c., will pleasantly and profitably occupy the rest of the day. To my brother lawyers, in particular, would I recommend this kind of life as the happiest and the best. They are capable of making good farmers, and, when advanced in life, they are fit for nothing else; the strife and rivalship of the law are neither suited to their temper nor taste. They are often, if not generally, first and foremost in every good work. Let us set the example in this. I regret not meeting more of them on this occasion. It is said to be dull times for them—three hundred are said to have cleared out from the city of New York. I hoped to have met some of them here; the country and the plough will receive them with open arms, and give them plenty of honest business. There is room enough for them all. I offer my own experience as a slight and humble instance of what may be easily effected: I have had the pleasure of superintending a farm—I have succeeded to my entire satisfaction—my farm is growing up under my own eye, yearly developing new beauties and new sources of income and improvement; and if it does not make me a richer, it makes me a healthier, and, I trust, a better man. In fact, dyspepsia and the blue devils immediately left me. I am conscious that the occupation is an honest one; I know it is a healthy and pleasant one; and as it interferes with no man, it is a peaceful one, and all nature tells me it is one that God will bless and prosper."

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WHAT IS MEANT BY "A BEGGAR?"

IT is to the house of death we will ask the reader to accompany us; but he need not fear for his sensibility, if he is over much possessed of it, for we are not going to picture any scenes of overwhelming grief. It is true that the shutters are closed, and the servant who ushers you in looks grave, and speaks in a lower tone of voice than usual; and Mr Compton, the master of the house, heaves a sigh as he addresses you, while his lady-wife raises her handkerchief to her eyes. It is a second cousin of the former who is dead—a solitary old man, who, after passing nearly forty years in a foreign land, returned home to spend the independence he had acquired, and to find of his early friends some dead, others separated, and the few, the very few, who remained, almost forgetful of his existence. But a childless widower, in independent circumstances, Mr Tracey was not long without relatives who proved their affinity; and after a severe but half-concealed struggle, Mr and Mrs Compton were the successful candidates, under whose roof Mr Tracey took up his abode. Shortly following that event, a little stranger arrived, who was named, after his godfather, James Tracey Compton; and now, after eight years of devoted attention, the anxious parents' hopes were in some degree realised. Mr Tracey had not forgotten his godson in his will; indeed, he was the only relation he seemed to have remembered. About three hundred a-year was bequeathed to little James on his reaching one-and-twenty; and the remainder of his property, amounting to several thousands, was divided between a few inconsiderable legacies and bequests to charitable institutions.

It was the day following that on which Mr Tracey died, but the mournful necessary arrangements had been made, and the will read the preceding evening. Mr and Mrs Compton had deserted their usual sitting-room, as being a storey nearer to the chamber of death, but were, nevertheless, sitting very cozily after dinner in their back parlour, the young legatee being present.

"Well, James, my boy," said the father, patting his son's head caressingly, "at all events you cannot be a beggar, though I did think your poor godfather would have provided more handsomely for you. *He* was not blind or deaf; I wonder what on earth could have put it into his head to leave his thousands to the Blind School and the Deaf and Dumb Asylum."

"At all events, I am glad he did not leave them over the way," chimed in Mrs Compton, with all the ill-nature of a selfish, cunning, and narrow-minded woman.

"I fancy, my dear, you took care of that," rejoined her husband, while they exchanged looks in which the ghost of a smile was on each face visible.

Now, "over the way" was a comprehensive phrase, signifying Mr and Mrs William Compton and their six children. It must be acknowledged that, in a worldly sense, the elder brother had been the more prudent. He had established himself in a thriving business before he thought of looking out for a wife, while, about the same time, his brother William, though some years his junior, fell in love, without being at all on the "look-out" for such a catastrophe, and married as soon as it was possible (to use a homely phrase) to make both ends meet. His family increased in at least an equal proportion to his means; so that, at the time of his cousin Mr Tracey's death, he, with his six children, occupied a smaller house, kept fewer servants, and in every respect a more moderate establishment, than his elder brother, who was blessed, or encumbered, with one only child, the James Tracey to whom we have before alluded. We question if it is a good plan for relatives to live so very near to each other as "over the way" implies that the Comptons did. They often become *too* intimate, and get a habit of interfering with things that do not concern them. To do justice, however, we must own that Mrs William was a very amiable woman, a great deal too much occupied with her own family to trouble herself about other persons' concerns; and in the family disputes which had arisen, the elder lady had usually been the aggressor. It was quite natural that the younger couple should, and quite true that they did, anxiously hope Mr Tracey would leave legacies to their children, but they were quite prepared for their disappointment. *They* had had no spacious apartments to offer him, and they were even aware, that when he had visited them, the necessary unquiet of a small house which contained so large a family, was any thing but agreeable to a nervous invalid. Latterly, however, they had been conscious of a sinister influence, though, had they known precisely in what manner it had been exerted, perfect candour on their part would have been more than a match for the duplicity of their enemy. But this was not the case; poor Mr Tracey's behaviour for the last two years had grown gradually cooler and cooler, and yet there had been neither word nor action sufficiently marked to demand an explanation of it. This is a common state of things, and it must be confessed that the pride which accompanies a clear conscience in such matters often stands in the way of one's worldly interest. In a downright, tangible quarrel, even the party offending is seldom the one first to hold out the olive branch; but the case of the secret maligner is far worse, for he has the advantage of making the first or "proof" impression, and the credulous listener seldom opens his eyes and ears of his own accord to the other side of the question; nay, if pride does yield, and the innocent volunteers a defence, facts, circumstances—the very flood-gates of truthful eloquence—must be opened before the "stuffed bosom" can be cleansed of the "perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart."

Unfortunately, the latter plan had not been adopted by the younger Comptons, and Mr Tracey died with the firm conviction that every trifling act of kindness and civility had been dictated by the hope of a legacy, and that even the children had been tutored to please him; faults also had been hinted at which did not exist, and to the most innocent observations a false meaning had been given. Surely nothing under the sun is so easy as misrepresentation, except—telling the truth. Of course, Mrs Compton senior had *insinuated* (it was out of her line of policy to assert) that she and her husband were not "beggars"—they wanted nothing from him—which, we are afraid, if sincerely believed, is a most persuasive argument with a certain class of persons who have money to leave. These people have such a dread of their money being spent—not considering that, wisely distributed, one spring may fertilise many plains, and make seeds grow where all before was barren. Certainly, even a few hundred pounds to William Compton would have smoothed an anxious brow, and spared many an act of self-denial; however, he and his family did without them.

Of the worldly retribution so often remarked, nothing is more common than to find money, not altogether honestly acquired, either in a few years scattered to the winds, or become a source of misery instead of a blessing to the possessor; and so did it in some degree prove with Master James's legacy. The assurance that he would not be "a beggar," was at first used by his parents as an encouragement to good behaviour, and to exert himself in his studies, that he might be the more worthy of, and fit for, his lucky destiny; but as years passed on, he contrived to wrest the argument from them, and turn it as a weapon against themselves. It was all very well for his cousin William (a boy of about his own age) to fag and make the most of his time; but for himself, *he* shouldn't be obliged to go into a counting-house at fifteen—*he* shouldn't be a "beggar." A pretty life they had with the hopeful youth long before he was that age.

As for "the people over the way," they kept on their even course. The families visited occasionally, and maintained to the world a tolerable appearance of cordiality, though Mrs Compton abated not one jot of the malice and uncharitableness which rankled at her heart. Envy, too, was there; for ever since she had known her she had envied Mrs William's youth and good looks (youth always remains comparative), and now she envied her her tractable, well-managed family. Certainly, a school, or an assemblage of children, is a miniature world, in which each, generally speaking, finds its level, and it is usually an excellent discipline for only, or spoilt, children. The consequence the young heir assumed almost immediately after Mr Tracey's death, was not lost upon his sprightly cousins. At first, they could not quite make out why he had grown so fond of playing at "grand people" (what a study of character it is to watch children's play!) and at "fine houses," where he must always be the master; but at last it came out, and what a laugh there was! With one sweep of his foot, little William knocked down a make-believe house, which had been manufactured of tables, chairs, and boxes, and, mounting in glory upon the loftiest of the ruins, he exclaimed, "Now, Master James, I want to know exactly what you mean by a 'beggar!'"

This was a question which might have puzzled a much wiser head to answer. It *did* occur to the young heir to tell his cousins that they were often called "beggars;" but there was something in William's manner which told him it would not be quite safe to venture so far, so he stammered out, that "papa and mamma called people who had no money 'beggars.'"

"Oh! then, we shan't be beggars," rejoined William, "because I mean to make a fortune, and one rich man in a family shows the others the road."

The sisters, who were a little older, had not joined in the noisy play; but Emily raised her eyes from her work, and, with an arch look, said very quietly, "When you have quite done with Susan's box of colours, I am sure, James, she will be glad to have it back again, for she had begun to paint the green parrot that hangs out in the next balcony before she lent it you; and there it remains in her portfolio, one wing penciled and the other green, just as if he were half plucked for roasting."

This was really spiteful, for the sisters knew perfectly well that the colours, every one, were either spoilt or lost; and so, with a red cheek, Master James confessed.

"Never mind," continued Emily, "you know, instead of pocket-money, mamma pays us for the work we help her with; and we have saved up three and sixpence already towards buying a new box."

"And when do you mean to begin to write your own Latin exercises, Master James?" chimed in Susan, perhaps a little vexed at the loss of her colours.

The poor child burst into tears, exclaiming, "Oh! you tell-tale!"

"No, Jemmy, I didn't tell; indeed, I didn't," replied William, jumping down from his throne.

"No, he didn't tell," echoed the sisters; "we found it out. We saw it on the slate, and we knew *he* was through that book six months ago."

"Oh! you dunce!" lisped an urchin of six years old.

The young heir was glad to beat a retreat; the odds were against him.

It was a short scene of a drama, acted in the miniature world to which we have alluded; and had there not been a counteracting influence at home, Master James Tracey Compton might have gained a useful lesson from it. He might have comprehended that the term "beggar" applied to himself rather more than to his cousins, and thence have suspected that neither money nor station places us beyond the need of assistance from our fellow-creatures. But no such wholesome seed was allowed to germinate. He told his story—was pitied and caressed; a handsome box of colours was sent, out of pique, to Susan (the only person who benefited by the circumstance); and a childish quarrel, the bitterness of which might have passed off in a few hours, and yet some good effects have remained, was fretted and swelled till Master James fancied himself shamefully used by his cousins. Poor child! his parents were far more to be blamed than himself; and assuredly they reaped their reward. They taught him to cringe to those above him, and to scorn an obligation from such as they considered were beneath him; they repeated so often the advantages of his independence, that he grew to consider it an inexhaustible sum, and one which was to exempt him from all toil or trouble. It took about seven years to convince them of their error, and then they tried to repair it—by telling a lie. They hinted that the property was contingent on circumstances—that they could prevent his touching it; but he had a keen memory, and recollected, child that he was, hearing the will read. Any lingering respect there might have been, the discovery of a mean falsehood shook off, and, before he was eighteen, Master James Tracey had plunged into a headlong career of folly and extravagance.

Mrs Compton grew more cross, discontented, and ill-natured than ever. At the very time that her darling son had become the plague of her life, all "the world" of their acquaintances were praising the steadiness and good conduct of William, who had entered a merchant's counting-house, and had contrived, although still so young, to make himself of the greatest consequence in it. A blow, too, had been threatened to the pride of the family by the rumour that Emily was endeavouring to establish herself as a teacher of music and singing, and the consummation was only prevented by a very opposite, and to Mrs Compton, perhaps, a more vexatious, catastrophe. A young gentleman, with excellent prospects, had thought proper to fall in love with and marry her. Susan, whose taste for drawing had always been remarkable, had devoted herself to miniature painting, and though little more than twenty, already earned quite enough for pocket-money. It was ridiculous to call the girls "beggars" any longer. Neither was Mr James Tracey himself by any means exempt from the inward feeling of envy and the outward show of scorn which characterised his mother's sentiments towards their poorer relations; and before he was one-and-twenty, two circumstances occurred which appeared to him insults as well as injuries.

Like most extravagant persons, Mr James was not very particular and punctual on the nice point of paying debts; and on one occasion his cousin William chanced to be with him when a tradesman made some little demur before acceding to his demands. He was quite aware that James was a minor, and the article, a gun, not being absolutely a necessary, he thought the young gentleman's honour not the best security he could obtain. But he knew the character of the cousin, and turned to him saying, "If you, sir, will promise it shall be paid for at Christmas, I have not the least objection."

More than half offended at the tradesman's doubts, and never suspecting the honest intentions of James, he answered, without a moment's hesitation, "Certainly, I will take care you are paid."

Here was a mortifying example of a "beggar's" reputation being worth more than the expectations of a young gentleman of property; yet before Christmas arrived the affair was nearly forgotten, and William paid the twenty pounds out of his own earnings. It is true, his cousin afterwards refunded it; but what then? He had submitted to obligation from William only because he dared not mention it at home. As for William, it was certainly hard to be called on to spare such a sum from the sweet money he had *earned*—that money which seems beyond any other so especially one's own—but it was preferable to forfeiting his word. The next preference, however, which was shown, was one far more difficult to pardon.

For once the views of Mr James Tracey and those of his parents chanced to coincide. He fixed his affections on one of the belles of the place, Alice Merton by name, who was pretty and clever, and, moreover, entitled to five thousand pounds, independently of the fortune it was probable her father would leave her. But she actually preferred "poor" William. Whether it was on account of the three or four inches in height by which he outstripped his cousin James, or that his hair was darker, or that his voice was deeper, or that the pretty Alice suspected he loved her the better of the two, it is impossible to decide, for there is no accounting for the caprices of women. However, "the course of true love never did run smooth," and on this occasion the "flinty-hearted" father most decidedly favoured the views of the wealthier aspirant. James had been articled to a solicitor (the law seemed a profession suitable to his prospects), and though he had been any thing but studious, by dint of "grinding" and "cramming" he managed to pass his examination. With a portion of his fortune the share of a business in his native town was purchased, and thus seemingly established, to the elders on both sides, as well as to the gentleman himself, the match seemed in every respect desirable. Poor Alice! what an array against her—and what bitter tears she shed! Still, though like a reed she seemed bent to the earth, the firm spirit of her resolves was not broken.

They had long loved each other, but only in a moment of sorrow did the secret escape the lips of William Compton. It is true he had never lost sight of the one great object which had been the ambitious hope of his childhood, namely, to achieve something more than independence; but he was still far from the goal, and he felt he had no right to ask the hand of Alice Merton. Yet when deep emotion and the strong temptation of opportunity had wrung the truth from him, he certainly had not philosophy enough to do other than rejoice in the sweet promise of her affection—for she did promise that though she would not wed in opposition to her father's wishes, she would at least be firm in the rejection of all others. We do not believe the pretty Alice ever made any appointments with her lover, though it was strange how very often they *chanced* to meet. However, a trial of their constancy was at hand.

We have said that William Compton had contrived to make himself eminently useful to his employers—so much so, that his salary had been regularly increased; but the sudden death of the most active partner determined them to send William to London for the next twelve months, for the purpose of conducting their business in the metropolis. Assuredly, he felt that the implicit confidence they placed in his talents and integrity did him honour, and would most probably prove one of those stepping-stones to fortune which *do* occasionally present themselves to such as have eyes to see, and skill to take advantage of them. Still, it was a hard trial to part from Alice, and he was forbidden even to write to her. Such a separation *is* a trial of constancy, very different from the condition of those who, thanks to the humane dispensation of the penny post, may "waft a sigh," every day if they will, from one heart to the other. Letters under such circumstances may be *all true*, without containing *all the truth*. Like our earth, which is half in light and half by itself shadowed, is the human character; but in such a correspondence the bright sides only are shown, and, aided by that burning-glass the imagination, there is little chance of a year's absence cooling the lover's passion. No, no, no; an absence brightened by unrestrained and frequent letters is not so great a trial of constancy as daily intercourse may chance to prove, for *there* the dark side is turned occasionally—faults and follies are sometimes seen.

But to return to William and Alice. Mr Merton positively forbade all communication between them: although a little struck by the evident consideration in which William was held by his employers, he rather implied than promised, that if, at the expiration of a year, the young people were in the same mind, he would consider the subject. Here was an inch of ground on which hope built a fairy castle. They felt the justice of the case, and parted. We believe they loved each other with a confidence that was superior to jealousy; still, during a whole year deprived on each side of one fond assurance, they would scarcely have been human had not William sometimes envied, if he did not fear, his cousin's opportunities of pleasing Alice Merton; and had not she pictured with a sigh the many fair faces he must meet, and questioned for a moment if they would draw him from his allegiance.

But the year had nearly passed—for the lovers parted in June, and May was come—when James Compton renewed his addresses more pertinaciously than ever. It was, however, remarked that on this occasion Mr Merton gave him but slight encouragement. The truth was, that rumours had reached him that the concern into which Mr James had entered was not in the most flourishing condition. He had brought money into it certainly, but he had neither improved it by connexion nor his own perseverance. From an inaptitude for business habits, he was either behind in his duties, or a dupe: this perhaps might have been amended; but his ignorance of the value of money and love of petty indulgences spoiled all—as a sagacious neighbour very graphically observed, "That young gentleman's expenditure on kid gloves and cigars would certainly form a very handsome revenue for many a respectable family." What with one thing and another, a great portion of Mr James's property was sunk, and what income he might draw from it was at least problematical. The idea of such a personage claiming the affections of Alice Merton was unutterably ridiculous.

Mr Merton, as we have said, knew something of all this; and Alice's spirits rose when she felt that her father was becoming her ally, and she looked forward with trembling hope to the next month. The first week came, the second—three more days, and the twelvemonth would have expired. It was the second morning from this time that Alice descended to the breakfast-room a few minutes before her father, and beheld, conspicuous among a heap of letters, a thick packet directed to him, in the handwriting of William Compton. Tears sprung to her eyes, and she raised the packet to her lips; but she could not have encountered her father at that moment for worlds. She bent her steps to the garden—not that she expected William to be there, for the term of his probation had not expired, but it was a holy spot, endeared to her by the tenderest recollections. It was full a quarter of an hour before she returned to the breakfast-room; her father had waited with exemplary patience for her fulfilment of the duties of tea-maker, although he had been down stairs long enough to read *all* his letters; he did not, however, make an observation upon one of them.

Surely that day was the longest poor Alice had ever known; and it is doubtful if the night was shortened by sleep. Morning came; a thin mist had been raised like a veil from the earth, and the thirsty sun was quickly drinking up the drops of dew which still hung upon the roses, when Alice Merton stood at the garden gate; but not alone this time. The tried one was there, who came to prove his faith. Ah! that hour made ample amends for a year's pain; indeed, some people would think a year of very tolerable enjoyment might fairly have been bartered for it. There was a third to breakfast that morning; but first, William Compton told to Alice the contents of the yesterday's letter. He had been made a partner in the house he had so faithfully served, and that packet contained a copy of the deed of partnership. He was now a suitable match for the pretty heiress.

A great change came over the Compton family. Within the next year William and Alice were married; but he did not forget his childish promise of showing his younger brothers the road to riches. Now that the family were grown up and settled, it was astonishing what a pretty and commodious house that of the younger Comptons became. Throwing two rooms into one, and new furnishing, made a vast difference. As for Mrs Compton senior, she had a serious fit of illness, said to be brought on by fretting at the good fortune of "the people over the way," and at her own son's disappointments. Instead of blaming her own folly, and learning, however late, a useful lesson from its consequences, she took to scolding and reproaching the "fortunate legatee" more unmercifully than ever. This state of things could not last. He left home in high dudgeon; and as he had not courage to break through the habits of idleness he had formed—and as his property was dwindled to a mere pittance—and as, of course, "to *beg* he was ashamed"—he has married a rich widow nearly double his age. Her fortune, to be sure, is settled on herself, still he derives many advantages from it.

If any parent is led to reflect on the folly of teaching children to rely on adventitious circumstances, instead of on their own conduct and exertions—or if the thoughtless but common and obnoxious term "a beggar" is in one proper instance withdrawn—this sketch from the life will not have been written in vain.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

NITROUS OXIDE (LAUGHING GAS).

One of the most remarkable, though not by any means the most gravely important, scientific discoveries of the last age, was that of the effects of nitrous oxide upon those who breathed it. To hear that the chemist could produce a gas which, when inhaled into the lungs, threw the tamest philosophers into a state of mind resembling that of the excited bacchanal, was calculated to strike all with astonishment; and such was really the effect of the discovery. For a time, the laughing gas, as it was called, was the theme of every mouth; and many who had never given a moment's thought to chemistry, when it was working out principles of the greatest consequence to the weal of mankind, lent it a delighted attention when they heard that it could intoxicate them, if they pleased, by a few mouthfuls of an impalpable fluid.

The early experiments upon this gas were attended by circumstances of high moral interest. Towards the close of the last century, a young man, whose early days had been partly spent in a druggist's shop at Penzance, was promoted to a situation in a medical institution in Bristol, where an association of physicians were endeavouring to add to the resources of their science by investigations in pneumatic chemistry. He was obscure and unrecommended, but possessed genius, with all its usual enthusiasm. This, in short, was no other than Humphry Davy, ultimately the most eminent British man of science of his day. It was his duty to make experiments on various aëriform fluids, with a view to ascertain their effects on the human constitution. One of those which he thought worthy of investigation was nitrous oxide—a gas, however, of a very formidable kind, seeing it is nearly allied to one of the most noxious fluids with which we are acquainted, *aqua fortis*. This terrible association of ideas had no effect in restraining Mr Davy. After some preliminary experiments in breathing the gas diluted with common air, and finding no

results of any consequence from it in that state, he resolved to inhale it in its pure form, although it was impossible to tell that the first inspiration would not destroy him. He obtained it in this condition by the decomposition of a salt known by the name of nitrate of ammonia, by the application of a regulated heat; and, on the 11th of April 1799, he first inhaled it into his lungs.

Finding that a single inspiration produced no uneasy feeling, he became convinced that a further trial might be made without danger. This was done a few days after, when Dr Kinglake was present. From a silk bag containing three quarts of the gas, he breathed in and out for three minutes, and experienced "an uncommon sense of fullness in the head, accompanied with loss of distinct sensation and voluntary power—a feeling analogous to that produced in the first stage of intoxication, but unattended by pleasurable emotion. Being still doubtful whether the gas was stimulant or depressing, he tried another experiment next day; and now, for the first time, after a repetition of the former feelings, experienced that pleasurable thrilling for which the gas was afterwards so celebrated. His hearing became more acute, and the objects around more dazzling. He was irresistibly prompted to make a variety of lively movements throughout the room. These effects did not subside for ten minutes; but so completely did they afterwards vanish, that he was next day sceptical as to their having taken place. On this point, however, he was quickly resolved by the results of fresh experiments, both upon himself and others. To pursue his own modest narrative—"Having thus ascertained the powers of the gas, I made many experiments to ascertain the length of time for which it might be breathed with safety, its effects on the pulse, and its general effects on the health when often respired. I found that I could breathe nine quarts of nitrous oxide for three minutes, and twelve quarts for rather more than four. I could never breathe it in any quantity so long as ten minutes. Whenever its operation was carried to the highest extent, the pleasurable thrilling, at its height about the middle of the experiment, gradually diminished; the sense of pressure on the muscles was lost; impressions ceased to be perceived; vivid ideas passed rapidly through the mind, and voluntary power was altogether destroyed, so that the mouth-piece generally dropped from my unclosed lips." He adds—"Generally, when I breathed from six to seven quarts, muscular motions were produced to a certain extent; sometimes I manifested my pleasure by stamping or laughing only; at other times, by dancing round the room and vociferating."

Our intrepid young chemist did not stop here. He felt anxious to ascertain how far there was a resemblance between the sensations experienced from nitrous oxide and those attending the breathing of the gases which are declaredly fatal to life. Some of these gases he inhaled with the same fearless boldness: we have from him an account of his taking *three* draughts of hydrocarbonate, and falling into total insensibility—he was certain that *five* would have killed him! On another occasion, he took one scorching draught of *nitrous gas*, and afterwards thought it likely that he only escaped destruction from it, in consequence of his lungs being at the moment pre-occupied by a portion of the nitrous oxide or laughing gas.

Anxious to compare its effects with those of alcohol, he, although a habitual water-drinker, ventured on drinking a whole bottle of wine at once. He dispatched it in large draughts within the space of eight minutes. "Whilst I was drinking, I perceived a sense of fullness in the head, and throbbing of the arteries, not unanalogous to that produced in the first stage of the nitrous oxide excitement." The other consequences were those which usually attend an excess in wine. During the debility afterwards, he took nitrous oxide without increasing the debility. On a subsequent occasion, he submitted to an experiment of an extraordinary kind, in order to ascertain if an excess of the laughing gas would produce the same debility as that attending a common wine debauch.

"To habituate myself," he says, "to the excitement, and to carry it on gradually, I was enclosed in an air-tight breathing box, about the capacity of nine cubic feet and a half, in the presence of Dr Kinglake. After I had taken a situation in which I could, by means of a curved thermometer inserted under the arm, and a stop-watch, ascertain the alterations in my pulse and animal heat, twenty quarts of nitrous oxide were thrown into the box. For three minutes I experienced no alteration in my sensations, though immediately after the introduction of the nitrous oxide the smell and taste of it were very evident.

In four minutes I began to feel a slight glow in the cheeks, and a generally diffused warmth over the chest, though the temperature of the box was not quite 50 degrees. I had neglected to feel my pulse before I went in; at this time it was 104 and hard, and the animal heat was 98 degrees. In ten minutes, the animal heat was near 99 degrees, in a quarter of an hour 99·5 degrees, when the pulse was 102 and fuller than before.

At this period, 20 quarts more of nitrous oxide were thrown into the box, and well mingled with the mass of air by agitation. In twenty-five minutes, the animal heat was 100 degrees, pulse 124. In thirty minutes, 20 quarts more gas were introduced. My sensations were now pleasant; I had a generally diffused warmth without the slightest moisture of the skin, a sense of exhilaration similar to that produced by a small dose of wine, and a disposition to muscular exertion and to merriment." * * *

At three quarters of an hour, 20 quarts more were admitted. "I had now a great disposition to laugh; luminous points seemed frequently to pass before my eyes, my hearing was certainly more acute, and I felt a pleasant lightness and power of exertion in my muscles. In a short time, the symptoms became stationary."

After having been an hour and a quarter in the box, Mr Davy came out, and instantly began to respire twenty quarts of unmingled nitrous oxide. "A thrilling, extending from the chest to the extremities, was almost immediately produced. I felt a sense of tangible extension highly pleasurable in every limb; my visual impressions were dazzling, and apparently magnified. I heard distinctly every sound in the room, and was perfectly aware of my situation. By degrees, as the pleasurable sensation increased, I lost all connexion with external things; trains of vivid, visible images rapidly passed through my mind, and were connected with words in such a manner as to produce sensations perfectly novel. I existed in a world of newly-connected and newly-modified ideas. When I was awakened from this semi-delirious trance by Dr Kinglake, who took the bag from my mouth, indignation and pride were the first feelings produced by the sight of the persons about me. My emotions were enthusiastic and sublime; and for a moment I walked round the room perfectly regardless of what was said to me. As I recovered my former state of mind, I felt an inclination to communicate the discoveries I had made during the experiment. I endeavoured to recall the ideas—they were feeble and indistinct. One recollection of terms, however, presented itself; and with the most intense belief and prophetic manner, I exclaimed to Dr Kinglake, 'Nothing exists but thoughts; the universe is composed of impressions, ideas, pleasures, and pains.'" This dose was repeated immediately after, completing what might well be called a debauch of nitrous oxide. But, unlike the case of the wine debauch, no unpleasantness or debility followed; on the contrary, the experimenter continued to be unusually lively and active during the remainder of the day.

Many other persons, including Mr Southey, who then resided at Bristol, consented to inhale nitrous oxide; and generally there was a variety of experiences in the different cases, though increased vividness of sensation and sense, and a current of agreeable ideas, were nearly uniform results. One person said that he had been excited exactly as he once was by witnessing a heroic scene upon the stage. Another compared his sensations to what he experienced when he heard an orchestra of seven hundred instruments performing the Messiah at the commemoration of Handel in Westminster Abbey. We are inclined to believe that the variety of the sensations of different persons from nitrous oxide, has never been observed with the care which the importance of the subject demands. If the different affections of different persons bear any relation to their leading and ruling passions, or to what are now called their temperaments, it would be an extremely curious fact brought to the too little cultivated field of mental science. On this subject, we present the principal part of a letter addressed to us by Sir George S. Mackenzie, Bart., in which he describes an experiment with laughing gas upon a group of remarkable men, some of whom are still living. We shall allow Sir George's views, which are those of a phrenologist, to speak for themselves.

"According to my promise, I now send to you in writing what I told you respecting the effects of a dose of the laughing gas on different individuals, whose constitutions or temperaments were considerably dissimilar. Of these I must speak in doubt; for, at the time I witnessed the scene I am about to describe, the doctrine of temperament had not been promulgated, nor was the influence of organisation on the manifestation of mental faculties known. Still, I have a pretty distinct recollection of the forms and appearances of two of the individuals I shall mention, who are dead, and if I be mistaken as to the living, you have it in your power to correct me.

The value of the facts I will state is not trifling, whether they are viewed physiologically or psychologically. The gas was very carefully prepared by the late Dr Kennedy, whose name is associated with that of Sir James Hall in his experiments on greenstone and lava, and whose death in 1803 deprived his country of the most accurate analytical chemist of his time. There were assembled at his house Professor Dugald Stewart, the Rev. Sydney Smith, John Leyden, George Cranstoun, Esq., Sir William (then Mr) Forbes; and I think Lord Webb Seymour and Professor Playfair were also present.

Professor Stewart was the first who breathed the gas. His temperament, I think, was nervous-bilious. Before it was administered to him, he expressed himself sceptical in reference to its effects, and said that we should hear him count the number of books on a shelf in front of him, while under its influence. While he was inhaling the gas, he kept his eye steadily on the books; and when the pipe through which he breathed was withdrawn from his mouth, he pointed with his finger, and attempted to count, but completely failed. He had all the appearance of being drunk; and such, he afterwards stated, was his sensation.

Mr Cranstoun was the next subject. His temperament, I believe, is chiefly nervous, with a little of the lymphatic. After he had inhaled the gas by three or four inspirations, he threw one arm over the back of the chair, and his head fell on his shoulder. His countenance became deadly pale, and we were a good deal alarmed. I ran for water, and when I began to sprinkle it on his face, and tried to rouse him, he said in a low voice, and with some hesitation, as if it were a trouble to him to speak, 'Let me—alone, I'm—in—heaven.' Assured by this, we ceased to trouble him. He remained for three or four minutes in the same position, till the gas ceased to operate. He lamented the cessation of feelings, which he described as exquisite.

I had been several times before under the influence of the gas, and its effects on me were known to have been so different from what had been just witnessed, that I was requested to become the next subject. I begged of all present to keep out of my way, for though I should do all I could to repress the strong desire to exert my muscles, I might upset some of them in trying leap-frog, or some such freak. The taste of the gas is very much like fresh liquorice root. At first I felt a singular tingling proceeding from the extremities towards the body. Then the brain became affected, and I imagined I possessed the strength of Hercules; and the propensity to muscular exertion became irrepressible. Away went the bag containing the gas—up I started, and ran about, leaping over chairs and tables, feeling as if I flew, and not heeding damage to my shins and other casualties that occurred during my violent frolics. During the rest of the day I felt exceedingly happy, and laughed in every body's face whom I met on the street. My temperament is sanguine-bilious, with some portion of the lymphatic. I have nothing of the sanguine complexion except blue eyes, but my chest is of great size.

Sir William Forbes, when under the influence of the gas, imagined he was at the head of his own table enjoying himself with his friends, and became quite uproarious about filling bumpers and fresh bottles of wine. In mixed company Sir William was quiet and reserved, and he was only at his ease with his particular friends, among whom he had now to reckon the gas, which took away all feeling of shyness. The temperament, I think, was bilious-nervous. The most remarkable exhibition was that made by John Leyden—of sanguine-nervous temperament, and an odd being in his way. I was standing at the fire-place with the Rev. Sydney Smith, when I observed Leyden, after he had inspired the gas once or twice, fix his eye with a peculiar expression on our reverend and facetious friend, whose attention I immediately directed to it. We stood wondering what was to happen, when Leyden started up, clenched his fists, and holding them up, still fixing his gaze on Mr Smith, marched slowly towards him, with the exclamation, solemnly pronounced, 'Confound him—I'll murder him now!' Notwithstanding this alarming threat, and the ferocious expression of his countenance, it did not appear he had any intention of slaying his friend; for he stopped short, as if something had turned the current of his thoughts into a new direction, and the influence of the gas gradually ceased, and his expression became almost that of a fatuous person for some moments. From the account he gave of himself, it did not appear that his reverend friend was the special object he had in view, and that the fixing of his eye and his marching towards him were accidental. His organs of ideality and destructiveness had been for the time excited, and he was in a sort of dreaming delirium.

Phrenology not having been known in those days, nothing can be said of the effects of the gas in reference to cerebral development. But there can scarcely be a doubt that in many persons, though not in all, the predominant cerebral organisation would be chiefly excited. It strikes me that considerable light might be thrown on the doctrine of the temperaments by experiments with the gas, made on men of philosophical minds, who, being aware of the object, would attend to the inward effects, while others observed the manifestations. After a good many trials, I at length could sit still under the influence of the gas, and attend to my feelings without yielding to them.

It appears to me important to ascertain the influence of various substances on the nervous system, and the modifications of temperament which they may effect, as well as their special effects on particular organs. It is known that morphine gives confidence where it may be wanting, and excites the organ of language; while tea, and especially strong coffee, excite the intellectual and reflective faculties. But no attention has yet been paid to such effects in reference to proportional organisation or temperament. The effects of the introduction into the lungs of certain gases, on the temperature of the body, may assist in testing Liebig's discovery of the liver being the furnace in which animal heat is produced by the slow union of oxygen and carbon without incandescence. Various

substances taken into the stomach cause an increase of temperature, by an over supply of carbon. The thermometer may become as useful as the stethoscope in directing to the seat and to the nature of disease; for we know that different parts of the body indicate various temperatures, in different states, though little or nothing has yet been done to render this fact available. As increased heat is a symptom of fever, if Liebig's discovery be true, then hepatic derangement is clearly indicated, as well as the remedy—a diminished supply of carbon and oxygen. Coldness of the extremities, likewise, would indicate hepatic derangement of another kind, and indicate a further supply of the same things. But the cause may be found in both cases not to be an over nor an under supply, but an organic defect, preventing the union of the two substances, or rendering it too facile. The great difficulty to be encountered are the periodical accessions; but even this may be removed by judicious experiments, now that we have a theory to be tested. The stomach, the lungs, and the skin, are the means of access for introducing into the system whatever we may imagine to be remedial substances. In the stomach and lungs analytical and synthetical processes go on which to us are mysterious. Still, as it has been discovered, in respect to the vegetable world, that the proper articles for sustaining vegetable life may be presented in a compound form with success, we may predicate of animal life, that changes in the composition of the atmosphere in which patients may be placed, and attention to the proportion of carbon in their food, may effect changes of temperature, and remedy functional disorders in the liver, if it really be the body's fire-place. No effects of the laughing gas have been attended to except external manifestations; and these have been the objects of mere curiosity, and not of philosophical investigation, for which a wide and interesting field is open. It is well known that certain substances taken into the stomach of many persons produce no particular sensation, while they prove irritating and poisonous to others. We have seen some variety of effect from the laughing gas in the cases I have described as merely curious; and I hope that some medicine philosopher will take up the subject—indeed, not one, but many, as the field is so extensive. A knowledge of phrenology will greatly assist."

It may be mentioned, in conclusion, that nitrous oxide has not proved of any important service in medicine. The views as to the gases which originated the Pneumatic Medical Institution at Bristol have all been disappointed; but while the name of Davy shall survive to the respect of the world, that institution can never be forgotten.

CAPTAIN BARCLAY'S AGRICULTURAL TOUR.

In the month of April last year, Captain Barclay Allardice, of Ury—a gentleman who a number of years ago distinguished himself by his feats in walking, but has latterly occupied himself on his estate in the north as an improver of breeds of cattle and of agriculture—proceeded on a tour to the United States of America and Canada, of which, since his return, he has favoured the world with a neatly written account.* The principal object which this enterprising gentleman had in view in his visit, was, as he informs us, to examine the condition of the rural affairs of the States and Canada, in order to assist a near relative to determine in which a purchase of land should be made. The nature of the captain's inquiries appears to us to bear so materially on the designs of intending emigrants to America, that we propose giving a glance at them for their benefit, referring to the work itself those who are desirous of full information on the subject.

The line of route pursued began at Massachusetts, near Boston; then to New York, and thence, by the Hudson, to the western parts of New York state; the frontier was next crossed into Canada; and a return made to New York by Pittsburg, and different parts of Pennsylvania—the whole occupying ten weeks of the summer of 1841. The observation made by the tourist in every quarter of the states, was that there was great natural fertility in the soil, much that was very beautiful in the scenery, and not less to praise in the manners and appearance of the people; also, that in most places land could be obtained at moderate prices; but that every where there prevailed the same objectionable system of agriculture—no attention paid to breeding stock, no process of manuring, no leases granted to tenants, each being allowed to crop his land as he pleases; and, consequently, there is a prodigious waste of means and resources. The leading error is inattention to what is called *concertible husbandry*, or the proper rotation of crops, by which a sufficiency of green food would be raised to feed stock during winter, so as to use up the straw, and produce a quantity of restorative materials to the soil. The common practice, the captain mentions, is to grow clover along with wheat; the wheat is reaped, and, after being thrashed, the straw is burnt in order to get rid of it; the clover, after being suffered to grow till the second summer, if so long, is ploughed down as manure. The result of all this is, that the land does not yield half the grain crop it should bear, and the breeds of cattle are poor and ill-kept. Another result will by and by become painfully apparent—the land will be deprived of all its nutritive properties, and, unless where there is a good subsoil to turn up, will be a *caput mortuum*—vegetatively dead.

At the Genesee flats, a rich district of meadow-land beyond Albany, Captain Barclay visited the large farm establishment of a Mr Wordsworth, who conducted his affairs a degree better than his neighbours, but still very imperfectly. "He has a numerous tenantry, but under a tenure which can yield neither profit to the landlord nor benefit to themselves; they have no leases, but plough and sow from year to year, the landlord receiving for rent a portion of the produce in kind. His portion is ascertained on the field after the crop is reaped, and is delivered by the tenants at an appointed hour, where it is instantly thrashed out, and the straw given to the winds. Such a system must be a bar to every improvement; it in fact operates as a prohibition of all exertion and expenditure by the tenant for increasing the fertility of his farm—it being unreasonable to expect that any tenant will use exertions or lay out capital where the landlord is to reap, certainly a large share of the benefit thence accruing, and, from the precariousness of the tenure, perhaps the whole." It might have been added to this just observation, that in many parts of England the same yearly-tenant, or tenant-at-will system, prevails, so that in such places the land does not produce perhaps more than a half of what ought to be its legitimate crops.

Near Mr Wordsworth's, our tourist was shown two desirable estates for sale—"One of 300 acres, the other of 500, with a capital mansion-house and orchards on each; and I was told the price of such land in this locality ranges from L.10 to L.20 an acre." He visited the farm of a Mr Macnaughton, a Highlander, about sixty years of age, from Lord Breadalbane's country, who "came to America fifteen years ago, with a small capital, and now he possesses 500 acres of the best wheat land, all cleared, and his own property. He showed me a field of 60 acres of wheat, and mentioned, in connexion with it, a circumstance furnishing a striking instance of the rapid rise of the value of land in this quarter. Soon after his arrival, a neighbour wished to purchase this field of him, and he accordingly parted with it for 900 dollars, which was considered the full value of it. In the course of three years his neighbour determined on selling the whole of his property, and offered this field to Donald, but now at the price of 3000 dollars; this he at once agreed to give; a bargain was struck accordingly, and the first crop of wheat yielded the purchase-money."

At Caledonia, a town in the vicinity, the tourist procured an interview with a Scotsman, from whom, says he, "I learnt that 250 Scotch families are settled in this neighbourhood; the greater part of them came over forty years ago with very little capital, many of them with hardly sufficient to purchase a yoke of oxen; they all got wealthy, and now they own farms varying from 200 to 600 acres each."

The captain now crossed at Niagara into Canada, where he was shocked with the different aspect of affairs. "On entering Canada, I had been impressed with a marked difference between it and the United States. In the latter, the people were every where distinguished by that cheerfulness and appearance of contentment which attend activity and exertion in peaceful pursuits. In Canada, there prevailed an almost universal gloom, the consequence of recent internal commotion; of the still existing conflict and rancour of political feeling; or of the withered hopes of many who, having speculated largely in land, have received little or no return for their money. This was my early impression, and any thing I have since observed, or by inquiry ascertained, has served to confirm it, and to satisfy me, that of the two countries the States hold out, for agricultural pursuits, by far the greater advantages to persons possessed of any capital. With the exception of portions of cleared land, varying from fifty acres in some situations to several hundreds in others, Upper Canada is an immense and trackless forest, forlorn and forbidding at best, and in many places rendered more gloomy and repulsive by the trees having been burnt preparatory to being cut down, and consequently now presenting to the eye nothing but bare and blackened poles. And with regard to what is called cleared land, it consists of no more than a patch here and there, on which the huge pines that for ages had been tenants of the soil, have, by the application of fire and axe, been reduced to stumps four feet in height, so thick set as in many places to bid defiance to the plough, and to preclude any mode of cultivation except sowing and hand-raking the seed. There are here no railways, and no interior water-carriage, advantages so amply enjoyed in the States; and although there are roads, they are of such a description as to be nearly impassable, excepting in winter, when the sleigh is made use of. Upper Canada, too, is comparatively destitute of local markets, or of any proper outlet for the surplus produce of the land; for the population is not only thin and widely scattered, but themselves chiefly agricultural, each family therefore raising sufficient for its own supply; and there are no towns of any magnitude to create any considerable demand for the surplus, nor if there were, are easy means of transport afforded. In such circumstances, it is by no means surprising to find that the greater number of those who had speculated in land have suffered grievous disappointment, and that of those coming under the description of gentlemen who had attempted to convert the forest into cornland by the force of money, the greater number quickly got rid of it, and then either betook themselves to other pursuits, or, as sometimes happened, becoming disgusted and reckless, gave themselves up to dissipation."

The ideas of Captain Barclay on this subject are in unison with those of every impartial tourist. He thinks that Canada is chiefly to be recommended to poor and hardy labourers, who will be contented to erect a rude hovel of log, and clear a few acres of land for a plain subsistence. He says the price of clearing an acre of forest cannot be less than L.20, and for a lower sum an acre of good cleared land can be had in the States. We need not follow the captain through the remainder of his journey, but conclude with the advice which he offers to agriculturists who think of emigrating. "Where the British farmer is possessed of capital sufficient for the purchase, and also the *stocking and cultivating*, of a farm, he might certainly find his account in making a purchase in the States. From the generally moderate price of land, and the opportunity he would have of reclaiming a fertile soil, or, by his superior skill, rendering that which is already reclaimed greatly more fruitful, he might assure himself of such a return for capital as I believe is not to be had from agriculture in any other country equally abounding as the States are in all the comforts of life."

* One volume. Blackwood and Sons. 1842.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

SCREWING DOWN TEACHERS.

In former notes, we adverted to the under-payment of teachers as one cause of the deficient supply of educational talent. Our remarks then had reference chiefly to stated salaries or endowments, as provided by town-councils and heritors. We would now address a few words to parents, on the too common practice of negotiating with teachers for a reduction of the school fees.

Some parents go to a school, as they would to a shop, to purchase a certain quantity of education, as they would food or clothing, at the lowest possible price. They inquire the amount of the fee, and whatever that may be, a guinea or a half-crown, they object, and propose an abatement. Their arguments are amusing: "Schooling is very dear to what it was when they were young—Mr So-and-so charges far less—teaching is but little trouble," &c. Others, we have heard, claim a reduction because the pupil is very young, or very *little*, quite forgetting that there is at least as much trouble in teaching a very young child as one more advanced, and that a greater amount of professional skill is requisite in the former than in the latter case. Parents of a third variety may be found demanding a discount because they have three or four to pay for; and they quietly hint, that if the teacher will not give education to *four* for *three* fees, he shall have none. Would these parties admit such a practice in their own trades or professions? Would a banker lend *four* hundred pounds for the interest of *three*? Would a landlord let *four* houses for the rent of *three*? Would a baker sell *four* loaves for the price of *three*? Again, a fourth class will advance many pleas to the same purpose; such as—"The boy joined the class a week after the quarter day; now, there are twelve weeks in a quarter, and the fee is six shillings; therefore sixpence must be deducted!" These people would be astonished, were they informed that the teacher, instead of granting a deduction, would be justified in charging *double* fee, as a trifling compensation for the extra trouble caused by his urging the laggard pupil on to overtake the class. They will also plead, "The boy was unwell for *three days and a half!*" In short, each economical father or managing mother believes that every shilling kept off the teacher is a shilling justifiably gained.

Besides these attempts at reduction, which every independent teacher should resist, there are others to which the benevolent must yield. A widow struggling to give her child a good education—a professional brother having a family to bring up on limited means—a merchant, suddenly unfortunate, whose children may have been with the teacher for years—all have claims upon his gratuitous services. Thus, if even those who are the most successful, and hold the most lucrative situations, realise far less than calculators suppose, how great must the privations be to men of very limited incomes, thus cruelly diminished!

In one word, let parents *economise* every where, that they may be generous, or at least *just*, to the most laborious and worst remunerated of all professions.

THE CONDEMNED GUN.

Juries are sometimes a set of very stupid people. At the trial of a gentleman for accidentally shooting his servant (thinking him to have been a robber on the premises), which took place a few weeks ago in an English provincial town, the jury returned a verdict of "a deodand of L.1 on the gun, which we recommend to be forthwith destroyed." Was there ever any thing to match the absurdity of this?—the gun, the unoffending instrument, the insensate material, is ordered to be put out of existence, for the murderous crime of which it has been found to be guilty! The thing reminds us of the consoling declarations of a nurse, when her baby knocks its head

against the table. "Come to me, my darling, and I'll pay the table—there, give it a good blow—the naughty table, to hurt my darling!" The jury on the gun case had received a good nursery training.

LIFE-PRESERVING CAPES.

A gentleman of Edinburgh, a member of the Skating Club, has invented what we have no doubt, if used, will save many lives, and at all events be a preservative from the unhappy consequences of "boat accidents." The plan, which we have inspected at the shop of the Albion Cloth Company of our city, presents a cape for the neck and shoulders, formed of Macintosh cloth, and which may be partially inflated with air at pleasure, by means of a small mouth-piece hid from external observation. The cape we saw is outwardly a greyish serge (it may, however, be made of any material), and hangs down all round as low as the elbows. A tape from the inner part of the back, to be tied round the body, keeps the cape down, in the event of immersion in water. When blown up, the cape swells to about an inch in thickness, which presents nothing unsightly; however, it need not be inflated till the wearer goes into a condition of danger —into a boat on a sailing excursion, for instance, or upon unsafe ice. As a piece of dress, it may be worn by ladies as well as gentlemen.

With respect to the buoyant powers of the apparatus, they have been the subject of a critical experiment by the Edinburgh and Leith Humane Society, which is mentioned in nearly the following terms in the newspapers of the day:—"The use of a large cast-iron tank or tun having been obligingly placed at the service of the directors by a brewer in Edinburgh, it was filled with warm water to the depth of six feet two inches. A stout man, a sailor, five feet six inches in height, and about ten to eleven stone weight, went into the water with his clothes on, wearing the safety-cape, and, to the satisfaction of all present, floated vertically at his ease, with his head, neck, and part of his shoulders, above water. Wishing to ascertain what degree of buoyancy he had to spare, weights were given to him, which he held in his hands. Seven pounds sank him to the throat, and four more to the lip; proving that he could have sustained another person in the water. The man came out repeatedly, and again plunged into the water, always declaring it difficult to immerse his head even for an instant. On this fact, the directors of the society found that, in the event of ice giving way under a skater, the reaction will effectually protect him till relieved from his perilous situation."

After this satisfactory testimony, nothing more need be said on the subject. It is quite clear to us, that if people would but be persuaded to wear one of these safety-capes, they need be under no apprehension whatever of immediate drowning in the case of sudden immersion in water; and it is well known that, except in shipwrecks at a great distance from land, a power of buoyancy for only a few minutes would save almost every life. The deplorable deaths from boat accidents on rivers, for lack of some such simple means of preservation, who can either number or sufficiently lament?

HEAT OF TEMPER.

It sometimes happens that a character generally amiable is marred by a certain fieryness of temper, which tends to lead its possessor into painful relations towards his fellow-creatures. The ordinary demeanour of such a person may be calculated to conciliate the greatest esteem; he may be remarkable for benevolent acts, incapable of any show of jealous or invidious feeling, and free from all the degrading vices. Yet, being at the same time prone to sudden and violent anger, and unable when in that state to control his actions, all these good qualities will go in a great measure for nothing, or only cause his fatal infirmity to be the more lamented. It is generally to be said in favour of such persons, that their passion, as it is easily induced, so it passes quickly, and that the moment it is past their usual benevolent feelings regain the mastery. They are even remarkable as a class for the ability to show a thorough and heartwarm forgiveness. But these circumstances, while pleading for a gentle judgment, do not save the man of hot temper from the natural consequences of such a peculiarity. It is not one of the least of these that such a man can rarely enjoy a steady and confiding friendship. The uncertainty of his demeanour—the chance of sunshine being in one moment, for no good cause, changed into gloom and thunder—makes it impossible for any one to be on perfectly cordial terms with him. Thus, his own habitual feelings of social kindness are constantly exposed to disappointment and the vexation of unrequited affection, and it can rarely be that he gets through life without sinking more or less deeply into the sordid mire of the misanthrope. Yet it is comparatively well for the irascible man if no worse befall him. Too often, under a moment's transient impetuosity, does he commit acts at which his better nature shudders, and which blight all the remainder of life. We shall relate a case in point.

About a mile from Edinburgh, there stands a solitary house named Marionville, enclosed in a square shrubbery of no great extent, surrounded by high walls. Whether it be that the place has become dismal in consequence of the rise of a noxious fen in its neighbourhood, or that the tale connected with it acts upon the imagination, we are at a loss to decide; but, unquestionably, there is about the house an air of depression and melancholy, such as could scarcely fail to strike the most unobservant passenger. Yet, little more than half a century ago, this mansion was the abode of a gay and fashionable family, who, amongst other amusements, indulged in that of private theatricals, and in this line were so highly successful, that admission to the Marionville theatre became a privilege for which the highest in the land would contend. Mr Macrae, the head of this family, was a man of good fortune, being the proprietor of an estate in Dumfriesshire, and also of good connexions—the Earl of Glencairn, whom Burns has so much celebrated, being his cousin, while by his mother he was nearly related to Viscount Fermoy and the celebrated Sir Boyle Roach. He had been for some years retired from the Irish Carabineers, and being still in the prime of life, he was thinking of again entering the army, when the incident which we are about to relate took place. He was a man of gentlemanlike accomplishments and manners, of a generous and friendly disposition, but marked by a keen and imperious sense of the deference due to a gentleman, and a heat of temper which was apt to make him commit actions of which he afterwards bitterly repented. After the unfortunate affair which ended his career in Scotland, the public, who never make nice distinctions as to the character of individuals, adopted the idea that he was as inhumane as rash, and he was reported to be an experienced duellist. But here he was greatly misrepresented. Mr Macrae would have shrunk from a deliberate act of cruelty; and the only connexion he had ever had with single combat was in the way of endeavouring to reconcile friends who had quarrelled, an object in which he was successful on several memorable occasions. But the same man, whom all that really knew him allowed to be a delightful companion and kind-hearted man, was liable to be transported beyond the bounds of reason by casual and trivial occurrences. A messenger of the law, having arrested the Rev. Mr Cunningham, brother of the Earl of Glencairn, for debt, as he was passing with a party from the drawing-room to the dining-room at Drumsheuch House, Mr Macrae threw the man over the stair. He was prompted to this act by indignation at the affront which he conceived his cousin as a gentleman had received from a common man. But, soon after, when it was represented to him that every other means of inducing Mr Cunningham to settle his debt had failed, and when he learned that the messenger had suffered severe injury, he went to him, made him a hearty apology, and agreed to pay three hundred guineas by way of compensation. He had himself allowed a debt due to a tailor to remain too long unpaid, and the consequence was that he received a summons for it before the Sheriff Court. With this document in his hand, he called, in a state of great excitement, upon his law-agent, to whom he began to read, "Archibald Cockburn of Cockpen, Sheriff-depute," &c., till he came to a passage which declared that "he, the said James Macrae, had been oft and diverse times desired and required," &c. "The greatest lie ever uttered!" he exclaimed. "He had never heard a word of it before; he would instantly go to the sheriff, and horsewhip him." The agent had at the time letters of *horning* against a very worthy baronet lying upon his table—that is to say, a document in which the baronet was denounced as a rebel to the king, according to a form of the law of Scotland, for failing to pay his debt. The agent took up this, and coolly began to read—"George the Third, by the grace of God," &c. &c. Macrae at once saw the application, and fell a-laughing at his own folly, saying he would go directly and give the sheriff tickets for the play at Marionville, which he and his family had requested. It will be seen that the fault of this unfortunate gentleman was heat of temper, not a savage disposition; but what fault can be more fatal than heat of temper?

Mr Macrae was married to an accomplished lady, Maria Cecilia Le Maitre, daughter of the Baroness Nolken, wife of the Swedish ambassador. They occasionally resided in Paris, with Mrs Macrae's relations, particularly with her cousin Madame de la Briche, whose private theatricals in her elegant house at the Marais were the models of those afterwards instituted at Marionville. It may not be unworthy of notice that, amongst their fellow-performers at Madame de la Briche's, was the celebrated Abbé Sieyes. When Mr Macrae and his lady set up their theatre at Marionville, they both took characters, he appearing to advantage in such parts as that of Dionysius in the *Grecian Daughter*, and she in the first line of female parts in genteel comedy. Sir David Kinloch and a Mr Justice were their best male associates; and the chief female performer, after Mrs Macrae herself, was Mrs Carruthers of Dormont, a daughter of the celebrated artist Paul Sandby. When all due deduction is made for the effects of complaisance, there seems to remain undoubted testimony that these performances involved no small amount of talent.

In Mr and Mrs Macrae's circle of visiting acquaintance, and frequent spectators of the Marionville theatricals, were Sir George Ramsay of Banff and his lady. Sir George had recently returned, with an addition to his fortune, from India, and was now settling himself down for the remainder of life in his native country. The writer of this narrative has seen original letters between the two families, showing that they lived on the most friendly terms, and entertained the highest esteem for each other. One written by Lady Ramsay to Mrs Macrae, from Sir George's country-seat in Forfarshire, commences thus—"My dear friend, I have just time to write you a few lines to say how much I long to hear from you, and to assure you how sincerely I love you." Her ladyship adds—"I am now enjoying rural retirement with Sir George, who is really so good and indulgent, that I am as happy as the gayest scenes could make me. He joins me in kind compliments to you and Mr Macrae," &c. How deplorable that social affections, which contribute so much to make life pass agreeably, should be liable to a wild upbreak from perhaps some trivial cause, not in itself worthy of a moment's regard, and only rendered of consequence by the sensitiveness of pride, and a deference to false and worldly maxims!

The source of the quarrel between Mr Macrae and Sir George was of a kind almost too mean and ridiculous to be spoken of. On the evening of the 7th April 1790, the former gentleman handed a lady out of the Edinburgh theatre, and endeavoured to get a chair for her in which she might be conveyed home. Seeing two men approaching through the crowd with one, he called to ask if it was disengaged, to which the men replied with a distinct affirmative. As Mr Macrae handed the lady forward to put her into it, a footman, in a violent manner, seized hold of one of the poles, and insisted that it was engaged for his mistress. The man seemed disordered by liquor, and it was afterwards distinctly made manifest that he was acting without the guidance of reason. His lady had gone home some time before, while he was out of the way; he was not aware of this, and, under a confused sense of duty, he was now eager to obtain a chair for her, but in reality had not bespoken that upon which he laid hold. Mr Macrae, annoyed at the man's pertinacity at such a moment, rapped him over the knuckles with a short cane, to make him give way; on which the servant called him a scoundrel, and gave him a push on the breast. Incensed overmuch by this conduct, Mr Macrae struck him smartly over the head with his cane, on which the man cried out worse than before, and moved off. Mr Macrae following him, repeated his blows two or three times, but only with that degree of force which he thought needful for a chastisement. In the meantime, the lady whom Mr Macrae had handed out, got into a different chair and was carried off. Some of the bystanders, seeing a gentleman beating a servant, cried shame, and showed a disposition to take part with the latter; but there were individuals present who had observed all the circumstances, and who felt very differently. One gentleman afterwards gave evidence that he had been insulted by the servant, at an earlier period of the evening, in precisely the same manner as Mr Macrae, and that the man's conduct had throughout been rude and insolent, a consequence apparently of drunkenness.

Learning that the servant was in the employment of Lady Ramsay, Mr Macrae came into town next day, full of anxiety to obviate any unpleasant impression which the incident might have made upon her mind. Meeting Sir George in the street, he expressed to him his concern on the subject, when Sir George said, lightly, that, the man being his lady's footman, he did not feel any concern in the matter. Mr Macrae then went to apologise to Lady Ramsay, whom he found sitting for her portrait in the lodgings of the young artist Raeburn, afterwards so highly distinguished. It has been said that he fell on his knees before the lady, to entreat her pardon for what he had done to her servant. Certainly, he left her with the impression that he had no reason to expect a quarrel between himself and Sir George on account of what had taken place.

James Merry—this was the servant's name—had been wounded in the head, but not severely. The injuries which he had sustained, though nothing can justify the violence which inflicted them, were only of such a nature as a few days of confinement would have healed. Such, indeed, was the express testimony given by his medical attendant, Mr Benjamin Bell. There was, however, a strong feeling amongst his class against Macrae, who was informed, in an anonymous letter, that a hundred and seven men-servants had agreed to have some revenge upon him. Merry himself had determined to institute legal proceedings against Mr Macrae, for the recovery of damages. A process was commenced, by the issue of a summons which Mr Macrae received on the 12th. Wounded to the quick by this procedure, and smarting under the insolence of the anonymous letter, Mr Macrae wrote next day a note to Sir George Ramsay, in which, addressing him without any term of friendly regard, he demanded that either Merry should drop the prosecution, or that his master should turn him off. Sir George temperately replied, "that he had only now heard of the prosecution for the first time; that the man met with no encouragement from him; and that he hoped that Mr Macrae, on further consideration, would not think it incumbent on him to interfere, especially as the man was at present far from being well."

On the same evening, Mr Amory a military friend

of Mr Macrae, called upon Sir George with a second note from that gentleman, once more insisting on the man being turned off, and stating that, in the event of his refusal, Mr Amory was empowered to communicate his opinion of his conduct. Sir George did refuse, on the plea that he had yet seen no good reason for his discharging the servant; and Mr Amory then said it was his duty to convey Mr Macrae's opinion, which was "that Sir George's conduct had not been that of a gentleman." Sir George then said that further conversation was unnecessary; all that remained was to agree upon a place of meeting. They met again that evening at a tavern, where Mr Amory informed Sir George that it was Mr Macrae's wish that they should meet properly attended next day at twelve o'clock, at Ward's Inn, on the borders of Musselburgh Links.

The parties met there accordingly, Mr Macrae being attended by Captain Amory, and Sir George Ramsay by Sir William Maxwell; Mr Benjamin Bell, the surgeon, being also of the party. Mr Macrae had brought an additional friend, a Captain Haig, to favour them with his advice, but not to act formally as a second. The two parties being in different rooms, Sir William Maxwell came into that occupied by Mr Macrae, and proposed that, if Mr Macrae would apologise for the intemperate style of his letters demanding the discharge of the servant, Sir George would grant his request, and the affair would end. Mr Macrae answered, that he would be most happy to comply with this proposal, if his friends thought it proper; but he must abide by their decision. The question being put to Captain Haig, he answered, in a deliberate manner, "It is altogether impossible; Sir George must in the first place turn off his servant, and Mr Macrae will then apologise." Hearing this speech, equally marked by wrong judgment and wrong feeling, Macrae, according to the testimony of Mr Bell, shed tears of anguish. The parties then walked to the beach, and took their places in the usual manner. On the word being given, Sir George took deliberate aim at Macrae, the neck of whose coat was grazed by his bullet. Macrae had, if his own solemn asseveration is to be believed, intended to fire in the air; but when he found Sir George aiming thus at his life, he altered his resolution, and brought his antagonist to the ground with a mortal wound in the body.

There was the usual consternation and unspeakable distress. Mr Macrae went up to Sir George, and "told him that he was sincerely afflicted at seeing him in that situation."* It was with difficulty, and only at the urgent request of Sir William Maxwell, that he could be induced to quit the field. Sir George lingered for two days. The event occasioned a great sensation in the public mind, and a very unfavourable view was generally taken of Mr Macrae's conduct. It was given out, that during a considerable interval, while in expectation of the duel taking place, he had practised pistol-shooting in his garden at a barber's block; and he was also said to have been provided with a pair of pistols of a singularly apt and deadly character; the truth being, that the interval was a brief one, his hand totally unskilled in shooting, and the pistols a bad brass-mounted pair, hastily furnished by Amory. We have Amory's testimony, that as they were pursuing their journey to another country, he was constantly bewailing the fate of Sir George Ramsay, remarking how unfortunate it was that he took so obstinate a view about the servant's case. The demand, he said, was one which he would have thought it necessary to comply with. He had asked Sir George nothing but what he would have done had it been his own case. This is so consonant with what appears otherwise respecting his character, that we cannot doubt it. It is only to be lamented that he should not have made the demand in terms more calculated to lead to compliance.

The death of an amiable man, under such deplorable circumstances, roused the most zealous vigilance on the part of the law authorities; but Mr Macrae and his second succeeded in reaching France. A summons was issued for his trial, but he was advised not to appear, and accordingly sentence of outlawry was passed against him. The servant's prosecution meanwhile went on, and was ultimately decided against Mr Macrae, although, on a cool perusal of the evidence on both sides, we see the clearest proof of Merry having been the first aggressor. Mr Macrae lived in France till the progress of the Revolution forced him to go to Altona. When time seemed to have a little softened matters against him, he took steps to ascertain if he could safely return to his native country. It was decided by counsel that he could not. They held that his case entirely wanted the extenuating circumstance which was necessary, of his having to contemplate degradation if he did not challenge. He was under no such danger; so that from his letters to Sir George Ramsay he appeared to have forced on the duel purely for revenge. He came to see the case in this light himself, and was obliged to make up his mind to perpetual self-banishment. He survived thirty years. A gentleman of our acquaintance, who had known him in early life in Scotland, was surprised to meet him one day in a Parisian coffee-house after the peace of 1814—the wreck or ghost of the handsome sprightly man he had once been. The comfort of his home, his country, and friends, the use of his talents to all these, had been lost, and himself obliged to lead the life of a condemned Cain, all through the one fault of a fiery temper. Reader, if thou shouldst ever feel thyself hurried by such a cause towards rash words and acts, however trivial, think on the fate of this unhappy man, pause, and be cool. Thou little knowest what may arise from a small ill-considered action. A rap over a servant's knuckles led to a scene of disgusting violence: four or five days after, a short imperious letter, beginning "Sir," brought two gentlemen to a field, where one fell in the prime of his days, and whence the other fled to be a remorseful and miserable exile for all the remainder of his life.

* Letter of Captain Amory, MS.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S "CAKES AND ALE"

Is a merry little book, in two volumes, with plates by Cruikshank—a fair specimen of the light literature of our age—vivacious, superficial, somewhat extravagant, yet in the main well calculated to serve the end in view, namely, to amuse the passing hour. Mr Jerrold has a high London reputation as a writer of short pieces for the stage, and it is not therefore surprising to find the present prose sketches marked by a certain improbability of incident and situation which is not generally tolerated out of the drama; but, to make up for this, he has infused some remarks and moralisings of a kind for which his plays had not prepared us.

The difference between the professed and real practice of men in many domestic things may be every where observed, if we look narrowly. Most men, for instance, have a theoretical and practical hour of rising. Ask one when he usually gets up, and say he mentions seven. Take this as his theoretical hour, the hour at which he *wishes* to rise, thinks he *should* rise, and once in a twelvemonth *does* rise; but be sure that in reality he does not in general see much of the daylight world before eight. Say eight, again, is his professed or theoretical hour, it will be found that nine is the real one; and so on. Mr Jerrold has a penetrating eye for these discrepancies. Mr Pigeon is a young man a fortnight married. Coming home prematurely from Brighton, he determines to go out, leaving his young wife, the very first night—though he is "the same Pigeon whose landlady had given him for a character, as she thought, all the virtues of a household god. 'Pray, ma'am,' inquired Charlotte's busy maiden aunt, 'what are the habits of Mr Pigeon? He is about to marry into our family, and you'll pardon the question—what are his habits?' 'Habits!' replied the landlady; 'the woman's blessed who gets Mr Pigeon—gruel at ten, and bed at eleven.' And these moral proprieties, on the part of her future husband, were impressed upon the brain and heart of the bride by the aunt aforesaid. 'Gruel at ten, and bed at eleven!' reiterated the spinster; 'it seems little to speak of, child, but what a deal of happiness is ensured by the custom!' Mr Pigeon, assuring his wife that he would keep aloof from all acquaintance, took his hat. Mrs Pigeon looked at her lord with a mild mixture of matrimonial sorrow and anger. Can the female reader wonder at this? It was already half-past nine, and Mrs Pigeon sighed as she thought of her aunt; yea, she sighed deeply at the visionary happiness of—gruel at ten, and bed at eleven.

'All men,' said Susan [the servant], marking the melancholy of her mistress—'all men are alike, ma'am.'

'They are, Susan,' said Mrs Pigeon. 'Where's my handkerchief?"

Mr Pigeon is thus described on his way home at an early hour in the morning. "As the man crept homeward, there was culprit in his looks—in his hesitating pace. He had, it was true, fallen into a most delightful party—had been so happy, so very jolly; but now, alas! it wanted only seven-and-twenty minutes to six. What a beautiful morning!—yet what a reproach came with the bright sun! Sam blushed as he met the milkmaids; artisans passing to their work, made him turn his head away; the chimney-sweepers, crying their noisome trade, struck him compunctious; yea, the very sparrows, chirping and playing in his path, gave him a twitch of the conscience. Let not the reader think that Samuel Pigeon had any fear of the violence of his ill-used spouse; no, she would only weep—for she was a young wife, and had not yet come to her nails. It was a nobler feeling that possessed Pigeon—not base dread, but bitter repentance. He had been beguiled into cards—had, moreover, been very lucky—but what was luck at nearly six in the morning! He had held the most wonderful hands at loo, and had never played but when justified by both king and queen. And then he thought, and in the dissatisfaction of his soul almost gave vent to the words—'Tis six in the morning—my wife is sitting up—and, compared to domestic peace, oh! what are trumps?'

Pigeon, with heavy legs, walks on; and now he approaches his door. He scrapes his shoes as tenderly as though he scraped his bare feet; he wants to cough, but he hasn't sufficient nerve to risk the operation. He looks at his knocker; the lion's head ornamenting it seems to stare with new ferocity upon him. He touches the knocker as if it were red-hot—shakes it spasmodically—tap, tap, tap—and to Pigeon the sound seems to search through a dead, deserted house—a desolate homestead. Has Charlotte gone to her family? Or, anticipating the completion of a threat to be made in after-life, has she already taken a lodging? Strange thoughts chill the heart of Pigeon, as he stands pricking his ears at his own inhospitable door."

To the same effect is the following "bit:"—"Young Brown inherited from his father the equivocal sum of a thousand pounds. He had better inherited nothing; for, in the present state of society, we hold a thousand pounds to be not merely a useless but a mischievous sum: it is not a negative good, but a positive evil. What is to be done with a thousand pounds? Put it in the funds, says Quiet, and philosophise upon thirty pounds a-year! There are exquisite essays written to prove the sufficiency of thirty pounds a-year, allowing at least five shillings per quarter for the conversion of the Jews; essays, in which the expenses of a pauper gentleman are so nicely calculated, that it must be his own wilful eccentricity if, at the end of the year, he either owes a shilling or has one. We happen to be honoured with the short acquaintance of the author of some of these *libretti*. He had thrice been shut up in the Fleet on an income of three hundred per annum, and was consequently enabled to preach on the competence of thirty pounds a-year. It was during his third visit to the jail that we had some interesting talk with him. He was lamenting the extravagance of the present generation; and passing his right hand under his velvet cap, and turning his pensive and eloquent eye upwards, asked us if we had ever read his book. Of course we had. We, however, ventured to question the correctness of its conclusions; in a word, we were hardy enough to express our doubts of the possibility of existing 'as a gentleman'—for such were the author's premises—on thirty pounds a-year. 'Look at Higgingbottom,' said we; 'he has followed your system to a chop, and yet Higgingbottom is in debt.' 'Pardon me,' quickly returned the author, 'I grant his obedience so far as the chop goes, but there were three days in the year that Higgingbottom would not take his chops without pickles. Now, my system is so philosophically arranged, as not to admit even of a single onion. Depend upon it, my dear sir, with a wise economy, a man may always on thirty pounds a-year obtain his chop; the ruin lies in the pickles.' We were about to dispute the point, when the temperate author began to swear at a boy who entered with a bottle of port. 'And where, you scoundrel,' cried the author of a treatise on the sufficiency of thirty pounds per year—'where, you miscreant, are the olives? What! forgot them? Vagabond! to suppose I could drink port without olives! Vanish! Stop! Don't make the blunder you made before—mind, *French* olives!'" These neat pieces of philosophy, slashed into Mr Jerrold's stories, speak for themselves. Alas for the illusoriness of all human professions, and the infirmity of all human resolutions!

Passing from these matters, we are reminded of the fine allegorical writing of the Elizabethans by such passages as the following, which relates to the anticipations of Mr Silvertop, an author on the point of finishing a great metaphysical work:—"In another month, he would no longer creep along the streets, accompanied by Desert, a pretty fellow, yet withal a timid, blushing, stammering knave, content to slink with him he waits upon, down dismal alleys, over barren heaths, at length, it may be, conducting his master to a dry ditch for his bed, and to wild cresses and water for his breakfast—a trick the varlet hath often put upon brave spirits—but, in his place, that swaggering, brow-beating, gold-laced lacquey, Success, would clear the way for Silvertop, would strike off the hats of the mob, content to be so unbonneted, seeing that Success—oh! the magic of his name upon the world, hath willed it—nor ever ask whence comes he—what's his value? No matter for his birthplace, his parentage; Success has all-in-all in his name. Though he were born on the wayside, his mother a gipsy, and his father a clipper of coin—for his name, and name alone, men shall bow down and worship him. Desert weeps at the early grave of the broken-hearted; Success eats ortolans with a quacksalver at threescore. Men may certainly be brought to allow the possible existence of unrewarded Desert, but for Success, there can be no doubt of its vitality; he is seen, known, touched; nay, sometimes men dine with him."

How well, too, are some modern follies touched upon in the following description of the visit of a great foreigner to an ancient English borough:—"The church bells rang in the happy day; shops were closed; every man, woman, and child, in their best clothes, and with their blithest looks; fifty maidens scattered roses in the path of the magnificent stranger, and a thousand voices rent the sky, at the first glimpse of his right royal beard. The Spaniard alighted at the mansion-house, and though he spoke not a word of English, expressed himself enraptured with his reception. At which Tobias Aconite placed his hand upon his heart, and upon his honour declared that day to be the very happiest of his whole existence. The Spaniard and his followers having partaken of a slight repast of brawn, brown bread, and ale—a public-spirited economical townsman calculated that each man consumed a pound and a half of meat, a two-penny loaf, and two quarts of liquor—were conducted by the mayor and other authorities to inspect the public works and buildings of Hole-cum-Corner. Thus moving in slow procession down Prigapple Lane, the Spaniard was shown the stocks; at which curious instance of man's ingenuity he expressed his most intense delight. He was continually heard to murmur

as to himself, 'Great English! wonderful people!' a truth translated by the schoolmaster of Hole-cum-Corner; who, in his childhood wrecked off Cadiz, had served three years as turnspit in the most Holy Inquisition. Having duly inspected the stocks, the Spaniard was conducted two miles out of the town, to Hempseed Common, to view an antique gibbet, one of the highly-prized, most sacred, and most venerable institutions of Hole-cum-Corner. Here, again, he exclaimed, 'Great English! wonderful people!' Returning to the town, the illustrious visiter was conducted to the cake-manufactory, where was exhibited to him the whole process of cake-making; at which, as before, he declared himself sufficiently astonished, and biting a cake hot from the oven, again exclaimed, 'Great English! wonderful people!'

The royal Spaniard was, after this, shown over the vast establishment of Squint and Leer, inventors and makers of dolls'-eyes. Here a most gratifying surprise awaited the royal guest, for he was presented, not only with the freedom of the town, in a handsome pearl box, but with a document that enabled him to set up as dolls'-eyes maker in any part of England; a privilege which he declared to be the most flattering mark of national liberality and national affection. He avowed that, in the whole course of his life, he would never look into the eyes of a doll, without thinking of the worthy people of Hole-cum-Corner."

The "Preacher Parrot" is a happy and original idea of our author. The bird in question has been brought up in an auction mart, where it has picked up a great number of the phrases of the place. Afterwards transferred to various owners, it loses the favour of all in succession by its too apropos repetition of the auctioneers' slang. The following is a specimen of its adventures:—"A very select party was congregated at the house of Mrs Limetwig, to celebrate the birth-day of her daughter, the youngest of four, the fair Belinda, who, at the time we write, had entered into her nineteenth year; and although she had no fortune—at least, what is vulgarly understood by the mercenary young men of our day as fortune—she had the nobler kind of wealth in great abundance—she was accomplished to the verge of perfection. Her pine-apples painted on white satin, were equal, if not superior, to any in Covent Garden. And then her portraits of dear and particular friends—they lived and looked! It was only known to a few, but she had contributed some of the fancy heads, to either the Bloomsbury or the Bagnigge Wells Beauties, we forget which. Her modesty withheld her name; but they who had seen one of her faces, could easily point out the whole gallery. They had all the same sweet small mouth; in which the artist finely indicated the ethereal nature of the heroine, showing that with such a mouth it was impossible to eat. A mouth—if we may dare even to approach a masculine simile—almost the size of a shirt-button-hole; indeed, when any of the teeth were seen, it might almost be doubted if they were not the pearl button itself. And then the Dian-like purity illustrated in such little lips!—they might, with difficulty, compass a whistle, but could never be brought to perpetrate a kiss. The eyes were worthy of the lips; nice little beads, looking up in one head and down in another, as, in obedience to a wire, we see the different orbs of different dolls. And then the flesh and the general expression of the face—so soft, so very sweet, so unlike the flesh that, on this dull earth, is wooed and won and taken before a parson: no, it is clear such beauties live upon honey-dew like humming-birds—on conserves of roses, and jessamine paste. They are a great improvement to the ideal woman of Wordsworth, and are

> —— 'much too good
> For human nature's daily food.'

It may be thought that we have lingered too long on the one ability of Belinda, seeing that she has so many; but we could not for the life of us let the reader pass in ignorance of the fair hand so successfully helping the advancement of high British art. We have paused—many a time have we paused—before these heads, contemplating them with the same profound sense of the beautiful, that in our schoolboy days we have lavished upon sugar-plums; nay, it may be wrong to own the weakness, but, perhaps, with the self-same wish. To return to the birth-day party.

We never see a young lady, surrounded by eight or ten bachelors, take off her gloves, and seat herself at the piano, but we shudder, from an association of ideas—yes, we instantly think of the infernal machine! Who knows how many men may be killed dead on the spot by the first crash! Belinda played divinely. Edgar Flimsy, the younger son of a country banker, looked very serious as the music proceeded. Mrs Limetwig observed the gravity of the young gentleman, and, doubtless to divert it, desired Belinda to sing. Belinda obeyed, and sang in the finest possible taste. Had she been wound up for the occasion like a musical snuff-box, she could not have acquitted herself with more precision, and with less vulgar impulse: every note fell from her lips as if it were chiselled—and then her execution! Poor Edgar Flimsy!—his heart was dragged up and down the gamut until exhausted; when, at the last three-minute shake of the songstress, it fell into a thousand little pieces. Indeed, we would not own the heart that could stand that shake. There was a general burst of applause, followed for a moment by a profound silence. Mrs Limetwig looked proudly at the young bachelors, but favoured the younger son of the banker with a look entirely for himself.

In this pause, a voice cried out, and it seemed as if accompanying the glances of Mrs Limetwig—'*Does nobody offer?*'

A titter, deepening into a laugh, went round the room, and Mrs Limetwig and Belinda turned to scarlet. 'Oh—ha! ha!' observed the mamma, evidently restraining excessive laughter; 'that teazing bird, which William's godfather brought him—how came it here?' and the servant was immediately ordered to secure the intruder. But the parrot was a social parrot, and resolved not to leave the party; hence, after many ineffectual attempts to catch it, for its leg, though weak, had been set by some Samaritan, the bird was suffered to remain.

'It was downright cruelty to ask, but would'—thus spoke the banker's younger son—'would Miss Limetwig sing his favourite song—the' ——

'Certainly,' answered Mrs Limetwig for her daughter; and the favourite song—we forget its title and words, but its being very popular may account for that—was executed with incomparable power.

'Your only unmarried daughter?' observed the banker's son, in a low voice, to Mrs Limetwig.

'All married, except my dear Belinda; and it would break my heart, I believe, to part with her. Yes, sir,' said the mother, affected even by the probability of a separation; 'Belinda, sir, is—is' ——

'*The last lot, gentlemen—the last lot!*' cried the parrot; and the guests burst into uncontrolled laughter. Belinda, with fine presence of mind, immediately struck the keys of the piano, as though quite unconscious of the interruption, and in a minute or two was in the midst of a furious battle-piece.

'If I might aspire to the notice of Miss Limetwig,' said the banker's son to the mother, 'I hope that' —

'*Going for a song, gentlemen!*' cried the parrot; and again its words were greeted with a shout. 'It was too much; the creature—where could it have learned such words?—should be sent from the house.' Such was the sentence pronounced by Mrs Limetwig, and after some little difficulty carried into execution. But the charm of the night was broken: Mrs Limetwig was irritated, Belinda languid, and the banker's son—whether the last declaration of the bird had 'given him pause,' we know not—not once, for the remainder of the evening, ventured to speak of Belinda. She died a maid, a victim to the intrusion of truth.

What would become of the world, if truth interfered in every marriage?"

THE BOTHY SYSTEM.

A BOTHY is a rude barrack, or place of lodging, for farm-servants, where they are kept very much on the principle that a gentleman keeps his hounds—a roof over their head, a few of the meanest articles of furniture, and no kind of moral superintendence. In former times, it was customary for agriculturists and those in their employment to live under the same roof, and the habitual and familiar intercourse in and out of doors produced ties of friendship. The one party, at least, took an interest in the welfare of the other; and if there was homeliness of manner, there was at the same time propriety of behaviour. The master found himself under the necessity of setting an example, and the servants felt that to forfeit esteem was to lose their means of existence. Thus, the action and reaction of opinion kept all right. In these times, however, all the servants of the establishment did not live under the roof of their employer. Married ploughmen lived in a cottage somewhere on the land, and their families, on occasions, lent assistance in field labour, herding cattle, or, as Burns says, "running an errand to a neebour toun."

A time came when all these old-world practices were blown up. The demand for agricultural produce, consequent on the French war and other circumstances, excited a spirit of improvement in husbandry, which has, in the space of forty years, about as effectually changed the face of Scotland as if the old country had been carried away and a new one set down in its stead. There is now scarcely such a thing as a thatched farm-house of the old fashion. The farm-houses are good slated buildings; the farmer lives in a style better than a landed gentleman half a century ago, paying, at the same time, ten times the old rent; and in several quarters of the country, all the operations connected with the farm are executed by young unmarried men, hired for short terms, and who are usually lodged in a *bothy*. In some districts, the practice of employing only unmarried men has not yet been introduced; and in such cases, the ploughmen with their families reside in cottages near the homestead, a practice which it is a pity should ever be broken up.

The reader will now understand what is meant by the *bothy system*, which, from whatever cause, we are assured is effecting a serious demoralisation of manners among the peasantry in all the places in which it has taken root. The evil, it appears, has attracted the attention of those philanthropists who take pains to look below the surface of things; and the Highland Society has, we observe, lately given a premium to the writer of an essay on the subject. As readers in the south may be interested in knowing the *mechanique* of a bothy, we can tell them something of it from the account which we have just alluded to. First, of the inmates: they are all unmarried men; their salary, individually, is from L.10 to L.12 per annum, paid in money. Besides this allowance, they have each two pecks of oatmeal weekly, nearly two quarts of milk per day, or an equivalent in small beer or money; and frequently a quantity of potatoes during the winter half year. Next, for their lodgment: they are provided with an out-house connected with the farm-offices, which contains a few rough stools, benches, or chairs, sometimes a table, a pot for boiling water in, fuel, either of wood or coal, salt, light, and a few small articles, which usually belong to the ploughmen themselves, such as a small chest for holding meal, a wooden or tin bowl, and a horn spoon. The place is provided with beds, consisting of common frames, ticks stuffed with chaff, blankets, and coarse linen sheets. Sometimes the sleeping place is not in the bothy, but in a room adjoining the stable. The inmates cook their own victuals—in plainer terms, make their own porridge—make their own beds, and perform other offices for themselves. The bothy establishment is under no other jurisdiction than that organised by its own inhabitants, and that is as lax as may be. There is no privacy; and a virtuously disposed individual has no chance of escape from his comrades. A farmer, who has had the courage to expose the system in a well-written essay on the subject, declares that the corruption of manners is complete; for, says he, "should any of the inmates of the bothy be disposed to rational enjoyment, they are most probably exposed to the interruption of noisy ribaldry and unbecoming behaviour, which disturb all composure, or all commendable social intercourse. I have witnessed his evil on my own premises. I have had, of late years, several single men-servants from a district of country where there are few bothies. At first, they read in their spare hours; and some contributed towards procuring a newspaper and periodical work for themselves, besides having the use of mine. The interruptions of the old bothy inmates, however, soon altered their habits. They first gave over *paying* for a paper of their own, and latterly declined to read one, except on rare occasions, afforded to them *gratis*; and they gradually became very consistent bothy-men. They professed to regret this, but alleged they were obliged to yield to the circumstances under which they were placed. Indeed, I am persuaded the minority would find it impossible to alter the nature of bothy characteristics, or even to follow the superior bent of their own minds. One thoughtless or mischievous associate is much more likely to become a leader in a bothy than one of an opposite character. The present situation of unmarried farm-servants cannot, therefore, in the very nature of things, conduce to any other result than that which we have contemplated; and while they continue to be so situated, the same elements of corruption, produced by like exciting causes, will assuredly mingle their bitter fruits with the devoted community."

Speaking of the habits acquired under this vicious system, the same writer observes, that intemperance is not the least common. "They frequently either purchase whisky, and use it in their bothies on high occasions, or resort in a body to the public-house, where they seldom fail to indulge beyond their physical capabilities. These debauches, especially when committed in their own dwellings, are followed by language the very excess of ribaldry, and by conduct resembling that of a tribe of savages; and as these extraordinary revels last throughout the greater portion of the night, besides all other personal sacrifices and injuries, the want of proper rest incapacitates the misguided and infatuated victims for the work of the succeeding day. While they were inmates of the farm-house, they could not absent themselves without discovery, far less keep a bottle for the use of themselves and friends in the manner described. Now, they may do both. They can go wherever, or do whatever, they please, provided they are at their work in working hours, however indisposed or unprepared for its execution. The temptations and opportunities to indulge in intemperance have not *yet* made many servants *habitual* drunkards. They exceed only occasionally, when urged by the contaminating system of association. But at both terms of the year many of them give full license to their depraved appetites. A great proportion of them expend their hard-earned means, on these occasions, most profusely and recklessly. From the period of leaving their old service and entering on their new, being generally every half year, the average expenditure of each unmarried man-servant, on intoxicating liquors and other evil indulgences, cannot be less than ten or fifteen shillings. Some of them expend one or two pounds, thus wasting nearly the half of their wages. The poverty produced by these short-lived seasons of revelry, is the best safeguard against their repeating acts of the same description until the wages are again won, to be expended in a similar manner. This regular routine of inebriety seldom gets a check until the victims are overwhelmed by debt. The money that went into the pocket of 'mine host,' ought to have gone to pay the shoemaker and tailor. Indeed, so unguarded and indiscreet are bothy servants in general in their expenditure, that they have often to purchase their necessaries on credit. Few are able to pay in ready money, and their wages, even before they are earned, are consequently almost all uplifted, or pledged, for a portion of both necessaries and indulgences; and as they are continually changing their situations, some of them *omit* to give a

parting call to their creditors. This improvident and dishonest conduct destroys in them every honourable feeling, and forms a barrier to the cultivation of habits of economy in after life. * * * *

The reader can judge from these facts, why many rural female-servants have become so depraved in their habits, and inefficient in the discharge of their duties; and, moreover, how little they are qualified to be wives and mothers, and what kind of promise their offspring hold out for the future cultivators of the soil. The labourers are not the only sufferers from this depth of degeneracy into which they are plunged, and are plunging, it is to be feared, still deeper and deeper. Their masters' interests and comforts are materially involved. They are wanting in their duty to themselves, and they cannot be dutiful to others. Many of them, being totally regardless of the interests of their employers, become mere eye-servants; and all the strictness with which they are watched cannot ensure the efficient performance of their duty."

We must have done with this odious picture of rural depravity. Having brought the subject fairly under public attention, we leave it to the consideration of those who have it in their power to carry practical remedies into effect.

GLASS WAISTCOATS.

The very ingenious discovery of working glass into a substance resembling the richest silk, is now being brought into very general operation, and in various ways, such as gentlemen's waistcoats and stocks, ladies' dresses, and many other articles of decoration, in the most splendid patterns. It is superior even to silk in flexibility and softness, and the durability of it (a point, however, of no consideration with the *haut ton*, among whom at present it exclusively is), as a matter of course, vastly superior. In process of time, when the manufacture has arrived at a more perfect state, and all its little defects remedied, and its wastings discovered, it will in all probability come within the reach of most classes of society, but at present its cost is its only drawback. The magnificence of its appearance is quite remarkable, and when used in any considerable quantity, such as window-curtains, &c., it should be seen before a just appreciation of its richness and elegance can be entertained.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

CONDUCT BEFORE THE KING AND QUEEN.

In the first place, you must not cough. If you find a cough tickling in your throat, you must arrest it from making any sound; if you find yourself choking with the forbearance, you must choke—but not cough. In the second place, you must not sneeze. If you have a vehement cold, you must take no notice of it: if your nose-membranes feel a great irritation, you must hold your breath; if a sneeze still insists upon making its way, you must oppose it, by keeping your teeth grinding together; if the violence of the repulse breaks some blood-vessel, you must break the blood-vessel—but not sneeze. In the third place, you must not, upon any account, stir either hand or foot. If by chance a black pin runs into your head, you must not take it out. If the pain is very great, you must be sure to bear it without-wincing; if it brings the tears into your eyes, you must not wipe them off; if they give you a tingling by running down your cheeks, you must look as if nothing was the matter. If the blood should gush from your head, by means of the black pin, you must let it gush; if you are uneasy to think of making such a blurred appearance, you must be uneasy, but you must say nothing about it. If, however, the agony is very great, you may privately bite the inside of your cheek, or of your lips, for a little relief; taking care, meanwhile, to do it so cautiously as to make no apparent dent outwardly. And, with that precaution, if you even gnaw a piece out, it will not be minded, only be sure either to swallow it, or commit it to a corner of the inside of your mouth till they are gone—for you must not spit. I have many other directions, but no more paper; I will endeavour, however, to have them ready for you in time. Perhaps, meanwhile, you would be glad to know if I have myself had opportunity to put in practice these receipts?—*Madame D'Arblay's Diary.*

QUACKERY.

Quackery, like sin, is very ancient. It flourished in ancient Rome as well as in modern Europe. Nor does it depend for its prosperity on the ignorance of the uneducated classes. "The desire of wealth and health," says Pitt, "seems to put all understandings on a level: the avaricious are duped by every bubble—the lame and unhealthy by every quack." The faith of that singular compound of folly and knavery, the world, is kept up by peers, judges, and bishops, by clowns, operatives, and old women, who furnish certificates to the value of nostrums, and testify in favour of imposture, delusion, and villany. Every material substance and medicament, from the inert herb and common weed to simple water, having no properties beyond mere matter, have been at one period or another boasted up to the vain and empty nothingness of a great name, as the best remedy in the world for the inward bruises of all mankind. Indeed, each has possessed in turn the same reputation, and produced the same imputed benefits as a panacea for the cure of every disease under the sun; and their imaginary virtues have been witnessed and attested by persons from the throne to the garret. In this country the sale of quack medicines has kept pace with the "march of intellect." Forty years ago they yielded an annual revenue to the state of about L.14,000. In 1841 the amount realised was L.50,000. For the last half century, English governments have looked upon this vile revenue as more valuable, in their judgment, than the health of the people, the prosperity of the regular profession, and the improvement of physic. "They manage these things better in France." There the compositions of all nostrums are divulged, compulsorily, to the Academy of Medicine; after which a license is given for the sale of them, if they are not injurious to the public health. The sale of hurtful nostrums is prohibited by penalties. As to other nostrums, the quack may sell, the dupe may buy—the government only interfering with "the liberty of the subject" (whether that subject be quack or dupe) for the protection of life.—*Abridged from a Paper by Dr Fosbroke of Chester.*

LINES ON REVISITING THE COUNTRY.

[BY BRYANT, AN AMERICAN POET.]

I STAND upon my native hills again,
Broad, round, and green, that in the southern sky,
With garniture of waving grass and grain,
Orchards and beechen forests, basking lie;
While deep the sunless glens are scooped between,
Where brawl o'er shallow beds the streams unseen.

A lisping voice and glancing eyes are near,
And ever-restless steps of one, who now
Gathers the blossoms of her fourth bright year;
There plays a gladness o'er her fair young brow,
As breaks the varied scene upon her sight,
Upheaved, and spread in verdure and in light.

For I have taught her, with delighted eye,
To gaze upon the mountains—to behold,
With deep affection, the pure, ample sky,
And clouds along the blue abysses roll'd—
To love the song of waters, and to hear
The melody of winds with charmed ear.

Here I have 'scaped the city's stifling heat,
Its horrid sounds, and its polluted air;
And—where the season's milder fervours beat,
And gales, that sweep the forest borders, bear
The song of bird and sound of running stream—
Have come awhile to wander and to dream.

Ay, flame thy fiercest, sun; thou canst not wake,
In this pure air, the plague that walks unseen;
The maize leaf and the maple bough but take
From thy fierce heats a deeper, glossier green;
The mountain wind, that faints not in thy ray,
Sweeps the blue steams of pestilence away.

The mountain wind—most spiritual thing of all
The wide earth knows—when, in the sultry time,
He stoops him from his vast cerulean hall,
He seems the breath of a celestial clime—
As if from Heaven's wide open gates did flow
Health and refreshment on the world below.

—*Selections from American Poets.*

TEMPERANCE IN IRELAND.

ON this subject it affords us much pleasure to give the following letter (extracted from a newspaper) by Miss Edgeworth, dated "Edgeworthstown, Feb. 28, 1842," to R. Allen, Esq., Secretary of the Irish Temperance Union, Dublin:—

"Sir,—Your letter needs no apology. I thank you for having thought it worth while to apply to me, and for desiring to have my opinion on the Temperance Association, along with those of the most benevolent and enlightened friends of humanity.

I am happy to be able—by all the experience we have had in this neighbourhood, and by all that I have heard of evidence from different parts of the country—to confirm the accounts you have from all parts of Britain, and especially from Mr Clarkson—'the venerable Clarkson,' as you justly call him. I should content myself with saying—as once a gentleman did after hearing a speech of Burke's—'I say ditto to Mr Burke,'—I say ditto to Mr Clarkson—but that I think it may be useful to this good cause, that all should give specific individual evidence of what they know of their own knowledge of the operation of this temperance pledge.

In our village of Edgeworthstown, the whisky-selling has diminished, since the pledge has been taken, within the last two years, so as to leave public houses empty, and to oblige the landlord to lower house-rent considerably. This we know to our pecuniary loss—I need not add, to our moral satisfaction.

The appearance of the people—their quiet demeanour at markets and fairs—has wonderfully improved in general; and to the knowledge of this family, many notorious drinkers, and some, as it was thought, confirmed drunkards, have been completely reformed by taking the pledge.

They have become able and willing to work, and to take care of their farms and business—are decently clothed, and healthy and happy—and now make their wives and children happy, instead, as before the reformation, miserable and broken-hearted. I have heard some of the strong expressions of delight of several of the wives of the reformed drunkards. One wife said to me, 'Ma'am, I'm the happiest woman now that can be; sure, *he* says he is wakened from a dream, and now *he* goes about his business so well; and, ma'am, he can eat more, and he can bear the noise of the children, which he never could formerly.'

I have heard of many instances where the health has been improved, even where the 'total abstinence' began late in life, and after habits of daily intemperance.

I have not *known* of any in which the health has suffered. Very few instances of breaking the pledge have as yet come to our knowledge in this neighbourhood, but some have occurred. The culprits have been completely shunned and disgraced, so that they are awful warnings to others.

So long as public opinion is upheld in this manner, and so continues to act, we may hope that this great power—this inestimable moral blessing to Ireland, in particular, will continue; and most earnestly I hope and pray that it may.

Beyond all calculations—beyond all the predictions of experience, and all the examples *from the past*, and all analogy, this wonderful crusade against the bad habits of nations—the bad habits and sensual tastes of individuals—has succeeded and lasted for above two years.

It is amazing, and proves the power of moral and religious influence and motive, beyond any other example on record in history.

I consider Father Mathew as the greatest benefactor to his country—the most true friend to Irishmen and to Ireland.—I am, sir, with the most earnest wish for the continued success of your great cause, yours truly,

MARIA EDGEWORTH."

FRENCH IDEAS OF ENGLISH SPORT.

After horses, greyhounds, foxes, pigeons, and bull-dogs, we at length come to boxers—the last class of sport, which holds brutes in greater esteem than men; for do not fancy that this classification is the effect of chance, and of a sense of shame or disgust. Not so; the English do nothing without an intention; they never blush at what they do, and are enraptured with delight at the hideous sight of two desperate boxers. Thus the last rank allotted in the hierarchy of sport to those ignoble fights, proves only, that if they tremble when their horse has caught a cold, they have somewhat less feeling when they behold a man's ribs knocked in. In those combats every thing is opprobrious and repulsive—ay, every thing, from the teethless mouth and the brutal looks of those degraded beings, to the preparations and precautions destined to prolong the combat. Each second brings his champion a pail of water, a large horse sponge, and a bottle of brandy or wine. The heroes are stripped to the waist, and, at first, totter, as much from fear as from drunkenness; but the murmurs of the spectators soon warn them that they have not come to witness mere childish play. Vanity then prevails over fear, and the combat becomes serious. At every tooth that drops, at every rib that breaks, at every eye that falls out, there are voices that shout "Bravo!" and hands that applaud. The struggle has already lasted an hour; the boxers are exhausted; they can scarcely stand; their faces are bruised, and covered with blood; their bodies present but a huge sore. But they have not yet rested and assailed one another above fifty times, and a proper combat must be renewed at least sixty or seventy. Their seconds apply the sponge to the flowing blood, wash their eyes, noses, and ears, pour wine or brandy down their throats; and the blows resound again, until one of them, panting, exhausted, almost dead, falls down to get up no more. And yet the crowd is often dissatisfied; often does it cry that there has been treachery or cowardice—instead of one corpse it would have two. This is the ugly side of sport in England, for it is not the populace only that encourage these loathsome spectacles; the most elegant men blush not to witness them, and to speculate upon the fists of a boxer with the same coolness as they speculate upon a horse's legs. In this department of sport we shall never be on a level with the English, and we can but congratulate ourselves upon it. —*La Presse.*

EDITORIAL NOTE.

THE Editors of CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL again beg to intimate that they do not wish any contributions, and that they will not be responsible for the safe-keeping or the return of papers pressed upon them notwithstanding these repeated announcements. They also would respectfully submit, that it is too much to expect them to attend to or answer all the letters sent to them. The greater proportion of these communications are inquiries on subjects which the writers themselves, by a small share of industry, could easily settle to their own satisfaction. At all events, the Editors have such onerous duties to perform to the public, in the conducting of the present and the other works on which they are engaged, that to attend to the many inquiries put to them is entirely out of the question. Some may be inclined to think this uncourteous; a knowledge of the facts would show that such was not the case. Many of these correspondents seem not to have the slightest notion that they are giving trouble, or that they have not established a claim to be answered to the full extent of their demands. Were the Editors to publish some of their letters, they would form an amusing farrago of conceit, spite, and folly. The class of persons whom a statesman described as bothering him with advices to tax pianos and umbrellas, are a type of these letter-writers. One sends a long, ill-spelled communication respecting the millenium, which, he says, from a peculiar combination of certain letters of the alphabet and certain figures, is proved will take place in the present year—he is anxious to know if his calculations are correct. A second has discovered the perpetual motion, "and could make watches go by the same power that governs the motions of the planets"—the Editors are to be rewarded with half the profits if they will be at the expense of taking out a patent for the discovery. A third is a person residing in England, who thinks he is somehow related to a family of distinction and wealth in the north—he requests to be furnished with a private history of the said family for two centuries back; —expenses of search will be cheerfully paid. A fourth is most anxious to discover the origin of his name, and will go the length of half a guinea to be satisfied on the subject. Not a few ask a candid opinion on the merits of parcels of poetry (!) which they enclose for perusal. But, as above mentioned, the greater proportion ask answers to questions of the most trifling nature. At least six persons have asked why the pages of the "Information for the People" are not numbered, any one of whom might have seen that the pages *are* numbered—the only peculiarity being that the figures are placed at the bottom instead of the top of the page. Perhaps a dozen persons have asked to be furnished with the address of Dr Turnbull in London, although it is expressly mentioned in the article referring to that gentleman that he lives in Russel Square; and surely it could not be *very* difficult for an inquirer to find out all the rest himself; some people, however, never seem to be able to do any thing for themselves—they always require somebody to lead them or push them on. Once for all, the Editors do *not* know any thing more of Dr Turnbull's address than that it is—Russel Square, London. London is a large city in England, and may be reached by stage-coaches, railways, or steam-boats. On arrival, a good plan would be to hire a street *cab* (contraction of cabriolet), and tell the cabman to drive to Dr Turnbull's, Russel Square; and leave him to find out the house, which there is little fear of his doing. It is hoped this will be considered sufficiently explicit.

The Editors, in conclusion, have a more pleasing duty to perform in thanking many kind friends for their obliging hints, observations, and corrections of errors, which they indulgently and properly ascribe to inadvertency. In all cases in which the errors are not imaginary but real, care is taken to correct them in subsequent impressions.

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SHORT NOTES ON MATRIMONY.

MATRIMONY has never been treated formally in the Journal, but several matters connected with it have received some attention. In an early number, in a paper entitled "Fathers have Flinty Hearts," we endeavoured to combat the idea that parents are in general animated by views opposed to the happiness of their children with regard to marriage.* Afterwards, under the title of "Attachments,"† it was our aim to show that that fixing of the affections upon one object, which the young generally consider as an act, like certain advertisements, "not to be repeated," is in reality only the employment of a *power* of affection, which, on some subsequent occasion, and under certain favouring circumstances, may be shifted to a second object, which it will regard with as strong a feeling of preference as it ever manifested for the first. We afterwards said what we could to discountenance the dangerous practice of making engagements when there is any thing but the most immediate prospect of their being fulfilled by marriage—a practice which leads to a vast amount of misery otherwise avoidable, and which every one possessing the slightest influence over young persons, ought by all means to discourage.‡ The different but even more alarming class of dangers attending marriage between parties nearly related in blood, was the subject of another paper.§ More recently, we took into consideration the common notion as to the dependence of women upon marriage, and endeavoured to show that their respectability and happiness might be advanced by their appearing and really considering themselves as comparatively independent of matrimony; for which reason we counselled parents to train up their female children to look upon a husband as a thing which it was only well to have, if a good one should readily occur, but which it were better otherwise to want, or for which, at least, no sacrifice should be made, seeing that it is quite possible to lead both an useful and a happy life unmarried.‖ We would now advert to a few other points connected with this subject—a delicate one, we confess, seeing that every error involved in it has been committed by the wisest and most estimable of our friends, but which we shall nevertheless venture on, with some hope of passing over it successfully, being, on this as on all other occasions, sincerely anxious to treat general questions with as little offence to the feelings of individuals as possible.

It is but to reiterate the most commonplace observation, that unequal matches of all kinds are unfavourable to happiness. A match may be unequal in age, in the personal appearance and manners of the parties, in their original grade, and many other respects. In every respect inequality is mischievous, and generally as much so for the party who seems to have the advantage, as for the other. When, for instance, a female of thirty-five marries a man of twenty, the likelihood of unhappiness ten or twelve years afterwards, is even greater for herself than for her husband. The laws of nature have in this case been signally violated, and nothing but evil can follow. The ages of married pairs should be adjusted according to a sliding scale, in something like the following manner:—When the woman is under twenty-five, the man should not be less than five years older; when she is between twenty-five and thirty-three, he ought to be eight years older; when she is between thirty-three and forty, he should be fully fifteen years her senior; and so on. It may be observed that departures from such a rule are not certain in all cases to be attended with unhappiness; but assuredly, in as far as it is departed from, there is the less *likelihood* of happiness. So, also, when an individual of a humble grade is adopted by marriage into a comparatively refined circle, there is, upon the whole, most risk of suffering to the inferior person. It is not good for either, but certainly worst for the party who makes the greatest change, and whose position is consequently the falsest. In such a case, one may really be said to gain a loss. Unsuitable matches are awkward and troublesome to more than the parties themselves. It is common for persons who have made such alliances to say that they had a title to please themselves; but this is a maxim to be taken with some exception. A married pair are not quite isolated in society. They are on the contrary associated and connected with many persons who owe to them, and to whom they owe, duty. It is felt by these persons that the unsuitableness of the match is productive of much inconvenience to them, and must needs be so, while such a thing as society exists. It is therefore in some measure necessary, in marriage, to please friends, as well as one's self, if we would discharge all the obligations under which we lie as social beings. When a man or woman of some rank marries a person of greatly inferior condition, a great and real offence is unquestionably committed, and the consequent alienation of friends, though to be deplored, is only what is to be expected.

Harmony of character is as needful as equality of condition. When fortune joins the gentle to the rude, she certainly commits one of the most wanton of all her pranks. There is a theory which probably has taken its rise in a wish to find a final cause for the many inharmonious unions which are formed—that nature delights in uniting opposites. The only countenance which the doctrine has is in the noted caprice which makes tall men select short women, and short men tall women, dark men fair women, and so forth. There is perhaps some principle of taste which produces these odd associations, but it is greatly to be doubted if opposite dispositions ever lead to a feeling of preference. All that we know of mind teaches us, on the contrary, that souls sympathise only under the influence of a community of sentiment. When a gentle nature is drawn into connexion with an ungentle one, it is probably either through the efficacy of some external circumstances, or by the working of that venerative principle which, in all love affairs, produces a blindness to the real qualities of the object. The refined come into conjunction with the coarse, the enlightened with the ignorant, the benevolent with the severe, through similar causes; and from all such alliances only misery can come. The wreck of peace produced by an inharmonious marriage, and the almost hopelessness of redress, present one of the most distressing views of human affairs which we ever meet with. And it is difficult to reconcile with justice our condemning to perpetual misery a person who has only been unfortunate in the choice of a mate. Such pairs are forced, or all but forced, by society to remain together, not exactly because their separating would be an evil in itself, but because it is feared that the least facilitation to divorce would produce a general disposition to dissolve the marriage tie. It has always seemed to us highly questionable if the relaxation of the laws on this subject would be attended with any such effect, for, first, the natural disposition is, not to separate, but to remain together, as is shown by the pertinacity with which even unhallowed unions are maintained; and, second, there is greater laxity in some countries than in others, without having the slightest observable effect in inviting to separation. But this is a critical subject, and not strictly under our view at present; so we shall leave it with the remark that, in the present arrangements, there is certainly a powerful call for the exercise of caution with regard to the dispositions of the party with whom an alliance is to be formed.

Matrimony presents occasion for the exercise of conscientiousness towards somewhat extraordinary objects. Where any one, by marrying, has a great chance of injuring the happiness of the other party, it certainly ought to be a point of conscience to avoid taking the step. The circumstances of some men—with regard, for instance, to the nature of their profession [this is particularly the case in the army], or with regard to their income [this is a more general case]—are such, that there is no reasonable prospect of happiness for their partner. They are therefore bound to postpone coming under this obligation until they shall be in more favourable circumstances. There is a large class of both men and women who are disqualified for matrimony by their condition as to health. Where there is some simple disease, about which no concealment is affected, or where there is the obvious feebleness of old age, the association will be fair enough, if both parties are willing. But where there is a deep-seated and fatal disease, which does not make an appearance, and where the party so affected marries, or even commences or encourages addresses, without a full disclosure of the nature of the case, the act is a fraud, and one of a gross and dangerous character. It may be that the erring party is young, and ignorant of the full extent of the evil done; but in this case the guilt is only transferred to parents or other guardians. Where there is a liability to hereditary disease, it becomes a duty both to others and one's self to abstain from the marriage tie. It may be very true that such is only an inherited misfortune, and that it is a hardship for such a person to be debarred from an association which others enter into for the promotion of their happiness; but these are only smaller evils which it is proper to submit to in order to avoid greater. By forbearing from matrimony, the evil is kept at its original amount; by marrying, the risk is incurred of widely enlarging it. A person who takes a hereditary disease into the marriage connexion, may be said to be laying the foundation of a life of trial and misery. Like all other selfish wrong acts, it is severely punished. An offspring probably arises, only to be sources of anxiety and affliction to their parents, or to wring their hearts by what reason may afterwards acknowledge as a comparative mercy—premature death. It often happens that such a family observes a regular time in succession for beginning to pine, reaching a crisis, and then dropping into the grave. Imagine the feelings of a parent who sees these nevertheless endeared objects going on to their almost certain doom, conscious that earthly aid is all in vain to counteract the decrees of nature. Or suppose the more agonising feelings with which the first symptoms of a hereditary mental taint are observed arising. The heart of the unconcerned melts with compassion at the mention of such distresses; yet there cannot be a doubt that the parties are only reaping the harvest of the herb of bitterness which they have sowed. Nature tells that certain malignant ailments go from parents to children. Reason therefore infers that persons so affected ought not to marry. This is a counsel which they are bound to obey. Do they disregard the injunction, they have only themselves to blame for the consequences. The most sympathising bystander must see and acknowledge this truth. It is unfortunate that many have but obscure notions of

* See Journal, No. 3. † No. 40. ‡ No. 243.
§ "A Chapter for the Unmarried," No. 399.
‖ "Ideas respecting the Fair Sex," No. 494.

the government of these matters by invariable natural laws. In perfect ignorance, or in some vague hope of escape, they rush into circumstances which may be said to secure their ruin. Were they fully aware of the truth, they would avoid such circumstances sedulously. Conscientiousness to the other party in the matrimonial contract, demands their doing so. Nay, it is demanded by more than this—conscientiousness towards the possible offspring of the alliance. To usher into existence beings who are only to be a burden to themselves, and condemned from the first to early death, is an act as evil in its consequences as to inflict deadly injury upon a healthy person; and, where this is known, the act is not less strongly forbidden by a right morality. The views of society upon these points are as yet very imperfect; but we do not despair that the time will arrive, when either to marry with disease, or to marry a diseased person, will be shrunk from as one of the most flagitious of acts, and visited, where it occurs, with the same reprobation which is now bestowed on fraudulency and gross outrages of all kinds.

It seems at first sight to admit of some question how far it is right to recommend a selection of the best women and men for husbands and wives, as that would imply that a number are to be left over on account of what are perhaps only natural misfortunes. But, on a more careful consideration, such selection appears quite legitimate. It is better that the weakly and the foolish be left over, than that the sound and rational should be so, because the former are the least likely to enjoy happiness in the married state. Still more clearly is this the case, considering that it is better that the race should be continued from good than from inferior stock. It is therefore only right for both men and women to endeavour to obtain as good specimens of the opposite sex for their partners as possible. A good general figure is a point worth looking to in all cases; but young ladies especially are apt to make it rather too important a one. What would they think of an advice to look for a well-developed head, as a not less important point? The large heads tend to the upper strata of society, the small heads the contrary way. To be married to a youth of perhaps inferior present rank, but who from this cause is rising in life, is apt to turn out much preferable in the long run to marrying a perfect equal, whose development of brain indicates the probability of a declining course. Let no man, on the other hand, who wishes that his children should possess competent ability, ally himself to a small-headed woman. The volume of brain is hereditary, as well as tallness and a fair skin. Indeed, this is the case with all natural characteristics; and it may be laid down as a general rule, that such qualities as we should like in children, such qualities should we look for in the associate of the conjugal yoke.

THE LIFE AND POETRY OF HORACE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

AFTER the Odes of Horace, his *Satires* fall under review. Of these he has left eighteen, which are distributed into two books. Luxury, avarice, and affectation, the prevalent vices of the time, he assails with much sound sense and easy raillery. Employing on purpose, in this class of compositions, a homely, conversational style, whence his allusion to his "pedestrian muse," he not only directs his powerful ridicule against the local and ephemeral modes of vice and vanity, but probes, with a steady and scientific hand, those permanent principles in human nature, which are ever ready to throw off a fresh race of follies as soon as their predecessors have vanished. Take the following verses, which form the introductory section of the First Satire, as a specimen. The poet illustrates the discontent produced by covetousness. He addresses Mæcenas:—

How happens it, my friend, that none 's content,
Nor likes the lot or choice or chance hath lent;
Turns from his own employ with perverse will,
And after that of others hankers still?
"Oh, happy merchants!" thus the veteran sighs,
As o'er his war-worn frame he casts his eyes;
While thus the merchant, tossing on the brine—
"A soldier's life is better far than mine:
For why, I'm ever on the rack; but he—
An hour will bring him death or victory!"
The man of law, to whom at cock-crow swarm
A pack of clients, lauds the quiet farm:
The simple farmer to the city come,
Vows none are bless'd but those that live at Rome.
There's many a case would suit my aim as well,
'Twould tire the babbler Fabius' self to tell:
So here's my point. Suppose some god should say,
Good-naturedly, "Well, each may have his way:
You, soldier, be a trader; lawyer, you
Shall, since you wish it, be a farmer too.
So off! Why linger ye?" Why, each is fain
To lose the boon, and be himself again.
And yet they *might* be bless'd! Why, where's the wonder
If he, the wrathful sovereign of the thunder,
Should puff his cheeks, and, for the future, swear
He'll not so readily fulfil their prayer?

—*Satires*, I. 1.

In the satire of which we next translate a portion, Horace describes, with exquisite humour, the molestation he had suffered from the pertinacity of a *bore*. After various ineffectual attempts to shake off this "weaver of long tales," he hopes at last to carry his point by the connivance of a friend, in a little stratagem which his seasonable appearance has suggested. He is, as the event proves, too sanguine. The waggish acquaintance enjoys the poet's vexation too keenly to come to the rescue; affects respect for the day, which happened to be one of those held sacred by the Jews; and so sheers off, leaving Horace in the hands of his tormentor. At this juncture, the plaintiff in a suit, in which the babbler was defendant, luckily appears, and effects the desired riddance. An allusion here requires a little explanation. When a prosecutor wished to compel the attendance of his adversary before the prætor, the adversary being unwilling to go, he was at liberty to drag him thither by force, provided he first touched the ear of any person present, and secured his attestation to the refusal. If this ceremony were omitted, the arrest was deemed illegal. "The ancients believed that the seat of the memory was in the tip of the ear; and hence their custom of touching it, in order to remind another of a thing, or for the purpose of calling him to witness any circumstance or occurrence."*

Thus chatter'd he: when Fuscus comes in view,
A friend of mine that well my pesterer knew.
Our greetings over, straightway I begin
To twitch, significant, his callous skin,
Provokingly pinch-proof; I nod full sly;
A thousand gestures show my agony:
I summon worlds of meaning into a squint;
In vain: the rogue plays shy to every hint.
"You had some matter to disclose, I thought—
Something or other, though I know not what:
A secret 'twas; I long to hear't, I vow."
"True, I remember; but won't tell you now.
Another time, for all I've got to say,
Will serve—I see you are engaged to-day:
Besides, 'tis thirtieth Sabbath; surely you
On no account would thus affront the Jew?"
"I've no such scruples, I assure you." "Oh,
But all the world are not enlighten'd so;
I have my weak side, I must own with pain—
My friend, excuse me, we shall meet again."
Black day! he leaves me: when, by happy chance,
Who but the foresaid plaintiff should advance!
"Where now, you scoundrel?" (he accosts my friend):
"Sir, you'll be evidence?" (to me): I lend
My ear with right good-will: away they go,
A mob their convoy: Phœbus saved me so.

—*Satires*, I. 9.

At Rome, in the time of Horace, fortune-hunting had become a profession. In an imaginary dialogue between Ulysses and Tiresias, the blind prophet of Thebes, introduced in the Odyssey, the poet covertly satirises the mean practices of his countrymen. From this performance we extract the following passages. The version is by Dr Dunkin, the coadjutor of Francis.

ULYSSES.

How poor and naked I return, behold,
Unerring prophet, as you first foretold.
The wooing tribe,† in revellings employ'd,
My stores have lavish'd, and my herds destroy'd;
But high descent and meritorious deeds,
Unblest with wealth, are viler than sea-weeds.

TIRESIAS.

Since, to be brief, you shudder at the thought
Of want, attend how riches may be caught.
Suppose a thrush, or any dainty thing,
Be sent to you, dispatch it on the wing
To some rich dotard. What your garden yields,
The choicest honours of your cultured fields,
To him be sacrificed, and let him taste,
Before your gods, the vegetable feast.
Though he be perjured, though a low-born knave,
Stain'd with fraternal blood, a fugitive slave,
Yet wait upon him at his least command,
And always bid him take the upper hand.
* * * * *
If any one desires you to peruse
His will, be sure you modestly refuse,
And push it from you; but obliquely read
The second clause, and quick run o'er the deed,
Observing whether, to reward your toil,
You claim the whole, or must divide the spoil.

—*Satires*, II. 5.

In Roman wills, which were generally written on tablets overspread with wax, the first line or clause was occupied by the name of the testator; the second, as is above intimated, would contain that of the legatee. A man was at liberty to pass by his nearest relatives, and constitute whom he pleased his heirs, provided the persons nominated were Roman citizens.

The lively sarcastic vein which pervades and is proper to the satires of Horace, is likewise so characteristic of his *Epistles*, that many eminent critics have viewed the latter as simply a continuation of the former. The distinction between the two classes of compositions is, however, sufficiently marked by a variety of circumstances. The individuality of address, the range of topics, and the constant exclusion of dialogue, clearly establish the propriety of the title under which the epistles have come down to us.

The letters of the first book, of which there are twenty, are mostly familiar or moral. The poet skips with great alacrity from gay to grave. At one time he is eulogising Homer; at another, excusing himself for having ill-pared nails or a threadbare shirt; now he is discoursing on the excellence of virtue, anon he is inviting a friend to supper. These productions are supposed to have been written when their author was verging on fifty. We translate entire, as a favourable specimen of the lighter sort, the epistle to a celebrated contemporary poet:—

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

My friendly critic, think you I can guess
How you employ your rural loneliness?
Art writing verses which shall more than vie
With even Parman Cassius' elegy?
Or art thou sauntering through the healthful wood,
Revolving themes beseem the wise and good?

I know thou art: that form of thine, so fair,
Is genius' home, nor soul is wanting there.
Heaven gave thee wealth, nor did kind Heaven refuse
A better boon—the wit that wealth to use:
What could her suckling nurse's wish assign,
Save person, genius, fortune, fame like thine?
Yet take advice: howe'er your life be pass'd,
Act as you thought each day that dawns your last;
For so, should many chance to be in store,
You'll relish each new-comer all the more,
And live, with keener zest, the unexpected hour.
In fine, my friend, if ever dull you be,
Then come my way, and have a laugh at me:
In good condition, fat and sleek, am I—
A well-fed pig of Epicurus' sty.

—*Epistles*, I. 4.

The epistle to Bullatius, of which we extract only the concluding section, may be read as a commentary on Milton's emphatic axiom—"The mind is its own place." From an obscure intimation in one of his odes, it would seem that Horace had once been in danger of shipwreck. The remembrance of his former jeopardy might whet the zeal with which he reprobates the rage for travel. We here use the version of Francis:

Believe me, at delicious Rhodes to live,
To a sound mind no greater bliss can give
Than a thick coat in summer's burning ray,
Or a light mantle on a snowy day,
Or to a swimmer Tiber's freezing stream,
Or sunny rooms in August's mid-day flame.
While yet 'tis in your power, while fortune smiles,
At Rome with rapture vaunt those happy isles;
Then with a grateful hand the bliss receive,
If Heaven an hour more fortunate shall give.
Seize on the present joy, and thus possess,
Where'er you live, an inward happiness.
If reason only can our cares allay,
Not the bold site that wide commands the sea;
If they who through the venturous ocean range,
Not their own passions, but the climate change;
Anxious through seas and land to search for rest
Is but laborious idleness at best:
In desert Ulubræ the bliss you'll find,
If you preserve a firm and equal mind.

—*Epistles*, I. 11.

The second book contains only three epistles. In the opinion of Hurd, these are "the best and most exquisite" of the works of Horace. The first and third are throughout critical; an epithet scarcely applicable to the light gossip of the second. The former compositions bear a relation to his other epistolary and satirical writings, very similar to that subsisting between Pope's "Epistles" and his "Essay on Criticism." We must reserve our attention for the third, which is better known under the appellation of the *Art of Poetry*. In this composition he sets out somewhat abruptly, with a very forcible illustration of the grotesque effect produced by patches of false ornament in composition; guards against abuse of the poetic license; enforces the necessity of a just estimate of one's own powers; adverts to the beauty of an unaffected diction, admitting at the same time that words have their generation as well as men, and observes that custom is the supreme arbiter of language; and then specifies the different measures appropriate to the various orders of poetry. Here he launches into a disquisition on the drama, both as written and acted, enjoining a strict attention to the proprieties of situation and character, and counselling the removal of murders and the like revolting spectacles from the stage. He exhorts aspirants to dramatic fame to the daily and nightly study of the Grecian models; ridicules, in his keenest style, the folly and presumption of those who declined to "use the pruning-knife," pleading genius as an apology for the neglect of revision; and yet rebukes the captious criticism, which, passing by without eulogy the conspicuous beauties of a composition, only fastens, like the flesh-fly, on the tainted part. He then, addressing himself especially to the elder of the young Pisos, enlarges on the necessity of distinguished excellence in order to the establishment of such a reputation as he seems to have set his heart on; observing that, though moderate talents might command success in other lines of useful exertion, poetical mediocrity was alike intolerable "to gods, to men, and to booksellers." After delivering the celebrated advice, to suppress a piece till the ninth year after its production, and pronouncing a warm panegyric on the masters of ancient song, he glances at the oft-mooted question, whether art or genius enters the more largely into the composition of good poetry. He declares both indispensable; and holds up, in conclusion, by way of bugbear to all unlicensed trespassers on Parnassus, a highly graphic picture of a bard run mad.

In the passage which we select as a specimen, there occurs a much-quoted line, which runs literally thus: "He bears off every point who has blended the useful with the sweet." The allusion is to the manner of recording votes at the elective assemblies of the Romans. Each of these was indicated by a *dot* on a tablet; consequently, he who *bore off all the dots* was the successful candidate. Hence is derived the English phrase, to *carry one's point*.

Poets design to profit, or delight,
Or useful things in pleasing verse convey.
When morals you instil, be brief; and then
Your precepts will be readily retained.
* * *
The aged will explode an idle tale,
And stories too severe disgust the young;
But he who joins instruction with delight,
Profit with pleasure, gains the praise of all;
For such a work shall live, pass o'er the seas,
And bear to future times the author's fame.
Yet there are faults which pardon may deserve:
Not every string obeys the master's hand,

* Anthon. † Penelope's suitors.

Nor always can the archer hit the mark.
So, in a work where many beauties shine,
I will not cavil at a few mistakes,
Which inadvertence sometimes may commit,
Or human nature could not wholly shun.
What then? Suppose a copyer should transcribe
The same words wrong, though often told his fault;
Or a musician the same jarring strings
Repeat—who could abstain from ridicule?
So he who trips at every other line,
May justly be compared to Choerilus;*
For, when he stumbles on a shining verse,
I smile to see it in such company,
And wonder by what magic it came there;
But fret whenever honest Homer nods.
—*Duncombe's Version.*

In that class of his writings which has come under review in the present article, Horace appears as the possessor of qualities which rarely enter into the mental conformations of those whom he has himself so felicitously dubbed, the *genus irritabile vatum*.† That accurate self-knowledge, that exact measurement of his own intellectual proportions, that fine instinct which taught him the limits of his own strength, and prevented him from overstraining it, to which these, and indeed all his works, are the infallible indices, are endowments but seldom seen allied to that ardent, generous, imaginative temperament, which is the very source and soul of poetry. And yet these apparently antagonist attributes weld together in, and impart its distinctive idiosyncracy to the genius of Horace. His satires and epistles show the man of the world—the keen Crabbe-like observer of every-day life and manners—the shrewd yet good-natured unmasker of the faults and the follies of his fellows. He peers into the most secret nooks of the human heart, and lays his finger on the very foibles that seemed best screened from detection. In these admirable performances, there is no straining and no affectation; he does not sink into vulgarity, nor does he strut in heroics. There is no writer with whom one feels so soon on the easy footing of a companion.

"Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense;
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way."

It is in the Odes, however, that Horace towers into the poet, and puts on the grandeur of the "diviner mind." These, in his own judgment, formed the monument on which his name was to stand inscribed for the homage of posterity. For music of cadence, for purity of diction, and for beauty of sentiment and imagery, each of the odes will ever be esteemed a model and a study; and in his hands the Latin tongue becomes an instrument more delicate and flexible than it ever approves itself in those of any other writer.

PREDISPOSITION TO BLEEDINGS.

It is now pretty clearly understood that almost every individual human being has something peculiar in his physical organisation—some characteristic which renders him liable to special impressions from certain classes of circumstances and casualties. By this it is not meant that every single person differs in constitution from every other person. Scientific observers have seen grounds for arranging mankind into classes, according to their peculiarities of constitution; and it it is found that, as our temperament may chance to be nervous, or sanguine, or bilious, we will be exposed to particular impressions, in each case, from particular circumstances. There is a species of idiosyncrasy, however, which has not attracted so much attention as other constitutional peculiarities, being, indeed, of comparatively rare occurrence. At the same time, it is a physical singularity of the most remarkable kind, mysterious in its nature and striking in its effects. When it comes before medical men in the case of any patient, they term it the *Hemorrhagic Diathesis;* that is, a tendency to bleedings or fluxes of blood, from any hurt or lesion of the skin, to an extent far greater than is common with persons ordinarily constituted. So strong is this liability in some instances, that a leech-bite has caused death, the flow of blood having proved irrepressible by all the usual means. Another feature, distinguishing this idiosyncrasy, is its hereditary character. It has been observed to pass from generation to generation, and to pervade whole families. From attending to the cases of this kind on record, both instruction and warning, interesting to many, may perhaps be derived.

The extraction of teeth has frequently called into perilous and fatal action the hemorrhagic diathesis; and surgeons seem to have had their attention first directed to the subject by accidents resulting from that operation. In a work published at Paris in 1778, by M. Jourdain, a dentist, we find various early cases alluded to. Haller mentions a case of mortal hemorrhagy, caused by the extraction of a tooth. Plater gives an example of a locksmith, who had a tooth extracted, and was seized in consequence with a flux of blood, which resisted all remedies, whether in the form of compression, touching with caustic, or cauterisation with red-hot iron, and terminated fatally. In these and other early cases, the surgeons conceived that a small *artery*, or vessel carrying blood directly from the heart, had been wounded, thus producing the fatal issue. No artery, at least of such a bulk as to cause any danger, lies at the roots of the teeth in ordinary circumstances; but it is indubitable, that irregularities in the distribution of the blood-vessels do sometimes take place, causing operations otherwise safe to become seriously dangerous. Such irregularities are very rare, however, and the old surgeons only resorted to this explanation, because they were unacquainted with the existence of any peculiar constitutional tendency to hemorrhage in individuals. In those early cases, where a cure was effected, pressure was the means employed; in one instance, a melted plaster was introduced into the socket of the tooth, and, in another, a portion of a bean, fixed down, was successfully used to stop the bleeding.

The truth respecting the existence of a hemorrhagic predisposition in individuals, was made strikingly apparent in a case recorded by Mr Blagden in 1816. Joseph Langton had a tooth extracted when a boy; an oozing of blood followed, and ceased only at the end of twenty-one days. The slightest wound, in this boy's case, caused dangerous hemorrhage; and one trifling hurt in the forehead, in 1815, had been followed by a flow of blood, which even the tying of both ends of the small bleeding vessel failed to check. Blood still oozed from the open surface, but caustic (potass) at length stopt it. The boy and his friends were so far made aware of the existence of some dangerous peculiarity in his constitution, that, when toothache again troubled him, it was for a time considered better to bear it than risk the extraction. At last, the tooth, one of the grinders on the left side of the upper jaw, was taken out. Profuse bleeding followed; and, on the day succeeding the operation, caustic, cold applications, and pressure by plugging, were all tried, but with, at best, merely temporary advantage. On the fourth day, the hemorrhage still continued, and the actual cautery, or red-hot iron, was applied, which checked the flow for a few hours. On the fifth day, the bleeding went on, and the boy was reduced so low, that it was resolved to tie the carotid artery of the left side of the neck, one of the great sources of the blood in the face and head. The operation was performed; but to the ill-fated youth it proved only a new avenue to dissolution. The *wound made by the operation* began in the course of a few minutes to bleed profusely; ice checked it; but, on the removal of the ice, it instantly broke out afresh. As for the bleeding from the tooth, it was stopped for a few hours by the operation, but again returned; and, on the seventh day from the removal of the tooth, the boy died.

There did appear to be in this case something peculiar about the poor lad's tooth, matter of a purulent kind having come from the socket; but the other circumstances prove sufficiently that a remarkable predisposition to bleeding, from any lesion of the skin whatever, existed in the boy, and was the immediate cause of death. It has been observed that this extraordinary peculiarity was hereditary, and pervaded families. Krimer mentions one family, of which the male descendants, for four generations, had been strangely liable to bleedings; and M. Sanson, in a treatise published in 1836, mentions a case, where a man died from a slight hemorrhage, having been preceded to the grave by *six* children, *all* of whom were cut off by the bleeding consequent on casual wounds. In an American essay on the same subject, the following case is recorded among others:—"A. B., of the state of Maryland, has had six children, four of whom have died of a loss of blood from the most trifling scratches or bruises. A small pebble fell on the nail of a finger of the last of them when at play, being a year or two old; in a short time, the blood issued from the end of the finger, till he bled to death." The sister of these children had no such peculiarity. Mr Liston also relates the case of a family of seven brothers, all of whom were affected by the hemorrhagic diathesis, while their five sisters could bear wounds without any unusual danger. Of one of these brothers whom Mr Liston saw, it is mentioned that he was a large, strong-made man, without any thing peculiar or unhealthy in his aspect.

The last instance in proof of a hemorrhagic predisposition in individuals which we shall give here, is a very remarkable one which occurred in Edinburgh in December 1841. Two reports have been given of it in the medical journals—one by Dr Roberts, dentist, and the other by Dr David Hay, who accompanies his statement with a number of analogous cases, of which those already noticed form examples. Mr C. P., a gentleman of middle age, came to Dr Roberts on the 19th of December, and had a decayed *wisdom*-tooth taken from the under jaw. No unusual bleeding ensued at first; but, on the evening of the same day, a continuous stream of blood was flowing from the socket. Dr Roberts, being applied to, checked it for the time by a plug of lint, compressed with a piece of cork. It soon broke out anew, however, and, for three weeks and two days, continued to bleed, with occasional intermissions caused by the various remedies employed. Full trials were made of caustic, the use of which is to burn and shrivel up the ends of the bleeding vessels, so impeding the sanguineous flow. The cautery, or red-hot iron, was applied more than once; and on the second trial of it, the lip was slightly burned by accident. The result of this accident showed but too clearly what the nature of the case was; an oozing of blood took place from the *burn*, which continued for days. Cold lotions were used, and pressure exerted in various ways; all was in vain. In place of a lessened flow of blood to the head, it seemed, after several days, as if more blood were actually directed to that region. The face became much swollen and discoloured, as if from the effects of a blow; and an oozing also commenced from the gums and nostrils. Still considerable hopes were entertained from the 23d to the 31st of December, the oozing remaining comparatively slight, though almost continuous; but the worst symptoms suddenly recurred, and the patient sank on the 11th of January, notwithstanding all the exertions of his able attendants.

It may not be very common for cases to occur, where the predisposition to bleedings is so extremely strong as in the instances recorded. But where they are liable to occur, even in a modified form, guarded conduct is advisable; and, moreover, from what takes place in the instance of one member of a family, another may at least learn a lesson of prudence. The unfortunate gentleman, whose case has just been stated, had a tooth extracted three years before his death, and a bleeding of three days' duration followed. Had he been aware of such a case as that of the boy Langton, or had he been generally informed on the subject, he would in all likelihood have received a warning which might have prolonged his life. He erred, indeed, in not relating his former experience to Dr Roberts, who might have timeously cautioned him. For these reasons, the relation of such cases to the public may, it appears to us, be of great service.

The cause of the hemorrhagic diathesis is supposed to be a deficiency of the *fibrine* or *thicker portions* of the blood, which prevents the formation of a coagulum or *clot* at the mouths of wounded vessels. Flows of blood are naturally stopped, in ordinary cases, by such clots. The remedial means to be employed, where bleedings occur in persons predisposed to them, must depend, to a certain extent, upon the site of the bleeding. It is not uncommon for *leech-bites* to cause long and dangerous bleedings in children. Frequently, the employment of pressure, continued for a lengthened time, is efficacious in checking the flow; but sometimes ordinary pressure, caustics, and even hot iron, are applied in vain. The passage of a very fine needle from lip to lip of the wound, and the twisting afterwards upon the needle of thread in the shape of a figure of eight, has often been found effective where other means have failed. Often, in the case of persons even but slightly predisposed to bleeding, an alarming flux comes from the *nostrils*, which resists cold applications and other common remedies. Pressure is here the most effective remedy, and it is one, happily, which can be readily used by non-professional persons. Lint may answer the purpose, but other substances have been found more efficacious. One substance, we are assured upon excellent authority, answers the end peculiarly well, and has been long in use among the common people of some districts of Great Britain. This is simply a portion of the blood *dried*. The fluid matter being expelled by heat, the fibrine and thicker parts are left, which are the very materials wanted by the thin flowing blood to make a clot. This remedy is at once simple, and must necessarily be ever at hand. With regard to bleedings from the socket of an extracted *tooth*, fatal in so many cases, it seems to us, after an examination of the cases recorded, that, where the hemorrhagic diathesis is marked and strong, *pressure* is the only safe and effectual remedy. The repeated use of caustics appears to blister the gums, and but to add fresh outlets, ultimately, for the oozing blood. Even the operation of tying the carotid artery, in the boy Langton's case, only accelerated the fatal result. Pressure, while it can do no injury, seems best fitted to do good. The question is—what is the best material to use in exerting pressure on the socket? Obviously such a substance as will best contribute to the formation of a clot in the mouths of the open vessels. The simple pressure of a hard unyielding substance will scarcely do this, as a hard body cannot mould itself into the shape of the cavity, and the blood will too readily force a way past it. One medical gentleman has been successful, where all other remedies failed, with *plaster of Paris*, introduced into the socket in a soft state. In this case, the liquid parts of the flowing blood would be absorbed by the plaster, and the thick parts, forming the clot, left at the mouths of the vessels. It is probable that this substance will be found a valuable resource in such cases. The other substance mentioned above, namely, blood dried or nearly dried, would in all probability form an equally valuable material for filling the socket, though we are not aware if it has yet been used in the case of bleedings from the teeth. Where either of these substances, or common lint, or any other material, is used to fill up the socket, it is necessary to keep it down and compress it, by means of cork, or something of the kind, properly fixed.

As bleedings are much more easily checked at the outset, for the most part, than after they have been permitted to continue for a time, these hints regarding the use of pressure may prove not altogether unserviceable in guiding the public, where medical aid is not at hand. And, moreover, as already observed, the present remarks may afford that caution which, in the case of Mr C. P., might have lengthened a valuable life. At the same time, it should be kept in mind, that instances of a strong hemorrhagic diathesis are rare; and that, in ordinary cases, fluxes of blood are perfectly under the command of medical men, whether after operations or otherwise. It would

* A wretched versifier in the train of Alexander the Great.

† The irritable tribe of poets.

be foolish, indeed, for persons with no constitutional peculiarities of the kind under consideration, to neglect the means which nature and art have provided for the relief of suffering, from any fear of consequences which depend on a specific cause, and which are only witnessed where that cause exists in a marked degree.

JOSEPH STURGE'S VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES.

Joseph Sturge is a respectable and intelligent member of the Society of Friends, who, twelve months ago, left his quiet home near Birmingham to visit the United States, for the purpose of contributing his mite of encouragement to the cause of slave abolition, and the promotion of permanent international peace. On his return he has favoured the world with an account of what he saw, experienced, and thought, during his journey, on these great subjects, but chiefly that of the abolition of slavery.* We have perused the work of Mr Sturge not without gratification, both as respects his observations and the circumstances which came under his notice, but with much less satisfaction than we had reason to expect from the production of a man usually so clear-headed. The style is far from being perspicuous, and the account of the journey is so retarded and confused with extraneous matter, that the reader has the greatest difficulty in knowing at any time where the author is, or what he would exactly be at. We fear the volume has been written in haste, and without a precise idea of that great desideratum in the narrative of a tourist—taking the reader in all cases along with him.

In looking over the work, we find a few matters worthy of remark or extract. It appears that two or three years ago, a serious schism broke out among the abolitionists in the United States, and certainly about one of the most paltry affairs which ever unsettled a great cause: the source of disquietude was, whether women should be placed on committees, and vote along with male members of the anti-slavery body. An actual separation in the societies took place in the spring of 1840, and there are now two leading societies, "The American and Foreign Anti-slavery Society," and "The American Anti-slavery Society." We are glad to learn from Mr Sturge, that notwithstanding this unseemly rupture, "a better and kindlier feeling is beginning to pervade all classes of American abolitionists; the day of mutual crimination seems to be passing away, and there is strong reason to hope that the action of the respective societies will henceforward harmoniously tend to the same object." According to our author, the members of the Society of Friends in the states are any thing but warm in the cause of abolition. What is the reason for this is not clearly stated. It appears, however, that the Friends have lent a helping hand to the schemes of the Colonisation Society, and this is considered a serious error in principle. This society, it may be necessary to remind our readers, is an association organised and supported by voluntary contributions, to assist free persons of colour, who may find themselves uncomfortable in America, to emigrate to Liberia, on the coast of Africa, where now, as lately mentioned by us, there is a flourishing little nation of civilised blacks. This society has met with the uncompromising hostility of nearly all abolitionists, and it is spoken very disparagingly of by Friend Sturge. The charges made against the Colonisation Society seem to amount to this, that the society distracts attention from the principal object of pursuit—total and immediate abolition, and contemplates the expatriation of the coloured race from America, on the ground that amalgamation with the whites is impracticable. These charges may or may not be true, for any thing we know; but it is abundantly evident that the grand crime of the Colonisation Society is not uniting in the projects of the leading abolitionists. The whole affair, we fear, is a matter of jealousy. No man must relieve the pressure of slavery in any other way than is sanctioned by those at head-quarters, because that would be depriving these personages of all glory in winning the battle. The success of the Liberian scheme, which, one would think, would delight every humane mind, is odious to the great party-leaders of the anti-slavery societies. It is an achievement from which they derive no honour; they did not plan it, and it is proceeding without their assistance. How melancholy is it to find the meanest motives thus mixed up with what is truly the greatest secular cause in which men can be engaged!

Leaving the Colonisation Society, however, to settle its own disputes, we are more pleased in turning to parts in Friend Sturge's narrative which give token of an improvement in the American public mind respecting the treatment of coloured persons:—"One evening during my stay, I took tea with twelve or fifteen coloured gentlemen, at the house of a coloured family. The refined manners and great intelligence of many of them would have done credit to any society. The whites have a monopoly of prejudice, but not a monopoly of intellect; nor of education and accomplishments; nor even of those more trivial yet fascinating graces, which throw the charm of elegance and refinement over social life. I found, from the conversation I had with my coloured friends on different occasions, that the prejudice against them was steadily, and not very slowly, giving way; yet several instances were mentioned, of recent occurrence, which show that it is still strong. I will quote one only. A coloured gentleman informed me that last winter, a near female relative being about to take a journey by railway to Philadelphia, she was compelled, though in delicate health, to travel in the comfortless exposed car, expressly provided for negroes, though he offered to pay double fare for a place in the regular carriage. A lady, not of the proscribed class, who has long resided in New York, mentioned to me, as a marked indication of a favourable change in regard to colour, the holding of such meetings as those at which the Amistad captives were introduced. Such an exhibition, instead of causing a display of benevolent interest among all classes, would some years ago have excited the malignant passions of the multitude, and probably caused a popular outbreak. Another sign of the times was, that white and coloured children might be seen walking in procession, without distinction, on the anniversaries of the charity schools. The same lady, in whose veracity I place full confidence, informed me that there is now residing in this city a native of Cuba, formerly a slave-holder at the Havana, who narrowly escaped assassination from a negro. He had threatened the slave with punishment on the following day, but the desperate man concealed himself in his master's room, and in the night stabbed and killed his mistress by mistake, instead of his master. Three negroes were executed as principal and accessories; but their intended victim was so terrified, that he left Havana for New York. His fears, not his conscience, were alarmed, for he still carries on his diabolical traffic between Africa and Cuba, and is reported to have gained by it, last year, one hundred thousand dollars. He lives in great splendour, and has the character of a liberal and generous man, but with the most implacable hatred to the blacks. 'One murder makes a villain, thousands a hero.' How wide the distinction between this man and the wretches who paid the forfeit of their lives for a solitary murder!"

A little farther on, he says—"A fine black man was brought to me about this time, who showed me papers by which it appeared he had lately given one thousand five hundred dollars for his freedom. He had since been driven from the state in which he lived, by the operation of a law enacted to prevent the continued residence of free people of colour, and has thus been banished from a wife and family, who are still slaves. He has agreed with their owner, that if he can pay two thousand five hundred dollars in six years, his wife and six children shall be free; and he was then trying to get employment in New York, in the hope of being able to raise this large sum within the specified time."

"I subsequently," he observes, "visited, in company with a coloured gentleman, one of the principal coloured schools in New York, in which there were upwards of three hundred children present. All the departments appeared to be conducted, under coloured teachers, with great order and efficiency, and the attainments of the higher classes were very considerable. On the whole, this school would bear comparison with any similar school for white children which I ever visited."

Mr Sturge visited Washington in the course of his tour, one of his objects being to present an address to the President of the United States from the committee of the British and Foreign Anti-slavery Society, signed by Thomas Clarkson. A communication which he made to the president on the subject met with no reply, and the address was never delivered. The president's non-reply was shabby, but perhaps politic and consistent with etiquette. We question if an English monarch would receive an address from a foreigner, praying his majesty to use his influence in dissolving one of the most prominent national institutions.

At Baltimore, a slave-holding city, Mr Sturge was glad to find that free people of colour were fully alive to the importance of education. "One individual told us, that in distributing about two hundred and fifty religious books, which had been sent to be gratuitously supplied to the poor of this class, he found only five or six families in which the children were not learning to read and write." In Virginia, considerable efforts have been made to promote general education; "yet the governor of Virginia, in his message to the legislature (1839), says, that of 4614 adult males in that state who applied to the country clerks for marriage licenses in 1837, 1047 were unable to write their names." Another authority says that there is reason to suppose that one-fourth of the people of the state cannot write their names. "The destitution of the means of moral and religious improvement is in like manner very great." Matters are very different in the old free states of New England, where few things are more striking than the number and commodiousness of the places of worship. Schools are likewise abundant. But the progress of temperance is most surprising. There are splendid hotels in which no intoxicating liquors are dispensed, and "it is now very rare to see a drunken person even in the most populous cities."

Visiting Lowell, a manufacturing town, which has been called the Manchester of America, he was much pleased with the great propriety of demeanour of the operative classes, particularly the girls employed in the factories. On this subject he quotes the following from a native authority:—"The most striking and gratifying feature of Lowell is the high moral and intellectual condition of its working population. In looking over the books of the mills we visited, where the operatives entered their names, I observed very few that were not written by themselves; certainly not five per cent. of the whole number were signed with a mark, and many of these were evidently Irish. It was impossible to go through the mills and notice the respectable appearance and becoming and modest deportment of the 'factory girls,' without forming a very favourable estimate of their character and position in society. But it would be difficult indeed for a passing observer to rate them so high as they are proved to be by the statistics of the place. The female operatives are generally boarded in houses built and owned by the 'corporations' for whom they work, and which are placed under the superintendence of matrons of exemplary character, and skilled in housewifery, who pay a low rent for the houses, and provide all necessaries for their inmates, over whom they exercise a general oversight, receiving about one dollar and one-third from each per week. Each of these houses accommodates from thirty to fifty young women, and there is a wholesome rivalry among the mistresses which shall make their inmates most comfortable. We visited one of the boarding-houses, and were highly pleased with its arrangement. A considerable number of the factory girls are farmers' daughters, and come hither from the distant states of Vermont and New Hampshire, &c., to work for two, three, or four years, when they return to their native hills, dowered with a little capital of their own earnings. The factory operatives at Lowell form a community that commands the respect of the neighbourhood, and of all under whose observation they come. No female of an immoral character could remain a week in any of the mills. The superintendent of the Boott Corporation informed me, that during the five and a-half years of his superintendence of that factory, employing about nine hundred and fifty young women, he had known of but one case of an illegitimate birth, and the mother was an Irish immigrant. Any male or female employed, who was known to be in a state of inebriety, would be at once dismissed." The next extract shows their prosperity in a pecuniary point. "The average wages, clear of board, amount to about two dollars a-week. Many an aged father or mother, in the country, is made happy and comfortable, by the self-sacrificing contributions from the affectionate and dutiful daughter here. Many an old homestead has been cleared of its encumbrances, and thus saved to the family, by these liberal and honest earnings. To the many and most gratifying and cheering facts, which, in the course of this examination, I have had occasion to state, I here add a few others relating to the matter now under discussion, furnished me by Mr Carney, the treasurer of the Lowell Institution for Savings. The whole number of depositors in this institution, on the 23d July, was 1976; the whole amount of deposits was 305,796 dollars and 70 cents (about L.60,000). Of these depositors 978 are factory girls, and the amount of their funds now in the bank is estimated by Mr Carney, in round numbers, at 100,000 dollars. It is a common thing for one of these girls to have 500 dollars in deposit; and the only reason why she does not exceed this sum is the fact, that the institution pays no interest on any larger sum than this. After reaching this amount, she invests her remaining funds elsewhere."

In addition to this satisfactory account of the working population of Lowell, Mr Sturge mentions the following fact as an instance of the spread of intellectual cultivation:—"I ought not to omit a notice of the 'Lowell Offering,' a little monthly magazine, consisting of original articles, written exclusively by the factory girls. The editor of the 'Boston Christian Examiner' commends this little periodical to those who consider the factory system to be degrading and demoralising; and expresses a doubt whether a committee of young ladies, selected from the most refined and best-educated families in any of our towns and cities, could make a fairer appearance in type than these hard-working factory girls."

In his general observations on all that had passed under his notice in the States, the author sums up his opinions on the social condition of the people at large as follows:—"In short, whether I consider the religious, the benevolent, or the literary institutions of the

* London: Hamilton and Adams. 1841.

northern states—whether I contemplate the beauty of their cities, or the general aspect of their fine country, in which nature every where is seen rendering her rich and free tribute to industry and skill—or whether I regard the general comfort and prosperity of the labouring population—my admiration is strongly excited, and, to do justice to my feelings, must be strongly expressed. Probably there is no country where the means of temporal happiness are so generally diffused, notwithstanding the constant flow of emigrants from the old world; and I believe there is no country where the means of religious and moral improvement are so abundantly provided—where facilities of education are more within the reach of all, or where there is less of extreme poverty and destitution. As morals have an intimate connexion with politics, I do not think it out of place here to record my conviction, that the great principle of popular control, which is carried out almost to its full extent in the free states, is not only beautiful in theory, but that it is found to work well in practice. It is true that disgraceful scenes of mob violence and Lynch law have occurred, but perhaps not more frequently than popular outbreaks in Great Britain; while, generally, the supremacy of law and order have been restored without troops, or special commissions, or capital punishments. It is also true that these occurrences are, for the most part, directly traceable, not to the celebrated declaration of the equal and unalienable right of all men to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, which is the fundamental principle of the constitution, but to the flagrant violation of that principle in the persons of the coloured population, of whom those in most of the free states are actually or virtually deprived of political rights; and the rest, constituting a majority of the population in some of the southern states, are held in abject slavery."

To this we have nothing to add, but that the slavery of the southern states of America and elsewhere will not be got rid of by frantic projects such as have lately proved abortive, but by plans devised on principles of common sense, peaceful suasion, and a reasonable allowance of time to permit prejudices to be weakened and ultimately removed.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL SHOWMAN.

Carswell House, in which I have now resided for upwards of seven years, is a prettily situated mansion. It stands on the brow of a gentle declivity, and overlooks a wide extent of beautiful country. The view from our parlour windows in the summer season, when the woods are green, and the fields clothed in verdure, is delightful. It must be allowed, however, that we are rather dreary in winter. The house is somewhat solitary, and the snow, which falls heavily, lies long and deep around it. At about a quarter of a mile from the house passes a cart-road leading to the village of Limburne, about five miles distant, and of this road a stretch of about a mile lies in view of our windows.

It was on a wild snowy day in the month of January last year, that one of my youngsters, who was standing at a window looking at the drift which was whirling past in thick and blinding clouds, called my attention to the figure of a man on the road, who, though still struggling with the storm, seemed ready every moment to sink beneath its violence. He appeared unable to make any way against the suffocating drift; and this the less readily that he bore, as we could discern, a heavy burden on his back.

Seeing the man's distress, I dispatched my gardener and footman to his assistance, desiring them to conduct him to the house, in which I meant he should remain until the storm had somewhat abated. In less than half an hour the man was comfortably seated by our kitchen fire, and proved to be an itinerant showman. He was an Italian, and the burden which we had observed upon his back was his show-box. Grateful for the kindness shown him—which kindness included of course the refreshments required by his condition—the poor Italian sent up a respectful message to the dining-room, to the effect that he would be happy to exhibit his show to the younger members of the family, if they would so far honour him. He was immediately requested to come up stairs, and to bring his show along with him.

I was much struck with the man's appearance on his entering the room, which he did with a remarkably graceful bow. His countenance had the swarthy hue of his country, and his dark eye all the fire and brilliancy that belong to the eyes of the children of the sunny south. But there was an expression of mildness and intelligence in his countenance not so often seen, and which at once attracted my attention.

Having placed his show-box—a tasteful thing, beautifully painted and gilt—in a proper situation, he withdrew the slides from the lenses, wiped them carefully, and placing himself at one end of the box, in order to work the tableaux, or pictures, he invited us, with a polite bow and pleasant smile, to take our places at the sights, of which there were in all six.

Before drawing the cord which was to exhibit the first picture to us, the Italian made a short speech in broken but perfectly intelligible English, the substance of which was—That his exhibition differed from all other exhibitions in the show way; that there was little in what he had to exhibit to gratify the eye as mere spectacle, but a good deal, he hoped, to strike the imagination, and perhaps improve the mind; that, in short, his was a philosophical exhibition, the material being taken from human life.

Having taken our places at the glasses, the Italian drew a cord, when there was presented to us the figure—picture, I presume it was, but so admirably painted, so life-like, so finely relieved, that it seemed a beautiful statue—of a child, a lovely boy of between three and four years of age. We all uttered an involuntary exclamation of delight on beholding this fair child; his look was so innocent, so playful; his brow so open and sunny; the smile on his beauteous countenance so full of sweetness and childish simplicity.

"Is not that a lovely child?" said the Italian. "Saw you ever such a picture of innocence? Saw you ever human countenance so utterly free from all expression of evil—from all indications of the darker passions of human nature? Does he not seem, in truth, a very angel? You cannot believe it possible—nay, it surely *is* not possible—that so guileless and innocent a being should ever become a cruel, ruthless, blood-thirsty savage."

"No, no," we all exclaimed; "it cannot be. It is impossible."

At this instant, click went one of the cords of the show-box. The picture of the child disappeared, and what is called a battle-piece occupied its place. In the foreground, a body of cavalry was making desperate havock amongst the remains of an army which had just been broken and put to flight. The leader of the charging party was himself employing his sabre with merciless activity, not scrupling to cut down even those who supplicated his mercy, or whose wounds disabled them for flight or resistance. His countenance manifested that excitement which accompanies the exercise of the more violent passions.

"Have you ever seen *that* man before, my kind friends?" said the Italian, with a gentle but significant smile.

We all declared we had not.

"Ah! my good friends, but you have," he said, laughing. "That ruthless warrior is no other than the beautiful and innocent child, grown to man's estate, whom you a little while since so much admired."

Click, again, went the cord of the show-box, and a splendid pageant took the place of the battle-piece. The scene was the interior of a noble Gothic hall, hung with rich tapestry, and blazing with the light of a thousand wax candles in silver sconces. Along the centre of the hall ran a long table, loaded with the most costly viands in gold and silver vessels. At this table sat a multitude of persons, male and female, splendidly attired. At a small table, at the farther end of the hall, and raised upon a dais, sat a lordly-looking personage, arrayed in sumptuous robes, and wearing on his head a crown of gold sparkling with precious stones. By his side sat a fair young lady, on whom all eyes seemed bent in wonder and admiration, and on whom her lordly companion appeared gazing with inexpressible fondness. As became a creature of such surpassing loveliness, she, too, was magnificently attired, while behind and around her chair stood a crowd of attendants, ready to obey her slightest wish. It seemed, in truth, as if the air of heaven would not be permitted to breathe too rudely on that exquisitely beautiful form.

We were all struck with admiration of this splendid scene, especially with the extraordinary beauty and sumptuous attire of the young lady who sat beside the king, and now inquired who the former and latter were. The Italian told us that the king was Edward IV.; the lady who sat beside him the celebrated Jane Shore. We were about to ask some other questions, when click, again, went the string of the box, and a dreary, monotonous view of frost-bound ponds and fields, and leafless trees, with a large city in the distance, which we subsequently learnt was London, was presented to our view. In the foreground of the picture, which it made one cold and chilly but to look at, was the figure of a miserable old woman, haggard and wrinkled with poverty and age, gathering sticks for firewood. Her clothes were in rags, and she seemed as if perishing with cold and hunger.

"Have you, my kind benefactors," said the Italian, as on a former occasion—"have you, think you, ever seen that miserable old woman before?"

We all declared we had not.

"Ah! wrong again," replied the Italian, with one of his gentle and intelligent smiles. "You *have* seen her. What will you think, now, when I tell you that that starving, wretched, repulsive, old woman, who is searching the leafless hedges for withered sticks wherewith to make a fire to warm her aged limbs, and the beauteous young lady whom you saw seated beside royalty, surrounded with all the pomp and adulation of a regal court, are one and the same person. It is so. And yet, extreme as the transition is, it is not the work of fancy. It is not the conception of an idle brain; it is an incident from real life. That miserable old woman is Jane Shore; and such, we all know was her unhappy end."

Again the string was drawn. And now the interior of an apartment of moderate size, and otherwise such as are seen in the houses of the more respectable of the middling classes, was exhibited. It was filled with company, all apparently dressed for the occasion, and seemed to be the scene of some joyous revelry—every countenance beaming with a mirth and glee which, we might conjecture, was, in part at least, inspired by the profuse display of good cheer which the ample table board around which the guests were seated exhibited.

We could not, at first, make out any special purpose for this merry-making. But, at length, descrying a jolly-looking dame, who struck us at once as presenting what we may call the characteristics of a nurse, bearing about with an air of triumph a gaily-dressed and smiling babe in her arms, we made out that it was a christening. On a small brooch or clasp, which united in front a broad band or cincture that begirt the infant, the artist had inscribed, in very small, almost invisible letters, the words, "Edward Marston, aged three weeks."

Again the string was drawn, and another apartment, similar to the above described, was exhibited; but how differently occupied. It was filled with mourners, and on a table or tressel in the centre lay a coffin. It was still unclosed, and we could see that it contained the body of an old man. His ghastly, withered countenance, and pinched features, were uncovered, and on the metal plate of the coffin lid, which lay close by, we read, "Edward Marston, aged 72 years." The figure which we now contemplated was, then, the smiling cherub of the preceding picture. Where now were the members of that merry company, whom we saw assembled to welcome his admission within the pale of the church? One after another, they have all long since descended into the grave; and *he*, too, is now about to follow. His term of life has run out. It was a long one; but at its close it seemed to have passed almost as quickly as the transition of the two pictures.

"Now, my kind benefactors," said the Italian, "let us see what is doing in the mansion adjoining this house of mourning."

He drew the string, and a brilliantly lighted apartment, filled with a gay assembly, presented itself. The centre of the floor was occupied by a crowd of light-footed dancers, and mirth and revelry held unrestrained dominion over the scene.

"It is the celebration of a marriage," said the Italian. "Look to the right, and you will see the bride and bridegroom standing together. That is she, the fair young girl in the white satin dress. See how beautiful she is; how elegant her form! That tall and graceful young man, on whose arm she so fondly leans, is her husband. How happy he looks! He has no thought for the future. His whole soul, his every sense, is wrapt up in the present; he dreams not that all this happiness and joy will speedily pass away."

And, at this instant, away like thought passed the joyous scene, and another took its place. It was a fair garden; and on one of its rustic seats sat an old lady, dressed in the deepest mourning of widowhood. Her aged countenance was sad and melancholy. A long staff, with an ivory head, which stood beside her, showed that she could not walk without such aid. Around her sported three or four young children; on the golden head of one of whom rested one of her long, thin, withered, and palsied hands. She seemed as if blessing the child.

"Know ye who that feeble old woman is?" said the Italian.

"We guess," said we; for we now fully understood the nature and scope of his exhibition.

"Right," he replied, satisfied that we did know who she was. "That ancient dame, who cannot totter along without the support of a staff, is no other than the fair young bride of the preceding picture. Her husband, the gay and graceful youth whom you saw by her side, has been long dead, and these bright-haired children who are sporting around her are her grand-children. Thus goes the world on."

Once more the string was drawn, and a splendid mansion presented itself to view. A little, ragged, shivering boy, who seemed to have been soliciting charity, was being thrust rudely from the door by a pompous, over-fed menial, who held a stick over him in a threatening attitude. The Italian bade us mark the little ragged boy well. We did so. He drew the string, and the same mansion was again presented to our sight. But it had undergone many changes. Additions had been made to it here and there. New doors and windows had been struck out, and other prominent features altered. The grounds around the building, too, had undergone change; trees grew where there had been none before; and where there had, they had been cut down. Altogether, the painter, if picture it was, had so contrived it, that, on comparing the appearances of the mansion in the two paintings, a distinct impression was conveyed of the lapse of an interval of many years. A little way from the door of the house in the picture we were now contemplating, a gentleman, seemingly the proprietor, was about to get into a carriage. An old mendicant on crutches, with hat in hand, his grey locks streaming in the wind, stood a little apart, as if in the act of imploring his charity. The appeal did not appear to be made in vain. The gentleman, with a look of great benevolence, was putting something into his hand.

The Italian now questioned us as before. "Know ye," he said, "who that gentleman is, and who that poor old man who is soliciting his charity, and, as you see, not in vain? That gentleman, my kind friends," he went on, "is the poor boy who was turned from the door of the mansion thirty years since, and he who is now appealing to his benevolence is the same with him who drove him away—such are the extra-

ordinary changes which are constantly taking place in human affairs, often from heedlessness, or, perhaps, wilful extravagance, on the one hand, and perseverance with self-denial on the other."

Here dinner being announced, we were reluctantly compelled to desist, for the time, from further gratifying our curiosity with these pictures of life. But as there was no appearance of the storm abating, and as I in consequence had offered the Italian quarters for the night—an offer which he gratefully accepted—we engaged him to renew his interesting exhibition in the evening; he having informed us that we had yet seen but a very small portion of what he had to show.

A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

VISIT TO HOFWYL.

Hofwyl, situated at the distance of from six to eight English miles from Berne, was one of those places which had formed a principal object of my visit to Switzerland—a visit which, it will have been perceived, was rather less to scramble over ice at the height of ten thousand feet, than to see nature in her more charming moods, and to observe something of the character and features of Swiss society. No one taking the slightest interest in education and its progress, could visit Berne without seeing the far-spoken-of establishment of M. de Fellenberg, more particularly since it is open to the inspection of strangers from all quarters of the world. It was not therefore surprising that I made it the object of a special side excursion.

Hiring a voiture on purpose for the day, we proceeded from Berne in a northerly direction, and passed for several miles through a rich agricultural tract, well clothed with tall timber, and evidently the property of a class of persons above the usual standing of cottage farmers. The fields had been cleared of their autumnal produce; ploughs were here and there seen turning over the furrows preparatory for new crops; and at the doors of the large thatched homesteads of the farmers, clusters of women were busy skutching flax, with the customary energy and clacking noise with which that occupation is performed. Passing through these pleasing scenes of rural comfort and industry—or, I should almost say, hard labour, for hard it would be to English females—our carriage at length entered a more undulating stretch of country, and made the best of its way through a pretty thick wood. On emerging from the cool shade of the overhanging trees, we had before us an open tract, in the midst of which, on the top of a gently rising ground, stood Hofwyl—a situation apparently unmatchable in point of salubrity and beauty, for all around, the cleared fields descend to distant vales and meadows, which are backed by sheltering hills and woods; and from various parts of the grounds are seen the long ridgy peaks of the Bernese Alps. A few minutes served to carry us up to the place, where we were received with the greatest politeness and attention by M. de Fellenberg, one of the most venerable men whom it was ever my fortune to meet; and his son, a young gentleman who is now taking a large share of the burden of the establishment. As it is my desire to give as exact an idea as possible of Hofwyl and the plans of its proprietor, I hope to be excused for going a little into detail.

M. de Fellenberg is by birth a Swiss, having been born in the canton of Berne, in the year 1771. His immediate ancestors were of the patrician or privileged class, which late events have levelled with the ordinary citizens of the country; by the mother's side, he is a descendant of the Dutch admirals Cornelius and Van Tromp. The excellent example and admonitions of his parents had a happy influence upon his early years, and induced that strong devotion to the interests of his country and of mankind at large which has distinguished him through life. While still a young man, he had the sagacity to form the conclusion that no species of political reform in the affairs of Switzerland could be of any use unless preceded by a reform in education. To satisfy himself on this point, he travelled all over Switzerland, the Tyrol, and Germany on foot, everywhere acquainting himself with the state of the people, residing in the villages and farm-houses, and mingling in the labours and hearing the sentiments of the peasants. On the invasion of Switzerland by the French in 1798, he took an active part in opposing them, was proscribed, and fled to Germany. He was soon after recalled to his native country, and employed on a political mission to the French Directory; but the prevailing disregard of all principle gave him a distaste of diplomacy, and he resigned his office. He then filled a public station at home, and, fully impressed with the belief that the only resource against the revolutionary horrors he had witnessed was to be found in education, he resolved to devote his life to this object. He was appointed a member of the Council of Education; but finding little was to be done by those with whom he acted, he threw off all connexion with the government, and determined to form on his own estate of Hofwyl, and with his own fortune, an institution, to prove practically what could be done, by a right system of education, for the benefit of humanity.

Such was the principle on which M. de Fellenberg started as an educationist about forty years ago, and we have now to say something of his operations. His plans were comprehensive and full of benevolence. He purchased and added about two hundred acres of land to his estate, which must have been originally small, his object being not only to improve the knowledge of agriculture in the district, but to make lessons in industrial affairs a means of moral training. He began, therefore, by establishing an agricultural school, which he formed of the destitute children of the canton. To this, after a time, he added a school for youths from the higher classes of society. And, lastly, he formed an intermediate school of boys, chiefly the sons of farmers who were able to pay a small board. His scheme was gone about with great caution and deliberation; for his object being the formation of character, it was absolutely necessary that new comers should be admitted only after the previous pupils had been to a certain extent fixed in principle. This was a wise resolution, which it would be well for teachers in general to copy, as large accessions of raw lads at one time are apt to derange the whole economy of an educational establishment, and undo much of the advantages already gained.

After a course of constant improvement for nearly forty years, we now find the establishment of Hofwyl complete in all its details—the edifices constituting the schools and dwelling-houses settled into the character of a quiet orderly village, and the fields, for half a mile round, trimmed with the same skill and neatness as you would see in East Lothian or Norfolk. The buildings stand on the most elevated part of the estate, and are of a respectable appearance, each several storeys in height. On entering an open play-ground, we have, on the right, the largest building, in which M. de Fellenberg and his family, and also the higher class of pupils, reside, and in which also are some of the class-rooms. On the lower or sunk floor are the kitchen and cellars; the floor above contains a large dining-room, chapel, and other apartments; on the next floor are the class-rooms; and the top storey is laid out in two large sleeping apartments, with a row of beds on each side—the whole clean and neat in the extreme. Each boy occupies a separate bed, and the whole are superintended by masters, whose apartments are adjoining. The boys are never alone, so that none has the power of either domineering over or contaminating his companions. All rise at 5, and breakfast at 6 o'clock in summer, and at 6 and 7 in winter.

From this large and commodious building we were conducted to a house of more plain appearance across the play-ground, the lower part of which we found to be occupied as a museum and a receptacle for garden tools; in the floor above was a cabinet-making shop, where several young gentlemen were at the time engaged in making articles according to their own taste, under the direction of a professed workman. Passing a place for gymnastic exercises, we now went to the house containing the intermediate classes, at which, in a lower hall, eighty lads were at the time at dinner, under the superintendence of their masters. Next, we adjourned to the extensive suite of buildings connected with the dairy and operations of the farm, which stood on the northern slope, and a little aloof from the main cluster of the establishment. Here a most extensive system of rural management was disclosed to us. In a series of lower offices stood seventy-two cows, beautiful large animals, which I was told were occasionally, for the sake of exercise, employed in drawing the plough—a practice to which nothing could reconcile either the ladies of the party or myself. In the upper part of the cow-house was a barn of immense size; and in a neighbouring loft we were shown a large array of agricultural implements, quite new, and ready for use—the preparation of these articles on the most improved plan forming a part of M. de Fellenberg's widely comprehensive schemes. The dairy, the places of residence of the boys of the lower school, and other departments, were shown, but require no notice. After seeing every thing here, we were led by a pathway down the sloping field to a pond 90 feet in diameter, neatly paved, and surrounded by a tall hedge, with a dressing-house. The water is kept ever fresh by a spring. This is the bathing pond for the boys, and here they learn to swim.

We were conducted over these various outlying parts of the establishment by young M. de Fellenberg, who has been in England, and clearly explained every thing to us in our own tongue. Returning with him to the *grande maison*, we again sat down by the side of the venerable founder of the institution; and what betwixt his own and his son's observations, I really believe little was left to be told. The manner and conversation of M. de Fellenberg were exceedingly pleasing. In his appearance is embodied all that we can conceive of an estimable old man—a most benevolent cast of countenance, silver white hair, and the sober dress of a recluse. He spoke in French, and so slowly and distinctly that there was no mistaking his meaning. German is the common language in this part of Switzerland, and is therefore used in the schools; but French and English are taught to those who desire them. At the period of my visit, the whole establishment included about 150 boys, of whom from 50 to 60 belonged to the high school, 80 to the intermediate, and the remainder to the lower or agricultural school. With respect to the latter, their schooling is on a very moderate scale; but they are taken gratuitously, and their labour, such as it is, compensates for their board and instruction. The boys of the intermediate school are taught on a more advanced plan, but with reference to ordinary professions, including agriculture, and are boarded in a plain manner, conformable to the moderate sum paid for their attendance. The pith of the whole concern is the high school; the pupils are taught by the best masters, and I should certainly say that the principle of their education is unexceptionable, for it refers alike to physical, intellectual, and moral training. Among other accomplishments, vocal music is taught upon scientific principles to all, and instrumental music to those whose taste inclines. Lessons in music being also given in the lower schools, at times there are meetings in which all join in concert. An English lady, who has three boys at the institution, and to whom I have been indebted for a candid statement of what she saw and felt during a pretty lengthened visit, says, in a communication to me on the subject—"The pupils of the intermediate school sing in parts with a perfection rare among children; and I was never more touched by music, than when, early on a Sunday morning, their voices broke the universal stillness. There is a monthly concert on a Sunday evening. The night I was present the audience consisted of more than two hundred persons, formed of the pupils of the three schools and their masters, who took no part in the performance, also M. de Fellenberg, his daughters, and grand-children, and servants of the whole establishment. The orchestra was composed of violins, violoncello, double bass, trombone, clarionet, flute, and French horn. The pieces played were those of Haydn, Neukomm, Rossini, and other leading composers. The audience were very attentive, but did not applaud, as M. de Fellenberg conceives the young have not sufficient judgment to pronounce an opinion publicly. After the concert, the performers were invited publicly to the saloon, and partook of refreshments. I may here mention that the part taken by M. de Fellenberg's daughters is most valuable. Their mother died about three years since. She gave them the example of an undeviating co-operation in the views and practical details of their father's philanthropic designs. They all speak English, and their maternal kindness and care of the young children are beyond all praise. They are elegant and accomplished women, uniting the simplicity of Swiss habits with intellectual refinement. In the winter, the pupils visit the saloon in turn, twice a-week, and also join the domestic circle of the head master and his wife. Thus, Hofwyl unites the advantages of public with domestic education in a manner unknown in any other institution."

It is customary in some of the best continental boarding-schools for the boys to proceed on excursions annually with their masters; and this is particularly attended to at Hofwyl. A certain number of boys are placed under the charge of a trusty master, and set out on a tour in the month of August, in a direction previously determined. The journey is on foot, and each carries a knapsack, furnished with a few articles of clothing. Thus the squad march over hill and dale, visit places of historical interest, picturesque scenes, ruins of old castles, and towns of commercial note. It need hardly be mentioned that these journeys, which last for several weeks, are of great use in opening up the minds of the youths, independently of the advantages which may be derived from physical exercise. A boy at a school of this liberal kind, in the course of a few years, has perambulated the north of Italy, the Tyrol, a portion of Germany, and best part of Switzerland, and is able to converse in several languages; while a boy at an English boarding-school has seen nothing, can with difficulty translate a few words of Latin, and speak only his own vernacular tongue.

I learned from M. de Fellenberg that he has taken every possible care to surround the institution with a pure moral atmosphere, to exclude evil influence and example, and thus, as far as possible, control whatever evil passions the pupil may naturally possess. Boys who are restive under the mild system of discipline which is established are removed. It is not every one who will be admitted. The place is not a reformatory or penitentiary; neither is it a place in which there is any attempt at proselytising. In the course of religious instruction, nothing beyond the general principles of Christianity are taught; and on Sunday, the boys of each sect attend chapel at certain hours, when a clergyman of their own creed is in attendance. The chapel is a large apartment, which we were shown in making the round of the premises. It is plainly furnished with benches, and has at one end an object which I took to be a closed cupboard; pointing to it, M. de Fellenberg observed that it was "*l'autel pour la messe*," which was shut up when the place was used for the reformed worship. Notwithstanding the presence of this dangerous piece of furniture, there never has been known an instance of a conversion to Roman Catholicism in the school, neither has there been an instance of a change from Roman Catholicism to Protestantism. M. de Fellenberg is not a propa-

gandist; and his liberal and judicious arrangements for each set of boys being brought up in the religion of their parents, shows that he is any thing but a bigot.

The plans of this amiable philanthropist may be said to be much ahead of the age in which he lives. He has formed conceptions of the moral improvability of the human species which do not seem to enter the minds of ordinary instructors. The object of ninety-nine in the hundred of persons assuming the education of youth, is little more than to impart a certain routine of instruction. They have not the most remote idea of elevating the moral character—cultivating and purifying the innermost thoughts of the child. Fellenberg aims at making the very most of the being committed to his charge—training him to be a really good as well as highly intelligent man. For this end, besides excluding evil influence and example, he surrounds the pupil with what will allure and stimulate him to good; but without resorting to the principle of emulation, or holding out the offer of prizes and honorary distinctions, which he considers injurious to sound morals. When new pupils arrive, they find themselves in the midst of a busy little world; they perceive industry and occupation accompanied by enjoyment; they soon acquire a love of intellectual and moral exercise for their own sake; and gradually falling into the stream of duties, in turn exert an influence on others. But though apparently left to act as free agents, they are individually under constant supervision; the effects of circumstances on their bodies and minds are observed; evil propensities are restrained, and every thing is done to inspire confidence, self-control, and that self-approval which is ever the reward of good conduct.

I believe I should only tire the reader by saying any thing more respecting Hofwyl. I ought to speak with diffidence, as I spent only a few hours within the walls of the institution; and before pronouncing an opinion, ought to have followed the plan of an Irish nobleman who lately went to the establishment, like myself, for a forenoon, but was so delighted with all he saw that he stayed six months. My impression is, that the class instruction and physical and moral training at Hofwyl are of the first order; at all events, I never saw any thing to compare with it in England: and I am assured by those who have children in the institution—persons who know what education should be—that it is all they could wish. How far M. de Fellenberg has realised the views on which he originally set out, is a different question. I rather think he has been disappointed. The bulk of the Swiss, as I mentioned on a former occasion, are a set of hard-working peasant farmers. They are diligent, frugal, and virtuous, but their minds are contracted. The offer of M. de Fellenberg to educate their children has never been accepted of with hearty approbation or thanks. Their plan of rearing a family consists in making their children contribute a share to the general means of subsistence. A child of four years can tend a goat; a boy of twelve can handle a spade. The whole scheme of operations in Switzerland is to take out of every living being all the work he or she can produce to the general stock. Against such mean ideas of the value of juvenile labour, M. de Fellenberg could not possibly contend. The offer to a parent to educate his child was equivalent to asking him to part with a servant; and it was imagined that the offer was made only for selfish purposes. Consequently, the lower department of the institution has been the least successful; still, it has sent out a considerable number of lads well skilled in husbandry on the most approved models, and that is something done for the great outfield of ignorance. The intermediate school has been a degree more successful, and is generally well attended. It must likewise have had a beneficial effect in scattering throughout the middle order of society many young men impressed with proper notions of trade, agriculture, and social organisation. The strength of the institution appears to have centered in the upper school, which is attended by gentlemen's sons from Germany, and some other countries to which the fame of the institution has spread, including Switzerland. There are a few young gentlemen from England. The plan of uniting in one establishment three boarding-schools of different grades, appeared to me objectionable, and I imagine it would scarcely answer in England. I learned, however, that it has never been attended with the collisions I anticipated; and that when all the various boys happened to assemble, there was nothing like arrogant superiority on the one hand, or inferiority on the other, but that all was perfect harmony between them.

The world in general, condemning what it cannot understand, or which does not fall in with its own prejudices, has, I believe, not hesitated to hold up M. de Fellenberg as a charlatan, and his schemes as at best idle dreams. That this character is unjust, I have no hesitation in saying. He may not have realised all his intentions; but these intentions were sincere, and he has at least sacrificed a lifetime in endeavouring to carry them into effect. Local circumstances, as I have hinted, have not a little hampered his views; but he has clearly made an impression in the educational arrangements of his country; and, by the model which he has presented of a farm cultivated on the best principles of science and art, his exertions have proved of great value to the agriculture of this part of the continent. Persons, also, who have been trained up at his seminary have gone forth and established industrial schools on a similar model in different parts of Switzerland and Germany; and thus the benevolent designs of the founder of Hofwyl are likely, at a future day, to be fully carried out.

We parted from M. de Fellenberg's family not without regret, and returned slowly to Berne, pondering on the many agreeable sensations which had been experienced on our visit.

POPULAR ENGLISH FESTIVALS.

MAY-DAY.

A SOUND of laughing villages comes over the imagination at the very name of May-day. This, in times when festivals were real observances of the people, was one of the most signally and cheerfully kept, although it has not the least trace of Christianity about it, but may be said to be Pagan all over. The celebration of May-day must have been prompted by nature herself: the time of the young flower and leaf, and of all the promise which August fulfils, could not but impress the minds of the simplest people, and dispose them to joyful demonstrations in word and act. The sun, as the immediate author of the glories of the season, was now worshipped by the Celtic nations under the name of Baal; hence the festival of *Beltein*, still faintly observed in Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland. Even in Ayrshire, they kindled Baal's fire in the evening of May-day, till about the year 1790. The Romans held games called Floralia, at which there was great display of flowers, and where women danced, if we are to believe Juvenal, only too enthusiastically. The May-day jollities of modern Europe seem to be directly descended from the Floralia.

In England, we have to go back a couple of hundred years for the complete May-day; since then it has gradually declined, and now it is almost extinct. When it was fully observed, the business of the day began with the day itself, that is to say, at midnight. We have the authority of Shakspeare, that with the populace of England it was impossible to sleep on May morning. Immediately after twelve had struck, they were all astir, wishing each other a merry May, as they still, at the same hour on the first of January, wish each other a happy new year. They then went forth, with music and the blowing of horns, to some neighbouring wood, where they employed themselves in breaking down and gathering branches. These they brought back at an early hour, and planted over their doors, so that by daylight the whole village looked quite a bower. The citizens of London went a-Maying in this fashion, notwithstanding their comparative distance from woods. They went marshalled in parishes, or in unions of two or three parishes; their mayor and aldermen went also; and we read of Henry VIII. and Queen Catherine riding from Greenwich to Shooter's Hill, attended by lords and ladies, to join in the sport. In some places, the Mayers brought home a garland suspended from a pole, round which they danced. In others, and this was a more general custom, there was an established May-pole for the village, which it was their business to dress up with flowers and flags, and dance around throughout all the latter part of the day. A May-pole was as tall as the mast of a sloop of fifty tons, painted with spiral stripes of black and white, and properly fixed in a frame to keep it erect. Here lads and lasses danced in a joyful ring for hours to the sounds of the viol, and masquers personating Robin Hood, Little John, Maid Marian, and others of the celebrated Sherwood company of outlaws, as well as morris-dancers, performed their still more merry pranks. May-poles, as tending to encourage levity of deportment, were condemned by the puritans in Elizabeth's time; James I. supported them in his Book of Sports; they were altogether suppressed during the time of the Commonwealth, but got up again at the Restoration. Now, change of manners has done that which ordinances of parliament could not do. This object, so interwoven with our national poetical literature, is all but rooted out of the land. Washington Irving speaks of having seen *one* in the earlier days of his acquaintance with England—probably twenty-five years ago. "I shall never," he says, "forget the delight I felt on first seeing a May-pole. It was on the banks of the Dee, close by the picturesque old bridge that stretches across the river from the quaint little city of Chester. I had already been carried back into former days by the antiquities of that venerable place, the examination of which is equal to turning over the pages of a black-letter volume, or gazing on the pictures in Froissart. The May-pole on the margin of that poetic stream completed the illusion. My fancy adorned it with wreaths of flowers, and peopled the green bank with all the dancing revelry of May-day. The mere sight of this May-pole gave a glow to my feelings, and spread a charm over the country for the rest of the day; and as I traversed a part of the fair plains of Cheshire, and the beautiful borders of Wales, and looked from among swelling hills down a long green valley, through which 'the Deva wound its wizard stream,' my imagination turned all into a perfect Arcadia. I value every custom that tends to infuse poetical feeling into the common people, and to sweeten and soften the rudeness of rustic manners, without destroying their simplicity. Indeed, it is to the decline of this happy simplicity that the decline of this custom may be traced; and the rural dance on the green, and the homely May-day pageant, have gradually disappeared, in proportion as the peasantry have become expensive and artificial in their pleasures, and too knowing for simple enjoyment. Some attempts, indeed, have been made of late years, by men of both taste and learning, to rally back the popular feeling to these standards of primitive simplicity; but the time has gone by—the feeling has become chilled by habits of gain and traffic—the country apes the manners and amusements of the town, and little is heard of May-day at present, except from the lamentations of authors, who sigh after it from among the brick walls of the city."

It is not unworthy of notice that the late Dr Parr was "a patron of May-day sports. Opposite his parsonage house at Hatton, near Warwick, on the other side of the road, stood the parish May-pole, which on the annual festival was dressed with garlands, surrounded by a numerous band of villagers. The doctor was 'first of the throng,' and danced with his parishioners the gayest of the gay. He kept the large crown of the May-pole in a closet of his house, from which it was produced every May-day, with fresh flowers and streamers preparatory to its elevation, and to the doctor's own appearance in the ring. He always spoke of this festivity as one wherein he joined with peculiar delight to himself and advantage to his neighbours."*

A certain superstitious feeling attached to May-day. The dew of that morning was considered as a cosmetic of the highest efficacy, and women, especially young women, who are never unwilling to improve in this respect, used to go abroad before sunrise to gather it. To this day, there is a resort of the fair sex every May-morning to Arthur's Seat, near Edinburgh, for the purpose of washing their faces with the dew. Mr Pepys, in his curious diary written in the time of Charles II., gravely tells us of his wife gone to Woolwich for a little air, and to gather May-dew, "which Mrs Turner hath taught her is the only thing in the world [Rowland's Kalydor not being then invented] to wash her face with." Scott, in his "Discovery of Witchcraft," speaks of a sprig of hawthorn gathered on May-day, and hung in the entry to a house, as a presumed preservative against all malign influences. We find another quaint superstition as to May-day in Gay's "Shepherd's Week:"—

> "Last May-day fair, I search'd to find a snail
> That might my secret lover's name reveal.
> Upon a gooseberry-bush a snail I found,
> For always snails near sweetest fruit abound.
> I seized the vermin; home I quickly sped,
> And on the hearth the milk-white embers spread:
> Slow crawl'd the snail, and if I right can spell,
> In the soft ashes mark'd a curious L.
> Oh! may this wondrous omen lucky prove,
> For L is found in Lubberkin and Love."

There was also a practice of making fools on May-day, similar to what obtains on the first of the preceding month. The deluded were called *May-goslings*. It was held unlucky to marry in May, a notion which, we learn from Ovid, existed among the Romans.

A gentleman residing at Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, communicated to Mr Hone a curious account of the way in which May-day is observed at that place. The Mayers there express their judgment of the estimableness of the characters of their neighbours by fixing branches upon their doors before morning; those who are unpopular find themselves marked with nettle or some other vile weed instead. "Throughout the day, parties of these Mayers are seen dancing and frolicking in various parts of the town. The group that I saw to-day, which remained in Bancroft for more than an hour, was composed as follows:—First came two men with their faces blacked, one of them with a birch broom in his hand, and a large artificial hump on his back; the other dressed as a woman, all in rags and tatters, with a large straw bonnet on, and carrying a ladle: these are called 'Mad Moll and her husband.' Next came two men, one most fantastically dressed with ribbons, and a great variety of gaudy-coloured silk handkerchiefs tied round his arms from the shoulders to the wrists, and down his thighs and legs to the ankles; he carried a drawn sword in his hand; leaning upon his arm was a youth dressed as a fine lady, in white muslin, and profusely bedecked from top to toe with gay ribbons; these, I understood, were called the 'Lord and Lady' of the company. After these followed six or seven couples more, attired much in the same style as the lord and lady, only the men were without swords. When this group received a satisfactory contribution at any house, the music struck up from a violin, clarionet, and fife, accompanied by the long drum, and they began the merry dance, and very well they danced, I assure you; the men-*women* looked and footed it so much like *real* women, that I stood in great doubt as to which sex they belonged to, till Mrs J—— assured me that women were not permitted to mingle in these sports. While the dancers were merrily footing it, the principal amusement to the populace was caused by the grimaces and clownish tricks of Mad Moll and her husband. When the circle of spectators became so contracted as to interrupt the dancers, then Mad Moll's husband went to work with his broom, and swept the road dust all round the circle into the faces of the crowd; and when any pretended affronts were offered (and many were offered) to his wife, he pursued the offenders, broom in hand; if he could not overtake them, whether they were males or females, he flung his broom at them. These flights and pursuits caused an abundance of merriment."† The

* Hone's Every-Day Book. † Ibid.

Hitchin Mayers have a song much in the style of a Christmas carol, which Mr Hone has also given :—

"Remember us, poor Mayers all,
And thus do we begin
To lead our lives in righteousness,
Or else we die in sin.

We have been rambling all this night,
And almost all this day;
And now, returned back again,
We have brought you a branch of May.

A branch of May we have brought you,
And at your door it stands;
It is but a sprout,
But it's well budded out
By the work of our Lord's hands.

The hedges and trees they are so green,
As green as any leek;
Our heavenly Father he watered them
With his heavenly dew so sweet.

The heavenly gates are open wide,
Our paths are beaten plain,
And if a man be not too far gone,
He may return again.

The life of man is but a span,
It flourishes like a flower;
We are here to-day, and gone to-morrow,
And we are dead in an hour.

The moon shines bright, and the stars give a light,
A little before it is day;
So God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May!"

In London, as has been said, May-day was once as much observed as it was in any rural district. There were several May-poles throughout the city, particularly one near the bottom of Catherine Street in the Strand, which, rather oddly, became in its latter days a support for a large telescope at Wanstead in Essex, the property of the Royal Society. The milkmaids were amongst the last conspicuous celebrators of the day. They used to dress themselves in holiday guise on this morning, and come in bands with fiddles, whereto they danced, attended by a strange-looking pyramidal pile, covered with pewter plates, ribbons, and streamers, either borne by a man upon his head, or by two men upon a hand-barrow: this was called their *garland*. The young chimney-sweepers also made this a peculiar festival, coming forth into the streets in fantastic dresses, and making all sorts of unearthly noises with their shovels and brushes. The benevolent Mrs Montagu, one of the first of the class of literary ladies in England, gave these home slaves an annual dinner on this day, in order, we presume, to aid a little in reconciling them to existence. In London, May-day still remains the great festival of the sweeps, and much finery and many vagaries are exhibited on the occasion.

The Robin Hood games and morris-dances, by which this day was distinguished till the Reformation, appear, from many scattered notices of them, to have been entertainments full of interest to the common people. Robin has been alternatively styled in at least one document as the King of May, while Maid Marian seems to have been held as the Queen. The various scattered particulars respecting these festivities, which make but dry reading by themselves, have been wrought up to some advantage by Mr Strutt in his "Queen Hoo Hall," where he describes May-day as celebrated by the servants and dependants of an English baron of the fifteenth century. (We abridge a little in the matter of costume.) "In the front of the pavilion, a large square was staked out, and fenced with ropes, to prevent the crowd from pressing upon the performers, and interrupting the diversion; there were also two bars at the bottom of the enclosure, through which the actors might pass and repass, as occasion required. Six young men first entered the square, clothed in jerkins of leather, with axes upon their shoulders like woodmen, and their heads bound with large garlands of ivy leaves, intertwined with sprigs of hawthorn. Then followed six young maidens of the village, dressed in blue kirtles, with garlands of primroses on their heads, leading a fine sleek cow decorated with ribbons of various colours interspersed with flowers; and the horns of the animal were tipped with gold. These were succeeded by six foresters equipped in green tunics, with hoods and hosen of the same colour; each of them carried a bugle-horn attached to a baldrick of silk, which he sounded as he passed the barrier. After them came Peter Lanaret, the baron's chief falconer, who personified *Robin Hood;* he was attired in a bright grass-green tunic, fringed with gold; his hood and his hosen were particoloured, blue and white; he had a large garland of rose-buds on his head, a bow bent in his hand, a sheaf of arrows at his girdle, and a bugle-horn depending from a baldrick of light blue tarantine, embroidered with silver; he had also a sword and a dagger, the hilts of both being richly embossed with gold. Fabian, a page, as *Little John*, walked at his right hand; and Cecil Cellerman, the butler, as *Will Stukely*, at his left. These, with ten others of the jolly outlaw's attendants who followed, were habited in green garments, bearing their bows bent in their hands, and their arrows in their girdles. Then came two maidens, in orange-coloured kirtles with white courtpies, strewing flowers, followed immediately by the *Maid Marian*, elegantly habited in a watchet-coloured tunic reaching to the ground. She was supported by two bride-maidens, in sky-coloured rochets girt with crimson girdles. After them came four other females in green courtpies, and garlands of violets and cowslips. Then Sampson, the smith, as *Friar Tuck*, carrying a huge quarter-staff on his shoulder; and Morris, the mole-taker, who represented *Much*, the miller's son, having a long pole with an inflated bladder attached to one end. And after them the *May-pole*, drawn by eight fine oxen, decorated with scarfs, ribbons, and flowers of divers colours, and the tips of their horns were embellished with gold. The rear was closed by the hobby-horse and the dragon. When the May-pole was drawn into the square, the foresters sounded their horns, and the populace expressed their pleasure by shouting incessantly until it reached the place assigned for its elevation. During the time the ground was preparing for its reception, the barriers of the bottom of the enclosure were opened for the villagers to approach and adorn it with ribbons, garlands, and flowers, as their inclination prompted them. The pole being sufficiently onerated with finery, the square was cleared from such as had no part to perform in the pageant, and then it was elevated amidst the reiterated acclamations of the spectators. The *woodmen* and the *milk-maidens* danced around it according to the rustic fashion; the measure was played by Peretto Cheveritte, the baron's chief minstrel, on the *bagpipes*, accompanied with the pipe and tabor, performed by one of his associates. When the dance was finished, Gregory the jester, who undertook to play the *hobby-horse*, came forward with his appropriate equipment, and frisking up and down the square without restriction, imitated the galloping, curvetting, ambling, trotting, and other paces of a horse, to the infinite satisfaction of the lower classes of the spectators. He was followed by Peter Parker, the baron's ranger, who personated a *dragon*, hissing, yelling, and shaking his wings with wonderful ingenuity; and to complete the mirth, Morris, in the character of *Much*, having small bells attached to his knees and elbows, capered here and there between the two monsters in the form of a dance; and as often as he came near to the sides of the enclosure, he cast slyly a handful of meal into the faces of the gaping rustics, or rapped them about their heads with the bladder tied at the end of his pole. In the mean time, Sampson, representing Friar Tuck, walked with much gravity around the square, and occasionally let fall his heavy staff upon the toes of such of the crowd as he thought were approaching more forward than they ought to do; and if the sufferers cried out from the sense of pain, he addressed them in a solemn tone of voice, advising them to count their beads, say a paternoster or two, and to beware of purgatory. These vagaries were highly palatable to the populace, who announced their delight by repeated plaudits and loud bursts of laughter; for this reason they were continued for a considerable length of time; but Gregory, beginning at last to falter in his paces, ordered the dragon to fall back. The well-nurtured beast, being out of breath, readily obeyed, and their two companions followed their example, which concluded this part of the pastime. Then the *archers* set up a target at the lower part of the green, and made trial of their skill in a regular succession. Robin Hood and Will Stukely excelled their comrades, and both of them lodged an arrow in the centre circle of gold, so near to each other that the difference could not readily be decided, which occasioned them to shoot again, when Robin struck the gold a second time, and Stukely's arrow was affixed upon the edge of it. Robin was therefore adjudged the conqueror; and the prize of honour, a garland of laurel embellished with variegated ribbons, was put upon his head; and to Stukely was given a garland of ivy, because he was the second best performer in that contest. The pageant was finished with the archery, and the procession began to move away to make room for the villagers, who afterwards assembled in the square, and amused themselves by dancing round the May-pole in promiscuous companies, according to the ancient custom."

AN ELEGANTLY USELESS YOUNG LADY.

Of this class of young ladies we find the following specimen in a work now publishing, called "Family Secrets":—"Isabel advanced along the path of life with feeble and uncertain steps; for in addition to her constitutional delicacy, she had to contend with a will undisciplined, and with endless longings after personal gratification unchecked, unregulated, and consequently incapable of being gratified to their full extent. Indulged as a favourite child, the greater part of her life was spent in a kind of dreamy idleness, from which she was seldom roused, except by some awakening desire for personal gratification, some complaint of mental or bodily uneasiness, or some scheme for momentary amusement, which she was generally too languid or too indolent to carry into effect. The consequence of all this was, that Isabel arrived at the age of eighteen, a victim to dyspepsia, an amateur in medicine, a martyr to nervous maladies, and as elegantly discontented with life, and all it had to offer, as any other young lady of her age could think becoming her character and station. The worst of all was, that, by this system of injudicious treatment, false tastes had been created, unnatural cravings excited for bodily as well as mental stimulants, which, under the names of cordials, tonics, and restoratives, were but too plentifully supplied. Isabel had not, like her sisters, been permitted to go to school, though hers was a case in which school discipline might have been highly efficacious; she had not even been considered capable of enduring the usual process of mental instruction at home. Thus, her education, even that inferior part which relates to the understanding and the memory, was as vague and irregular as could well be imagined. She was, however, an extensive though superficial reader; and those who conversed with her only for a short time, believed her to be a much better informed person than she really was. We have said, that, with all her disadvantages, Isabel was not absolutely disagreeable. So far from this, she generally attracted attention in company by her easy and lady-like manners, and by a countenance which, perhaps, was less beautiful than interesting and expressive. Unassailed by any of those severe trials which put to the test the real principles upon which we act, she had not made the discovery herself, nor had any of her friends made it for her, that she was in reality selfish and unamiable; for while every one ministered to her gratification, she had only to express her gratitude, affect a little willingness to deny herself, and expatiate on her regret at being the cause of so much trouble, and all went on exactly as she wished—the trouble was incurred, the attempted self-denial was frustrated, and the kindness for which she expressed her gratitude was repeated and increased. What a lesson do we learn by a sudden reverse of this order of things!—a lesson, perhaps, the most severe that experience ever teaches; while, at the same time, our dependence upon animal and selfish gratification, our irritability, impatience, and wounded feeling, when these are denied, show us but too faithfully the living picture of those passions of which we believed ourselves incapable, simply because indulgence had hitherto lulled them to rest." This listless and spoiled child, the story goes on to say, is married, but having no mental resources to fall back upon, and no taste for the active duties of life, she seeks *artificial excitement;* the result is such as might have been expected—she loses caste, and sinks into disgraced obscurity.

INSANITY CURED BY THE PATIENT HIMSELF.

I recollect a case which occurred to me thirty-five years ago, of a seaman, who had been living in a very intemperate way for some time, until he became so maniacal, that he could not be kept on board his ship. He was sent to the workhouse at Hull, where he had only been a few days, when he leaped out of the window, in consequence, as he afterwards related to me, of believing that the devil wanted to get possession of him. He thought he should escape him, if he could but get out of the house. He said he felt quite free for some time; but he at last heard him beneath the pavement, wherever he went in the town. He then thought, that if he could only leap on board a ship, which was at some little distance from the wharf, he should avoid him; but he had not been long on board, before he felt convinced that he was scratching at the bottom of the vessel, and it then occurred to him, that if he got on shore and cut his throat, he should be safe. He borrowed a knife from a sailor whom he met, and instantly cut his throat from ear to ear. As is very usual in these attempts at self-destruction, the pharynx was wounded, but the carotids were uninjured; the hemorrhage from the superficial vessels was enormous. The parts were speedily brought together; the wound healed by the first intention; he was never insane one moment after the brain was relieved by the immediate loss of blood. He related to me all the above circumstances. He got perfectly well, and went to sea within a month after his unsuccessful attempt at self-destruction.—*Sir W. C. Ellis on Insanity.*

STATISTICS OF MUSCULAR POWER.

Man has the power of imitating every motion but that of flight. To effect these, he has, in maturity and health, sixty bones in his head, sixty in his thighs and legs, sixty-two in his arms and hands, sixty-seven in his trunk. He has also 434 muscles. His heart makes sixty-four pulsations in a minute; and, therefore, 3,840 in an hour—92,160 in a day. There are also three complete circulations of his blood in the short space of an hour. In respect to the comparative speed of animated beings and of impelled bodies, it may be remarked, that size and construction seem to have little influence; nor has comparative strength, although one body giving any quantity of motion to another is said to lose so much of its own. The sloth is by no means a small animal, and yet it can travel only fifty paces in a day; a worm crawls only five inches in fifty seconds; but a ladybird can fly 20 million times its own length in less than an hour. An elk can run a mile and a half in seven minutes; an antelope a mile in a minute; the wild mule of Tartary has a speed even greater than that; an eagle can fly eighteen leagues in an hour; and a Canary falcon can even reach 250 leagues in the short space of sixteen hours.—*Bucke.*

ADHERENCE TO OLD CUSTOMS.

The Welsh plough is one of the most awkward unmeaning tools to be found in any civilised country; but the Rotherham and other improved ploughs are coming into general use. A gentleman, a naval officer in Cardiganshire, introduced the light Rotherham, and insisted on his ploughmen using them. As soon as he turned his back, the new ploughs were dismissed the service, and the old ones brought into the field. One day, in a rage, he committed the old ploughs to the flames, and set the new ones a-going. Afterwards, taking a ride to cool himself, and returning, he found the new ploughs in the ditch, and old ploughs, borrowed from the neighbours, at work; the master then thinking it useless to persevere, gave up the contest. "I have," said he, "seen various kinds of human beings, in different parts of the globe, but none so obstinately bent on old usages as the Welsh."—*London's Encyclopædia of Agriculture.*

An error occurred in the paper on Coleridge which appeared in the Journal, No. 530. The poet's children, we are informed by P. H., are the following:—David Hartley, author of an interesting book entitled "The Worthies of Lancashire and Yorkshire"—Derwent, who has written a large volume on the scriptural character of the English Church—and Sara, the writer of a beautiful tale called "Phantasmion."

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THE STRUGGLES OF ADOLESCENCE.

THE passage from boyhood to youth was marked amongst the Romans by a ceremonious investiture with what they called the *toga virilis*, or robe of manhood. I presume this was put on at a certain age, so that there could be no dubiety about the matter. The boy was a boy one day; next day, he was a man; all the world acknowledged the transition, and there was no more to be said. It is very different in this country, where a lad will sometimes hang for a year or two in a doubtful state between boy and man, to the great discomfort of himself, and not without some inconvenience to his neighbours, who scarcely know how to address or consider him. He himself is probably eager to be ranked with men, and for this reason has long put away boyish things; but his seniors, somehow, are usually plaguily slow at perceiving that he has ceased to be a boy—so that, unless he puts forward some determined claim, he stands little chance of being accepted in the superior capacity. This, again, his bashfulness may forbid his doing, so that he is condemned to pine in secret under an injustice for which there is no immediate remedy.

If a youngster have elder brothers, who have for some time been received into the pale of manhood, his case is even worse. I have known desperate struggles take place between younger and elder brothers, in the assertion of a claim to be considered as an adult specimen of the genus *homo*. It is very shameful; but certainly the policy of the elder parties is decidedly of the keep-him-down character. Orlando, in *As You Like It*, is but a type of what all younger brothers have to endure from elder brothers. One may have got above any thing like a particular affection for bread and butter for several months, and by rising at five every morning, may have made way through not only Smith's Wealth of Nations, but also Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire; yet those big fellows will still deny one's claim to manhood. One may have even begun to shave pretty regularly, though somewhat clandestinely, once a-week; yet for some time it will all not do. Constant squabbling and fighting goes on—in some instances for one or more years—before the point is finally settled.

A *toga virilis*, to be put on at a particular age, would save all these inconveniences. We have, indeed, a *toga virilis* in the long-tailed coat; but then there is no fixed time for induing it. The difficulty with the young man is—to get his long-tailed coat. That would settle the matter at once; but then nobody will let him have it. Father, elder brothers, all who have any concern in the business, are found to labour under a remarkable prejudice about long-tailed coats, albeit wearing such garments most complacently themselves. The candidate is sure to be by far too young for it: in a year or two it may do very well, but it is absurd to speak of such a thing just now. In short, he must wait. And thus they would

> "Bid him sigh on from day to day,
> And wish and wish the soul away"—

until he almost rises in rebellion against authority of every kind; when at length, like many more important things, that is conceded to terror which has been denied to justice. Well may we say to the youth, "The long-tailed coat would make you a man at once; but first catch your long-tailed coat!"

Yet, if we cannot preach in the kirk, we may sing mass in the quier. It sometimes happens that, although a long-tailed coat is for the time unattainable, a pair of boots is not so; and the exchange of shoes for boots is a step towards the desired object. A sensible youth will be content to take his reform by instalments, trusting by and by to get the whole. And it is really remarkable how far even this alteration will go in advancing the youth to his proper character. One of a set of boys accustomed to play together, appears some fine spring morning with his organs of escape encased in boots. He is instantly recognised as having undergone some strange change, though they cannot at first tell what it consists in. He is no longer the companion they had yesterday, but somehow has got quite above them. They approach with the hesitation due to his felt superiority, to see what it is that has changed him so suddenly, and ere long detect the boots; yet cannot at first understand how those articles should have such an effect. The truth is, it is not the material boots upon his feet that make him look different; there is something within that passeth show. It is the boots of his mind that make the impress. He feels booted, and no longer is the boy he was. Were his actual boots quite concealed from view, he would still be the new man—like Addison's waiting-maid, whom there was no speaking to on the day when she put on her new garters. The other fellows have a faint sense of how the case stands, and at once see that, unless they can get boots too, they must be content to strike under. Home, therefore, they go to their parents, and commence a process of agitation for boots—to every refusal replying, "Well, there's Harry Go-ahead has got boots, and he is no older than we," until they gain their point. This done, all is smooth for a time, but only till some one of the set takes another stride in advance—for instance, getting a stock in place of a black handkerchief, or a hat instead of a cap—when instantly the whole pack, as before, must struggle to get upon the same footing.

The getting of boots, stocks, hats, and such things, are but inferior stages in the career towards manhood. They are unmarked, unfelt, in comparison with the grand business of getting a long-tailed coat. There lies the real struggle of youth. The other things are outworks: the long-tailed coat is the citadel. I well remember that, when I attained to boots, my ambition had scarcely yet conceived the idea of a long-tailed coat. One is modest at first, after the manner of Colonel Jack, of whom Defoe records—"About this time the colonel thought he might take it upon him to wear a shirt." About the time when I got a hat, the vision of a long-tailed coat hung with considerable distinctness before my mental eyesight. I beheld the skirts dangling, and the yellow buttons gleaming, in one of those fits of *clair-voyance* which are only enjoyed in youth. Still the coat, like many equally important matters, long remained a matter of abstract speculation—a kind of *Yarrow Unvisited*. I was sensible of its importance, for I saw how differently a lad in a jacket and one in a long-tailed coat were esteemed; but at the same time I knew that I was yet young and small, and without any proper pretensions to be so far advanced. At length, however, the time came when the long-tailed coat could be no longer dispensed with.

I and two juvenile and jacketed friends had for years been playfellows. We not only played together on all occasions, but had a regular alliance with regard to all matters offensive and defensive. As we grew up, we came to have a joint-stock collection of rabbits, from which we expected to derive an immense fortune; but this, like so many other joint-stock concerns, turned out a complete failure. Nothing occurred to mar the friendly feeling which subsisted between us, until one of my companions, who was a little taller and spoke somewhat louder than the rest, appeared before us one morning, to our no small astonishment, in a long-tailed coat. Our tall friend had cunningly kept the matter a secret, evidently, as we thought, for the purpose of creating a sensation. I and my remaining jacketed friend were taken by surprise, and stood perfectly awe-struck and abashed, peering from under our raised hands at our exalted companion. If he had exercised authority over us while he wore a jacket like ourselves, what would he not do now that he was arrayed in all the pride and plenitude of a long-tailed coat? We trembled at the anticipation, which only turned out to be too true. He of the long-tailed coat kept us in a state of perpetual helotism. There was a swell and a swagger in his air that nothing short of a long-tailed coat could have imparted. His voice waxed louder and more imperious. He dictated and dogmatised over us at his pleasure. We of course succumbed before him, for what could jackets do against a long-tailed coat? But were we to continue in that state for ever? That was the question. We had evidently arrived at a great crisis, and something must be done. My little jacketed friend and I did not say much on the subject, but our looks spoke volumes, and we knew that we felt as one. I may also remark that our long-tailed friend did not in so many words tell us that we were wretches in jackets, but his whole demeanour announced it as plainly as if he had spoken it. He first humbled us with an attempt at affability and condescension; then cooled off entirely. He was now joined to a set of younkers who wore regular long-tailed coats and smoked cigars. We were no longer fit company for him. Flesh and blood could not stand this unmoved, and in the first heat of our indignation we cogitated how we might manage to humble him in turn by cutting a skirt away from his coat. But this passed off. We came to see that it would be better for us to try to rise to his level, than to endeavour to pull him down to ours—a plan, by the way, which may be recommended to the consideration of many older persons with curtailing doctrines. Not many weeks passed ere my sole remaining companion had succeeded in the great object. By some means, to me at the time inexplicable, he had contrived to nestle himself into a pea-green coat with marvellously long tails. I had scarcely recovered from the surprise which this gave me, when I saw him one day walking down the street arm in arm with the tall youth who had lately so shamefully entreated us both, and whom we, in our resentment, had vowed never again to speak to—no, upon no account whatever. Here was a specimen of human constancy! Matters were quickly enough decided. In less than a week, my late companion had completely deserted the party of the jackets, and was received as a full privileged member of the fraternity of the long-tailed coats.

I went home melancholy and misanthropical. Visions of a long-tailed coat, as already mentioned, had ere now visited me, but I was not eager on the subject: I could have waited meekly till time was ripe for the glory which I knew was ultimately to be mine. But when I saw myself thus cast forth as it were from my own proper society, on account of my wearing a jacket, it was no longer possible to exercise patience. It was now clear that if I did not get a long-tailed coat myself, and that speedily, I must fall back upon a set of boys below me in age and all other respects. Agitation had not then become a political principle, but was a recognised domestic one, and I lost no time in taking advantage of it. I spoke to my sister to speak to my mother to speak to my father to get me a long-tailed coat. Next evening, as the worthy man was reposing in his easy chair after

dinner, quietly and unsuspectingly taking his usual tumbler of toddy, the trenches were opened by the deputed hand of my maternal parent, who, in the blandest tones, intimated that his son and heir had taken it into his head that he would like very much to have a long-tailed coat. The old gentleman flew into a violent passion, as old gentlemen are apt to do when their pockets are attacked. "A long-tailed coat!" he roared out in an old commodore sort of way; "what does he want with a long-tailed coat? Nonsense, nonsense! If he gets a long-tailed coat ten years hence, it will be soon enough." I heard the words from behind the door, and my heart died within me. Not get a long-tailed coat for ten years! Was I to be doomed to wear a jacket, and be the laughing-stock of the whole long-tailed fraternity, for such a long time? Rather, I thought, let me die at once; and I really did for a moment contemplate suicide. But my mother, with whom I was a favourite, evidently appeared to be on my side, and I then saw reason for hope, knowing that she was in general a capital agitator. That very night, to my unspeakable joy, it was announced that "the governor" had relented, and that I might go and get measure taken for a long-tailed coat!

I immediately sallied forth and sought the dwelling of the tailor, at whose door I rapped in a bold determined manner. "Is Mr Toggins at home?" said I, in an authoritative tone. "Yes, sir;" and I was shown into a room. In a short time, Toggins appeared, with his measures disposed over his arm, and these he right quickly applied to my person. I remember yet the pleasure with which I felt his fingers touch the back of my leg as he measured me for the *tails*. I told him that I wished a first-rate article, and expected that he would spare no pains. He solemnly promised to do as I wished; and added, that to give the coat every advantage, he would put on a set of buttons of a pattern newly introduced in town, and which had only that day reached him. I left him with my head in the clouds. On Saturday night the coat was brought home. I tried it on; the fit was faultless, the workmanship beautiful, the buttons splendid. Next morning, when the bells began to ring for church, I walked forth in my coat, and proceeded with as unconcerned an air as possible up the sunny side of the street, which I adopted for the double purpose of showing off, and of seeing the shadow of my skirts on the wall. As I went along, one of a group of urchins upon whom I suddenly came, cried "Haud out o' the man's road!"—an evidence that I was no longer a boy, but a full-fledged man. The sentence, pronounced as it was in the broadest Scotch of a country town, was music to my ears, and inflated me as wind does a bag. I felt tall, and strong, and dignified, and not-care-a-farthingishly, and went into church in a frame of mind any thing but that of a sober Christian. On the following morning, it became evident that my coat had made a sensation. My former companions, who had stood aloof during the jacket régime, now came up, and were as frank and social as ever. I was inclined to be cold at first, but soon relented. The only punishment I inflicted was to report what I had been told by Toggins, but did not believe, that my buttons were the favourite buttons of the Prince Regent; at which, as I expected, they all looked rather blank. To tell the plain truth, I soon saw how absurd it would be to resent their former exclusive conduct; for, before we had walked along a hundred yards together, I felt the same contempt for one or two jacketed striplings of my acquaintance whom we met, as my new companions had lately expressed for me.

Thus happily, at length, ended the struggles of adolescence in my case; but I remain deeply sensible of how much better it would be to revive the Roman fashion, than to allow a youth to fight his way, as I had done, into the *toga virilis*—freely translated, the long-tailed coat.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

WILLIAM SMITH, THE "FATHER OF ENGLISH GEOLOGY."

[For the advance of most sciences two kinds of men are necessary—first, the active observing man who bustles about collecting facts, then the meditative reflecting man who systematises these facts and draws conclusions. Geology is eminently one of the sciences requiring two classes of cultivators. The first was more particularly necessary forty or fifty years ago, when the science only existed in its rudest elements. At that time there were two widely different men engaged in investigating the aqueous rocks—the German mine-superintendant Werner, a sublime genius, who theorised before he had largely enough observed, and William Smith, an English land-surveyor, who only could observe. To the latter, mainly, the world has been indebted for its knowledge of the order in which that class of rocks has been formed above each other—a piece of knowledge which has enlarged in the most interesting manner our conceptions of the Creator's works, and added a new and wonderful volume to the history of the world which we inhabit. Mr Smith is only the more remarkable for this service, from his being purely a practical man, one who had few opportunities for study, little intercourse with philosophers, and no theory to lead him on and reward him for his labours. We remember well his appearance at the Edinburgh meeting of the British Association: even then, when possessing name and fame, he looked only like a rather homely kind of farmer. He is recently dead; and as there is not only a scientific but a moral interest in his history, a brief view of it, furnished by one who knew him, is here submitted.]

William Smith was born, March 23, 1769, at Churchill in Oxfordshire—over, as he was fond to remark, the oolitic formation. He commenced as a geologist in his very boyhood, it being one of his earliest amusements to collect the fossil shells which abound in this class of rocks, and to observe their several characters. His patrimony being small, he engaged in the profession of a surveyor of land; and in the course of the acquisition of professional knowledge, it was his delight to store facts in reference to the strata whose surfaces he measured and apportioned as a matter of business. In 1791, Mr Smith was employed in Somersetshire; and some years later he was engaged in executing the Somerset Coal Canal. Here he frequently descended the coal-pits, and obtained much information on the coal-measures, from the colliers and his own keen personal inspection. In the course of this period, he became intimately acquainted with the minute characteristics of the stratification around Bath, which, including the coal-measures, embraced some of the most important of our English rocks and clays. He in time collected numerous organic remains, all of which he was careful to label in reference to the precise positions from which they were derived. He was now called to survey on the Coteswold Hills; and, early in 1794, to attend Parliament in connexion with the business of the Somerset Coal-Canal Company. His journey to London afforded him an opportunity, thoroughly made use of, of observing the contours of the hills and eminences in the various neighbourhoods; nor was the conformation of ranges of knolls and minor elevations lost upon our observer. A stage-coach journey was in fact to him the perusal, though necessarily a hasty perusal, of a page of nature's volume.

He was wont to relate with peculiar zest the history of a long, but to him by no means tedious, travel which he undertook with two engineers, in 1794, to the north of England, for the purpose of collecting information on canals and collieries. Seated foremost in the chaise, he explored every point of broken ground on two lines between Bath and Newcastle-on-Tyne; and, instructed by previous observations, he correctly interpreted the hieroglyphics presented by the contours of distant hills, and traced, by aid of these and the form and position of escarpments, the strata of Bath to the coast of Whitby, and the chalk of the Wiltshire downs to the wolds of Lincolnshire and Yorkshire. At this period of his life, Mr Smith was entirely unacquainted with books on physical geography or natural history; although, even if he had been learned in their lore, there was little at that time published that could have materially assisted him in his inquiries. His ignorance was proved by numerous particulars; and chiefly by his adoption of the local designations of the particular strata, and the employment of all such terms as would be given and recognised in the respective neighbourhoods of the rocks. Many of these, however inharmonious—such as combrash, forest-marble, lias—are still preserved in the alphabet of geology, while others have yielded to more correct denominations.

In 1795, when Mr Smith became a housekeeper, he began to arrange his collections of fossils from the vicinity of Bath, *in the order of the strata*; and before 1799 he had coloured geologically the large sheets of the Somersetshire survey, and a circular map of the vicinity of Bath, both remarkably accurate. By maps and sections, also, he explained to numerous scientific gentlemen, who were attracted by the novelty of his system to visit him, those views relating to the regular succession and continuity of strata, and the definite distribution of animal and vegetable remains in the earth, which are now placed in the first lessons of geology. The great distinctive features of Mr Smith's system were now clearly presented to his own mind and to the minds of others. They were these:—That the fossil productions of the several strata are not accidentally and confusedly distributed in them, but that each species has its own peculiar place, as belonging to some particular stratum; that this species may be either confined to that stratum solely, or to that and other particular strata in conjunction; that in the first case it becomes an infallible test of the identity of two strata occurring in two different localities, and in the last case a collateral proof of that identity. Mr Smith arranged (for convenience of removal) the fossils in trays, letting down one above the other, in boxes of moderate dimensions; each box commonly containing a collection of fossils from the same rock or stratum in various parts of England. As they were nearly all collected by his own hands, he could point with certainty to the proofs of his theory of identification of strata by organic remains; and the theory was therefore fully established, and gradually made known and received. In all these exhibitions and explanations, we are especially called upon to admire the liberality and frankness of his communications to any respectable and intelligent inquirer. He reserved no portion of information to himself, but profusely bestowed it without considerations of selfishness, or thought of compensation of any kind. Had he been actuated by any thing apart from an indomitable love of the science, it is more than probable that his knowledge might have been turned to good account for his own exclusive benefit in his profession. On the contrary, it was perpetually evident that he mainly made his profession subservient to his pursuit of geology. His devotion to the science was evidenced by his receiving about this time a designation by which he was usually distinguished throughout his life from the innumerable multitude of Smiths who inhabit our island—namely, that of "Strata Smith."

Dr James Anderson and other scientific gentlemen urged Mr Smith to lay his views and discoveries before the world, and offered him such assistance as was in their power, which offers were repeated on the part of other men of eminence. In 1799, therefore, appeared a small "Tabular View of the Superposition of English Strata;" and in 1801, a prospectus for an "Accurate Delineation and Description of the Natural Order of the Various Strata of England and Wales," &c. This prospectus is in itself a brief compendium of the practical applications of geology, and displays the growing mastery of the subject, which was finally proved beyond a doubt by the appearance, in 1815, of the principal portion of his "Delineation of the Strata of England and Wales." This work was a large map, in fifteen coloured sheets, of the kind now known as geological maps, and was the unaided production of this one zealous geologist. Considered in this light, and also, indeed, of that of a near approach to general accuracy, its merits can scarcely be overrated. And although it was not long after followed by the more accurate map of Mr Greenough, it is not difficult to suppose that the formation of the latter was greatly facilitated by the labours of Mr Smith, at least in diffusing geological knowledge over a large portion of England. Nor must it be forgotten that he had long prepared the main parts of the map, but did not meet with sufficient encouragement to publish it. Sir Joseph Banks had become acquainted with our geologist in one of his visits to the agricultural meetings, called "sheep-shearings," at Woburn and Holkham, and afterwards proved a warm patron and the promoter of a subscription to assist the publications of our author.

In 1804 Mr Smith had removed to London, and in 1806 he published a treatise on irrigation. From this period up to 1815, he had attracted notice in various ways; and in that year, when his great map appeared, the British Museum purchased his whole collection of fossils for L.500. The task of arranging these led to the publication of two small quartos, entitled, "Strata Identified by Organised Fossils" (1815); and "Stratigraphical System of Organised Fossils" (1817), the latter being designed as an index to the specimens in the museum. Between the appearance of the great map in 1815 and 1821, Mr Smith published no less than twenty geological maps of English counties, often remarkable for their near approach to accuracy. It is, however, painful to record the fact, that all his efforts had been insufficient to ensure himself a moderate or even small competency. He was compelled to forego his residence in London, and in some degree to lead a wandering life in various parts of the country. In 1824, he delivered a course of lectures on his favourite science to the members of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, and repeated these the same year, in conjunction with his nephew (the well-known Professor Phillips, the author of several works on geological subjects), at Scarborough and Hull. In 1825, similar lectures were delivered at Sheffield, and efforts were made to secure some permanent engagement for Mr Smith. He at length was offered and accepted an occupation as agent to Sir John Johnstone, Bart., at the beautiful retreat of Hackness, near Scarborough. Here, as usual, he set himself to geological research, the result of which soon appeared in a map and a collection of fossils. I shall ever remember the hearty shake of a weathered hand with which he welcomed me to Hackness, whither I had repaired to reside for some time with him as his pupil. He, on this occasion, set myself and a friend who accompanied me down to a bread and cheese luncheon; but before our hunger was half appeased, he insisted on hauling us out to inspect the outline of the neighbouring hills. My friend, who professed no passion for practical geology, could not leave the cottage without casting at least "one longing, lingering look behind."

Mr Smith subsequently spent the main portion of his time at Scarborough, the vicinity of which is rich in objects of geological interest. He had, as early as 1817, planned the arrangements of the beautiful museum at that place, and it was erected and carried out upon his plan. The building is circular, and the fossils and geological and mineralogical contents are arranged in sloping shelves, one above the other, in such a manner that the circle presents a good silent lecture on the strata. The order of natural superposition is followed, and thus the positions and productions of the several strata are at once observed.

The practical value of his knowledge has been most triumphantly proved in the instance of the Great South Hetton Colliery in Durham. For, in 1821, Mr Smith recommended to Colonel Braddyl, the proprietor of the estate, to search for coal *beneath* the

magnesian limestone. The idea of such a search was always previously held to be one of very great uncertainty in its result, and by some was entirely scouted. The issue of the experiment has proved the most fortunate possible to Colonel Braddyl and others; for excellent coal has been obtained, although not without considerable difficulties in sinking the shafts.

Our geologist was intensely gratified, and partially rewarded for comparative obscurity, in the presentation to him, in 1831, by the Geological Society of London, of the first Wollaston medal, accompanied by a merited and eloquent eulogium by Professor Sedgwick, in the course of which he styled Mr Smith the "Father of English Geology." In the same year, also, the British Association, assembled at York, made application to government for a pension to Mr Smith, which was ultimately settled upon him for life, to the amount of L.100 annually. The crowning gratification of our philosopher was bestowed at Dublin, in 1835, when the University, during the meeting of the British Association in that city, conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. On the first day of the meeting of the association I encountered him, as I was hurrying to the assembly, in the street, and, ignorant of his new honour, cordially addressed him in the usual style of Mr Smith, which designation he instantly paused to assure me was defunct, and dilated with pardonable vanity upon his doctorship. Occasionally, on passing him during the day, I overheard him explaining to other friends the error into which their ignorance, like mine, had led them; and even on the last day of the meetings of the association, the same verbal correction was in process of being administered to the last ignorant delinquent.

Several of his friends expected the pleasure of again conversing with him, in 1839, at the meeting of the British Association at Birmingham. Great, however, was our regret and surprise to hear, upon our arrival there, that Dr Smith had closed his life and labours at Northampton, September 23d, while on a visit to a friend, in his way to the meeting. It was a remarkable coincidence, that a wish of his, often half-jocularly and half-pensively expressed, had been realised in the site of the place of his death. He had often said that he wished he might close his labours on the stratum on which he had commenced them—namely, the oolite. Northampton is situated on the oolite! And in St Peter's churchyard repose, on that very stratum, the remains of "Strata Smith."

I have enumerated the titles of the principal publications of Dr Smith; but, with the exception of the great map and the other maps, they were usually but partially complete, and were obviously intended more as preludes to sustained efforts to be made, either by him or others, under more favourable circumstances. This admission does not detract from his justly earned fame, but it will account for the fact that their author has been almost forgotten, except among his immediate circle of friends. He was in the habit also, during many of his latter years, of recording his recollections and ideas based upon them, upon separate slips of paper, in a neat handwriting. These slips accumulated to a formidable extent—so formidable, indeed, as to render the chance of their arrangement and reperusal very remote. He one day opened all these stores to me, and urged upon me the desirableness of reducing them to order and methodical arrangement. I undertook the task with some perseverance and ardour; but ultimately relinquished it, from the utter impossibility of accomplishing the project satisfactorily—as, indeed, such a loose mode of composition might naturally have led me to anticipate. It must not be concealed, however, that Dr Smith's views were not exactly accordant with the advanced state of geological science in his latter years. He could by no means be brought to acquiesce in the theories propounded by some of our bold modern investigators; nor was he always sparing in his attempts to disprove or disparage them, whether justly or not it is not my purpose here to determine. But I well remember with what an indignant zest he was occasionally wont to exclaim against the fashionable tendency to refer particular distortions or depositions to particular and secondary agency; and the modern readiness to create a special cause for every special event and effect. These dissertations he used generally to conclude by saying—"Ah! sir, these modern theorists only want to make out the Creator *a journeyman!*" Such pithy apothegms were frequently, for example, introduced in his discussions with me upon the vegetable origin of coal—a theory in which he was by no means disposed to acquiesce.

His brother geologists always very properly paid a due degree of respect to the venerable founder of their improved and certain system of observation; and hence seldom controverted his opinions so ardently as they might otherwise have been disposed to do. Hence, too, it was by common and ready consent that an honourable seat, amongst the chief men of the section, was always assigned to "Father Smith" at the meetings of the British Association. These meetings were, indeed, his glory and comfort in his declining days, and were looked forward to by him with a degree of intense interest that ordinary people could not understand or appreciate. I was present with him at every meeting of the association except the two first; and was always much delighted with the paternal interest with which he appeared to regard the proceedings of his sons, if so they might be called—which is the more questionable, perhaps, as he considered some of them very far from dutiful in their unruly attempts at theorising. While we were one morning breakfasting with Professor Sedgwick, at the Cambridge meeting of the association, a very good-humoured paternal correction was gently administered to the accomplished professor, and most dutifully received by him, although it does not appear by his subsequent course that it was productive of serious effects upon him.

Latterly, Dr Smith was afflicted with deafness to some extent; but this did not prevent his attendance at the several meetings of the association, and his occupation of a doctor's chair in all seeming state. Occasionally the lecturer for the day would turn aside towards him, and utter in a louder key some complimentary allusion to the "father of English geology;" whereupon it was most delightful and amusing to witness the conscious merit of the venerable philosopher, and the warm respect of the *illuminati* around him. These allusions, deaf as he was, he never failed to hear and treasure up, to be retailed on all fitting occasions to those who had not the privilege of hearing them at their birth. But especially after his reception of the Wollaston medal, I imagine, no stranger was introduced to Dr Smith without at the same time being introduced by him to the medal. The old man carried it about with him in its red leather case wherever he went, and was ever able to lay his hand upon it at a moment's warning. Before the form of the introduction of any stranger was well nigh completed in all its ceremonies, the doctor's hand was in his pocket, and in an instant he would commence, in a kind of low utterance, "This is my medal," &c. Some of us were scarcely able to restrain a smile upon such occasions. Nor, if any stranger was present at breakfast with him, were we unacquainted with what would prove the theme of conversation; and usually we so far gratified him as to prevail upon the servant to arrange things in a convenient manner; for, upon the first break of the uniformity of the plate of bread and butter, the doctor would turn with a complacent semi-smile to the stranger, and say—"Now, that plate of bread and butter occurs to me as a capital exemplification of the order of the strata. You see, they crop out and overlie each other, just as the pieces of bread do. There, you see, you may form a good notion of the oolite beds by that arrangement. Suppose we double these pieces, thus, we represent a distortion," &c.

It will readily be conceived from these remarks that Dr Smith was an acute observer of common, and hitherto usually neglected, facts. To the last walk of his life, he geologised as he walked; and from the first days of his life he thereby acquired an invincible habit of looking on the ground if walking, and on the fields if riding. A spring in a field, a stone, a building, a quarry, a clay-pit, brick-field, lime-kiln, and even a ploughed field, were all made to minister to his favourite science, and all to minister well, though not always with novelty. By this perpetual observance of the qualities and properties of external objects, continued throughout an active life, he became not only an interesting companion to the unoccupied stroller, but a profitable fellow-traveller to the practical man. Hence he was appointed to accompany Mr Barry and other commissioners upon their investigations into the durability and suitableness of the stone for the new Houses of Parliament; and he frequently astonished these gentlemen by the accuracy of his local knowledge, and the verity of his predictions as to the course and quality of certain rocks. No opportunity of studying the properties of stone was neglected by him, and no time was deemed unsuitable by him for such inquiries. If attending a parish church to which he was a stranger, he was sure to spend some time before or after service in the churchyard, observing how far the stones had become worn by the weather in proportion to their age. I have more than once walked with him through such a scene, while he pointed out the stratum and locality from which every tombstone was derived.

My friend (above alluded to) who accompanied me to Hackness, was a zealous and most pious clergyman, and, as was his wont, immediately commenced a professional crusade against the man of science, in which, after numerous assaults, he had to confess himself foiled—not by the opposition of the philosopher, but by his perfectly quiet acquiescence in all he propounded, and his reception of the applied force without a particle of reaction, save that every remark of the professional man was dexterously directed by the philosopher to the advancement of geology. My pious friend raised the siege upon being most thoroughly deceived by the meditative appearance of Dr Smith on one occasion in Scarborough churchyard. The doctor was poring pensively over the tombstones, and thereby deluded my friend into the belief that his opportunity for instilling his advice was indubitably arrived—a conclusion which he discovered to be hopelessly fallacious, when the real nature of the doctor's cogitations was made known.

Dr Smith's moral conduct and character were most exemplary throughout his whole life; and his unfailing kindness in circumstances of the most trying domestic affliction, were no less conspicuous and praiseworthy than his unshaken fortitude in bearing up against pecuniary difficulties. It was remarkable that his cheerfulness and hilarity continued almost to the last day of his life. He died indeed of natural decay, at the age of seventy-one, and without pain; his temperate and active habits, together with the healthy character of his pursuits, having kept him hale to the last.

THE YOUNG PRISONER OF THE CONCIERGERIE.

At the period of the French Revolution, there resided in Paris a family called Gerfeuil, consisting of a father, mother, and one son, Edward Gerfeuil, who was about fifteen years of age, a pretty, clever, interesting boy, the darling of his parents' heart and the pride of their eyes. But at the same time that he was a source of unbounded comfort to them, he was also a subject of the deepest anxiety; for at that season of anarchy and peril, when no one's life or fortune was secure, they trembled at the thoughts of the future that might await their innocent child. They possessed a comfortable independent fortune, the whole of which was designed for Edward; but who should promise that he would ever inherit it? The slightest imprudence on the part of the father or mother might render them objects of suspicion; indeed, they might become objects of suspicion without any imprudence at all—they might be accused by an enemy, they might be compromised by a friend, they might be dragged to the scaffold any day without a moment's warning, or they might be obliged to fly their country with nothing but the clothes they had on their backs. And what was to become of their Edward, bred in affluence, nurtured in delicacy, educated in refinement? Many and many an anxious hour did these reflections cost Monsieur and Madame Gerfeuil.

"I sometimes think," said Monsieur Gerfeuil one day to his wife, "that it would not be a bad plan to make Edward learn a trade. In these times, when every body's fortune is so precarious, and when, without any fault of our own, we may be in affluence to-day and beggars to-morrow, it would be advisable to have something to fall back upon—some resource by which one might earn one's bread, in case of the worst falling out."

"What could he learn?" said Madame Gerfeuil.

"We must consult him about it," answered the father. "For my own part, I should recommend printing, because the education he has received would there turn to some account, and he would find some occupation for his mind as well as his fingers."

When Edward was consulted, he agreed that he should prefer printing to any other occupation; and as he promised himself a great deal of diversion from appearing in a part so new to him, he made no objection to the proposal. A working dress being therefore prepared for him, and a respectable establishment selected by his father, the youth commenced his apprenticeship; attending at the printing-office a certain number of hours every day, and receiving instruction in the various branches of his art.

The plan seemed to answer very well. Edward Gerfeuil was fast acquiring dexterity; and the father and mother were comforted to think that they had provided such a resource for their son in case of extremity, when a dreadful calamity befell them. A pamphlet supporting principles very obnoxious to the revolutionary tribunal, which had been circulating amongst the people, was traced to the printing-house of Monsieur Gros, and suddenly himself and all his workmen were arrested and carried off to the Conciergerie, and amongst them poor Edward Gerfeuil, who, although he had never seen the pamphlet, nor was aware of its existence, being at work in his printer's dress, shared the fate of his companions.

Who shall paint the alarm and distress of the parents on learning this intelligence; for, alas! how few were there who, once arrested on suspicion, ever escaped with their lives! What availed his youth?—what availed his innocence? How many, as young and as innocent, perished weekly on the scaffold! And then, how bitterly they reproached themselves. Their over anxiety had been his destruction; and what to do to assist him they did not know. Even to prove his innocence, if innocence would have availed, was next to impossible; they had no acquaintance with any body in power; in all probability their motive for sending him to the printing-office would not be credited, if they told it; and they almost dreaded to raise a stir about him, lest by drawing attention to his case, and betraying that he was what would be called *an aristocrat*, they should only accelerate his fate.

In the mean time, poor Edward, after undergoing the form of an examination, in which he was only insulted when he attempted to explain who he was, and account for being found in such a situation, was dragged to the Conciergerie, and flung into a dungeon—a dungeon under ground, too, for a French prison under the old *régime* was a dreadful place; they have since been much improved, as is always the case as countries become more civilised and enlightened. People then learn to know that the loss of liberty and the inevitable hardships of a jail, are punishments enough for slight offences, and all that we are entitled to inflict on unconvicted prisoners. But no such rays of mercy had yet reached the hearts or understandings of Edward's jailers, and he could not have been worse treated if he had robbed a church or committed murder. The poor boy's feelings may be imagined—torn from his comfortable home and his tender parents, and transferred to the custody of a harsh turnkey, in a miserable cell, without light, without fire, with a

wretched pallet to lie on, and dieted on bread and water. And to all these sufferings was added terror —the terror of what remained behind. Though Edward had never seen the guillotine, he had heard too much of it; and although, with the natural thoughtlessness of youth, he had reflected little on the peril in which all men lived, as long as that peril did not approach himself or his parents, yet he had missed too many of his friends and neighbours from their accustomed paths and daily whereabouts, not to comprehend something of his own situation. Poor child! how did the darkness and the silence, too, frighten him! How eagerly he watched for the jailer's visits! how welcome was the gleam of his dull lantern! how he drank in the tones of his husky voice! and how he listened to the echo of his receding footsteps, and sighed when he heard them no more! Then he wondered so much if his father and mother knew where he was, and he trembled with the dreadful apprehension that they might not be able to trace him, and that he might some day be carried to execution without ever seeing or hearing from them again. What, too, if they had been arrested as well as himself? Then there would be none to interest themselves for him, and he might perish either in the prison or on the scaffold, without an arm being stretched out to save him.

It may well be conceived that all these horrors—the anxiety of mind, the bad living, the confinement, and the unwholesome air of his dungeon—were not long in showing their effects on a boy of fifteen. Poor Edward fell ill; the medical man that attended the jail had him removed to a cell a degree less wretched than the one he was in, and having with some difficulty saved his life, he ordered that he should take an hour's exercise every day in the court—a miserable place, surrounded by four high walls, little better than a dungeon open at top. However, such as it was, it was a great comfort to poor Edward, for here he at least caught a glimpse of the sky, and saw the faces of other human beings, although he was not allowed to address them; and many a kind glance cast upon the poor young captive, made him feel that there were yet tender hearts in the world, who could pity though they could not aid him

It happened that the jailer had a daughter, a girl about a year older than Edward, whose home was with her father at the prison, whither she returned each night, whilst her days were spent in acquiring the art of dressmaking at a fashionable establishment in the Palais Royal. She thus very rarely saw any of the prisoners; but one Sunday, as her father was conducting Edward to take his daily walk in the court, she chanced to meet him, and, struck with his appearance of youth and suffering, she inquired the cause of his being there.

"It's very hard," said the jailer's wife, when she heard the account given by her husband, and who, being a mother, was disposed to feel for one so young. "I dare say he only printed what his master told him, without troubling himself to know the meaning of it. What should a child like that care about politics?"

"It's no business of ours, wife," replied the man, who, though by no means particularly hard-hearted, was afraid to cultivate feelings of compassion, lest they should bring him into trouble. "We have nothing to do but to look after our prisoners, without inquiring into the right and wrong of their cases."

"That's true, indeed," said the wife; "walls have ears, and the least said is soonest mended." The impression made upon Annette's mind, however, was not so easily effaced; and the emaciated form and pallid cheeks of the young prisoner were often remembered when she was plying the needle at her daily toil.

It may be imagined, at a period when so many innocent and virtuous persons were thrown into prisons, and daily perishing upon the scaffold, that it was no uncommon sight to see their anxious friends hovering about the gate, and gazing at the walls which contained objects so dear, whom it was too probable they might never behold again. Annette's eyes were therefore too much accustomed to these melancholy visions to be generally much struck by them; but her attention had been drawn to the constant attendance and careworn countenance of a lady, who, she fancied, not only looked at her as if she had a great desire to address her, but whom she had observed, more than once, to follow her all the way to her magazine in the Palais Royal. She had also remarked this lady occasionally buying things in the shop; but as Annette worked in a back room, and only perceived this circumstance through a glass door, there was no opportunity of communication. At length, however, the lady ordered a dress to be made for her; but when the mistress of the establishment proposed to wait upon her to try it on, she offered to save her the trouble, by stepping into her back shop and having it done at once. There were several young people at work in the room, but Annette could not but observe that the stranger's eyes sought none but her. When she went away, she gave her name as *Madame Rosbeck*, and said she lived near the Pont Neuf; "and," continued she, glancing still at the jailer's daughter, "if any of your young people come from that quarter, I should be glad if she would call at my house tomorrow morning, on her way here, as I have some lace by me which I will send you to put upon my dress."

"That will be in your road, Ma'amselle Annette," said the mistress of the shop; "don't forget to call as you come past."

"No, ma'am," replied Annette, involuntarily looking at the lady as she spoke, for she could not help fancying there was some mystery behind this matter of the lace. The lady, too, looked at her, and said, "Pray, do not forget," and then she took her leave.

"Father," said Annette that night at supper, "have you any prisoner here of the name of Rosbeck?"

"No," answered the jailor. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing particular," said the daughter; "only they were talking at the shop of somebody of that name being arrested."

"They have not been brought here, then," answered the man; "indeed, we're quite full; but I suppose the guillotine will take some of them out of our way tomorrow."

"Not that poor young boy, I hope," said Annette.

"Why, no," answered the father. "I don't think it will be his turn just yet. There are others will go before him."

On the following morning Annette, not without considerable curiosity, presented herself at the address given by Madame Rosbeck; and, on naming her errand, she was introduced into that lady's bedchamber.

"Pray, sit down," said Madame Rosbeck. "I have desired my maid to bring the lace. In the mean time, let me give you a cup of chocolate. I am just going to take my breakfast."

Annette would have been more surprised at an attention so unusual, had not her previous observations satisfied her that she was wanted to give some information, or to perform some service, of more importance than fetching the lace; so she accepted the invitation, and seated herself, saying, at the same time, that she could not wait long, as her presence would be required at the magazine.

"Since that is the case," said Madame Rosbeck, "I had better proceed at once to what I have to say to you. I am aware that you are the daughter of the jailer at the Conciergerie, and I daresay you have observed me in that quarter before this."

"Yes, ma'am," said Annette, "I have; and I fancied that perhaps you had some relation or friend there you were anxious about."

"That is the truth," said Madame Rosbeck; "there is a person there I would give the world to learn some tidings of. Do you think you could procure me any?—and would you, if you could?"

"I would very willingly, ma'am," said Annette; "but I know very little about the prisoners, and very rarely see any of them. But perhaps I might find out something from my father, though he is not fond of talking about them either. Is it a lady or a gentleman?"

"Oh, it's a child—a mere child!" exclaimed Madame Rosbeck, clasping her hands in agony; "it's my son—my only son!"

"I saw one poor boy there, who is allowed to walk in the court because he is ill," replied Annette; "but my father said his name was Gerfeuil."

"Oh, that is he!" cried the mother—"that is my poor Edward! I am Madame Gerfeuil; but I have taken this lodging in the name of Rosbeck, in order to be near my son, and that I may watch the tumbrils as they pass with the prisoners for execution, that I may be sure he is not amongst them. Then you have seen my poor child, and he is ill?"

"He has been very ill," said Annette; "but he is now better."

"Oh, if I could but see him!" exclaimed Madame Gerfeuil."

"I fear that is impossible," replied Annette. "Since one or two of the prisoners escaped through the assistance of their friends, no visiters are admitted."

"Could you give him a letter or a message from me?" asked Madame Gerfeuil.

"I don't think I could," answered Annette; "for the only chance I ever have of seeing him is as he is going to and from the court; but then my father is always close beside him."

"And is your father so very strict?"

"Very," said Annette; "he is obliged to be so. But if you will give me the letter, I'll keep it always in my bosom, and if any opportunity of giving it to him should offer, I'll do it."

It was arranged that Annette should call for the letter at night; and after some more conversation, she took her leave, and pursued her way to the Palais Royal. Although a jailer's daughter, she was a girl of tender heart and kind feelings, and all day as she sat at her work her thoughts were upon the poor mother and son; and her young companions laughed at her silence and abstraction, and accused her of thinking of her lover, whilst she was taxing her ingenuity to find some contrivance for delivering the letter. But none could she hit upon. The only chance she ever had of meeting Edward was on a Sunday; but she had no excuse for going into the part of the building occupied by the prisoners, and had she not been sent with a message to her father, she would never have seen him at all; and even if she did contrive to throw herself in the way, the jailer was so watchful, that she feared it would be impossible to accomplish her object. And, accordingly, at the end of four weeks the letter was still in Annette's bosom, and poor Madame Gerfeuil as miserable and anxious as ever, except that the daily visits of the young girl afforded her some little consolation. It was a slight comfort to her to speak to a person who dwelt under the same roof with her Edward, and to think that she had made a friend for him, powerless as that friend seemed to be.

Suddenly, however, about this time, a fresh access of fury and rage for executions seemed to seize on the minds of the blood-thirsty revolutionary tribunal; and Madame Gerfeuil was plunged into daily agonies of terror at hearing of the fearful rapidity with which their victims were hurried to the scaffold; and from the hints dropped by her father, even Annette began to tremble for her young protégé.

Madame Gerfeuil had a waiting-maid, a young person without father or mother, whom she had taken into her house when a child, and brought up. This girl, who was now about sixteen, was extremely attached to her mistress, and sympathised warmly with all the mother's anxiety for her son. "If I could but be the means of procuring his release," she often said to herself, "it would be some return for all I owe to Madame Gerfeuil. In the vague hope that some opportunity of being of service might offer, she neglected no means of cultivating the good-will of the jailer's daughter, who at length invited her, one Sunday, to supper; from which time she became a visiter in the family—a privilege she took care to make the most of, frequently contriving to meet her friend as she returned from the Palais Royal, where, having accompanied her as far as the gate of the Conciergerie, the jailer, on opening the door, would invite her in to see his wife; and thus, little by little, Madeleine had got on a footing of intimacy, and was a pretty constant visiter in Maitre Jacques's parlour. Having accomplished thus much, she next began to hint to Annette how possible it would be to possess themselves some evening of the jailer's keys, at an hour that he was not likely to miss them, and make their way to Edward's dungeon. "If he were only to see me for a moment, it would be such a comfort to him," said Madeleine; "and it might perhaps save the life of his poor mother, whose heart is breaking, and who, I am sure, will not live long if we cannot afford some relief to her anxiety."

Annette was not unwilling to do any thing she could for Madame Gerfeuil; but she saw many difficulties in the way, and, above all, she dreaded her father's anger if their attempt were discovered. However, Madeleine contrived to overcome her objections, and the ensuing Sunday night was fixed upon for the enterprise.

The young girls spent a good part of the day together, first attending mass, and then walking with their friends, till, at the approach of evening, they directed their steps towards the prison, each armed with a bottle of wine, which Madeleine had bought at a guingette, and which they carried under their shawls, wherewith to treat the jailer. "Whilst he is drinking, he will not be so likely to observe what we are doing," said Madeleine; and when she told Maitre Jacques that she had brought him a couple of bottles of good wine to make merry with at supper, he expressed himself extremely obliged for her kindness. "But," said she, "you must do me a favour in return; you must let Annette go home and sleep with me tonight; to-morrow, you know, is a fête, and as she has a holiday, we have made a party to go to St Cloud; and we are to start very early that we may have a long day of it." To this proposal, fortunately, no objection was made; and, to cut short the narrative of the insidious proceedings of the two girls, the jailer's senses were lulled, the keys were taken possession of for only a few minutes, and the active pair reached the cell of the unfortunate Gerfeuil. In a moment he was in the arms of his faithful Madeleine, and inquiring for his dear mother. "She is quite well, and living in the next street, in order to be near you," answered the girl; and in a few hurried words she gave him the information which he was most urgent to have. "But there was one thing," continued she, "that your mamma particularly desired me to caution you about, in case you are brought up again for examination;" and as she spoke, she drew him gradually towards the door, whispering as if making some private communication, whilst Annette, whose limbs had almost failed her through fear, seated herself on the side of the bed.

The door was ajar, the key on the outside—"Now run!" said Madeleine, thrusting him out; and in a moment more they were both hurrying along the passages by the light of the lantern which she had taken care to carry herself. When they reached a convenient spot, she paused, and taking off a loose upper dress, and a shawl, with which she had provided herself, she disguised Edward in this female attire, and completed it by placing on his head a drawn muslin bonnet, which being pliable, she had also contrived to conceal about her person. She had too carefully marked the road as she came along to miss it now; and presently they found themselves at the door of the jailer's parlour. "Now," said she to Edward, placing him in a dark corner, "stand there, and when I come out take hold of my arm; but don't speak for your life;" and she entered the room. "Maitre Jacques," said she, shaking the jailer by the arm, for he was still asleep, "how can you keep us waiting so? Here are Annette and I wanting to get out; and I shall get into trouble if I stay here so late. Pray, do come and open the gate for us."

"Eh!" said Maitre Jacques, rubbing his eyes and

shaking himself awake, "what do you want? Where are you going?"

"Home to bed, to be sure," replied she. "You know you gave Annette leave to go home with me to-night. Come, do open the gate, will you? We can't wait any longer."

"Annette! Where is Annette?" said Maitre Jacques.

"Here, at the door, waiting for you. Come, do make haste;" and she half dragged the drowsy jailer from his seat, and led him towards the door. "Come, Annette," said she, taking Edward under her other arm; "your father will let us out now;" and they proceeded towards the gate—the key was at the jailer's belt—he opened it, and in an instant more they were in the street, and the fearful gate locked behind them. Through cross streets, and at first with a deliberate pace, lest whilst near the prison they might excite suspicion, they traversed a considerable part of the city, till at length Madeleine stopped at the door of a house unknown to Edward. "This is not papa's," said he. "No," said she; "it would not be safe to take you home; you must be concealed here for the present." In that house dwelt an old servant of Monsieur Gerfeuil, to whom the family allowed a pension, and on him Madeleine knew she might rely with confidence. Her reliance was not disappointed. Edward was gladly received; and, continuing to wear the dress of a female, he remained there several weeks, and Madeleine with him; till, favoured by the disguise, it was thought possible to remove them both from Paris; and not till then, so fearful were they of betraying the place of his concealment, did the anxious father and mother permit themselves the happiness of beholding their rescued child. It is gratifying to be able to add, that, except her father's displeasure and her own terror, poor Annette suffered no ill consequences from the adventure. When Edward's name appeared in the list of those to be sent to the scaffold, Maitre Jacques contrived to persuade the authorities that he had been executed some time before; and as he was not a person of sufficient consequence to excite much inquiry, and as they had plenty of heads to cut off without his, after a little blustering and pretence at investigation, the affair was suffered to die away, and was forgotten.

Edward and his parents escaped to England, where he found the means of putting the knowledge he had acquired in his profession to some use—indeed, the greatest which can be supposed, the support of himself, and an aid to that of his parents. Thus, for several years, did the family remain in London till the Reign of Terror was over, and refugee emigrants found it safe to return to their native country. One of the first acts of the Gerfeuils, on being restored to their property, was to seek out Madeleine, to whose fidelity they owed so much, and to place her beyond the reach of want for the remainder of her existence.

LETTERS FROM A LADY IN LONDON TO HER NIECE IN THE COUNTRY.

VISIT TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

My dear Jane,—I never stir abroad in this wonder-exciting place without feeling a kind of desire for the possession of a more acute degree of perception than seems to be requisite at other times, or under other circumstances—a wish for more than the ordinary complement of eyes and ears, so as to be enabled to catch as much as possible of what is continually passing around; but were one's head placed on a pivot, and studded round and round with eyes, each organ of vision being multiplied in its power an hundred-fold, yet would there still be a disproportion between the objects to be seen and the power of observing.

This was experienced in all its force while visiting the British Museum the other day; and although the objects there are *stationary*, affording a hope that if you cannot undertake their inspection all in one day, you can return again as often as you please, yet there is on all sides so much to interest, that the eye, instead of becoming fatigued, gets engrossed by the curious and wonderful variety of things presented to its notice, and looks greedily around, as if desiring to comprehend all at once.

I regret having deferred my visit to this extraordinary place until my time was so far spent, that a survey, which might be profitably extended over a period of weeks, was necessarily condensed into a few hours; yet in this comparatively short time I was enabled to form a pretty comprehensive idea of the institution generally, and had the gratification of seeing some things of peculiar interest, not usually exhibited, of which I shall here endeavour to give you some account.

The British Museum is the property of the nation, large sums having been expended from time to time by government in the purchase of extensive and valuable collections amassed by various private individuals, whose pursuits and tastes led them to take an interest in whatever was curious in nature or valuable as works of art. To these have been added vast collections of books of the most costly and rare description, amounting to many hundred thousands of volumes, besides manuscripts, some of them of great antiquity; drawings, engravings, and prints, all of which have either been secured by expensive purchase, or have been presented as gifts by various distinguished individuals. The building now appropriated to the purposes of the museum was formerly a nobleman's private mansion, purchased about the middle of last century by the trustees of the museum. This building has been extended from time to time, so as to accommodate the constantly accumulating stores by which the museum has become enriched: room after room and gallery after gallery have been added, and still the accommodation is inadequate to the constantly increasing demand. The house itself is situated in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, and is hid from observation by a brick wall of considerable height. A large gate, closed and guarded by two soldiers, admits the visiter to a square court. The main building is on the side facing the entrance-gate, and is flanked by wings on each side, those forming the sides of the court, which is thus occupied on three sides by buildings. These wings serve as the residence of the principal persons connected with the establishment; that on the left hand, on entering, being the dwelling-house of Sir Henry Ellis, who is chief superintendant. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, are the three days of the week on which the museum is open to the public gratuitously; but on these days the visiters are in general so numerous, amounting sometimes to eight or nine thousand daily, that a distinct or leisurely view of the various objects is difficult of attainment. I therefore gladly availed myself of the polite offer of Mr Jossi, a gentleman connected with the museum, who courteously tendered his services as a guide through the different departments, on a private day, by which means we were enabled to roam at will through the seemingly endless galleries and saloons. For this obligation I can scarcely express my gratitude in terms sufficiently warm, as I was not more impressed by the sacrifice of time which it involved, than by the benefit derived from the intelligent remarks of my conductor.

On passing through the courtyard, we entered, by a door in the centre building, a large hall adorned with statues—one, of the late Sir Joseph Banks. A broad staircase, leading from the left side, conducts to the upper floor. This staircase and the roof of the hall are painted, the subjects representing scenes from the heathen mythology, executed by a French artist, Charles de la Fosse. From the top of the stairs we were conducted through several apartments, the walls of which were surrounded by glass cases containing various objects of curiosity, such as Esquimaux dresses, weapons, &c.; but as there was something more attractive in the apartments beyond, we made our way to the first saloon, a long and spacious room, lighted from the roof. The Print-Room, which leads off from one end of this saloon, contains engravings and prints amounting in value to upwards of one hundred thousand pounds, which are intrusted to the care of Mr Jossi. The saloon is furnished with cases with glass fronts, all along the sides of the wall, the shelves of which are filled with the natural history department—four-footed animals of all nations, some of them exceedingly curious.

The room succeeding this is of similar construction, and contains specimens of birds, properly classified; and here we are instructed in the equality which nature observes in distributing her gifts, by finding that those little feathered creatures, whose beautiful exterior we should most admire, are dumb as regards song. Some of the foreign birds are wonderfully beautiful, their plumage exhibiting the utmost variety of hue, blended together with the most exquisite harmony as regards arrangement of colour. But it is vain to linger here, however great the attraction. These rooms are traversed by long mahogany tables, covered with glass cases, in which are arranged shells, corals, and other treasures of the deep; the shells of all sizes, from the largest down to those which are so small as to be scarcely perceptible—and yet, on inspection, they are, in their minute formation, as complete, and as well adapted to the accommodation of their little tenants, as those of the largest proportions. The walls above the cases are graced by portraits, the greater number of them of persons who have been contributors to the museum.

The Mineral Room next claimed our attention: a large apartment, the first of a series running in another direction from those we had just issued from, and occupied by long tables with glass cases, enclosing the various articles of mineral production. Specimens are here exhibited of gold and silver, of diamonds, and other stones which we are in the habit of looking upon as precious, all in their rough state as taken from their native earth. Our attention was particularly directed to some fragments of remarkably large meteoric stones which have fallen from time to time in various parts of the world. These stones have more the appearance of metal than stone, being largely impregnated with iron, nickel, &c. The largest fragment is part of a large mass which fell at a place in Alsace (Upper Rhine), in the latter part of the year 1492. This stone weighed 270 pounds, and was preserved till the period of the French Revolution in the Cathedral of Ensishiem, when, for better security, it was deposited in the public library of Colmar. Another specimen, being part of a stone of 56 pounds, which fell in Yorkshire in 1795, is also shown, along with many others. It will perhaps be in a great measure new to you, that showers of stones fall from the air with what may be called frequency, when the whole surface of the globe is considered.

An adjoining room is devoted chiefly to fossil zoology, that is, to the reception of those remains of animals which are found petrified in rocks, and of which so many are strikingly different from any animals which now exist. Although I was familiar with many of these extinct forms of being, from seeing them delineated in books of geology—indeed, the originals of some of the most remarkable of these pictures are assembled here—I could not help being astonished at the large size of some of them. The ichthyosaurus and plesiosaurus require cases extending along the whole side of a large room to contain them. What tremendous creatures they would have appeared to any one who saw them dabbling and swimming in their native seas; but we know that no human eye ever did see them in life, for the rocks above them show that they were extinct a vast period of time before man was created! The remains consist of bones only, and these are seen partly imbedded in slabs of the rock in which they have been found. I was scarcely less struck by the vast size of some head-bones of extinct quadrupeds, which are exhibited in this room.

We next proceeded to the series of rooms appropriated to the reception of Egyptian antiquities; and here a new world seemed to open up in the contemplation of objects in themselves curious, and rendered still more so by their excessive age. The first of this series of apartments is called the New Egyptian Room, which is a large and handsomely-finished saloon, lighted from the roof, and arranged in such a manner that the contents are seen to the utmost advantage.

The walls, as usual, are graced by glass cases, and the floor is occupied by a number of oblong cases of about four feet in height, six or seven in length, and perhaps three feet in width at the base, tapering gradually to one half the width at the top. These cases are entirely composed of glass, and contain mummies, or cases from which mummies have been taken, which are thus seen all round. In some of these there are divisions or shelves, so that one case sometimes contains three mummied figures placed horizontally. Two shades of larger dimensions than the rest, resembling in their form little glass houses, are occupied each by a single coffin, placed on a pivot; they can thus be made to revolve, so that the Egyptian characters by which these coffins are ornamented can be seen from any point. These gay receptacles of the dead are very large, being at least twice the depth of the coffins now in use; but then they were made to receive not only the body, which, with its swaddling-cloths, must have required a considerable deal of room, but they also held articles of various sorts, it being customary in ancient Egypt to entomb, along with the body, many of the articles with which the deceased had been surrounded while living. You will, I have no doubt, feel interested in learning, that in some baby coffins, the playthings of the little occupants have been found, showing that the care of an Egyptian mamma for the amusement or gratification of her children extended even beyond the grave, or at least beyond the period of life. These playthings consist of dolls, balls, and little moveable figures of animals, both of the human and the brute species, not unlike the toys of the present day. It is strange to see in a quiet street in London, objects that have formed the amusement of children three or four thousand years ago! And we may imagine, that in nursing and caressing these dolls, the youthful Egyptians exercised their faculty of philoprogenitiveness with the same zeal, and derived as much diversion from the exercise, as do the little mimic nurses of our own times.

Some of the things in this room are in admirable preservation; in one of the side cases on the left there is a *wig* found in a tomb at Thebes, which has all the appearance of having just come from the hands of the most skilful perruquier, whereas the exquisite for whom it was constructed has been amongst the things that *were* for a period of nearly four thousand years—possibly the occupant of one of those elaborately-ornamented coffins, bearing date as many centuries *before* the Christian era as have elapsed *since* that period. This Theban peruke is considerably larger than those now in use, excepting, perhaps, the wigs of barristers or judges. The upper part is in excellent curl, while from these curls depend long narrow braids, or plaits, which hang in bunches on each side.

The natural hankering of womankind after personal ornaments, draws us instinctively towards one of the cases containing necklaces, rings, brooches, and other articles of jewellery that have graced in their day the persons of some of the daughters of Egypt. The stones composing these trinkets are of various sizes and colours, some of them like beads, and others of a flat form linked together with gold. Many of the ornaments are in the form of animals, wrought either in gold, or carved out of precious stones; some of these have been perhaps used as talismans, and were most likely suspended from the neck. The *beetle* was held in great veneration by the Egyptians, from the circumstance of its being supposed to possess a superior degree of intelligence, and hence the cause of its being perpetuated in all imaginable sizes and ways. There are beetles of gold, of silver, and of stones of all colours, executed in the most spirited manner.

In this room are collected all descriptions of things used for domestic purposes in Egypt—articles of furniture, such as chairs, stools, and tables, besides ornaments, as vases, &c.; boxes for ointments and colours used by the Egyptian belles on their dressing-tables;

combs, pins, and mirrors—these latter articles are made, not of glass, but of polished metal, of a round form, and are not supported as are the mirrors of our day, but were held up by means of a handle, like the portable dressing-glasses now in use.

The rooms beyond this are called the Etruscan Rooms, from their containing specimens of the ancient pottery of Etruria in Italy, the Staffordshire of the days of antiquity. Amongst these vessels we find cups, bowls, jugs, vases, and pots used for baking. The ware is generally dark, brown and black being the principal colours of the *ground*, while the patterns are formed of gayer colours. Some jars are exceedingly elegant in shape, and not a few of them appear to have formed the models for articles now in use.

We now descend the stairs to the Egyptian Saloon, where the more bulky antiquities are to be seen; and as in the other apartments we were lost in amazement at the number of minute things which have survived the struggles of four thousand years, so here again is our wonder excited at the magnitude of some of the remains, which have not, however, escaped altogether uninjured. Several of the figures in this saloon are of carved stone, colossal in their proportions, yet preserving amazing gracefulness of outline. One of the busts, which was brought from Thebes by Belzoni in 1816, measures nearly nine feet in height, the face alone being upwards of three feet in length. Imagine the tremendous height of an entire figure of such proportions as this! But I cannot dwell on the various wonderful things in this room, neither can I afford space for more than the mere mention of the room adjoining, or of the grand Elgin Saloon beyond, which is to many persons the department of the most surpassing interest.

This saloon is a long apartment, lighted from the roof, and contains those highly-prized remains of Grecian and Roman sculpture brought to England by the late Earl of Elgin, who had them collected while ambassador from England to the court at Constantinople, about the beginning of the present century, at an expense of nearly L.70,000. They were purchased from the earl by the English government, in 1816, for L.35,000, and are exhibited as the most perfect specimens of art now extant. This valuable collection consists of figures, fragments of columns, and friezes in relief, in white marble. Some of the statues are very much mutilated, others are more entire, but all display the most exquisite design and workmanship, the finely modelled limbs being rounded with the most consummate skill, and in perfect keeping with the natural proportions of the human figure, while the attitudes are singularly easy and graceful.

The labour bestowed on these works is almost incredible; in the frieze, which formed a portion of the ornaments of the Parthenon, and of which one half has been preserved as now shown, amounting to two hundred and fifty feet in length, there are one hundred and ten figures of horses introduced, and of these there are not two in the same attitude, thus showing the fertility of invention which existed amongst ancient artists. The human figures are executed in a similar spirited manner, the utmost diversity prevailing in the costumes and attitudes from first to last.

We next proceeded to the library, or libraries, the most extensive and valuable of all the departments. The first room we entered was of considerable length, surrounded by presses containing books, protected by brass wire-work. About midway a gallery runs round the walls, also with presses reaching nearly to the ceiling. At the opposite extremity to that by which we entered, there was an open window looking into a room beyond, furnished with long tables covered with green cloth; this is called the reading-room. Here there were a number of gentlemen, and, as it happened, one lady, all busily engaged in looking over manuscripts or books, some writing and others reading, the books being supplied by assistant librarians.

The next room we passed through contains the library of the late Sir Joseph Banks, and leading from one side of this apartment is the entrance to the King's Library, a magnificent room arranged for the reception of an immense and valuable collection of books formerly belonging to George III., and presented by him to the museum. To this collection George IV. added, after the death of his father, the extensive library belonging to Buckingham Palace. In this library, the most splendid in the museum, there are many rare and valuable manuscripts; one, the most interesting of all, being a copy of the Hebrew Scriptures, in the form of a web of parchment, on two rollers: it is shown partly unrolled in a glass case. What a difference between this and a modern Bible, executed at a trifle of expense by a printing-press!

Returning again through Sir Joseph Banks' library, we were conducted through another very long and elegant room, supported by lofty pillars, behind which there were deep recesses, and stored, as were the other apartments, with books, to a succeeding room of similar construction and dimensions; and here, by the kindness of my conductor, and an antiquarian friend who had joined us in the Egyptian Saloon, I was shown some things possessing peculiar interest.

The first curiosity to which my attention was directed was a sheet of paper framed and glazed, and suspended against the wall. At a first glance this had very much the appearance of an ordinary bill of *items*. These items, however, were not of ordinary import. The paper was, in short, the rough calculation, or hurried scroll, made by the Duke of Wellington of the amount of his troops on the day of the memorable battle of Waterloo: the regiments successively named, and their respective numbers summed up.

Alongside of this was another frame, enclosing the original seal of Magna Charta, or the great charter granted by King John in the twelfth century—a large impression taken in darkish-red wax.

From the surrounding presses the obliging officials brought forth first a copy of the Evangelists, of the time of Edward the Confessor, transcribed by the hand on vellum, and beautifully illuminated or embellished in the most brilliant colours. This volume has been used at the coronations of the monarchs of England since the time of Edward until lately. The cover is of a darkish-brown skin, being much shrunk by fire, having been rescued from burning while in the possession of a nobleman to whom it formerly belonged.

We can scarcely estimate the labour and time bestowed on the production of a volume such as this; but that transcribing by hand was sometimes as much a matter of pleasure as profit, a copy which I saw of a prayer-book of Queen Elizabeth bears testimony. The queen, it is well known, was mistress of various languages, skilled in Greek, Latin, Italian, and French, and in this volume we have proof of her industry in the mere mechanical accomplishment of penmanship. The prayer-book is in Latin, French, and English, written in a neat and distinct hand, by Elizabeth herself; the cover is also the work of her own hands, being of crimson embroidered in gold, but faded and tarnished by time.

Another book, which excites a still greater degree of interest, now occupied our attention. This was the treasured volume of prayers belonging to the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, and used by her during her imprisonment and at her execution. It is smaller and less pretending than Elizabeth's. While reverently turning over the leaves, I was taken back in spirit to the dismal scene in the Tower where this volume had been used; and it seemed well that, if there was to be any memorial of Lady Jane preserved, it should be one reminding us of the gentle and devout spirit in which she met her unworthy fate. On the margin of one of the leaves we trace, with feelings which I would vainly endeavour to describe, a few lines addressed to her father, conveying her last wishes, with the most cheerful assurance of the happiness she felt in contemplating her approaching death.

We were next shown a thick manuscript volume of letters of Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, James I., Charles, Oliver Cromwell, Charles II., &c., and one of Lady Jane Grey beginning thus—"Jane the Queen." This letter was to the mayor of York, and was one of the proofs urged against her at her condemnation.

Amongst other manuscripts shown, there was some portion of the original manuscript of Pope's Iliad, written on scraps of paper, such as backs of letters. This great man was stingy in some matters of expenditure, and drew upon himself the title of "paper-saving Pope." Yet I have always thought that there are worse faults amongst men of genius than scribbling first draughts of verses upon waste paper. In one fragment of a letter, we recognise the name of Addison: another is a note of invitation from a certain duchess, written by one of her officials, or some one connected with her establishment, and beginning in this abrupt way—"The duchess *being drunk*," &c. The invitation was to a fête at the villa of her grace, somewhere on the banks of the Thames. This is a fine burlesque upon the supposed punctiliousness of the great ladies of Pope's day.

Having spent a considerable time in looking over these curious things, we now paid a flying visit to the coin-room, which is never shown but by order. In the present instance, however, this was not required; for, at the appearance of my friend, the doors flew open, and we were received with the utmost courtesy.

This room leads through an outer apartment filled with Egyptian antiquities, such as instruments of various kinds for surgical and other purposes, many of them closely resembling the instruments used in the present day. The coin-room is fitted up with cases and drawers all round; and one of the shallow drawers being taken out, we were shown, reposing on cotton wool, the ancient Jewish shekel, a silver coin thicker than a shilling, and about the same size, I think. It was exceedingly curious to see and handle a coin which represents the circulating medium of the days of the "kings of Israel." I was also gratified by a peep at the coins of Greece and Rome, also the coins of Syracuse, and some of Alexander the Great, all of gold, and displaying perfectly distinct impressions. This class of coins have a rich appearance, in consequence of the impressions being much more raised above the face of the coin than is customary in modern times. It would have been interesting to have traced these ancient coins down to the present time, so as to observe if much progress had been made in the art of striking coins. I suspect that the modern coins would not exhibit any great improvement; the work may be finer and more regular, but I think I should give the preference to the ancient style.

This, my dear Jane, concludes my rambling attempt at a description of one of the most magnificent institutions in the world; and although by any one who knows its extent, I fear I might be charged with presumption in trying to *describe it at all*, yet, in merely relating *what I saw*, as far as my memory serves me, I shall at least be gratified in thinking that I have afforded *you* some degree of entertainment, if not instruction.

DR COMBE ON INSANITY.

Dr Andrew Combe, so favourably known to the public by his useful books on physiology and the preservation of health, has also written a formal work on Insanity, treating it according to the views of Pinel, Esquirol, Gall, &c. We have heard this work spoken of in the highest terms, even by persons who have no faith in the system of mental philosophy advocated by the author. The views of insanity there advanced are sketched by Dr Combe in a letter which he addressed in 1830 to the late Dr Macintosh of Edinburgh, in consequence of a wish expressed by Dr Macintosh that Dr Combe would furnish him with a chapter on the subject for a new edition of his work on the Practice of Physic. We find this letter in the last number of the *Phrenological Journal*, and, with the concurrence of Dr Combe, transfer it to our columns, as a document calculated to give them what we believe to be the only rational doctrines of insanity in a remarkably brief space. It is proper to remark that the letter was not written for publication:—

"I find it more difficult than I expected to comply with your request of either adding my remarks to your article on insanity, or of writing a new one altogether; and, therefore, will rather give you a general notion of the phrenological view of the subject, and leave your own sagacity to make what use of it you can.

First—Insanity is not a specific disease, but a symptom of disordered action in the brain or organ of the mind; and, like every other disorder of function, it may proceed from a variety of different states. The delirium of fever is one form of disordered mind, which is always viewed as a symptom; and so ought all other forms to be. The brain being to the mind what the eye is to vision, it follows that, just as vision is deranged by many pathological states of its organ—such as ophthalmia, iritis, cataract, &c.—so may the mind be deranged by many states of the brain. The sufferers on the Medusa's raft became mad from starvation and exposure, while many become so from excess, particularly in stimulants. The asylum at Milan is filled by lunatics from bad feeding, who almost all recover by nourishing food; while Bayle at Charenton finds many cases arise from chronic meningitis, and Broussais declares that, in the early stages, it is so obviously from inflammatory excitement that it may often be cut short by free leeching, as certainly as pleurisy is by blood-letting. Hence it is not the same disease in all.

Secondly—Insanity, being a symptom of morbid action in the brain, springs naturally from causes affecting its health; and hence a great affinity between the causes of acute cerebral disease and of those more chronic affections on which insanity depends. The *hereditary* tendency depends on a peculiarity of nervous constitution, and is of primary importance. *Excess* of some mental qualities, leading to eccentricity, predisposes in irritable constitutions, from the high action into which the corresponding predominant organs are thrown; and hence the latter are generally those whose manifestations are deranged, as proved in Dublin by my brother having, in so many instances, pointed out correctly, *from development*, the probable form of the mental affection. Other predisposing causes, such as age, sex, profession, &c., are referable to the same principle.

Thirdly—The *exciting* causes are *whatever disorders the action of the brain*. That organ requires regular exercise for its health and preservation, and for the improvement of its functions, just as other parts do—as the muscles in fencing or dancing. Practice in the latter instances increases nutrition, and consequently power; and it gives a facility of combination to produce a given end. The same organic laws preside over the brain; consequently, *excess* of exercise, as in intemperate study, excitement of passion, anxiety, and strong mental exertion long sustained, leads to morbid cerebral action, with derangement of function in irritable subjects. *Deficiency* of exercise, or idleness, leads equally to diseased action and manifestation, as exemplified in the melancholy and ennui of the retired merchant or soldier, and in the numerous victims in the unoccupied classes of society. Local causes act by disordering the brain. Blows on the head, *coups du soleil*, intense cold, drunkenness, meningitis, &c., show this.

Fourthly—Dyspepsia, and other disorders of the abdominal viscera, excite it secondarily in some instances in *predisposed* subjects; but, in general, mental causes have preceded. The same remark applies in

certain maniacal diseases in which the affection of particular external organs is generally the effect, and not the cause, of the cerebral disturbance. The brain, in short, is more frequently disordered by direct than by indirect causes; and, in this respect, the analogy between it and other organised parts is preserved.

Fifthly—The *symptoms* indicative of insanity consist of deranged cerebral functions and local phenomena. Every sense, every nervous function, and every faculty of the mind, may be involved in the disease or not; and hence indescribable variety. The *true standard is the patient's own natural character*, and not that of the physician or of philosophy. A person from excess of development in one part of the brain may be eccentric and singular in his mental manifestations, and yet his mental health be entire. Before we can say that he is mad, we must be able to show a departure from his *habitual* state which he is incapable of controlling. An irascible man may be very boisterous without being mad; but if a mild and timid creature become equally boisterous and irascible, we may apprehend disease. One may be *naturally* suspicious, jealous, and cunning, without being insane; but if a man of an open, generous, and unsuspecting nature become so, danger to his cerebral health is at hand. The derangement may be either an excitement of the patient's predominant qualities, or a diminished action, or a perversion or vitiation of function. A proud man may, for instance, become a king during disease, from *excitement* of function; he may humble himself in the dust as unworthy to walk upright, from its *diminution;* or he may fancy himself something out of the ordinary course of nature, from its *vitiation*. Or one who is attached to friends when in health, may either have inordinate love for them when insane, or be indifferent, or have a hatred and aversion to them; and so on with every feeling and faculty of the mind.

The co-existence of digestive derangement modifies the mental state, and gives greater anxiety and irritability than where the stomach, liver, and bowels act well. Other complications modify in other ways.

Monomania, religious, erotic, and other manias, are not different diseases. One organ and faculty being chiefly affected, and the rest entire, gives rise to monomonia; but the proximate cause may be, and often is, the same as where all the organs and faculties are affected. Religious despondency is the mere symptom also, and appears because the function of some cerebral parts is to manifest religious feelings; and those being diseased, the function necessarily suffers, and the feeling is altered. But the *same* pathological state affecting Combativeness and Destructiveness, would produce furious mania.

Monomania and melancholy are less easily curable, not from the proximate cause being more serious, but partly from the other faculties succeeding in longer concealing the existence of abberration; whereas in mania it betrays itself early in spite of the patient.

Insanity is not a state separated by a broad line from sound mind. Every gradation is observable, and we perceive morbid action before we can venture to say that the patient is insane. Some are cured at home of mental affections in a few weeks, who, if sent to an asylum, would become mad, and remain so for months or years.

Besides what you notice in regard to treatment, every thing demonstrates that *employment* to the patients is not sufficiently studied. The brain loses its health from vacuity of mind, and yet we shut up in scores, in perfect idleness, men who, when well, were accustomed to an active and bustling life, and whom, at any time of their lives, idleness would have driven mad. Manual labour and occupation are of immense consequence, and the moral influence of keepers and superintendants acquainted with human nature, and interested in their vocation, is prodigious in producing quietude, and accelerating recovery, just from giving to the brain that healthy exercise which it requires. Lunatics retain a good deal of reason even in their worst condition, and hence are more accessible to the influence of reason and example than might be supposed. In every point of view it is best to act towards them with the same consistency, honesty, and good feeling, as if they were quite in possession of themselves. They are quick in detecting deceit; and when once deceived, never give confidence again. I mention this because I differ from what —— once said to you on this subject, in having flattered and led D—— by his predominating self-esteem, and from what you said in accordance with it. My experience says, Never advance a word which you cannot conscientiously stick by when the patient recovers, and you will retain your ascendancy. Do not thwart his delusion, but neither give it any countenance. —— is now satisfied I am right in this. Remove all provocatives and allusions to the morbid feeling or idea, and exercise the faculties which remain sound.

In subjects not delicate, and not beyond middle life, I find many who are greatly benefited by occasional leeching, followed by tepid bathing, and cold to the head while in the bath. Many, of course, do not require depletion; but it may be advantageously employed when the usual indications exist. General bleeding I know little of, and do not like. After the irritability and excitement of the immediate explosion are over, a *great deal* of exercise in the open air seems most useful in diminishing irritability, relieving the head, and procuring *sound* sleep; but if used too soon, it injures. The ordinary principles of pathology ought, in short, to regulate medical treatment, and adapt it to the state of the *individual* patient, for the latter is the only safe and successful plan. I remain," &c.

MR REDDING'S "CORNWALL."

Of "England in the Nineteenth Century," which we lately noticed as a beautiful popular topographical work newly commenced, four numbers of each "division" have now been published, and the promise held out in the first parts is amply fulfilled. The typography, embellishments, and literature of the work, are all of the most satisfactory kind. Every man seems to do his duty, whether "England" expected it or not. We are somehow most pleased with Cornwall, probably because it is more a region of tale and tradition than steam-ridden Lancashire. Mr Redding appears to be admirably adapted for the task which he has undertaken: he never dwells too long on the commonplace, and he lays hold of and draws in every thing that is interesting. We see the poet in such touches as the following respecting the Lizard point—"the last land of their native isle that was visible to many who were never to revisit its shores, and the first seen by joyous spirits whom years and climes had long separated. From hence vessels outward bound on voyages that have become matter of history, took the observation by which they were to career over the bounding deep to unvisited shores, and proud war-ships dated their departure to scenes of disaster or conquest."

Twelve miles from Falmouth is Helston, a small borough, where the ceremonies which we lately described in an article on May-day were, till a recent period, celebrated with unusual vivacity, but on the 8th of the month, which is there called *Furry Day*, probably from old Cornish *feur*, a holiday. The whole population of the town was involved in the dancing and festivity of this occasion, without the least harm to any one. Mr Redding justly remarks—"Nor was such a time without its social use in bringing the poorer class in contact with the wealthier, and keeping up a kindly feeling, which once in a year could hardly be productive of great self-sacrifice to those who carried their chins the most loftily. Mr Gilbert complained that the practice was diminishing every year, plainly showing from what cause, by stating that all was fast tending towards 'the single entertainment of a ball.' It appears that if the ladies had heretofore succeeded in their will, the very memory of the festival would have been lost. It is thus that, before the mixture of vulgar pride and ignorant exclusiveness so prevalent in these times in the middle ranks of society, the separation of the different classes is with much impolicy rendered wider. The classes never momentarily linked, and kindliness changing to indifference, dislike and antipathy towards each other are shown upon the most trivial occasions; thus old things that are harmless, and even beneficial, in their existence, are disappearing with what of old things may be very wisely resigned."

In Pengerswick Tower, near Sidney Cove, now in ruins, there is still a wainscoted room, displaying painted devices on the panels, with quaint inscriptions in verse. Two of the latter, respectively illustrative of perseverance and niggardliness, are worth quoting:—

"What thing is harder than the rock?
What softer is than water cleere?
Yet wyll the same, with often droppe,
The harde rock perce, as doth a spere.
Even so, nothing so hard to attayne,
But may be hadd with labour and paine.

Beholde this asse, wiche laden ys
With riches, plentye, and with meat,
And yet thereof no pleasure hathe,
But thystells, hard and rough, doth eat.
In like case ys the rich niggarde,
Wich hath inoughe, and lyveth full hard."

We are happy to find the habits of the Cornwallians with regard to wrecks placed in a more favourable light than heretofore by Mr Redding. "Before the care of coasting-vessels was confided to a race of men of the existing experience and talent, the wrecks along this part of the coast used to be frequent; and they were the more frightful, because it was rarely the case that a solitary individual survived to relate from what port the vessel came, and whither it was bound. Within the last thirty years, these disasters have been fewer, and occurred only when storms of great violence came on suddenly, or through the mistake of one headland for another in misty weather. But though coasting-vessels were those which were once most frequently lost upon this iron shore, the long continuance of westerly winds, and errors in reckoning, caused many a disaster to foreign ships of burden, as well as to those of our own country; and in general no more was known of any ship cast away here, or of her crew, than the cargo and fragments, strewed over miles of the shore at low water, might indicate. No ship could hold together an hour in a gale on this fearful coast, unless flung upon some very favourable spot at high tide. Such spots are few; the sea breaks, for the most part, against precipices of great height. One vessel, of which we saw some relics, was never seen entire: neither her name, nation, nor the fate of her crew was ascertained. She had been lost, it was supposed, late in the night, for on the preceding evening at sunset, no sail was seen in the horizon with a telescope. It was blowing fresh, and in the morning some planks were found and foreign kegs of butter, which, with other circumstances, led the people to believe that the property must have been Dutch; no bodies, no clothes, no portions of the masts or rigging were stranded; the spot where the shipwreck occurred was only guessed at by a few fragments of the rib timbers being discovered jammed among the rocks—all besides had been taken into the fathomless deep. In one case, a Newfoundland dog was the sole survivor of a ship's living cargo; in another, a black man reached the shore through the surf, but died before he could tell the name of the vessel to which he belonged.

Nothing can be more untrue than the charge of Cornish barbarity, since in no part of England shipwrecked persons meet with greater kindness; though it is but seldom that this kindness can be put to the test by the escape of any animated being to experience it. On the wreck of the *Anson* frigate, thirty years ago, not only were the survivors most kindly treated, but the efforts made to assist in the escape of the crew were all which were possible in such a dreadful scene. One individual, whose name is to us unknown, or we would print it—one whose name deserves to be remembered far before the destroyers of their species, of whom national immorality makes its molten gods—came down to the spot. The frigate lay with her bottom seawards, and the waves rolled over her, and fell in 'horrible cascade' on the shore side and up the sandy beach, carrying the living and the dead with them, and upon the recoil bearing them back into the ocean depths. The only assistance that could be given was by venturing as far as possible into the surf, and snatching the half-drowned that could be reached out of it—an effort not to be made at such times without much hazard. The individual to whom we allude was a methodist teacher, a humble man, who had come down on horseback to the spot. He rode intrepidly into the foam, and succeeded in getting hold of two of the crew, one after the other, whom he saved; but on venturing the third time into the raging surf, as he was grasping at another, a wave swept both horse and rider away, in the presence of hundreds of persons who could render no assistance; and this man, to us nameless, found in this way the proudest death and interment that is destined for humanity—losing his life in the act of trying to save a fellow-creature from destruction, and having the bosom of the ocean for his sepulchre.

The charge of want of hospitality or kindness in the Cornish to shipwrecked persons, then, is not true. We have said that vessels break up almost as soon as they touch the shore, which for miles is strewed with portions of the cargo and timbers. These the country people pick up, and the finder too often appropriates. It is from this circumstance that the Cornish have been accused of barbarity and wreck-plundering; the vulgar had a notion formerly that the property saved from shipwreck belonged to any one who was on board that survived, and if no one survived, to any body who might pick it up from the beach.

In those days, wreck picked up from the sea-shore was styled 'a godsend.' The well-known story of 'A wreck! a wreck!' being cried at the church-door, and the parson with difficulty restraining the people a moment, on some excuse, until he got down from the pulpit himself into the aisle, and then said, 'My good friends, let us all start fair,' might be true enough, if we believed that an educated man even in the 'good old times' could be guilty of such an indecency. It is true, we were told, and have no reason to doubt the correctness of our information, that in those days an individual who had been well educated, and did not want the good things of this life, but who was a drunkard, and in every respect a highly immoral man, once tied up the leg of an ass at night, and hanging a lantern from its neck, drove it himself along the summit of the high cliffs on that part of the northern coast where he lived, in order that the halting motion of the animal might imitate the plunging of a vessel under sail, and thus tempt ships to run in, from imagining there was sea-room, where destruction was inevitable. The same individual was accused of having cut the fingers off the dead body of a lady which was washed on shore from a wreck, to secure the rings which decorated them. The very rumour now that any man had been guilty of such an atrocity, would expel him from society in Cornwall, and from the county itself; but for such instances of inhumanity on the part of any class, whatever might have happened a century or two ago, there is not the remotest foundation in modern times.

We cannot avoid mentioning here, as being in some degree connected with the appearance of what people call a death-ship, on one part of this coast, the result of an inquiry we made upon the subject. Our informant had lived there all his days, and told us that in his father's boyhood there was a person resided in the village of T—— who was distinguished for his oppressive conduct, his private vices, and the possession of property which was acquired by sinister means. In our informant's words—

'He was a man well off in the parish, but that was nothing to him.'

'Did you know him?'

'No; it was in my father's youth; but he declared it was true, and he was not given to falsehood; it is fourscore years ago; his name was' ——

We shall not mention the name, as some of his descendants may be alive—if he had descendants—and proceed to what our informant said farther.

'What did the people think of him?'

'I can't say, because it was before I was born; but the death-ship story pretty well explains that, I should think.'

'The death-ship—what was that?'

'Why, Mr ——, drunk one half his time, and given to all kinds of bad conduct when he was sober, was taken very ill at last, yet seemed to have no care about his condition, and, when he could use his tongue, swore and blasphemed as hard as ever. Just before he died, a frightful thing occurred, which leads me to the purport of your question about the death-ship.'

'Well, what was that?—he plundered one wreck too many, I suppose?'

'No; a day or two before he breathed his last, a party of men were working near the top of the cliffs, where they were several hundred feet in elevation; the weather was hazy over the sea, when on a sudden one of them exclaimed, 'Do you see that? there is a ship close in with the shore.' All the party saw the vessel looming through the haze, tall, dark, and square-rigged, but they could observe nothing further, as it disappeared seawards in the mist, and quickly vanished from their sight. There was no wind, and the impossibility of navigating without it struck these men, so that it became a subject of conversation in the church-town.

In a hollow, at the foot of the cliffs before mentioned, there was a considerable space of sand, dry at low water, and some persons had gone thither to collect shell-fish a day or two after the preceding occurrence, when they saw a tall dark vessel run in almost close without a breath of wind, her sails appearing full, and of a deep black colour. The coast abounded in sunken rocks, among which she seemed to thread a tortuous course without touching one. No living thing was upon the deck which they could discern from stem to stern; the wheel had no helmsman; no seaman was on the look-out, and none hove the lead: at which sight the observers felt a thrill, as if it was something, they knew not what, out of the ordinary course of things, particularly as, at the same moment, it lay-to, and the sails began to shiver. Thus riveted to the spot by a sensation which they found it impossible to describe, the sails again filled, and the ship appeared to glide away until it was reduced to a mere speck, and disappeared in an instant, apparently at the distance of leagues, much as the figures of a magic lantern glide along a whitened wall. Some thought, for the moment, it was a deception of their sight, and rubbed their eyes—for the whole appearance did not occupy any perceptible duration of time, and yet there was time enough for the strange object to fix their attention, and allow them the most perfect examination of her form and tenantless deck. After looking for some minutes at the broad expanse of sea before them, upon which, to the remotest point of the horizon, not one solitary sail appeared, they hastened to the church-town, eager to communicate what they had just seen, when the first news they heard was, that the well-known and notorious Mr —— had just expired.'"

MISTAKEN GENEROSITY.

There are strange contradictions in some of the popular modes of judging of human character—contradictions which, if they were to exist in religious society, would be laid hold of by the world, and exhibited to view, as proofs of the unsubstantial nature of all such profession. Amongst these, there is none more striking, and certainly none more injurious to the well-being of society, than the habit of attributing to young men of gay and dissipated habits an excess of generosity, and an absence of selfishness, which are considered as outweighing all their moral delinquencies. Whether this false estimate of character is derived from the glowing and attractive descriptions of some of the popular heroes of ancient as well as modern romance; or whether it is merely that mankind can accommodate their judgment to circumstances, so as to admire what it suits their inclination to imitate—it is not our business now to inquire. But it may not be foreign to the subject in hand, to tax the patience of the reader for a few moments, so far as to ask, in what does the generosity and the disinterestedness of the characters alluded to consist? Is it in their kind and consistent regard to the feelings of those by whom they are most beloved, and whom they profess to love in return? Is it in their self-denial—in the privations they undergo for the sake of promoting the happiness of others? Is it in the full and efficient returns they render for all the care and anxiety of which they are the cause? Is it in the abundant bestowment of their pecuniary means, to support the destitute and to solace the afflicted? Is it in the faithfulness and punctuality with which they hold themselves ready at the call of duty to answer the demands of friendship and affection? Is it in the sacredness with which they fulfil every trust committed to their charge? Is it, in short, in their absence of self-love, and their disregard of self-gratification in comparison with the gratification of their friends? If there be any meaning in the words generosity and good-heartedness, they would surely comprehend some of these points; and yet in all these are the characters of the gay and the dissipated peculiarly deficient. If we could, by any means of calculation, add together all the tears which such characters habitually and recklessly cause—all the hours of anxiety they inflict upon their near connexions—all the bickerings and disputes occasioned by their conduct between those who censure and those who defend them—all the wretched feeling they leave behind them whenever they go out—all the anguish which awaits their return—all the disappointment of those who trust them—and, finally, all the wretchedness attendant upon the full development of those vices of which what the world calls gaiety is the natural and certain germ; if we could add all these together, we should behold a sum of human misery greater than ever was produced by absolute crime—by murder, theft, or any of those gross and desperate acts, against which public indignation is so justly and unanimously raised. If we could add all these together, we should see, operating through different channels, a mass of selfishness with which that of the solitary miser bears no comparison. The life of the gay man is, in fact, a system of self-indulgence, of self-gratification, of self-worship. The miser, in his despised and isolated sphere, has no power to prey upon the happiness of society. The privations he imposes extend no farther than himself; and, if no other individual shares in what he gains, he is alone in the punishment he inflicts. But the dissipated man has a wider influence, because he is the hero of society in its worst state. He has therefore the power to disseminate the seeds of evil in a degree proportioned to his popularity; and in the same measure as he is beloved, he is capable of inflicting misery. He knows that he can do this, and he does it still. He knows that he is the cause of floods of burning tears, and while he weighs them against one intoxicating draught, it is self-love that prompts him again to hold the sparkling poison to his lips, and to let the tears flow on.—*Family Secrets.*

THANATOPSIS.

[The following lines by BRYANT, an American poet, have been much admired. The name Thanatopsis, which he has given to them, signifies "A Discourse on Death."]

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language. For his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart—
Go forth unto the open sky, and list
To nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course. Nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould
Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone; nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty; and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadow green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's grey and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe, are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce;
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings; yet the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years—matron and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant, in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off—
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,
By those, who, in their turn, shall follow them.
So live, that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

INTEMPERANCE IN STEAMERS.

We have sometimes heard of the extraordinary quantities of liquor consumed in the steamers which cross the Atlantic: a person who had come to England in one of them, mentioned to us, that as much as eighty dozens of champagne had been consumed on board during his passage—that, in fact, that liquor was taken by many at breakfast instead of tea or coffee. This may perhaps have been an exaggeration; but it is evident that the power of laying in a store of untaxed liquors in America, and the practice of giving them to passengers without additional charge, would have any thing but a beneficial effect. We are glad to observe, from the work of Mr Sturge, that on board the *British Queen*, in which he sailed to New York, this improper practice does not now exist. "The very objectionable custom (he says) of supplying the passengers with intoxicating liquors without limit and without any additional charge, thus compelling the temperate or abstinent passenger to contribute to the expenses of the intemperate, was done away. Each individual paid for the wine and spirits he called for—a circumstance which greatly promoted sobriety in the ship; but I am sorry to say three or four, and these my own countrymen, were not unfrequently in a state of intoxication. On one occasion after dinner, one of these addressed an intelligent black steward, who was waiting, by the contemptuous designation of 'Blackey.' The man replied to him in this manner—'My name is Robert; when you want any thing from me, please to address me by my name; there is no gentleman on board who would have addressed me as you have done. We are all the same flesh and blood; I did not make myself—God made me.' This severe and public rebuke commended itself to every man's conscience, and my countryman obtained no sympathy even from the most prejudiced slaveholder on board."

HINTS FOR STUDENTS.

We extract the following from a work now somewhat rare—*Buck's Anecdotes*:—"He who would wish to make proficiency in any science, must give himself to study. Knowledge is not to be gained by wishing, nor acquired by dignity and wealth. Application is necessary both for prince and peasant. Many in elevated situations are very desirous of the honour, but averse to the labour, of intellectual attainments.

Euclid was asked one day by King Ptolemæus Lagus, 'Whether there was not a shorter and easier way to the knowledge of geometry than that which he had laid down in his Elements?' He answered, that 'there was indeed no royal road to geometry.' In the same manner, when Alexander wanted to learn geometry by some easier and shorter method, he was told by his preceptor that 'he must here be content to travel the same road with others, for that all things of this nature were equally difficult to prince and people.' We may apply this observation to learning in general. If we wish to enjoy the sweets, we must encounter the difficulties, of acquisition. The student must not be always in the world, or living at his ease, if he wish to enlarge his mind, inform his judgment, or improve his powers. He must read, think, remember, compare, consult, and digest, in order to be wise and useful.

In respect to study, there are some necessary precautions to be attended to, both as to the body and the mind. Hence a minister of the gospel used to give this advice to young students:—1. That they should not buy too many books, as that would hurt their pockets; 2. That they should not engage in any sensual pursuits, as that would hurt the mind; and, 3. That they should not sit up late at night, as that would injure their health.

Dr Whitaker gave the following three rules to Mr Boyce, when a student:—1. To study always standing; 2. Never to study in a window; 3. Never to go to bed with his feet cold.

Night studies are very prejudicial to the constitution, and ought to be avoided by all who wish to prolong their lives, and to be useful in their day and generation. However fond of study, therefore, let the student pay some attention to health. It is said of Euripides, the tragedian, that he used to retire to a dark cavern to compose his tragedies; and of Demosthenes, the Grecian orator, that he chose a place for study where nothing could be heard or seen; but, with all deference to such venerable names, we cannot help condemning their taste. A man may surely think to as good purpose in an elegant apartment as in a cave, and may have as happy conceptions where the all-cheering rays of the sun render the air wholesome, as in places where they never enter.

Charles V., during his celebrated solitude, sometimes cultivated the plants in his garden with his own hands, and sometimes rode out in the neighbourhood, and often relieved his mind in forming curious works of mechanism. Descartes spent the afternoon in the conversation of his friends, and in the cultivation of a small garden. After having in the morning settled the place of a planet, in the evening he would amuse himself with watering a flower. Barclay, in his leisure hours, was a florist. Balzac amused himself with making pastils. Pecresc found his amusement amongst his medals and antiquarian curiosities. Rohault wandered from shop to shop to observe the mechanics labour. Cardinal de Richelieu, amongst all his great occupations, found a recreation in violent exercise, such as jumping, &c. It is said of the very laborious Mr Poole, that his common rule was, while he was engaged in writing his famous Synopsis, to rise about three or four o'clock in the morning, and continue his studies till the afternoon was pretty far advanced, when he went abroad, and spent the evening at some friend's house in cheerful conversation."

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THE GOVERNESS.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

PART FIRST.

"Of course I head my advertisement thus:—'Wanted —a governess,'" commenced Mrs Gresham; but before I permit her to read it, I ought to state that she had called upon her sister, Mrs Hylier, to consult concerning this important composition, to be sent that day to the *Morning Post*—Mrs Gresham and Mrs Hylier being both in want of resident governesses to educate their children. A visiter was also there, a Mrs Ryal, confessedly the "most clever woman" of the neighbourhood—an astonishing manager!—but although the ladies desired her advice, they were somewhat in dread of her sarcasm.

Mrs Gresham had again repeated "'Wanted—a governess,'" when an old gentleman, a Mr Byfield, was announced. The trio of wives and mothers looked at each other, as well as to say, "What a bore!"—and then Mrs Hylier rose gracefully from her *chaise longue*, and, smiling sweetly, extended her hand, and welcomed Mr Byfield with exceeding warmth of manner; while Mrs Gresham and Mrs Ryal declared aloud their delight at being so fortunate as to meet a neighbour they had so seldom the pleasure to see.

The party thus assembled were all inhabitants of the bustling yet courtly suburb of Kensington; and Mr Byfield being a rich and influential, though a very eccentric man, was sure of being treated with the distinction which people of small means are too prone to bestow upon those whose means are more extensive.

"Do not let me interrupt you in the least, ladies," said the old man, quietly taking his seat near the window. "Mr Hylier promised I should look over these gems by daylight; and when you have talked your own talk, there will be time enough to talk mine." The ladies, one and all, declared their conviction that his "talk" must be more pleasant and instructive than theirs. He did not deny this, but smiled—shook his head—touched his hat (which he had laid down at his feet), as if to say he would either go or have his own way. And so Mrs Gresham recommenced reading her advertisement—"'Wanted—a governess. Any lady possessing a sound English education, a thorough knowledge of the theory and practice of instrumental and vocal music, and a perfect acquaintance with the French, Italian, and German languages; also with the rudiments of Latin.'"

"Latin!" interrupted Mrs Ryal. "Latin! why, what *do* you want with Latin for a pack of girls?"

"I thought," answered Mrs Gresham meekly, "that as there are but three girls, Teddy might do his lessons with them for a little while, and that would save the expense of a tutor."

"Oh, very good—very good," replied Mrs Ryal; "then add also, Greek; if the governess is any thing of a classic, you'll get both for the same money."

"Thank you, dear Mrs Ryal; how clever you are! G-r-, there are two 'ees' in Greek?—'also the rudiments of Latin and Greek.'"

"I beg your pardon once more," said the provokingly "clever lady;" "but put Greek and Latin, that is the correct way."

"'Greek and Latin, and the principles of drawing—if her character will bear the strictest investigation, may hear of a highly respectable situation by applying to Z. P.'"

"Post paid," again suggested Mrs Ryal.

"Of course," continued Mrs Gresham; "'and as the lady will be treated as one of the family, a high salary will not be given.'"

"Well," said Mrs Ryal, "I think that will do. You have not specified writing and arithmetic."

"English education includes that, does it not?"

"Why, yes; but you have said nothing about the sciences."

"The children are so young."

"But they grow older every day."

"Indeed that is true," observed pretty Mrs Hylier with a sigh, and a glance at the pier-glass. "My Ellen, though only ten, looks thirteen. I wish her papa would let her go to school; but one of his sisters imbibed some odd philosophic notions at school, so that he wont hear of it, but talks about the necessity of putting female seminaries under the superintendence of government, and I really know not what."

"I certainly," observed Mrs Ryal, "will not take a governess into my house again to reside—they are all *exigeant*. One was imprudent enough to wish to get married, and expected to come into the drawing-room when there was company of an evening. Another would have a bedroom to herself, though, I am sure, no one could object to sleep in the same room with my own maid. Another—really the world is very depraved—occasioned a painful difference between Mr Ryal and myself; and let *that* be a warning to you, my dear friends, not to admit any pretty, quiet, sentimental young ladies into your domestic circles. Mr Ryal is a very charming man, and a good man; but men are but men after all, and can be managed by any one who will flatter them a little. Of course, he is a man of the highest honour; but there is no necessity for having a person in the house who plays or sings better than ones-self."

"Oh, my dear Mrs Ryal!" exclaimed both voices, "you need never fear comparison with any one." The jealous lady look pleased, but shook her head. "Well, at last I resolved to be my own governess—with the assistance of a *young person*, who comes daily for *three*, and sometimes I get *four*, hours out of her; and she is very reasonable—two guineas a-month, and dines with the children. She is not *all* I could wish; her manners are a little defective, for she is not exactly a lady; her father is a very respectable man, keeps that large butter shop at the corner—I forget—somewhere off Piccadilly—but I prefer it, my dear ladies, I prefer it—*she does all the drudgery without grumbling*. Your officers' and clergymen's daughters, and decayed gentlewomen, why, their high-toned manners—if they never speak a word—prevent one's being quite at ease *with* them, though they are, after all, only governesses."

"But," suggested Mrs Gresham mildly, "lady-like manners are so very necessary."

"Yes," answered Mrs Ryal, "so they are; for you and I"——

"And children so easily imbibe vulgar habits, that it is really *necessary* to have a lady with them."

"Well," said Mrs Ryal, with a sneer, "ladies are plenty enough. I daresay you will have fifty answers. What salary do you mean to give?"

Mrs Gresham was a timid but kind-hearted woman, one who desired to do right, but had hardly courage to combat wrong. She was incapable of treating any thing unkindly, but she would be guilty of injustice if justice gave her much trouble; she hesitated, because she required a great deal, and intended to give very little.

"*I* cannot give more than five-and-twenty pounds a-year to any one," said Mrs Hylier in a decided tone. "My husband says we cannot afford to keep two men-servants and a governess; he wanted me to give the governess seventy, and discharge Thomas; but that was quite impossible; so I have made up my mind: there are only two girls. No after claps, like my sister Gresham's little 'Teddy;' she can spend every evening in the drawing-room when we are by ourselves—have the keys of the piano and library—amuse herself with my embroidery—go to church in the carriage on Sunday—and drive at least once a-week with the children in the Park. There!" added Mrs Hylier; "I am sure there are hundreds of accomplished women who would jump at such a situation if they knew of it."

"Washing included?" inquired Mrs Ryal.

"No. I think she must pay her own washing, unless there was some great inducement."

"You allow no followers?"

"Oh, certainly not. What can a governess want of friends? Her pupils ought to have all her time."

"God help her!" murmured the old gentleman. The murmur was so indistinct that the ladies only looked at each other, and then Mrs Hylier said, "Did you speak, sir?" There was no answer; the conversation was resumed with a half whisper from one lady to another, that perhaps Mr Byfield was not deaf at all times.

"And what do *you* intend giving, Mrs Gresham?" questioned Mrs Ryal.

"I have three girls and a boy," she replied; "and I thought of forty."

"It will be impossible to prevent your governess from talking to mine, and then mine will get discontented; that is not fair, Fanny," observed her sister; "say five-and-thirty, allowing for the difference of number."

"And plenty, I call it," said Mrs Ryal. "What do they want but clothes? They never lay by for a rainy day. There are hundreds—yes, of well-born and well-bred ladies—who would be glad of such situations."

"I am sorry for it," said the old gentleman, rising and advancing to where the three Kensington wives were seated; "I am very sorry for it."

"Indeed, Mr Byfield! why, we shall have the better choice."

"Forgive me, ladies, for saying so—but still more am I grieved at that. Permit me to read your advertisement."

Mrs Gresham coloured; Mrs Hylier had sufficient command over herself not to appear annoyed; but Mrs Ryal, the oracle of a *clique*, the "clever woman," who had, by the dint of self-esteem and effrontery, established a reputation of intellectual superiority over those who were either too indolent or too ignorant to question her authority, evinced her displeasure by throwing herself back in her chair, loosening the tie of her bonnet, and dressing her lips in one of those supercilious smiles that would mar the beauty of an angel.

"'Wanted, a governess,'" read the old gentleman, who frequently interrupted himself to make the following observations:—"'Any lady possessing a sound English education'—that in itself is no easy thing to attain—'a thorough knowledge of the theory and practice of vocal and instrumental music'—a thorough knowledge of the theory and practice of either the one or the other requires the labour of a *man's* life, my good ladies—'and a perfect acquaintance with the French, Italian, and German languages'—how very useless and absurd to found professorships of modern languages in our new colleges, when, in addition to the musical knowledge that would create a composer, a single person, a young female, can be found possessed of a '*perfect* acquaintance' with French, Italian, and German! Oh, wonderful age!—'also, the rudiments of Greek and Latin—may hear of a highly respectable situation by applying to Z. P., post paid, Post-Office, Kensington.' Much as you

expect in the way of acquirements and accomplishments, ladies," continued the critic, still retaining fast hold of poor Mrs Gresham's composition, "you have not demanded a great deal on the score of religion or morality—neither are mentioned in your list of requisites."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs Hylier, "they are taken for granted. No one would think of engaging a governess that was not moral and all that sort of thing, which are always matters of course."

"To be sure they are," added Mrs Ryal, in that peremptory tone which seemed to say, Do you dare to question my opinion? "To be sure they are; every one knows that nothing can be more determined with respect to religion and morality than my practice with my children. Rain, hail, or sunshine, well or ill, the governess must be in the house before the clock strikes nine. Psalms read the first thing; and if they have not got well through the French verbs, a chapter besides *for punishment;* catechism, Wednesdays and Fridays; and the collect, epistle, and gospel, by heart, every Sunday after church. I always do two things at once, when I can, and this strengthens their memory, and teaches them religion at the same time. I never questioned my governess as to religion; it looks narrow-minded; and yet *mine* never dreams of objecting to what I desire."

"I should think not," was Mr Byfield's quiet rejoinder; "strange ideas your children will entertain of the religion that is rendered a punishment instead of a reward."

Mrs Ryal grasped the tassel of her muff, but made no reply.

"Oh," he continued, "here is the pith in a postscript—'As the lady will be treated as one of the family, a high salary will not be given.' Ladies!" exclaimed the old man, "do you not blush at this? You ask for the fruits of an education that, if it be half what you demand, must have cost the governess the labour of a life, and her friends many hundred pounds. It is your DUTY to treat the person who is capable of bestowing upon your children the greatest of earthly blessings as one of your family; and yet you make the doing so a reason for abridging a stipend, which, if stretched to the utmost of what governesses receive, pays a wretched interest for both time and money. Shame, ladies, shame!"

The ladies looked at each other, and at last Mrs Hylier said, "Really, sir, I do not see it at all in the light in which you put it. I know numberless instances where they are glad to come for less."

Tears came into Mrs Gresham's eyes, and Mrs Ryal kicked the ottoman violently.

"The more's the pity," continued Mr Byfield; "but I hold it to be a principle of English honesty to pay for value received, and of English honour not to take advantage of distress."

"Suppose we cannot afford it, sir—am I to do without a governess for my children because my husband cannot pay to one sixty or seventy pounds a-year?"

"But you said just now, madam, that Mr Hylier wished you to pay that sum."

"Yes," stammered the fair economist, "if—if"—

"*If you could manage with one footman,*" said the old gentleman, "instead of two. In my young days, my wife, who had but one child, and we were poor, said to me—'Joseph, our girl is growing up without education, and I cannot teach, for I never learned, but we must send her to school.' I answered that we could not afford it. 'Oh, yes, we can,' she said; 'I will discharge our servant; I will curtail our expenses in every way, because I am resolved that she shall be well educated, and honestly paid for.' It never occurred to that right-minded yet simple-hearted woman to propose lower terms to a governess, but she proposed less indulgence to herself. Thus she rendered justice. She would have worked her fingers to the bone sooner than have bargained for intellect. Ay, Mrs Ryal, you may laugh; but of all meannesses, the meanest is that which depreciates mind, and having no power but that which proceeds from a full purse, insults the indigence which has more of the immaterial world beneath its russet gown than your wealth can purchase."

"My wealth!" exclaimed the offended lady; "*your* wealth, if you please; but though *your* wealth, and your oddity, and your altogether, may awe some people, it *can* have no effect upon *me*, Mr Byfield—none in the world; every one says you are a strange creature."

"My dear Mrs Ryal," said Mrs Hylier, "you positively must not grow angry with our *dear* friend, Mr Byfield; he does not mean half what he says."

"I beg your pardon," interrupted the eccentric old gentleman; "I mean a great deal more. I only wish I had the means of sending forth to the world my opinion as to the inestimable value of domestic education for females. I would have every woman educated within the sanctuary of her own home. I would not loosen the smallest fibre of the affection which binds her to her father's house; it should be at once her altar and her *throne;* but as it is a blessing which circumstances prevent many from enjoying, I would command the legislature of this mighty country to devise some means for the better ordering and investigation of 'ladies' boarding-schools.' To set up an establishment for young ladies is very often the last resource for characterless women, and persons who, failing in every thing else, resort to that as a means of subsistence; whereas such should be under the closest superintendence of high-minded and right-thinking gentlewomen. I look upon the blue-boarded and brass-plated schools that swarm in our suburbs," he added, as he turned away to hide an emotion he could not control—"I look upon them as the very charnel-houses of morality."

Mrs Ryal elevated her eyebrows, and shrugged her shoulders, while the gentle Mrs Gresham whispered her "not to mind; that Mr Byfield was half mad on the subject of schools."

"Ladies," said the old man, apparently recovered from his agitation, and in his usually quiet, calm, yet harshly-toned voice; "ladies, you are, in different degrees, all women of the world; you live with it, and for it, and you are of it; but you are also mothers. And though *your* Ellen, Mrs Hylier, does grow so fast as almost to overtake her mother's beauty, and you, Mrs Ryal, stand in open defiance of vulgar contagion, because you fear a rival in a well-bred governess, and get more time out of your daily labourer than you would expect from your milliner for the same money; and you, Mrs Gresham—but I cannot say to you more than that you all love your children—some more, some less. Still, according to your natures, you *all* love them dearly. So did I mine. My child was all the world to me. I told you what her poor mother did for her improvement—the sacrifice she made. But though we had the longing to secure for her every advantage, we had no skill as to the means of obtaining the knowledge we so desired her to possess. We placed her at a 'first-rate school,' as it was called, and thought we had done our duty; but this going from her home loosened the cords of love that bound her to us. And when a sudden stroke of good fortune converted a poor into a rich man, and we brought our child to a splendid house, we found that our daughter's morals had become corrupted through the means of her companions—an evil the most difficult of all for a governess to prevent—and that she had imbibed moral poison with her mental food." The old gentleman became so agitated, that he could not proceed; and angry as the ladies had been with him a few moments before for a plain-speaking which amounted to rudeness, they could not avoid sympathising with his feelings.

"But we are not going to send our children to a school," suggested Mrs Gresham.

"I know that, madam," he replied; "but I want to convince you, by comparison, of the blessings that await the power of cultivating both the intellect and the affections under your own roof, and so argue you into the necessity for paying honestly, if not liberally, the woman upon the faithful discharge of whose duties depends the *future* happiness or misery of those dear ones whom you have brought into the world. It is now twenty-two years since I saw that daughter; I shall never see her again in this world; I thought I had strength to tell you the story, painful as it is, but I have not. I would have done so, in the hope that I might have shown you how valuable, past all others, are the services rendered by a worthy and upright woman when entrusted with the education of youth; but when I think of my lost child, I forget every thing else. She stands before me as I speak. My blue-eyed lovely one! all innocence and truth—the light, and life, and love of that small four-roomed cottage; and then she loved me truly and dearly; and there again she is—most beautiful, but cankered at the heart, fair, and frail! Lay your children in their graves, and ring the joy-bells over them sooner than intrust them to the whirling pestilence of a large school, or the care of a *cheap* governess!"

"He certainly is mad," whispered Mrs Ryal to Mrs Hylier, while the old gentleman, folding his hands one within the other, walked up and down the room, his thoughts evidently far away from the three wives, who were truly, as he said, "mere women of the world." And yet he was right—they all loved their children, but it was after their own fashion; Mrs Gresham with the most tenderness—she wished them to be good and happy; Mrs Hylier's affection was mingled with a strong desire that they might continue in a state of innocence as long as possible, and not grow too fast. Mrs Ryal had none of that weakness; she did not care a bit whether she were considered old or young, as long as she was obeyed; so she determined her girls should have as little of what is called heart as possible, that they might be free to accept the best offers when they were made. She was continually contrasting riches and poverty. All the rich were angels, and all the poor thieves; there were no exceptions; those who married according to their parent's wishes rode in carriages, with two tall footmen behind each; those who married for love walked a-foot with draggled tails, and died in a workhouse. Of all the women in Kensington, Mr Byfield disliked Mrs Ryal the most, and seeing her at Mrs Hylier's had irritated him more than he cared to confess even to himself. Mrs Ryal entertained a corresponding animosity towards Mr Byfield; she had resolved, come what would, to "sit him out;" but she was afraid, if she remained much longer, that Miss Stack, the daily governess, whose mother was ill, might go a few minutes before her time was up, and she had more than once caught her shaking the hour-glass—so much for the honesty of one party and the consideration of the other; she knew perfectly well that as soon as she was gone, she would be abused "by the old monster;" for she was aware that, if he had gone, it would have given her extreme pleasure and satisfaction to abuse him. The old gentleman had not spoken for several minutes, but continued to walk up and down, pausing every now and then to look at her over his spectacles, as well as to inquire, "when do you mean to take your departure?" Mrs Ryal was too exalted to notice this; but, after consideration, she rose with much dignity, shook hands with her two "dear friends," dropped a most exaggerated curtsy to Mr Byfield, who, the moment she was out of the room, threw himself into an easy chair, and drew a lengthened inspiration, which said plainly enough, "Thank heaven, she is gone!"

"And now, ladies," he exclaimed, "finding that *you* want a governess, I want to recommend one—not to you, Mrs Gresham; notwithstanding 'little Teddy,' she would be too happy with you. I should wish her to live with *you*, Mrs Hylier."

"With me, sir? Why, after the censure you have passed upon us both, I should hardly think you would recommend us a dog, much less a governess."

"I expect you will treat your governess hardly as well as I treat my dog," was the ungracious reply.

"Really, Mr Byfield"——

"Psha, lady!" interrupted the strange old man; "no words about it; I have not been so long your opposite neighbour without knowing that your last governess did not sit at your table; that when you had the hot, she had the cold; that when a visiter came, she went; that she was treated as a creature belonging to an intermediate state of society, which has never been defined or illustrated—being too high for the kitchen, too low for the parlour; that she was to govern her temper towards those who never governed their tempers towards her; that she was to cultivate intellect, yet sit silent as a fool; that she was to instruct in all accomplishments, which she must know and feel, yet never play any thing in society except quadrilles, *because* she played so well that she might eclipse the young ladies who, not being governesses, play for husbands, while she only plays for bread! My good madam, I know almost every governess who enters Kensington by sight; the daily ones by their early hours, cotton umbrellas, and the cowed, dejected air with which they raise the knocker, uncertain how to let it fall. Do I not know the musical ones by the worn-out boa doubled round their throats, and the roll of new music clasped in the thinly gloved hand?—and the drawing ones—God help them—by the small portfolio, pallid cheeks, and haggard eyes? I could tell you tales of those hard-labouring classes that would make factory labour seem a toy; but you would not understand me, though you *can* understand that you want a governess, and you can also understand that I, Joseph Byfield, hope you will take one of my recommending."

The sisters looked at each other, as well as to say, "What shall we do?"

Mrs Hylier assumed a cheerful, careless air, and replied—"Well, sir, who is your governess?"

"WHO she exactly is, Mrs Hylier, I will not tell you; and she does not know, though she imagines she does, *what* she is. I will tell you. She is handsome, without the consciousness of beauty—accomplished, without affectation—gentle, without being inanimate—and I should suppose patient; for she has been a teacher in a school, as well as in what is called a *private* family; but I want to see her patience tested."

"Is she a good musician?"

"Better than most women."

"And a good artist?"

"That was not in the bond; but she does confound perspective, and distort the human body as perfectly as most teachers of 'the art that can immortalise'"——

"My dear sir"——

"Ay, ay; half a dozen chalk heads—a few tawdry landscapes, with the lights scratched out, and the shadows rubbed in—a bunch of flowers on velvet, and a bundle of handscreens"——

"My dear sir," interrupted Mrs Hylier, "these sort of things would not suit my daughters; what they do must be *artistic*."

"Then get an artist to teach them; you go upon the principle of expecting Hertz to paint like Eastlake, and Eastlake to play like Hertz. Madam, she is a well-informed, prudent, intelligent gentlewoman; feeling and understanding well; consequently doing nothing ill, because she will not attempt what she cannot accomplish. She will not undertake to *finish* (that's the term, I think) pupils in either music or drawing, but she will do her best; and as she has resided abroad, I am told (for I hate every language except my own) she is a good linguist; and I will answer for her accepting the five-and-twenty pounds a-year."

"Very desirable, no doubt," muttered Mrs Hylier, unwilling, for sundry reasons of great import connected with her husband, to displease Mr Byfield, and yet most unwilling to receive into her family a person whom, judging of others by herself, she imagined must be a spy upon her *menage*.

"I knew you would so consider any one I recommended," said the old gentleman with a smile, that evinced the consciousness of power; "and when shall the '*young person*' (that is the phrase, is it not?)—when shall she come?"

"I think I should like to see her first," answered the lady, hesitating.

"Very good; but to what purpose? you know you will take her?"

"Any thing to oblige you, my dear sir; but has she no female friend?"

"Some one of you ladies said a few moments ago that a governess had no need of friends."

"You are aware, Mr Byfield, it is usual upon such occasions to consult the lady the governess resided with last; it *is* usual; I do not want to insist upon it, because I am sure you understand exactly what I require."

"Indeed, madam, I do not pretend to such extensive information; I know, I think, what you *ought* to require, that is all. However, if you wish, you shall have references besides mine," and Mr Byfield looked harder and stiffer than ever. He walked up to a small water-colour drawing that hung above a little table, and contemplated it, twirling his cane about in a half circle all the time. The subject was ugly enough to look at—a long chimney emitting a column of dense smoke like a steamer, and a slated building stuck on one side, being a view of the "Achilles saw mills," which Mr Hylier had lately purchased, a considerable portion of the purchase-money having been advanced by Mr Byfield.

"No matter how odd, how rude, how incomprehensible our old neighbour is, Caroline," Mr Hylier had said to his wife only that morning; "no matter what he does, or says, or fancies; if you contradict or annoy him, it will be my ruin."

Her husband's words were forcibly recalled to her by the attitude and look of the old gentleman, and she answered—"Oh, dear no, sir, not at all; one cannot help anxiety on such a subject; and I must only endeavour to make the lady comfortable, and all that sort of thing, although I fear she may complain to you of"——

"No, no, madam," he interrupted; "I do not desire her to be treated in any way better than your former governess; I wish to see how she bears the rubs of life; I *particularly* request that no change whatever be made in her favour; if I wished her to be quiet and comfortable, I

should have sent her to my gentle little friend Mrs Gresham."

Mrs Hylier bit her lip. "Good morning, ladies; when shall Miss Dawson—her name is Emily Dawson—when shall she come?"

"When you please, sir."

"To-morrow, then, at twelve."

He shut the door; Mrs Gresham rang the bell; and Mrs Hylier, in a weak fit of uncontrollable vexation, burst into tears.

"Did you ever know such a savage?" exclaimed Mrs Gresham.

"I am sure *you* have no reason to complain—if it was not for the hold he has over Hylier"——

"I wonder if she is any relation of his?" said Mrs Gresham, who was a little given to romance.

"Not she, indeed; he is as proud as Lucifer, and has money enough to enable him to live in a palace."

"Could it be possible that he intends to marry," suggested Mrs Gresham.

"Marry, indeed; would any man that could prevent it, permit the woman he intended to marry to be a governess? No. I'll trouble my head no more about it; let her come; one is pretty much the same as another; the only thing that really gives me pain is, that Mrs Ryal should have heard so much of it; she's a regular bell-woman; likes to have the earliest information of whatever goes on in the world, so as to be the first to set it going. She was the means of the dismissal of five governesses only last winter, and there is no end to the matches of her breaking. She will declare the girl is—God knows what—if she finds all out."

"Well," said Mrs Gresham, musingly, "after all, it is very odd; only fancy Mr Byfield taking an interest in a governess *at all*. Still, I must insert my advertisement, and I think I might substitute dancing for Greek; they are about equally useful, and one must not be too unreasonable."

"Very considerate and good of you, Fanny," said her sister; "but believe me, the more you require the more you will get; and I am not sure that Mrs Ryal was wrong about the sciences; every day something fresh starts up that no one ever heard of before, and one must be able to talk about it; it is really very fatiguing to keep up with all the new things, and somehow I do not think the credit one gets by the knowledge is half enough to repay one for the labour."

"Mr Gresham says the whole system, or, as *he* calls it, *no* system, of female education is wrong."

"My dear Fanny, how absurd you are! What can men possibly know of female education? There is my husband, a worthy man as ever lived, and yet he will tell you that the whole object of female education should be to make women—now only imagine what?"

"I am sure I do not know."

"Why, good wives and mothers."

"Both ladies laughed, and then Mrs Hylier exclaimed, "to think of my taking any one into my house under such circumstances! But at all events, I must prepare the children for their new *governess*."

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

INFLUENCE OF COLOUR ON HEAT AND ODOUR.

THE comparative susceptibility of heat shown by bodies coloured in a certain manner, has been familiar to the scientific world since the days of Franklin, who made some ingenious experiments to ascertain the point, by marking the effect of sunshine upon various patches of snow covered by pieces of cloth variously coloured. Sir Humphry Davy also experimented on this subject; but the inquiry was never followed out to definite results, until it fell into the hands of Dr James Stark of Edinburgh. The experiments made by this gentleman, as detailed by him in a paper communicated in 1833 to the Royal Society, are of a remarkably interesting as well as satisfactory nature.

Dr Stark wrapped the bottom of a thermometer in black wool, and sunk it in a glass tube, which he then immersed in water heated to 170 degrees Fahrenheit. He repeated the experiment successively with dark green, scarlet, and white wool, the object being to see with what comparative rapidity the heat of the water would affect the thermometer through the various kinds of wool. The thermometer attained to an equality with the heat of the water in considerably different spaces of time: in the case of the black wool in $4\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, the dark green in 5 minutes, the scarlet in $5\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, and the white in 8 minutes—the advance towards the highest point being in each case, as might be expected, gradual and proportionate. In some other experiments, varied as to the mode and the substances used, similar results were obtained—the susceptibility being always greatest in the black, next less in the green, next less in the scarlet, and least of all in the white. These results were strictly conformable to those found by both Franklin and Davy, who give the following list of colours, in the order of their various degrees of susceptibility of heat—*black*, deep blue, lighter blue, *green*, purple, *red*, yellow, *white*.*

Dr Stark proceeded to investigate more strictly than had formerly been done the effect of colour on the radiating powers of bodies. Radiation of heat, the unscientific reader will observe, is the reverse of absorption of heat. A body which absorbs heat readily, will be warm while the heat continues to operate upon it; a body which radiates heat readily, tends quickly to become cold. The heat in the one case leaves the body slowly, in the other rapidly. It becomes, of course, of importance to ascertain if bodies which receive or absorb heat readily, also give it out or radiate it readily. On this point Count Rumford made experiments which settled the question in the affirmative; or, what is the same thing, he ascertained "that those substances which part with heat with the greatest facility or celerity, are those which acquire it most readily, or with the greatest celerity." * Dr Stark was curious to learn if this doctrine held good with those variously coloured bodies, which he had ascertained to be absorptive in proportion to the intensity of their colours. Reversing the former experiments, he found black wool fall from 180 to 50 degrees Fahrenheit in 21 minutes, red wool in 26, and white in 27 minutes. He coloured wheat flour, and found black descend through the same range in $9\frac{5}{6}$ minutes, brown in 11, yellow in 12, and white in $12\frac{1}{4}$ minutes. The same results were found with the ball of an air-thermometer variously coloured; so that he considered himself as having demonstrated that "differently coloured substances possess a specific influence on the absorption of heat or caloric, both luminous and non-luminous; and that they give off their caloric in the same ratio as they absorb it."

Dr Stark's remarks on this conclusion are of great value. "The demonstration," he says, "of the influence of colour on the absorption and radiation of caloric, may tend to open up new views of the economy of nature, and perhaps suggest useful improvements in the management and adaptation of heat. Dr Franklin, who never lost sight of practical utility in his scientific investigations, from the result of his experiments with coloured cloths on the absorption of heat, drew the conclusion, 'that black clothes are not so fit to wear in a hot sunny climate or season as white ones, because in such clothes the body is more heated by the sun when we walk abroad, and is at the same time heated by the exercise; which double heat is apt to bring on putrid dangerous fevers;' that soldiers and seamen in tropical climates should have a white uniform; that white hats should be generally worn in summer; and that garden walls for fruit-trees would absorb more heat from being blackened.

Count Rumford and Sir Everard Home, on the contrary, come to a conclusion entirely the reverse of this. The count asserts, that if he were called upon to live in a very warm climate, he would blacken his skin or wear a black shirt; and Sir Everard, from direct experiments on himself and on a negro's skin, lays it down as evident, 'that the power of the sun's rays to scorch the skins of animals is destroyed when applied to a dark surface, although the absolute heat, in consequence of the absorption of the rays, is greater.' Sir Humphry Davy explains this fact by saying, 'that the radiant heat in the sun's rays is converted into sensible heat.' With all deference to the opinion of this great man, it by no means explains why the surface of the skin was kept comparatively cool. From the result of the experiments detailed, it is evident, that if a black surface absorbs caloric in greatest quantity, it also gives it out in the same proportion; and thus a circulation of heat is, as it were, established, calculated to promote the insensible perspiration, and to keep the body cool. This view is confirmed by the observed fact of the stronger odour exhaled by the bodies of black people.

The different shades of colour by which races of men inhabiting different climates are distinguished, equally possess, there is reason to believe, the quality of modifying the individual temperature, and keeping it at the proper mean. This adaptation of colour may perhaps be traced in the inhabitants of every degree of latitude, and be found to correspond with the causes which limit the range of plants and animals. The effect of exposure to the sun in our own country in warm seasons, is temporarily to change the colour of the parts submitted to its influence, and to render them less susceptible of injury from the heating rays.

The influence of colour as modifying the effects of heat, is also strikingly illustrated in other classes of the animal kingdom. The quadrupeds, for instance, which pass the winter in northern latitudes, besides the additional protection from cold they receive in the growth of downy fur, change their colour on the approach of the cold season. The furs of various hues which form their summer dress are thrown off, and a white covering takes its place. Hence the white foxes, the white hares, and the ermine of the arctic regions. Even in more temperate climates, and in our own country, the hare in severe winters often acquires a white fur; and the stoat, or ermine, is found with its summer dress more or less exchanged for a winter clothing of pure white. Some writers on natural history state these changes as means of protection to the animals from their enemies, by assimilating their colour to the winter snow. Without denying that this may be one cause for the periodical change of colour, I am rather disposed to consider it as accommodating the animal to the changes of season it undergoes. The white winter coating, as is evident from the experiments detailed, does not throw off heat so rapidly as any of the other colours; and hence its use in preserving the animal temperature.

The feathered tribes which inhabit northern latitudes afford still more remarkable instances of the adaptation of colour to the changes of temperature. The summer dress of many families is so different from their winter plumage, as to have led many ornithologists to multiply species, as the animal was described in its winter or summer plumage. The ptarmigan is a familiar example. Mr Selby remarks, that 'the black deep ochreous yellow plumage of the ptarmigan in spring and summer gradually gives place to a greyish white; the black spots become broken, and assume the appearance of zig-zag lines and specks. These, again, as the season advances, give place to the pure immaculate plumage which distinguishes both sexes in winter.'

The display of colours in the plumage of the birds of tropical climates is also in strict accordance with the observed facts of the influence of colour over the absorption and radiation of heat. The metallic reflections and polished surface of the whole family of hummingbirds are admirably suited to their habits; and the colours of the wings of the Lepidoptera, in the class of insects, there is little doubt, serve some similar purpose, in maintaining the temperature of the animals at the proper mean. In proportion to the diminution of temperature and the distance from the equator, a corresponding dilution of colour in animals takes place, till in temperate countries it is almost uniformly of a sober grey. In the arctic regions, all colour except white and black disappears—modifications of which, with very little variety of other colours, form the summer and winter clothing of most of the northern tribes of birds.

In the vegetable kingdom, I am disposed to believe that the colours of the petals of flowers serve some useful purpose in regard to preserving the temperature of the parts necessary for reproduction at the proper mean, and that the varied pencilling of nature has thus an object beyond merely pleasing the eye. In this view, the quality of colour, so widely extended, and so varied and blended in every class of natural bodies, acquires a further interest in addition to its ministering to the pleasures of sight, and affords a new instance of that benevolence and wisdom by which all the arrangements of matter are calculated to excite and gratify the mind directed to their investigation.

Even in the inorganic portion of nature, and in northern climates, the portion of heat imbibed by the soil during a short summer, is prevented from escaping by the covering of snow which falls in the beginning of winter; and thus the temperature necessary for the scanty vegetation is kept up. By this white covering, vegetables are enabled to sustain a lengthened torpidity, without suffering from the injurious effects of frost; and the ground is preserved from partial alternations of temperature, till the influence of the sun at once converts the northern winter into summer, without the intervention of spring."

In his investigations of the effect of colours in causing bodies to be more susceptible of odours, Dr Stark had much less aid from the inquiries of preceding philosophers. His attention being drawn to the subject by accident, he began a course of experiments, by putting a small quantity of black wool (ten grains), and an equal of white wool, into a close vessel beside some camphor—also similar quantities of each into a close drawer beside assafœtida—and found in both cases that the black had palpably become the most odorous. He repeated the experiment with cotton wool, and found the same result. Other experiments, in which red was introduced, gave to it, as far as the ordinary sense could judge, a medium degree of odorousness. Afterwards, he experimented with a variety of colours, and found the degrees of odorousness to be in the following order—black, blue, red, green, yellow, and white, which is nearly the order in Franklin's experiments respecting the heat-absorbing powers of bodies. He then tried black and white wool against black and white cotton, and found the black wool more odorous than the black cotton, and the white wool than the white cotton. It is to be observed, that he called in the senses of many persons to test the degrees of odorousness in all these experiments; yet, as no exact knowledge could be thus attained, he became "desirous that, if possible, at least one experiment should be devised, which would show, by the evidence of actual increase of weight, that one colour invariably attracted more of any odorous substance than another." "Upon considering," he adds, "the various odorous substances which could be easily volatilised without change, and whose odour was inseparable from the substance, I fixed upon camphor as the one best suited to my purpose. In an experiment of this nature, it was necessary that the camphor should be volatilised or converted into vapour, and that the coloured substances should be so placed as to come in contact with the camphor while in that state. It was therefore of the first importance to prevent currents of air within the vessel in which the experiment was conducted; and with this view I used a funnel-shaped vessel of tin plate, open at the top and bottom. This rested on a plate of sheet iron, in the centre of which the camphor to be volatilised was placed. The coloured substances, after being accurately weighed, were supported on a bent wire, and introduced through the upper aperture. This was then covered over with a plate of glass. Heat was now applied gently to volatilise the camphor; and when the heat was withdrawn and the apparatus cool, the coloured substances were again accurately weighed, and the difference in weight noted down."

Proceeding in this manner, Dr Stark went over all his former experiments, and invariably found an increase of weight, to a small but scientifically appreciable extent, *in proportion to the depth of colour, and more in wool than in cotton, and more in silk than either*

* To speak precisely, Davy omits the lighter blue and purple from the series.

* Philosophical Transactions, 1804, p. 95.

Of the select experiments which he details, we cannot give even a selection; but, by way of specimen, we may mention that he found white, red, and black wool increased in weight respectively $\frac{3}{10}$, $\frac{8}{10}$, and $1\frac{4}{10}$ grains, and white cotton increased $2\frac{7}{10}$, white wool $2\frac{7}{10}$, and white silk $3\frac{4}{10}$ grains. "The general conclusion would appear to be, that animal substances have a greater attraction for odours than vegetable matters; and that all these have their power much increased by their greater darkness or intensity of colour. These experiments seem also to establish, that the absorption of odours by coloured substances is regulated by the same law which governs the absorption of light and heat. The analogy goes still further; for in other experiments made with a view to ascertain this point, I invariably found that the power of colour in radiating or giving out odours, was in strict relation to the radiation of heat in similar circumstances." Dr Stark also experimented on this point with equally satisfactory results. For example, he "took pieces of card, coloured, as before, black, dark-blue, brown, orange-red, and white, and after having exposed them to the vapour of camphor, in the usual manner, they were taken out of the vessel, weighed, and left in the apartment for twenty-four hours. Upon carefully re-weighing the cards at the end of this period, it was found that the black had lost one grain; the blue nearly as much; the brown $\frac{3}{10}$ths of a grain; the red $\frac{6}{10}$ths; and the white $\frac{4}{10}$ths of a grain. In about six hours after this, the black and blue had completely lost their camphor; the brown and red had the merest trace, inappreciable to a delicate balance; while the white still retained about $\frac{1}{10}$th of a grain."

It will readily occur to many minds, that these experiments afford grounds for some practical procedure with respect to the noxious emanations producing infection. It must appear likely that a white dress of cotton is the one in which a person could most safely go into an infected place. In fact, the Turkish quarantine regulations proceed upon this assumption in part, woollen clothes being held by them as in a higher degree dangerous than those composed of cotton. Dr Stark thinks it not unlikely that, amongst the measures taken to avert cholera in this country, the white-washing of houses was the most efficacious. Fumigations, he remarks, could only have a temporary influence; but "white-washing, although it had no specific effect on the contagious effluvium, yet, by constantly presenting a reflecting surface, prevented the absorption of the emanations by the walls, and thus tended, with moderate ventilation, to keep the air of the apartments pure. Dirty dark-coloured walls, on the contrary, would readily, as has been demonstrated, absorb noxious odours, and, as soon as the effect of fumigation was over, gradually give them out again."

"Next, therefore," he adds, "to keeping the walls of hospitals, prisons, or apartments occupied by a number of individuals, of a white colour, I should suggest that the bedsteads, tables, and seats, should be painted white, and that the dress of the nurses and hospital-attendants should be of a light colour. A regulation of this kind would possess the double advantage of enabling cleanliness to be enforced, at the same time that it presented the least absorbent surface to the emanations of disease.

On the same principle, it would appear that physicians and others, by dressing in black, have unluckily chosen the colour of all others most absorbent of odorous exhalations, and of course the most dangerous to themselves and patients. Facts have been mentioned which make it next to certain that contagious disease may be communicated to a third person through the medium of one who has been exposed to contagion, but himself not affected; and, indeed, the circumstance of infectious effluvia being capable of being carried by medical men from one patient to another, I should conceive one of the means by which such diseases are often propagated, in the ill-ventilated and dirty habitations of the poor exposed to their influence."

VALUE OF STATISTICAL REGISTERS.

A faithful register of births, marriages, and deaths, is wished for by enlightened philanthropists of all advanced countries, far more as a test of national morals and the national welfare, than as a matter of the highest social convenience. For this the physiologist waits as the means of determining the physical condition of the nation; as a guide to him in suggesting and prescribing the methods by which the national health may be improved, and the average of life prolonged. For this the legislator waits as the means of determining the comparative proneness of the people to certain kinds of social offences, and the causes of that proneness; that the law may be framed so as to include (as all wise laws should include) the largest preventive influence with the greatest certainty of retribution. For this the philanthropist waits, as a guide to him in forming his scheme of universal education; and without this---without knowing how many need education altogether---how many under one set of circumstances, and how many under another---he can proceed only in darkness, or amidst the delusions of false lights. He is only perplexed by the partial knowledge, which is all that his utmost efforts enable him to obtain. The comparative ages of the dead will indicate to him not only the amount of health, but the comparative force of various species of disease; and from the character of its diseases, and the amount of its health, much of the moral state of a people may be safely pronounced upon. The proportion of marriages to births and deaths is always an indication of the degree of comfort enjoyed, and of the consequent purity of morals; and, therefore, of the degree in which education is present or needed. A large number of children, and a large proportion of marriages, indicate physical and moral welfare, and therefore a comparative prevalence of education. A large number of births, and a small proportion of marriages, indicate the reverse. When these circumstances are taken in connexion with the prevailing occupations of the district to which they relate, the philanthropist has arrived at a sufficient certainty as to the means of education required, and the method in which they are to be applied.---*Miss Martineau's "How to Observe."*

[We add to the above, that England now possesses an admirable system of registration, such as is here pointed out. Scotland, however, is still without any national arrangements on the subject. Parishes possess registers of baptisms, but not of births; registers of proclamations of marriages, but not of the solemnisation of marriages; registers of burials, but not of deaths. In such a disgracefully loose state of affairs, the statistics of births, marriages, deaths, calculations as to public health, and many other matters equally useful, cannot possibly be made up.]

A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

MORAT—LAUSANNE.

I MUST now invite the reader to accompany us in our excursion from Berne to Morat—a place off the usual route of tourists, as the country in this quarter has little to boast of in the form of romantic scenery, but which I preferred taking to any other on the way to Lausanne, for the purpose of visiting what has for several centuries been one of the chief historical scenes of Switzerland.

Our journey lay in a south-westerly direction from Berne, through a generally well-cultured district, with substantial farm-houses, neatly kept enclosures, and roads as excellent as are to be found in any part of the world. On all sides were evidences of harvest having been gathered into the barns; the clanking sound of the flail, though perhaps not what would have called forth the admiration of our political economists, came at intervals pleasingly on the ear, as an evidence of rural wealth and industry; and on the open slopes, shone upon by a bright morning sun, men, women, and children, were busily preparing the ground for new crops of grain. Early in the forenoon we crossed the Sarine, a large tributary of the Aar, by an old-fashioned wooden bridge, and shortly afterwards entered the canton of Freyburg. An hour later brought us to the ancient little town of Morat, a kind of rude imitation of Berne on a small scale, with arcades beneath the houses. From sundry appearances, however, we were glad to see that the spirit of improvement had reached the place; the gates had been removed, the fosse filled up, and various parts of the old walls, which had done duty in more troublous times, were taken down.

Morat stands close upon the eastern margin of a lake of the same name, the opposite shore of which is a low hill, separating it from the Lake of Neuchatel, and terminating in a morass on the north. The scenery, comparing it with other parts of the country, is altogether spiritless, and the sole interest is derived from historical associations; for on the unromantic banks of this sheet of water took place the greatest of the martial achievements which contributed to secure Swiss independence. The previous efforts to rid the country of its intruders had been directed principally against the dukes of Austria; on this occasion, the mountaineers were called on to battle with a new and still more audacious foe, Duke Charles of Burgundy, who, on the plea that they were allies of Louis XI. of France, desired to bring them to that kind of subjection to which he had already reduced the rebellious Liegeois. This infamous encroachment on the rights of a people with whom he had no proper concern, was made in the year 1476; and never, in the whole annals of human strife, was an invader so justly punished. The war commenced by an attack on the small fortified town of Grandson, situated near the southern extremity of the Lake of Neuchatel, which having captured, he put its 800 defenders to death, by causing them to be stripped and hung upon the trees of the neighbouring forest. In two days later, was fought the famous battle of Grandson, in which the confederated army of Swiss, by adroitly hemming in the Burgundians close upon the lake, and attacking them from the lower slopes of the Jura, completely defeated them, with an immense slaughter. Charles left 50,000 men, and all his valuable equipage, behind him, and fled through the mountains with only a few personal followers. Arrived at Nozeroy, and writhing under the humiliation of so signal a defeat, he gave himself up to despair, saw no one, drank deeply in solitude, and became almost insane. At length, however, he regained his activity, and meditating solely on vengeance, he re-assembled at Lausanne an army of upwards of 40,000 men, with which he advanced upon Morat.

It was the scene of the extraordinary exploit which occurred on this occasion, that we had now come hither to examine.

The battle-field of Morat lies at the distance of rather more than an English mile south from the town, and we proceeded towards it by the high road to Freyburg, with the wide-expanded waters of the lake on our right, and a fine sloping hill partitioned into well-cultivated fields, and ornamented with trees and cottages, on our left. It was on the face of this now tranquil upland, from its summit to the edge of the lake, that the heat of the conflict took place. With our backs towards the town, and in front the line of country through which Charles's forces were marched forward to their well-merited doom, we could easily picture the details of this celebrated encounter, of which I shall allow the Swiss historian, Zschokke, to give his short and pithy account. Speaking of the defence offered by Morat to the progress of the Burgundians, he observes—"Adrian de Bubenberg, with 600 soldiers, and the inhabitants of the town, made a still more obstinate and effectual resistance than had been done by the defenders of Grandson. Whilst the duke thus found himself arrested in his course, the confederates and their friends once more collected their forces. Morat was by this time in imminent danger. Breaches had been made in the walls and towers, and the rampart had given way; but the courage of Bubenberg, and the heroes commanded by him, remained unshaken, and they held out firmly until they beheld the arrival, from all sides, of the confederates and their allies from Bienne, Alsace, Basil, St Gall, and Schaffhausen. These were the first to come forward. Upon their steps, in spite of the inclement weather and the bad roads, marched in haste the men of Zurich, Thurgovie, Argovie, and Sargans. John Waldmann, leader of the Zurichois, arrived at Berne on the eve before the battle, and granted to his jaded troops only a few hours of repose. At the hour of ten at night, the bugle sounded for the resumption of the march. The city of Berne was illuminated on the occasion, and tables were spread out before every house for the refreshment of the patriot soldiery. The route was taken for Morat amid the darkness of night, and in the face of a storm of wind and rain.

The day dawned; it was the 22d of June; the sky was overcast with clouds, and the rain still fell in torrents. The Burgundians displayed their vast lines before the eyes of the Swiss, who numbered scarcely 30,000 combatants. Before giving the signal of attack, John de Hallwyl fell on his knees, with his whole army, to invoke the assistance of the Almighty in this trying moment for their beloved country. While they prayed, the sun broke through the clouds, and, on the instant, the Swiss commander arose: waving his sword aloft, he exclaimed—'Rise, rise, confederated brethren! God smiles upon our coming victory!' As he spoke, the clang of arms resounded; the attack was made; and soon the battle raged from the heights to the lake. Hallwyl commanded on the left; on the right was engaged the flower of the Swiss army, under the orders of John Waldmann; and Adrian de Bubenberg had the guidance of the troops stationed amid the trees on the shores of the lake. Hallwyl had to sustain a fearful struggle, and he did sustain it, till he beheld the appearance of the white-haired chief of Lucerne, Gaspard de Herstenstein, on the rising ground behind the enemy. Death now rioted in the ranks of the Burgundians; in front and in rear they were massacred; thousands battled obstinately, thousands fell, and thousands took to flight. The duke, pale and dismayed, seeing that all was lost, fled with a train of scarcely thirty attendants, and reached the banks of Lake Leman. Fifteen thousand of his troops lay on the plain of Morat, in its lake, and in the town of Avenches. A great number, seeking to save themselves, had perished in the waters and neighbouring marshes; the rest were completely dispersed. The tents, provisions, and treasures of the enemy, became the prize of the victors. The dead were thrown into pits amid quick-lime, and earth spread over them."

Some years afterwards, the citizens of Morat formed a collection of the bones of the Burgundians, as a warning to those who might afterwards attempt the

conquest of Switzerland. Four years later, they erected a monumental chapel, in which also were reassembled many of the bones of the fallen. For three centuries this memorial of Swiss heroism remained entire, and was in existence in 1797, when Bonaparte, after the treaty of Campo-Formio, visited the spot on his way to the congress of Rastadt. "Young captain," said he to a Swiss officer who accompanied him, "be assured that if we ever fight in this spot, we will not take the lake in our retreat." In the following year, during the French invasion of Switzerland, a Burgundian regiment destroyed the monument, and threw the bones into the lake, whence some of them were ejected upon the shores, during every successive storm. From this time, the relics of the slain became a marketable commodity. They were picked up, and carried off to be sold to strangers, or to make handles for knives, for which their whiteness adapted them. In the course of his rambles Lord Byron visited the scene, and carried away what he described as perhaps forming the quarter of a hero; observing, as an apology, that if he had not himself committed this species of sacrilege, the next comer would most likely have been guilty of it, and for a more sordid purpose: the bones he designed to preserve with the most religious care.

The overturned monument was at first replaced by a tree of Liberty; to this succeeded a linden tree, surrounded by a railing. But on the 9th of January, 1821, the cantonal authorities of Freyburg voted a sum of 6000 francs for the erection of an obelisk on the spot. This was duly accomplished, and now a remarkably handsome obelisk of sandstone, apparently about forty feet in height, is seen standing on an open gravelled space, adjoining the public road, and overlooking the large expanse of lake. On one of its sides is an inscription in Latin, expressing that—"The Republic of Freyburg signalises the victory of the 22d of June, 1476, gained by the united efforts of their ancestors, by this new monument, erected in the year 1822."

I am afraid I have detained the reader with these scraps of old-world history; but surely one may well be excused for pausing for a moment over a scene so intimately associated with the independence of a brave and free people. Morat was the Bannockburn of Switzerland, for the confederated cantons now assumed a political standing from which they were never afterwards driven—although, it may be remarked, they did not rid themselves of the German emperors till 1499, or wrench Vaud and Geneva from the dukes of Savoy till 1536. In the meanwhile, what became of Charles the Bold of Burgundy? His sun set on the plain of Morat. In about half a year after, in an equally futile attempt on Lorraine, he perished ingloriously at the battle of Nancy (January 7, 1477), when his forces were utterly destroyed; his body was found a few days afterwards, immersed among ice and mud in a ditch, and so disfigured that he was only recognised by the length of his beard and nails, which he had allowed to grow since the period of his defeat at Morat. The page of history presents few more striking instances of the retributive punishment of inordinate pride, ferocity, and ambition.

After having seen what was worthy of observation in this part of the country, there was nothing to detain us, and we proceeded by an afternoon's ride to Neuchatel—a fine old town in the French style, situated at the base of the vine-clad Jura, and close upon the lake of the same name. As it was afterwards our fortune to take this city, and the district of country beyond it among the mountains, in our journey into France, I shall here postpone any notice of them, and proceed with the reader on the way to Lausanne. The first part of the journey we performed on board a small steam-boat, which, in from three to four hours, carried us to the farther extremity of the lake at Yverdun—a substantial but dirty town, and the first we came to in the canton of Vaud. Here, it will be remembered, the benevolent but whimsical Pestalozzi attempted to carry his educational projects into execution, and failed—more, however, from want of management than any substantial defect in principle.

The country betwixt Yverdun and Lausanne may be said to consist of an enormously broad hill, not particularly high, but toilsome enough to the cattle whose duty is to drag up the diligence. The land is cultivated to the summit, and for several miles we have a view to the right of the beauteous flat vale stretching southwards from the Lake of Neuchatel towards Lake Leman; and beyond it, the whole face of the Jura range, with its lofty peaks shrouded in mists, and forming the great physical barrier between France and Switzerland. Before us one small height succeeds another, each tantalising us with the hope of our being able to catch from its summit the first glimpse of Lake Leman, or Lake of Geneva, as it is sometimes and not very correctly called, whose banks were to be the limit of our pilgrimage. The lake, however, is not seen till we are almost upon it, and within a mile or so of Lausanne, when, all at once, this glorious sheet of water, an inland sea in appearance, is seen lying in the depth in front glittering under the intense splendour of the mid-day sun—its northern shore on which we are, a scene of soft variegated beauty—vineyards, cottages, and white tranquil villas, extending as far as the eye can reach, and contrasting singularly with the dark, cheerless country on the opposite coast, marked by the long rugged line of the Savoy mountains, in the bosom of which Mont Blanc, with its serrated snowy scalp, rests in solemn majesty. From Villeneuve on the east—where the waters of the Rhone have cleft for themselves a passage through a rampart of huge rocky eminences, and found room to expand in the bosom of the still lake in front—as far as to the neighbourhood of Geneva on the west, a compass of forty miles, where the lake has similarly forced an outlet through the intercepting flanks of the Jura, this fascinating landscape is spread out before us. The first view of the shores of Lake Leman, combining as they do, to an almost unexampled degree, the beautiful with the sublime, and associated with many highly interesting recollections, is felt as a realisation of many of those pleasing dreams and fancies with which hope is always kindly alluring us onward through life, but which sober judgment as frequently tells us must ever retain, for the most part, their native insubstantiality. Once seen, it is a thing not easily to be forgotten; and to those who treasure such remembrances, it will mark an era in existence.

Our party reached Lausanne at noon, somewhat glad to get off the dusty roads, and to seek shelter from the overpowering heat. But no sooner had we fixed our quarters at that prince of hotels, the Hotel Gibbon*—which I take upon me to pronounce unmatched for every excellent quality by any other house in Christendom—than there was no rest till we had seen all the outs and ins of the town—its beautiful promenades and very ancient cathedral—and, in particular, the house in which Mr Gibbon had resided during his stay at Lausanne, and, as is well known, wrote his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." This edifice is almost close to the hotel which has taken the distinguished author's name; and to understand its site, we must first take a glance at the general character of the place.

Lausanne, the capital of Vaud, occupies an awkward situation on the summits and declivities of two or three broad knolls, the southern face of which forms a descending slope of at least a mile to the village of Ouchy, on the margin of the lake. The streets are irregular, though beginning to be improved in various ways; the greatest of all the improvements going forward being the erection of a splendid bridge of twenty-two arches, designed to connect the main street with the open high ground on the north—that by which we had entered from Yverdun. This great work, which is to cost the canton 500,000 francs—not bad for a small republic, the size of an English county—and is forming of hard blue stone, imported from the opposite shores of Savoy, will be of incalculable service as an approach; for hitherto the only entrance to the town, in this direction, has been by a street of such excessive steepness that the diligence does not attempt to face it. When finished, the new thoroughfare will run up straight to the door of the Gibbon—a good thing for the landlord, who takes a particular interest in the undertaking, and kindly volunteers a great deal of local chat on the subject to his English customers, who may be in the proportion of ninety-nine in every hundred who enter his establishment.

The house once occupied by Gibbon is situated towards the rear of the hotel which has adopted his name, at the side of the long descending road which proceeds to Ouchy, and separated from the main street by the old church of St Francis. It is an antique dwelling of the French fashion, with plastered walls and dark-tiled roof, offering only one storey to the small courtyard in front, but, from the steepness of the hill, making two storeys behind. It is at present inhabited by a private family, one of whose domestics conducted us over the premises. The most interesting point is in the garden, to which we are conducted by a stair and winding passage, opening upon the berceau walk which formed the author's favourite promenade during the composition of his great work.

No garden scene can be conceived more delicious than this little spot—a trimly-kept walk, shaded with green acacias in full leaf; borders of flowers and orange-trees, enriching the air with their perfume; the walls of the house and terrace beyond covered with vines and fig-trees, each with its clusters of fruit; above all, glimpses through the bushes of the long descending slope towards the lake—disclosing a universal vine-garden, while in the distance the scene is closed with the chain of the Savoy peaks. Such was the spot occupied for several years by Gibbon, while writing his immortal production; and here, in an arbour at the extremity of the walk, which has unfortunately been removed in the progress of adjoining improvements, did he finish his undertaking. His own words will doubtless recur to remembrance: "It was on the day, or rather the night, of the 27th of June 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last line of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a berceau, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waves, and all nature was silent."

Lausanne may be said to form the centre point in a district whose fate it has been to afford a residence to many individuals distinguished for their literary abilities, and acquirements in various branches of learning. On the west, not to speak of Geneva, lies Ferney, long the seat of Voltaire, and near it Coppet, the residence of Necker and his illustrious daughter Madame de Staël; while on the east is Clarens, the abode of Rousseau. Lord Byron, whose passionate lines on Lake Leman, in calm and storm, require no repetition, resided at different places on its shores; among others at Diodati, near Geneva, where he wrote his "Manfred," and the third canto of "Childe Harold;" and Ouchy, below Lausanne, where he composed his "Prisoner of Chillon." Not the least remarkable circumstance in the history of Lake Leman is, that all its numerous admirers—Byron, when at Diodati, excepted—have taken up their abode on its northern or Swiss side. At the *côté roti*, or side offered to the full influence of the summer sun, the northern shore is unquestionably not only the most genial but every way the most beautiful. There is, however, another cause of preference. It has long enjoyed all the benefits of civil and religious liberty, whereas the territory on the south is under one of the most thorough despotisms in Europe—that of the Sardinian monarchy. A residence of a few days on the lake enabled us to observe the striking difference between these two conditions. Looking out from the heights of Lausanne, you see all along the Swiss side incontestible evidences of civilisation, comfort, and industry—ports with their small sailing craft, and steamers darting from point to point, leaving and taking up passengers. On the opposite shore all seems dull, antiquated, and unimproved; the bulk of the country bleak and desolate, while not a single visit is permitted by steam-vessels at any of the small lake-side towns. A more close and vivid contrast between a country managed by its own people, and one under the government of others, could scarcely be more affectingly exhibited.

Perhaps no part of Europe has undergone so many political changes as the modern canton of Pays de Vaud, stretching along the northern shore of Lake Leman. One after the other, it has been possessed and domineered over by Romans, Franks, Burgundians, the emperors of Germany, the dukes of Zähringen, the counts of Kyburg, the barons of Vaud, and dukes of Savoy, and bishops of Lausanne.* In 1536, the Bernese, by force of arms, as already mentioned, wrested the district from the reigning dukes of Savoy—of whose cruelties we shall have something to say when we reach Chillon—and henceforth it became a part of the canton of Berne till 1798, when it was rendered independent as a part of the Helvetian republic. In 1803, by the act of mediation of Napoleon, this republic was dissolved, and Vaud now became a distinct canton in the Swiss confederacy. This lasted till 1814, when it lost partly its democratic constitution, and fell under the jurisdiction of certain privileged orders. In 1830, this preposterous arrangement was overturned by a revolution; and the canton, in its independent state, became what it now is—a free democracy like that of Berne, Zurich, and the other revolutionised cantons. This part of Switzerland, therefore, has had a remarkable luck for changes, but in the main for the better. Settled very much by a people of a similar origin to that of the French, and having frequently had an intimate connexion with France, its vernacular language is French, in which respect it resembles Neuchatel, part of Freyburg, and Geneva. With the latter canton it embraced the Reformation with great zeal, and is now distinguished as one of the freest Protestant cantons. Yet, as in all other countries over which the French Revolution swept with fury, religion is little better than the ghost of what it was in former times. Nevertheless, the canton is a pattern of order, decency of behaviour, and also respectability of appearance in its people; while its social economy embraces the fact, puzzling to our political economists, of a population which increases not beyond the means of subsistence, and consequently does not exhibit any thing like those sinks of misery which are now plenteously dotted over the surface of English society. Since the revolution of 1830, the canton has been eminently prosperous in its affairs, and improvements are seen effecting in all quarters. Education is liberally promoted; all forms of worship are freely exercised—a very beautiful

* The French, who systematically misspell and mispronounce foreign proper names, call this the *Hotel Hi-bon*. A stranger at first has a difficulty in knowing who they mean by *Hi-bon*.

* According to local historians, the bishops of Lausanne were a powerful set of prince-prelates, whose spiritual influence was not limited to the human species, but extended also over the tribes of lower animals. In 1479, the country around Lausanne was, it appears, infested by a host of insects, which ravaged the roots of the plants, everywhere causing serious inconvenience and loss. This unforeseen and alarming pest was reported by Frikart, the Chancellor of Berne, to the Bishop of Lausanne, counselling his lordship to have the intruders summoned before his tribunal, and there be made to answer for their conduct. The suggestion appeared reasonable; and to give the animals every chance of justice, an advocate of infamous character, recently deceased, was appointed to conduct their case. The day set apart for the trial arrived, and the suit came to a hearing; but as the advocate for the defendants did not make his appearance, the insects were pronounced contumacious, and judgment went against them. "Les insects furent excommuniés, proscrits au nom de la Sainte Trinité, et condamnés à sortir des toutes les terres du diocese de Lausanne."—(The insects were excommunicated, proscribed in the name of the Holy Trinity, and condemned to banishment from every part of the diocese of Lausanne.) This order, it is mentioned, still exists in its original form. The historians of Berne, who have transmitted the fact, do not seem to have considered it any way remarkable; and only observe that, according to custom, the sentence had the effect of remedying the evil!

English chapel at Lausanne being one of the tangible evidences of this freedom of opinion; and, in short, the country seems to be pursuing a fair course of national and individual prosperity.

WORDSWORTH'S NEW POEMS.

A NEW volume from the pen of William Wordsworth, is a gift which the public will now receive with general gratitude. The meed of popular favour was for a time withheld from the poet of Rydal, and chiefly in consequence of his own unfortunate promulgation of certain laws of literary composition, to which the world at large could not give their assent; but it was ultimately found, that though he observed these rules in a few instances, as in the case of the "Idiot Boy," "Harry Blake and Goody Gill," and some other short pieces, the majority of his poems were modelled after the loftiest exemplars of our language, and had few parallels in it, whether as regarded dignity of diction or elevation of thought. The effect of the mistake under which the public laboured with respect to Mr Wordsworth, is partly shown by the present volume, which contains many pieces composed long ago, and which the writer has only at the eleventh hour been encouraged to give to the public. Among other productions, we find here the "Tragedy of the Borderers," written in 1795–6, and respecting which great curiosity has been felt by the poet's admirers, its existence having been very generally known for many by-past years.

As the volume only adds to the amount of Mr Wordsworth's works, and gives no novelty in any other respect, it is scarcely necessary, except for form's sake, to present any specimens of its contents. We are tempted, however, to transfer to our columns one or two pieces or passages which have fallen upon our own feelings with an effect peculiarly Wordsworthian, and which we have no doubt will give equal pleasure to our readers. One of these is the conclusion of a poem entitled "Musings near Aquapendente," written during a tour in Italy.

"Time flows—nor winds,
Nor stagnates, nor precipitates his course,
But many a benefit borne upon his breast
For human-kind sinks out of sight, is gone,
No one knows how; nor seldom is put forth
An angry arm that snatches good away,
Never perhaps to reappear. The Stream
Has to our generation brought, and brings,
Innumerable gains; yet we, who now
Walk in the light of day, pertain full surely
To a chill'd age, most pitiably shut out
From that which *is* and actuates, by forms,
Abstractions, and by lifeless fact to fact
Minutely linked with diligence uninspired,
Unrectified, unguided, unsustained,
By godlike insight. To this fate is doom'd
Science, wide-spread and spreading still as be
Her conquests, in the world of sense made known.
So with the internal mind it fares; and so
With morals, trusting, in contempt or fear
Of vital principle's controlling law,
To her purblind guide Expediency; and so
Suffers religious faith. Elate with view
Of what is won, we overlook or scorn
The best that should keep pace with it, and must,
Else more and more the general mind will droop,
Even as if bent on perishing. There lives
No faculty within us which the Soul
Can spare, and humblest earthly Weal demands,
For dignity not placed beyond her reach,
Zealous co-operation of all means
Given or acquired, to raise us from the mire,
And liberate our hearts from low pursuits.
By gross Utilities enslaved, we need
More of ennobling impulse from the past,
If to the future aught of good must come
Sounder, and therefore holier, than the ends
Which, in the giddiness of self-applause,
We covet as supreme. Oh, grant the crown
That Wisdom wears, or take his treacherous staff
From Knowledge!—If the Muse, whom I have served
This day, be mistress of a single pearl
Fit to be placed in that pure diadem,
Then, not in vain, under these chestnut boughs
Reclined, shall I have yielded up my soul
To transports from the secondary founts
Flowing of time and place, and paid to both
Due homage; nor shall fruitlessly have striven,
By love of beauty moved, to enshrine in verse
Accordant meditations, which in times
Vex'd and disorder'd, as our own, may shed
Influence, at least among a scatter'd few,
To soberness of mind and peace of heart
Friendly; as here to my repose hath been
This flowering broom's dear neighbourhood, the light
And murmur issuing from yon pendent flood,
And all the varied landscape. Let us now
Rise, and to-morrow greet magnificent Rome."

The following upon the flower called *Love lies Bleeding*, seems to us exquisite:—

"You call it, 'Love lies Bleeding'—so you may,
Though the red flower, not prostrate, only droops,
As we have seen it here from day to day,
From month to month, life passing not away:
A flower how rich in sadness! Even thus stoops
(Sentient by Grecian sculptor's marvellous power),
Thus leans, with hanging brow and body bent
Earthward in uncomplaining languishment,
The dying Gladiator. So, sad flower!
('Tis Fancy guides me, willing to be led,
Though by a slender thread,)
So droop'd Adonis, bathed in sanguine dew
Of his death-wound, when he from innocent air
The gentlest breath of resignation drew;
While Venus, in a passion of despair,
Rent, weeping over him, her golden hair,
Spangled with drops of that celestial shower.
She suffer'd, as immortals sometimes do;
But pangs more lasting far *that* lover knew
Who first, weigh'd down by scorn, in some lone bower
Did press this semblance of unpitied smart
Into the service of his constant heart;
His own dejection, downcast flower! could share
With thine, and gave the mournful name which thou wilt ever bear."

The following lines to a Redbreast, written during sickness, are said to be from the pen of a female relative, and remind us of the simple and touching style of the poet:—

"Stay, little cheerful robin! stay,
And at my casement sing,
Though it should prove a farewell lay,
And this our parting spring.
Though I, alas! may ne'er enjoy
The promise in thy song;
A charm *that* thought cannot destroy,
Doth to thy strain belong.
Methinks that in my dying hour
Thy song would still be dear,
And with a more than earthly power
My passing spirit cheer.
Then, little bird, this boon confer:
Come, and my requiem sing;
Nor fail to be the harbinger
Of everlasting spring."

As for the tragedy of the *Borderers*, it will probably add little to the author's reputation. Though containing fine thoughts scattered here and there, it is unfitted for exhibition on the stage, and indeed, as the author admits, was never intended for production in public.

THE EARLY DAYS OF NAPOLEON.

THERE hangs over the boyish days of Napoleon Bonaparte a mystery somewhat similar to that which rests on the opening years of Shakspeare. In the case of the latter, we are totally at a loss to comprehend by what species of training that wonderful mind was developed, and whence was derived that boundless knowledge of human nature, and of the phenomena of the universe, which his writings display. With the like feelings of uncertainty do we muse upon the early life of Napoleon, wondering in what manner that prodigious amount of intelligence was accumulated, which gave him such a sway in after-days over his fellow-men, and rendered him never for one instant at a loss, amid the most varied and trying circumstances in which man could be called upon to act. Bonaparte appeared to burst at once upon the world with the experience of fifty lives concentrated in his young mind, ready to take up at will the parts of warrior, ruler, legislator, or diplomatist, and to cope with and foil those who had grown grey in studying the duties of but one or other of these difficult characters. These circumstances throw a peculiar interest over the youth of Napoleon. Fortunately, during the period of the consulate, he gave directions for the preservation of various letters and papers connected with his early history, and from a notice of these, lately published in France,* we shall proceed to draw several particulars.

Paoli, the Corsican patriot, seems to have been a material instrument in moulding the character of the young Napoleon. Genoa had assumed the right of selling Corsica to France, in the time of Louis XV., and that monarch sent an army to take possession of it. The Corsicans resisted, under the guidance of Paoli. Charles Bonaparte was a warm partisan of that chief; and, in the campaign of 1769, which gave France the ascendancy, was personally in the field with his wife Letitia, who, at that very time, in the midst of peril and alarm, gave birth to Napoleon. During the childhood of the latter, Paoli was constantly in the mouths of those around him, and he grew up with a deep admiration of the character of the exiled general, then living in England. When the French Revolution broke out, Paoli was recalled, and Napoleon became his close personal friend. The old general had penetration enough to discern the remarkable character of the youth. "You are one of Plutarch's men," he used to say to him—a compliment of no slight kind. It has been often asserted, that Napoleon never acted under the impulse of feeling, but was always guided by motives of self-interest and cold calculation. Not so was it when Paoli, having incurred the suspicion of the French Convention for his denunciations of the execution of Louis XVI., was summoned to appear and answer for himself in Paris. Napoleon, who had then received a commission in the French service in Corsica, had the generous boldness to write to the Convention in his old friend's defence. "One of your decrees," says the letter, "has deeply afflicted the citizens of Ajaccio; it is that which orders an old man of seventy, loaded with infirmities, to drag himself to your bar, charged, through misunderstanding, as corrupt and ambitious. Representatives! when the French were governed by a corrupt court, and placed credence neither in virtue nor patriotism, then might it have been said, perhaps, that Paoli was ambitious. It is by despots alone that Paoli should now be deemed ambitious; at Paris, in the midst of French liberty, he ought to be regarded as the patriarch of freedom, the precursor of your republic; so will posterity think, and so do the people now believe. We owe to him all, even the happiness of being a portion of the French republic. He ever enjoys our confidence. Repeal your decree, and render us happy." Napoleon's bold appeal was not listened to, and Paoli was compelled to look for safety to England.

Another person who exercised much influence over Napoleon in his youth, was Father Dupuy, sub-principal of the school of Brienne. As became common in the case of Corsican families of respectability, after the island was incorporated with France, Napoleon was sent to the college of Autun at the age of nine, and afterwards to the school of Brienne. Bourrienne mentions, in his memoirs of Bonaparte, that the Emperor never could spell properly; but he does not tell the reason. The fact was, that Napoleon could not speak a word of French when he came to the school first mentioned. He picked up the tongue through his intercourse with others, but never was taught it grammatically. He was engaged in learning the classics, when he ought to have been set to the French language by his teachers. His excessively careless penmanship in later days was supposed to be partly affected, in order to hide his faulty orthography. Dupuy, who formed a strong attachment to Napoleon, and was shown the essays from his pen, did all he could to correct the style and spelling, but the evil was not thoroughly removable. One of the early essays of Napoleon was a History of Corsica, which was composed in the form of letters, addressed to the Abbé Raynal. Lucien Bonaparte mentions this work in his memoirs. "It was written," he says, "in the vacation of 1790, at Ajaccio, and two copies were made of it by myself. One was sent to the Abbé Raynal, who found the composition so remarkable that he showed it to Mirabeau. The latter, on returning it, said to Raynal, that this little history seemed to him to indicate a genius of the first order. Napoleon was delighted with these praises." The work was represented by Lucien as lost, but in reality it is still in existence, having formed part of a bundle of early writings lodged by Napoleon in the hands of Cardinal Fesch. It is written with great vigour, and an uncompromising boldness of speech. Every page proves, moreover, that the author had been indefatigable in his researches into authorities, and even unpublished documents. Napoleon's mode of reading books was peculiar, and well calculated to fix on his memory whatever fell under his eye. His custom was to read with the pen in his hand, and to mark passages which he approved or disapproved; and frequently, when he was especially struck with any thing, he made it the subject of a distinct critical disquisition. In this manner did he go over all the most grave and learned works in the stores of literature. Herodotus, Strabo, Plutarch, and all the other historians both of Greece and Rome; the annals of England, and all the most important modern countries in the world; natural history, geography, medicine, and physics; all of these branches of learning his papers show him to have studied attentively. But, above all, his favourite authors were Filangieri, Mably, Necker, Smith, and other writers on political economy, legislation, and the moral sciences generally. For seven years, namely, from 1786 to 1793, while a student and lieutenant of artillery, now in one place and now in another, such was the training to which his papers show him to have subjected himself. Men have marvelled that the soldier of Italy should have started up, as it seemed, a legislator by intuition,—*intuition*; such is the word under which men too frequently shelter their own apathy and deficiencies. *Years of patient study*, while other lads were fooling away their time, would, at least in this instance, have been a more correct form of expression. Napoleon's ability as a soldier was not less puzzling; but comprehensiveness and promptitude of thought, produced by the same preparatory studies, united with a sound physical development, formed the true explanation of the phenomenon. What is curious, however, Bonaparte sometimes left his grave studies for the slightest of all varieties of literary composition: he wrote *novels*. One of these was an English romance, entitled *The Earl of Essex*, being founded on the story of Queen Elizabeth's unfortunate favourite. Another tale was composed by him on a Corsican subject, and he also wrote some oriental apologues, bearing covertly on the politics of the passing day. The idea of the man who wielded such mighty elements in after days, devoting time to story-writing, is startling enough. It has the same apparent incongruity as the idea of his being glad to borrow a few shillings from Bourrienne in the days of his lieutenantship.

We cannot well give a specimen of the stories of Napoleon, but our space permits of our quoting one of the most remarkable of all his papers in place of these. This is a document in which he discusses the propriety of *suicide*. Many features of his future character seem to have originated in youth in his isolated position. From the age of nine to seventeen, he was absent from home. He dwelt alone, and formed those habits of self-dependence which at once constituted a great quality in him, and isolated him, in a measure, from human sympathies. His note-book was the sole confidant of his secrets in his youth. Whatever struck him forcibly, even a simple conversation with a lady, was committed to paper, and, beyond question, this plan led him ever to reason coolly

* In the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

before action. The following are his thoughts on the subject of self-destruction. "Ever alone in the midst of men, I return to dream with myself, and to give myself up to all the vivacity of my melancholy. To what point is it now directed? To the side of death. Yet in the morning of my days, I may hope to live a long time. I have been absent seven years from my country. What pleasure shall I not taste in revisiting, in four months, my relatives and compatriots? Filled with the tender sensations which the remembrance of my youthful pleasures inspires, may I not conclude that my happiness will be complete? And what madness, then, urges me to wish for my destruction? Doubtless, I may say, what have I to do in this world? Since I must die, is it not as well to end my life at once? If I had passed through sixty years, I should respect the prejudices of my contemporaries, and wait patiently till nature had completed her course; but since I begin to experience misfortunes, since nothing gives me pleasure, why should I go on enduring unprosperous days? How far have men wandered from nature! How cowardly, base, and servile are they! What spectacle shall I behold in my native country? My compatriots, loaded with chains, tremblingly kiss the hand which crushes them. They are no more those brave Corsicans, whom a hero animated with his virtues; no more are they enemies of tyranny, luxury, sycophancy. Proud, and full of a noble consciousness of worth, a Corsican once lived happy. If he had employed the day on public affairs, his evenings passed away in the sweet society of a loving and beloved spouse; reason and enthusiasm effaced all the fatigues of the day; tender and natural affection rendered his nights comparable to those of the gods. But these happy times have disappeared with liberty, like passing dreams! Frenchmen, not content with having reft from us all that we cherished, ye have also corrupted our manners! The existing spectacle of my country, and my powerlessness to effect a change, form a new reason for quitting a scene, where I am compelled by duty to praise men whom virtue commands me to hate. When I arrive at my home, what aspect shall I assume, what language shall I hold? His country lost, a good citizen ought to die. Had I but one man to destroy, in order to deliver my countrymen, I should turn to the task in one instant, and avenge my country and its violated laws by plunging my steel into the tyrant's bosom. Life is a burden to me, because I enjoy no pleasure, and because all is pain to me; it is a burden because the men with whom I live, and probably shall always live, have manners as widely different from mine as the moon's light differs from that of the sun. I cannot follow the sole mode of life which could make it endurable, and a disgust for all is the consequence."

This passage affords a remarkable proof of the high-reaching sentiments which, even at the age of seventeen, characterised Napoleon. The death which he meditates is the death of Cato, not of Chatterton. It is not the pressure of penury which disgusts the extraordinary boy with life, but the slavery of his country and the degradation of his species. There is ample evidence existing among his early papers to prove, that he was in his youth a genuine and ardent lover of republican liberty, and that he disliked the French, fixing his whole thoughts on Corsica. As his mind became matured, however, he saw that Corsica was too insignificant in extent, and possessed resources too limited, to permit it to flourish independently amid states so much superior to it in power; and he turned to France, as affording full scope for the development of those great problems in social government which occupied so much of his youthful attention.

Among the thirty-eight bundles of papers consigned by Napoleon to Cardinal Fesch, one curious paper deserves to be briefly referred to. It is a *Dialogue on Love*, which proves how early his opinions had been formed on this, as on other points. He never was remarkable for *sentiment*, and, at the commencement of his dialogue, he speaks in this condemnatory manner of the feeling of affection between the sexes. "I believe it to be hurtful to society, and to the individual happiness of men; I believe, at least, that it does more harm than good, and that a benefit would be conferred by that protecting power which should extinguish it, and deliver men from its influence." Notwithstanding this denunciation, he was beyond question devotedly attached in his life to at least one woman—Josephine. His letters to her from Italy carry passion even to extravagance.

The writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, from whom we derive these notices of Napoleon's early days, concludes by observing, that "every thing proves him to have exemplified, like other men of genius, that law of humanity which ordains that nothing great can be accomplished without great efforts. In spite of his superior talents, he had studied long and carefully those subjects in which he afterwards showed himself a master. During many years, he never ceased to read and reflect on the most profound existing works. If he displayed ideas so correct on legislation, finance, and social organisation, these ideas did not spring spontaneously from his brain. On the throne, he only reaped the fruits of the long labours of the poor lieutenant of artillery. He formed his character by the means suited for the development of superior men—by toil, solitude, meditation, and endurance. The Revolution offered to him a vast and brilliant field; but without that revolution, he would still have been distinguished, for characters like his seize on fortune, and make it serve them. Let it be no more said that chance elevated Napoleon. When, after seven years of retirement, he appeared for the first time on the stage of the world, he contained already all the germs of his future greatness. Nothing was fortuitous in his case. He struggled to rise, and left no occasion unused to make himself known. He himself, therefore, must no more be permitted to ascribe his elevation to fatality."

To these truths nothing can be added. Never was it more fully shown than in the case of Napoleon—that *industry is the better part of genius.*

OSIER-WEAVING.

BASKET-MAKING or osier-weaving is an art which seems to us to have a tendency, somehow or another, to call up pleasant reflections whenever the mind is directed to it. The cause of this perhaps is, that the art is a peculiarly neat and cleanly one; and partly, perhaps, because it affords occupation to so many of our poor fellow-creatures who have scarcely any other resource to turn to for bread—the infirm, the lame, and the blind. Possibly, moreover, the beautiful story of the Peruvian Basket-Maker, told in almost all reading-books for the young, may have an early influence in impressing the mind with a pleasing sense of the usefulness of this little art. Speaking for ourselves, all three causes, we believe, have had their effect; and if others have felt any similar impressions, some account of the basket-weaving process may not be unacceptable.

The interweaving of twigs is an operation which suggests itself so naturally to man, that we cannot wonder at finding it practised by him in his rudest condition. The very birds teach it to him, for among them we have some clever twig-weavers. Plaiting of rushes comes more readily to the hands of boys than almost any other manual task, and the very simplest of all baskets are actually formed of this material. Some of the Van Diemen's Land tribes make (or rather *did* make, for the last native of that island was hanged lately) baskets of strong rushes by tying the ends merely, and keeping the middle parts swelled out by a cross band or two. These tribes stood very low in the scale of civilisation. Some other Australasians, a little more civilised, have been observed to make baskets of leaves so dexterously intertwined as to hold liquids without spilling. Of all the rude nations, in truth, with whom we have become acquainted, not one is ignorant of this art; and there is every reason to conclude that past times were in this respect like the present. Our own ancestors,

> "While yet our England was a wolfish den,"

were famous for their skill in basket-making, as Martial tells us that their manufactures were brought to Rome in great quantities, and, like our oysters, sold there for extravagant prices.

In days and places where nailing, dove-tailing, jointing, and hingeing were arts unknown, plaiting was the most natural of all resources and substitutes. Hence not only utensils such as baskets, but houses or huts, scallops, shields, and sword-hilts, and the like articles, were all formed from the same material, being rendered serviceable by coverings of hides, another ready resort in rude regions. At the present day, in some parts of the east, half the necessary implements of life are made of wicker-work, the bamboo, from its strength and elasticity, giving peculiar facilities for such manufactures. Boats of hide and bamboo can be made by half-a-dozen men in as many hours, when it is necessary to cross a river; and these articles can be constructed of such strength, that thirty men, and even cattle, can be transported in them from bank to bank.

To attend, however, to basket-making in particular. Osiers or willows are the usual materials employed in this manufacture. The wands are cut by the roots, and if intended for the finer kinds of work, are soaked for a time in water previously to their being peeled. This is done by means of a brake or iron instrument, through which they are drawn. As the natural sap of the wands greatly injures the work, they are always dried in the sun, whether peeled or unpeeled, before use. One of the circumstances that renders osier-work a ready resource to persons incapacitated from engaging in other work, is the very small number of implements required for the craft. A brake, such as has been mentioned, a knife or two, and a splitter, consisting of two edge-tools placed at right angles, for cleaving the wood longitudinally into one or more splits, are all or nearly all the tools required. The workman arranges his wands into bundles according to their strength, the largest being set apart by him for the rims and binding-rods of the basket. When the artificer begins to an ordinary flat-bottomed basket, his first operation is to form the *slat*, as it is called, or woof, out of which the osier web is to be formed. He lays down a number of wands, cut each of a little greater length than is required, and arranges them at a short distance from one another, and in a parallel position. These wands are then crossed at right angles by two rods, each of which passes alternately above and below the parallel wands, thus keeping them in their places. The cross rods are chosen of great length, and their loose ends are turned and woven under and over the pairs of short ends all round the bottom, until the whole be woven in. The same thing is done with the other rod, and then additional long rods are woven in in a similar way, until the whole bottom be occupied with them. To form the sides, a number of upright rods with sharpened points are forced between the rods of the bottom, or are plaited with them towards the centre. Around these perpendicular ribs other rods are woven in and out alternately, until the sides also are complete. The rim of the basket is chiefly formed by turning down the ends of the upright rods, and plaiting them over one another. Sharp-pointed wands are forced down through the rim, and pinned on each side to form the handle. They are usually plaited together more or less intricately.

It would be a waste of time to describe the mode of making rounded baskets, their construction being so visibly simple. Both the cross ribs and the longitudinal wands pass usually from rim to rim, and are there turned over a strong encircling wand, and fixed by a few plaitings afterwards. Considering the great simplicity of construction of the common willow baskets, and their usefulness in many respects, it strikes us that our peasantry are by no means so thrifty and careful as they might be in respect to these matters. We have no ill-will whatever to tinkers and gipsies, and admit that no very large sums are requisite to purchase brown baskets for the necessities of a farmer's or cottar's establishment; yet the old maxims are good ones, which recommend people never to look to others for a service which they can do for themselves, and to take care of the small sums, as the large ones will then look after themselves. Therefore, seeing that clumps of willows are nowhere very scarce over old Scotland, we imagine that the long nights might often be spent by the rustic ingle in making the handy articles under notice with greater advantage than in gossipry. The little story of the Peruvian Basket-Maker, which, though an invention, conveys a moral of daily applicability, might teach parents that a species of useful knowledge, despised under certain circumstances, might in others become of paramount importance. In the tale mentioned, we are told that a proud gentleman scorned a poor basket-maker as of an inferior species, when a king, from whom both of them stood at so great a distance as to seem equal, took it into his head to send them away together to a savage island, and to leave them there in nudity, that the assumed natural superiority of the one might have scope for display if it existed. The luxuriously-nurtured gentleman was plunged in misery by his exposure, and would have perished but for his contemned companion. Savages discovered them; the gentleman could neither defend himself nor do aught for his life. But the basket-maker had a resource. Making signs for the savages to wait, he set to work on some rushes, and in a few minutes plaited a cap for one of the chiefs, who donned it with rapture. Others were called for instantly, and, in brief, the basket-maker became the delight of the tribe. At his intreaty the gentleman's life was spared; but seeing him to be of no use, the savages despised him utterly. Here was a lesson given to him. The poor man was far above him in the eyes of those who were not blinded by artificial distinctions; and the petty art which he had despised was the means of saving his life. So runs the moral, and, as observed, it is in part applicable every hour of the day. We do not know to what we may come in this world of changes, casualties, and sufferings; and the pettiest accession of really useful knowledge ought not to be contemned by us.

This is a digression, but not without a purpose. The art of basket-working has been neglected in Britain, but especially in Scotland; so much so, that a patriotic society for the improvement of arts and sciences some time ago offered premiums for the cultivation of the best kinds of materials for the craft of basket-making. Mr Phillips, of Ely, was consequently induced to make some experiments, by which he gained the reward. He found that there were about fourteen or fifteen varieties of the osier-willow; and that but a few of them were well fitted for basket-making. The grey or brindled osier, the bark of which is marked by red streaks, is hardy, tough, and bleaches well, but it is rare in Britain. The other principal species are the Welsh willow, of which there are two kinds, one red and the other white; the Spanish willow; the new willow; the Kent willow; and the French willow. The latter is held the best, particularly for light purposes. It is grown in Britain to a considerable extent, yet large quantities have annually to be imported from the continent.

Unquestionably, this might be remedied. The willow, in all its forms, grows well in the British climate, and indeed better there, perhaps, than in more southerly climes; so that there appears no good reason why an ample supply should not be obtained at home for the home market. Unfortunately, however, in agricultural matters above all others we seem to cling with tenacity to old forms and customs. To introduce a new seed, or improved article of any kind for culture, though its merits may be fully proven, is one of the most difficult things imaginable; and every body remembers how ludicrously the same anti-innovating spirit was exhibited in the matter of barn-fanners, which the old rustics denounced as demoniacal and heretical in the extreme. Some such feelings seem to have caused the agricultural population to neglect the call made by the society for the improvement of arts and manufactures some years ago. People still persist in the hopeless attempt to grow corn and wheat out of undrainable land, though crops of willows, which require a humid soil, and are in constant request

in the market, might save them all their draining outlay, and remunerate them much better on the whole. Mr Phillips calculated that good and well-managed willows would give, in ordinary circumstances, an annual profit of above L.18 an acre. Others state the profit lower, or about L.10 or L.12 per acre. Any of these sums, considering the nature of the soil occupied, might well induce people to try the culture of osiers.

Mr Phillips conceives the best time for planting to be autumn, and the best time for cutting to be also autumn, though it is common to plant in the spring. Shoots only are cut, and the stock left. From 6000 to 12,000 sets are usually planted on an acre of ground. It has just been mentioned that humidity is necessary for willows. They grow even in standing water, but are too soft in such situations, and not well fitted for basket-work.

Upon the whole, it might be worth while for agricultural people to look into this matter, and see if they could not do both themselves and their country good by giving the home market a home supply of an article continually in demand, and for which foreign countries have to be resorted to at present.

MEMORY.

In a paper read a short time ago by Sir Henry Marsh, Bart., at a meeting of physicians, on the subject of memory, and which afterwards appeared in a newspaper, we find the following intelligent observations, tending to show that memory, like every thing else, is susceptible of cultivation, and must always less or more depend on the proper exercise of the faculties of the mind:—

"Wherever there are traces of mental manifestation, there the attribute of memory is to be found—variously distributed, but always bearing invariable proportion to the amount and extent of intellectual development. As the instincts of the animal become more numerous, so the reach of memory increases; and if, in our observations of facts, beginning with the lowest, we ascend in the scale of animated nature, we shall discover a gradual augmentation of mind and memory till we arrive at man, who, in the possession of both, stands alone and pre-eminent above every other inhabitant of the earth. It is on the score of those superior faculties, moral and intellectual, by which man is distinguished, that he, amongst animals, is designated the image of his Maker; but how valueless had all these endowments been, had not that of memory been superadded! Of all the mental powers, none arrests so forcibly the attention of all classes of persons as this of which we treat. Its utility in every sphere and condition of life is so palpable, that it cannot pass unobserved. It is also so remarkably affected by disease, so strikingly exhibited in infancy and childhood, so altered in character by old age, and displayed in such strong features, though limited in extent, in the warring and predatory life of savage and uncivilised man, and so largely bestowed in some one distinct form upon particular individuals, that it is, above all other mental manifestations, that which never fails to obtrude itself upon the notice of even the unobservant and thoughtless.

The events and occurrences of childhood are not imprinted permanently on the mind. In all instances in which I have made inquiry, I cannot trace permanent impressions farther back than to about two years and a half old. A lady told me lately, that she left India when only three years old—that she distinctly recollected having been carried in a palanquin, and having embarked on board what then appeared to her an enormous vessel, in which she sailed to Europe; all else had escaped from her memory. The first event of my own life which I can recollect is a fight with a cock. From that period onwards to the age of eight years, the facts and events which I am able to recall are few. In precocious children it may be different; but of these so many die prematurely, that we cannot gather many facts. In old age, too, memory gradually fails. We may say, then, that the period of memory is the period of the consciousness of personal identity. In point of fact, we live only as long as we can recall past impressions; all else in life, both in infancy and extreme senility, and the time spent in sleep, is a blank. Thus the period of human life is contracted within a smaller span than the number of years usually reckoned upon. The progress of memory from infancy to mature years in an individual of an energetic, active, and cultivated mind, may not inaptly be compared with some great river—at its source a streamlet, enlarging by degrees as it advances, collecting materials for expansion from a thousand springs, spreading wider and wider as it rolls onwards, and becoming ultimately one mighty and majestic mass of waters—deep, broad, and beautiful—till at length it is mingled with and lost in the ocean. Such is the progress of memory in the human mind. Memory cannot be without a previous impression. An impression cannot be made upon the mind without *attention*. Attention presents itself to our view under two very distinct forms; one, instinctive and necessary, which takes place whether we will or not; the other constrained, or the result of mental effort. So likewise memory, or the recalling of past impressions, is either necessary and spontaneous, or it is the result of a mental effort. The first is termed simple memory; the second, recollection. The more vigorous and active each mental faculty, the more excited is the attention to congenial objects, the more forcible the impression made, and consequently the more tenacious and permanent the memory of such impressions. The order of the sequence then is—active faculties, strong impressions, vigorous memory.

I have often thought that, if in children the various powers of memory were closely observed, an index of the mental faculties would thence be derived, most valuable in the conduct of education. Believing, as I do, that many intellectual faculties have each its own proper memory, it follows, as a necessary consequence, that in proportion to the strength and activity of each faculty is the vigour, readiness, and retentiveness of the memory attached to it. Hence, by carefully studying the memory, and ascertaining by well-conducted experiment where it is vigorous and retentive, and where comparatively defective, we should be materially assisted in arriving at a knowledge of the real condition of the mental faculties of the individual whom we undertake to educate.

In this our sublunary state of existence, mind and matter are so inseparably united, that the one cannot manifest its functions without the other. The brain is the material instrument of the mind. The human brain, in number and depth of convolutions, in the proportionate quantity of grey or cineritious matter, in size, compared with the other portions of the nervous system, in development of parts posteriorly, superiorly, and anteriorly, exceeds that of all other animals. If the brain be deranged in function, or diseased in structure, the memorial faculties suffer. The brain sympathises with remote parts, and with the digestive organs in particular; we all know and feel to what an extent our reasoning powers and memory are influenced by the state of the stomach. Often in my boyhood, and even subsequently, I have endeavoured to repeat at night words or propositions which I was anxious to imprint on the memory, and repeat correctly. At night I could perform my task but very imperfectly; on awaking in the morning, and repeating the effort, not one word was forgotten. Sympathy with remote parts—high mental excitements and emotions, such as grief, intense pleasure, intense application—various poisonous substances, such as opium, alcohol, disease, injury—all these, by disturbing the functions of the brain, derange variously, and to a greater or less extent, the mental manifestations."

We add the single observation, that young persons who feel deficient in memory, may rest assured that the defect is caused less by inferior mental capacity, than want of application at right times and on right objects. The avoidance of trifling pursuits and undue gratifications of the senses, at the same time directing the mind to subjects of a useful and ennobling tendency, will strengthen the reflective faculties, and *that* is the cultivation of the memory.

EXTREME OLD AGE.

We pray in the Litany to be delivered from sudden death. Any death is to be deprecated which should find us unprepared; but, as a temporal calamity, with more reason might we pray to be spared from the misery of an infirm old age. It was once my fortune to see a frightful instance of extreme longevity—a woman who was nearly in her hundredth year. Her sight was greatly decayed, though not lost; it was very difficult to make her hear, and not easy then to make her understand what was said, though, when her torpid intellect was awakened, she was legally of sane mind. She was unable to walk, or to assist herself in any way. Her neck hung in such wrinkles, that it might almost be likened to a turkey's; and the skin of her face and of her arms was cleft like the bark of an oak, as rough, and almost of as dark a colour. In this condition, without any apparent suffering, she passed her time in a state between sleeping and waking, fortunate that she could thus beguile the wearisomeness of such an existence. Instances of this kind are much rarer in Europe than in tropical climates. Negresses in the West Indies sometimes attain an age which is seldom ascertained, because it is far beyond living memory. They outlive all voluntary power, and their descendants of the third or fourth generation carry them out of their cabins into the open air, and lay them, like logs, as the season may require, in the sunshine or in the shade. Methinks, if Mæcenas had seen such an object, he would have composed a palinode to those verses in which he has perpetuated his most pitiable love for life. A woman in New Hampshire, North America, had reached the miserable age of 102, when, one day, as some people were visiting her, the bell tolled for a funeral; she burst into tears, and said, "Oh, when will the bell toll for me! It seems as if it never would toll for me! I am afraid that I shall never die!" This reminds me that I have either read or heard an affecting story of a poor old woman in England—very old, and very poor—who retained her senses long after the body had become a weary burden; she, too, when she heard the bell toll for a funeral, used to weep, and say she was afraid God had forgotten her! These are extreme cases, as rare as they are mournful. Life, indeed, is long enough for what we have to suffer, as well as what we have to learn; but it was wisely said by an old Scottish minister (I wish I knew his name, for this saying ought to have immortalised it), "Time is short; and if your cross is heavy, you have not far to carry it."—*The Doctor.*

[The writer of the above omits one of the chief reasons for not wishing to live to an extreme old age—the total deprivation of all friends and relatives whom we knew in youth or later years. The gradual loss of these, as we become older, is a kind provision for weaning us from a love of an undue length of life.]

EFFECTS OF FOOD ON THE FORM AND CHARACTER OF QUADRUPEDS.

Food influences all the external characters of quadrupeds. Without adverting to the different appearance of an ill-fed beast and one which has an abundant supply, we may remark, that the form of the young animal that suffers a deprivation either in the quantity or quality of its food, never becomes perfectly developed either in its bulk or proportions. The integuments of such a one never present the gloss of health, neither is the constitution at large often free from disease; internal congestions take place, and the mesenteric glands frequently become schirrous. On the contrary, in proportion as the supply within prudent limits is liberal, so is the growth extended, and the form reaches to the standard of the parent. It often also exceeds the parent stock, from the excess of nutritive stimulus applied; and thus horses, oxen, and sheep, brought up in low marshy lands, where the herbage is luxuriant, attain a monstrous size. Horses, in particular, when bred and pastured in the rich flat lands of Lincolnshire, become expanded in bulk, and it is from such sources that our carriage and heavy troop horses are supplied. To what a degree of monstrosity may not our bacon hogs be fed; and our prize-oxen exhibit the extraordinary powers of food, when forced on an animal, by increasing the supply and restraining the expenditure. It is from our artificial mode of feeding cattle that our markets are now furnished with veal all the year round, and lamb is so common some months before it appeared at the tables of our forefathers.—*Encyclopædia of Rural Sports.*

ENGLISH AND IRISH BEGGARS.

You may journey many a mile in England, and the people you will meet are in their manner and deportment so much alike, that they appear, if not members of one family, to have been all educated in the same school. It is otherwise in Ireland; everywhere there is some national characteristic, the ramifications of which are various and numerous. The English pauper is at once bowed down by misery, and murmurs and complains under its endurance from first to last. The Irish beggar wrestles with distress; he can exist upon so little food as to seem almost able to live without it; but he cannot do without his jest; there are moments when the heart beats lightly even in his starving bosom. The poverty of the English, except at stated times, is sullen; the poverty of the Irish is garrulous: the Englishman takes relief as a right; the Irishman accepts it as a boon. You may aid half a dozen English paupers without receiving thanks; you cannot relieve an Irish beggar without being paid in blessings.—*Hall's Ireland.*

DEACONS OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

In the days of Bailie Nicol Jarvie's father, the office of deacon [chairman of a corporation of tradesmen] was esteemed no mean distinction. Two worthy incumbents, who fretted their little hour upon a stage not far from the banks of the Ayr, happened to be invested with the above-named dignity on the same day. The more youthful of the two flew home to tell his young wife what an important prop of the civic edifice he had been allowed to become; and searching the "but and ben" in vain, ran out to the byre, where, meeting the cow, he could no longer contain his joy, but, in the fullness of his heart, clasped her round the neck, and it is even said, kissed her, exclaiming, "Oh, crummie, crummie, ye're nae langer a common cow—ye're *the deacon's cow!*" The elder civic dignitary was a sedate pious person, and felt rather "blate" in showing to his wife that he was uplifted above this world's honours. As he thought, however, it was too good a piece of news to allow her to remain any time ignorant of, he lifted the latch of his own door, and stretching his head inwards, "Nelly!" said he, in a voice that made Nelly all ears and eyes, "gif ony body comes spierin' for *the deacon*, I'm just owre the gate at John Tamson's!"—*Ayr Advertiser.*

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

By the appellation of a gentleman, it is not meant to draw a line that would be invidious between high and low, rank and subordination, riches and poverty. The distinction is in the mind. Whoever is open, loyal, and true—whoever is of humane and affable demeanour—whoever is honourable in himself, and in his judgment of others, and requires no law but his word to make him fulfil an engagement, such a man is a gentleman, and such a man may be found among the tillers of the earth. High birth and distinction, however, for the most part, ensure the high sentiment which is denied to poverty and lower professions. It is hence, and hence only, that the great claim their superiority; and hence what has been so beautifully said of honour, the law of kings, is no more than true. It aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her, and imitates her actions where she is not.—*Book of Thought.*

MAKING A MYSTERY OF NOTHING.

There are minds so habituated to intrigue and mystery in themselves, and so prone to expect it from others, that they will never accept of a plain reason for a plain fact, if it be possible to devise causes for it that are obscure, far-fetched, and usually *not worth the carriage*. Like the miser of Berkshire, who would ruin a good horse to escape a turnpike, so these gentlemen ride their high-bred theories to death, in order to come at truth, through byepaths, lanes, and alleys; while she herself is jogging quietly along upon the high and beaten road of common sense. The consequence is, that those who take this mode of arriving at truth, are sometimes *before* her, and sometimes *behind* her, but very seldom *with* her. Thus, the great statesman who relates the conspiracy against Doria, pauses to deliberate upon, and minutely to scrutinise into divers and sundry errors committed, and opportunities neglected, whereby he would wish to account for the total failure of that spirited enterprise. But the plain fact was, that the scheme had been so well planned and digested, that it was victorious in every point of its operation, both on the sea and on the shore, in the harbour of Genoa no less than in the city, until that most unlucky accident befell the Count de Fiesque, who was the very life and soul of the conspiracy. In stepping from one galley to another, the plank on which he stood upset, and he fell into the sea. His armour happened to be very *heavy*, the night to be very *dark*, the water to be very *deep*, and the bottom to be very *muddy*. And it is another plain fact, that water, in all such cases, happens to make no distinction whatever between a *conqueror* and a *cat*. —*Lacon.*

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THOUGHTS ON NATIONS AND CIVILISATION.

SOME philosophers have such an opinion of the helplessness of the race to which they belong, as to be quite at a loss to understand how civilisation should have commenced. They see vast nations of barbarians still overspreading the earth, amongst whom, after thousands of years, no tendency to improvement can be detected; and, not perceiving any natural differences in men, they wonder how the history of other nations, originally as barbarous, should have been so different. Their error lies, first, in not seeing differences in men. There are great organic differences both in nations and in individuals, accompanied by corresponding differences of mental character. It may be readily owned that, as far as we can see, no power of originating a spontaneous civilisation exists in the Papuans and the Troglodytes; *these*, apparently, must wait for a reflected light from other quarters. But the Hellenes and the Teutones, and some other races, have been constituted very differently. The error of the philosophers lies, secondly, in their not understanding that the mental faculties have an inherent activity, and that, in some special cases of high endowment, this activity is inventive and suggestive, thus striking out new lights from the mass of surrounding darkness. A Pascal, at fifteen, made out for himself the chief conclusions of geometry. A woolcomber's son, springing up amongst the commonalty of Warwickshire, wrote more exquisite things, untaught, than any educated man of his own or almost any other age. Why should it be so difficult to comprehend how savage man first learned to kindle a fire or cook his food? Truly, the ideas of philosophers respecting their race are any thing but complimentary. We say, on the contrary, that, just as we see geniuses rise every day to extend the bounds of knowledge, and singularly worthy men to advance and exemplify moral excellence, so, in a barbarian community of the superior kind, would there be better men rising every now and then, to produce some improvement in both respects. The law which produces such men must have operated from the beginning: as there were many heroes before Agamemnon, so there must have been many Anaxagorases, Aristotles, and Platoes, long before the philosophers of these names existed—men capable of conceiving and showing the way to something superior to barbarism. These were the fathers of civilisation. The mythologies of most nations seem to be an obscure record of such men, Veneration having deified them, while as yet Intellect had not formed a written language in which to take down a correct account of their deservings.

It is scarcely necessary to remark, that, upon this theory, the civilisation and arts of Central America are to be accounted for without puzzling ourselves about the source of American population. A better kind of race seems to have arisen in that part of the American continent: there is no reason why that race should not have invented architectural designs and practised sculpture *out of their own heads*, as well as the Egyptians, from whom it is vainly attempted to be shown that they must have borrowed their ideas. The invention of these, and a thousand other things, was but a natural phenomenon, only requiring the conditions of intellect and certain external circumstances to bring it to pass. It might take place in any of those physically favoured regions of the earth, where alone young nations are sufficiently at ease on the score of food and shelter to allow of their cultivating the arts of civilisation. And it is important to remark, that the Toltecan civilisation might have an independent beginning, whether the people came originally from the eastern continent or not.

Assuming one origin for the whole race, it is much less difficult than might be supposed to show how the variations have since arisen. That external physical circumstances will do much to produce variation—to blacken or whiten the skin, for instance—can scarcely be doubted, when we see in the Hindoos alone every shade of colour, the shades being the effect of the comparative elevation of territory and comparative height of temperature. But the grand cause of variation appears to reside in a natural law for the production of varieties. This law is less obvious than it otherwise might be, in consequence of the apparently opposite one that the general character of parents is transmitted to offspring. It is nevertheless a prominent and most important feature of nature's economy, having apparently for its object a perpetual freshening and rejuvenescence of the stock of her many animated tribes. It is under favour of this law that an unusually able man—a Franklin or a Burns, for instance—occasionally arises from a race of simple and unthinking rustics. From such a man we may often see the like in succession, but he is himself the head and commencement of his own style of character. It is also seen that, in the domesticated tribes of animals, and in cultivated shrubs, new varieties are constantly arising. A sheep is born with short legs; it is bred from; and in time we see an English county full of short-legged sheep, the peculiarity being thought useful as disabling the animal for leaping fences. A violet or tulip with particular colours and form of leaves arises: it is selected for propagation on account of its beauty, and in a few years we see it spread every where over the country. It is not at all unlikely that some of the chief varieties of mankind—as the Mongolians (amongst whom are the Chinese), or the Caucasians (amongst whom are nearly the whole of the European nations)—have descended from one person, a cadet of another stock who happened to have received from nature qualities considerably different from those of his parents. The greatness of the number marked in one way can be no objection, when we remember that the whole Hebrew nation have a family likeness, known, from Egyptian monuments, to have been the same in the time of Moses, and which may therefore be presumed to be derived from Abraham or one of his immediate descendants. We have only to suppose one of these heads of varieties quitting the native territory with his family, and settling in some neighbouring vacant one, which his children in time peopled. And we can readily suppose that such a person would be just the most likely to pine for free space, and endeavour to obtain it. Subordinate varieties would arise from similar emigrations. In this variety-producing power of nature, evidently lies the chief cause of the numberless peculiarities which mark and distinguish the nations of the earth.

The distinguishing features of nations are to be traced quite as clearly in their mental character as in external form and colour. One is addicted to mystic learning; another to the elegant arts; a third runs wild in superstitious error. Even in savage nations, when we look narrowly into them, there are well-marked peculiarities of character. The variety-producing law of course includes the production of such characteristics. And thus we may contemplate the origin of the artistic mind of the Greeks as a phenomenon precisely analogous to the production of a Lawrence in an inn on the Bath road, or a Wilkie in the manse of a rural Scottish parson. The Gothic mind, with its sober thoughtfulness, perseverance, and tendency to good social institutions, has many a parallel in the rise of judicious and industrious individuals out of families where little of that kind of character is seen to prevail generally. Take any well-marked man at this day, and plant him in the midst of an ample unoccupied space, with married children around him, and, unquestionably, if his family spread over that space, as it probably would, if unrestrained, we should in a few hundred years find a new and peculiar nation arisen. It is only for want of space that phenomena on the same scale as the creation of the Greeks or the Goths do not now take place. Yet, even as the world now is, we see that a certain order of Englishmen, emigrating in company to form a *New* England, become the progenitors of a nation which, two hundred years from its origin, shows strong traces of the peculiar Anglicism which marked the so-called pilgrim fathers. Supposing that the first Puritan emigrants had been alone, and that their descendants had received no infusion of other races, can we doubt, from what we see, that the people of New England would have been, still more expressly than they are, a representation of a peculiar section of English society of the time of Charles the First?

Variety-production—that law by which nations of superior have sprung from nations of inferior endowment—may be considered as the highest that affects the natural history of our species. It produces great leaps in improvement, but these may be at long intervals, and their frequency must be much diminished as the earth becomes filled up with nations. There are other laws of less instant energy, but which work as remarkable effects in time. These work improvement by bringing superior to work upon inferior mental organisation, and by intermarriage of races. There is an inherent tendency in human nature to improve; but, like some other mental characteristics, it is in a great measure confined to a few nations, and to a limited class of even these. If any one wonders why it has been hitherto shown almost exclusively in the Gothic races, let him also wonder why the fine arts can scarcely be said to have ever risen spontaneously any where but on the shores of the Mediterranean. Apparently, the very highest degree of the endowment of any faculty is that which leads the possessor to its unprompted exercise, as when a boy attempts to draw, and draws well, who never saw or heard of limning. Of this nature is the case of those who have an inherent tendency to civilisation. But there are many who would never think on their own part of drawing, who, nevertheless, if tempted to take lessons, and induced to give attention, would become tolerable draughtsmen. So also are there many nations which, though not spontaneously disposed to civilisation, are susceptible of being civilised when the proper agency is brought to bear upon them. And it is very interesting to observe from history what a tendency the higher races have always shown to be the cultivators or educators of the inferior. It would almost appear as if there were providential arrangements in human nature to bring about this object. Higher races are generally restless, ambitious, and fruitful. Obeying the impulse of their nature to conquest, or simply breaking over their bounds in search of new fields of settlement, they tend to go in upon other nations, whom they perhaps injure and oppress for a time, but generally, in the long run, improve. The colonies of the Greeks, the conquests of the Romans, the overflow of the northern nations upon the Roman empire, the extension of the British race and power over Northern America, India, and many other parts of the earth, are instances of this disposition of superiorly endowed nations, while all the secondary races remain for ages

in defined bounds, and generally much isolated. The invasive system, when unregulated by just and humane views, is to be lamented; but we must not rashly and sweepingly condemn what has been so conspicuous a feature of human conduct from the beginning.

Superior natures, with all their acquired ideas, and systems, being, by whatever means, brought in contact with inferior, the latter are put, as it were, under a compulsion to improve. The law of improvement by external agency takes effect upon them, and usually a few generations see wonderful changes brought about. The Celtic Britons under the Romans, the Hindoos under the British of the present day, are examples. This is precisely the same phenomenon as the improvement which the great men of a nation work upon itself. In both cases, it is the highly endowed few acting beneficially upon the inferior many. Improvement in both instances goes on under certain remarkable conditions, which are well worthy of a particular notice. Here we are glad to look for illustration to the familiar phenomena of nature.

It has been fully ascertained that, even amongst the lower animals, an effect produced by external agency in the mental character of one generation, tends to reappear in the next as an inherent condition. This is conspicuously the case in those horses and dogs which have fallen particularly under human care. The act of the pointer, a result of training in past generations, is natural to a puppy of the tribe which never saw game. The amble of the American horse, the peculiar leap of the Irish, the docility to speech and not to the bridle shown by the hardy courser of Norway—all reappear in foals of the respective tribes which have been brought up in England.* Such facts can only be accounted for by supposing that the training or education works a certain organic change in the animal, for how otherwise could it be transmitted? Either the former material of the nervous system must be in some way modified, or new material must be added; and this new condition, whatever it is, becomes represented in the new generation. A change thus once set a-going must increase, for every new generation will start with not only the inherent character of the preceding, but all the benefit which that has derived from external agency. Such is the process which we recognise as the taming, as well as that which we call the training, of animals. Tameness in an animal originally wild, as, for instance, the common cow, may be regarded as simply the result of an exposure of the race during many generations to influences which evoked the gentler and stilled the fiercer feelings of the animal's nature. The tissues on which the fiercer feelings depended would, in obedience to the universal organic law, decline, while those on which the milder feelings depended would gain in volume and in strength. Hence, the milk-cow of our dairies must be organically a considerably different creature from her cousin who yet roams wild in Chillingham Park or amidst the woods of Cadzow.

As far as the mental constitution of the human race depends on the nervous system, the process of civilisation is precisely an analogous, though generally a more strongly developed, phenomenon. In the early stages of a society, the muscular and the more animal parts of the mental system are predominant, as we see in savages at this day. Intellectual and moral influences being brought into operation, those parts of the system are in some small degree less exercised, and consequently lose in volume and energy. The formative nutrition, diverted therefrom, goes to the intellectual and moral tissues, which it in some small degree increases. The next generation starts with this improvement, and experiences during its existence further benefit from the continued external agency. Thus, in the course of a number of generations, a change sufficiently considerable to be entitled to the term *civilisation* is effected. It is hardly necessary to remark, that this law is not definite in its operation, and that there is only a tendency upon the whole to such improvement in the sum of instances. We are more called upon to observe, that civilisations thus originating and going on are liable to be absorbed, overpowered, and deranged by various causes. A strong civilisation, coming in upon a weak, absorbs it. An isolated civilisation may be swamped by the irresistible brute force of a surrounding barbarism. Other external agencies, as, for instance, false maxims in the superior race, may derange the process. On all hands, throughout history, we see civilisations undergoing the most strangely varied fates. It is also very clear that some are wanting in certain of the elements that go to compose a great nation. There may be fineness of intellect without strength; delicacy without moral energy; industry without the power of self-defence. In all of these cases, there will be a tendency to break down and relapse into an inferior condition. Much must depend on whether the civilisation is produced by elements within the race itself, as the Germanic seems to have been—the highest and best we have yet known—and, in the case of a foreign element being the cause, what proportion the superior bears to the inferior race, and how far their various native qualities tend in union or fusion to form a good type; also how far they naturally tend to fusion. It was natural for the Normans and Saxons of the British isle to become fused in three centuries, for they were not very diverse; but in Ireland we have seen six centuries do scarcely any thing to bring the more discrepant elements of Saxon and Celt together. In some cases of extreme diversity, as in that of the African Negroes placed amongst the Anglo-Americans, we can contemplate no end to the natural antagonism; and civilisation will be of course in such cases retarded, or the one race will shrink and die out under the unfavourable effect of contact with the other.

History completely corresponds with physiology in its illustrations of this subject. The Greeks were a mixture of the Pelasgic and Hellenic races, the latter being not improbably of Gothic origin. Rome was first peopled by a collection of different races, and as it advanced, took in large infusions of new elements. The present English are composed of Celts, Romans, Saxons, and Normans. When the ingredients are not too unequal in character or numbers, assimilation goes on, and one good national type results. In the words of a predecessor in this walk of inquiry, "the national elements gravitate from the circumference to the centre—from diversity to one common character. And the inferior races being forced to decline and die away, in the same proportion as the stronger increase and multiply in numbers, a more equal degree of intellectual energy and a more equal physical type are thus attained, in the course of time, by the nation at large. Its civilisation is then completed to the full extent which the original powers of its races admitted, and its corresponding nervous system has arrived at its acme of development." *

It thus appears that man, in certain favourable circumstances, may arrive at what seems to be a comparatively advanced stage. The improvability, so to call it, is not strictly definite; yet we must conclude, from all analogy, that it has bounds, and that the present being must ever remain upon the whole the irregular impulsive creature which he has been.

We conclude these speculations with an expression of sincere regret that, being in some measure new and unexpected, our bounds do not allow us to support them by so large an amount of evidence as might be considered necessary. Researches into history by the light of science is a thing of yesterday, and as yet little has been done for it. But we entertain no doubt that physiology alone could throw more light upon the origin and progress of nations, within the bounds of one small volume, than could be done by a whole library of political history, or the united labours of a score of archaiological societies.

* See the paper "Educability of Animals," Journal, No. 533.

* See "Changes Produced in the Nervous System by Civilisation." By Robert Verity, M.D. London: Highley. 1839.

THE GOVERNESS.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

PART SECOND.

EMILY DAWSON had been nearly four months in her situation; during that time Mr Byfield came and went, at Mr Hylier's, as usual; if he met his protegée on the stairs, he turned his head another way; he never asked a question about her, nor seemed to take the least interest in her proceedings; once or twice Mrs Hylier (who prided herself on her diplomacy) said something leading to the subject, but Mr Byfield silenced her in a way peculiarly his own.

"Why does Mr Byfield turn away from you, Miss Dawson?" inquired little Elizabeth Hylier. (Children are acute observers.) "He used to stop us on the stairs, and call us juvenile jades; now he looks so—and goes on. Have you been a naughty girl, dear Miss Dawson?"

"I hope not, Elizabeth," said the governess.

"I am sure not," added Caroline, the elder of the two; "I don't think you were ever naughty. When you were a little girl, you were always too steady—too serious—and"—— The young lady paused, and looked earnestly in her governess's face.

"Well, my dear, go on," said Miss Dawson, in her gentle voice.

"I would rather not say what I intended, for fear you would not like it," answered the girl; "and yet I should wish to say it."

"Then do, Caroline."

"I meant, too sad to be naughty, or like other girls."

"I was not always sad, my dear; though, I perceive, I must not let you see that I am so, even at times. If you say your lessons as well, and are as attentive as you have been this morning, I shall be much happier." Caroline Hylier flung her arms round Miss Dawson's neck, and kissed her, declaring that since such was the case, she would certainly do her best to improve; and while she was speaking, Mrs Hylier entered the schoolroom—a cloud of the deepest displeasure overshadowed her pretty face.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Elizabeth, "Miss Dawson says that if we are good, she will be so much happier."

"I should have thought," observed the jealous mother, "that *my* being happier was of more consequence; is it not, Miss Dawson?"

"Certainly, ma'am," she replied.

"I *do* wish, Miss Dawson, you would not answer me in that peculiarly sad voice; and that everlasting mourning you wear—it makes me heart-broken to look at it."

"It nearly broke mine," said the poor girl, "to put it on."

"Well, there is no occasion to be sharp about it. I thought when you received your first quarter's salary, you would have changed it. Caroline, take your hand out of Miss Dawson's; I hate to see that sort of familiarity. Since you have both been so good, suppose you come and drive with me in the park."

"Oh, thank you, dear mamma!" exclaimed both the children, in the same delighted tone of voice, and rejoiced to see her temper changed.

"Thank you, that will be a treat; and, mamma," added Caroline, "may Miss Dawson come also?"

"Miss Dawson has had her drive this week already," said Mrs Hylier, walking out of the room with renewed ill temper.

"Let Elizabeth go, and I will stay with you," whispered the affectionate though spoiled child to Miss Dawson.

"No, indeed," she replied—"no, indeed; it was very kind of your mamma to ask you, and you will offend her if you do not go. I have a letter to write, and that will employ me until you return."

"Ah, you say that to make us go!" said Elizabeth.

"For shame, Lizzy! you know we never found Miss Dawson out in the very least little white fib in the world," observed Caroline.

"But that would not be a fib, would it, sister?—because mamma often says those kind of things to papa, to get him to do what she wants."

"You are too young, my dear Lizzy, to be able to judge of any one's motives," said Miss Dawson; "and in this instance must be mistaken. So now, dears, go, and do not keep mamma waiting."

Some persons, who had seen Miss Dawson by chance at Mrs Hylier's, although she was "only a governess," had been heard to observe that she was very pretty. Had she not been a governess, she could not have been looked at without being admired—not for actual beauty, but for the sweet gentleness of her countenance, the purity of her complexion, the open, truthful outlooking of her fine eyes, and the ease and grace of her movements. The deep mourning, which had excited Mrs Hylier's displeasure, made her an object of touching interest to all who had any feeling; it harmonised with the sad expression of her face; and two or three ladies, in open defiance of Mrs Hylier's well-known jealousy of disposition, had said, "how glad they would be if Miss Dawson would visit *their* young people"—invitations which she thankfully declined. When she was left alone—that luxury which her class so seldom enjoy—she opened her desk, and, after glancing over some letters, fixed her eyes upon a miniature which she had taken from a secret drawer. She looked at it long and steadily, until her eyes overflowed, and tear after tear, large round drops, coursed each other down her anguished face. She then wiped the salt moisture from its surface, looked again at the picture, pressed it convulsively within her clasped palms, and laying her head upon them, sobbed as if her heart was breaking. While sobbing, she slid from her seat upon her knees; her emotion gradually subsided. She prayed, rose, kissed the cherished picture, and murmuring, as she closed the case, "Mother—*my* mother!" replaced it in her desk. Strange as it may seem, after this agitation she became at once composed—it had done her good—the petty insults which, cherished child as she had been for so many years, she felt it hard to endure, had passed away with the deluge of tears that welled up from her young heart. She wondered how they could have grieved her—how she could have felt them—when the superior bitterness of her mother's loss came again upon her. Small sorrows place us below the world—a great sorrow above it; and she continued a letter, written at intervals, with a quieter and firmer mind than she had felt for some days. The letter was to a young lady, the sister of the curate who had attended her mother's deathbed: a portion of it ran thus:—"You ask me if I am happy: I ought to be happier than I am. My two pupils are kind, affectionate girls; and, though somewhat idle, and very ignorant, if I am permitted to manage them as I desire, I have no doubt they will improve—not rapidly, but certainly. I never could manage a child until I obtained its affections—and the affections of the young are generally ductile; but Mrs Hylier is weak enough to be jealous of the little love the children bear me. She does not understand that it is the only means I have of working out her, or what ought to be her, intention; but the truth is, that all she really desires them to know are a few showy accomplishments. She came home in an ecstacy of delight the other evening with a girl who repeated some long Italian poem—of which she could not even remember the name, much less understand the meaning—in a room crowded with company. 'The girl,' she said, 'had so much self-possession, and her action was so graceful.' With the same breath she declaimed against a woman's appearing on the stage. I ventured to observe, that the child who, at twelve years of age, would have sufficient confidence to *repeat* and *act* a poem in a crowded drawing-room, would be very likely to desire to exhibit before a larger audience as she grew older; but she could not perceive the analogy, and thought, indeed *said*, I was impertinent for making it. Is it not a cause of great regret that I have never yet found a mother who would act in concert with me? I submit quietly to be treated with indifference by the lady and gentleman, who, when I am in the room, speak and act exactly as if they were alone, except when

secrets are to be talked, when they begin to whisper, and then, of course, I leave the apartment. I find, when with my pupils, a deep, and happily an absorbing interest, in their improvement; but, when that excitement is over, I droop again; for I am considered an intruder when lessons are over, and an automaton while they are in progress. Shall I ever again hear the voice of encouragement, which makes the heart bound to its duties—*shall I ever be praised any more?* Oh, do not think, because I say this, that I yearn after flattery; I do not; but if the parent knew how kind considerate words increase the desire to bring the children forward—a smile—a gentle word—a simple 'you have done well,' would make the labour, the weary labour, of thankless teaching a pleasure. Mrs Hylier seldom finds fault; but she never utters a sound of commendation. And yet, why do I complain? You know that, for three years before my mother was taken from me, I toiled through the streets of that distant town, in the grey mists of the winter's mornings, as well as in the light of the summer's sun, teaching music here and drawing there—all the accomplishments in one place, and 'the sciences' in another; and as I had no protector—a creature to be insulted by those whose manly garb was certainly no index to a manly mind—I was dismissed from one house because the lady thought me too pretty to come in the way of her son; from another, because I did not wear caps, and looked too young without them; from another, because I would not lunch with the lady's maid; and yet I bore all this, and more, as you know, cheerfully, because from six in the evening until eight the next morning, I had the sheltering bosom of my mother. The abilities she had fostered were the means of supporting her at the last. In those two small cottage rooms *I had a home;* there was *her* smile, *her* voice, *her* counsel, and *her* prayer. I was some one's first object. She loved me; the tenderness of her whole life was poured into my heart, under every trial which a fatherless girl must endure, who has to grope her way through the world's darkness. Oh, my mother! my mother!—but tears will blot the page when I write of her! When I think of her, I feel suffocated; and I have no right to repine; only thus much—even a little kindness would make me work so cheerfully. With the education, and tastes, and feelings of a gentlewoman, it is hard to be treated as if I had neither education, nor taste, nor feeling. The lady's maid is a confidant; the housekeeper a mistress; the housemaid has half the day to herself; the governess——But this is idle; my mother would reprove me for it; she would tell me to do my duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call me, and leave the rest to Him. You know how she was deserted by her father in consequence of her marriage; and, according to her desire, her death was mentioned exactly as she wished. She thought that if her father saw it, he would seek out his grandchild. Perhaps he is dead!—at least, no notice has been taken of me; and if it had not been for the chance which threw me in the way of that strange old man, Mr Byfield, I might have been left upon the world without any occupation. He is certainly a very odd old man; he evinced a great degree of interest in me at first, but since he placed me here, has never spoken to me but once. I had been walking the other morning in the park for more than two hours with the children, and being tired, sat down upon one of the benches, while my children walked up and down with their cousin, as their mother wishes, and under the care of Mrs Gresham's French governess; he came so suddenly, that he quite took me by surprise. 'Are you growing lazy?' he inquired. 'I answered, No; but that I was not very well. 'And have you not found out,' he continued, 'that a governess has no right to be ill?' I answered, 'I knew that; and so was ill but seldom.' 'Do you jest with me?' he said, sternly. 'No, sir,' I replied; 'I speak the truth. If I were independent, I would yield most likely to a pain in my side, or, when my cough keeps me awake all night, send for a doctor. The world believes in the sickness that is heard of, rather than the sickness that must be examined into. No one sees my illness, so I am ill but seldom.' And then he looked so penetratingly into my face, and asked me how I had learned to reason? and I had it on my lip to answer, that I learned to reason by endeavouring to cease to feel, but thought the reply would seem pert from youth to age, so smiled, and held my peace; and when I smiled, he sighed so bitterly, and walked away, and then looked back, and returned and sat down by my side; then gazing in my face, he asked me if I had ever told a lie. And I said truly, in the sight of God, I believed I never had since I knew wrong from right. And then he answered, that I looked like truth, as all women did when they lied most. It was unwise, I know; but I had done nothing to deserve such an insult, and I told him so, without further parley, but as gently as I could, thanking him for the kindness he had shown to one who had no friend but God. Will you believe that he seemed no more moved by what I uttered in any one way, than if I had been dumb; only, when I had finished speaking, I could not repress the tears that would come—poor cowardly tears—I hate them so—those waters of a troubled heart; and then, shaking his head, he said——But I hear the voice of Mrs Gresham's French governess, so must say adieu for the present. If constant occupation did not increase my weakness, I daresay my spirits would revive; for I have a better lot than many. There is a poor teacher at Mrs Stonewell's school, and Ma'amselle Mercier tells me she has but fifteen pounds a-year, and remains at school all the vacations, to mend up the house linen. Adieu."

"Ah! there you are!" exclaimed the light breezy voice of Mademoiselle Mercier, as she ran up and kissed Emily Dawson on both cheeks. "Ah! mamie, why you not go a valk in the Parks? Ah! you English ladies are given to the mopes; and ven you have five moments to yourselves, instead of enjoy all, you make sorrow more sorrowful by thinking over him! Toujours gai! I have seen my maman this morning—she come from Paris to be bonne in Lady Craig's family, after educating Lady Craig. She has brought me such a charming parasol; she loves me so moche, my dear mothere! Ah! my dear, I beg your pardon, I forget; I did not mean to call your tears, chere Emily. I am thoughtless girl; and my mothere make me full of joy. Now, do not cry; bah!—there! I tell you, if you dry up your nice blue English eyes, I vill go and fetch my new parasol, and ve vill valk togethere in Kensington Garden for half hour. Madame Hylier, she say to Madame Gresham, they go three hours drive, and they are not gone two hours yet. Do come. Madame Gresham likes me to be vith you, you are so steady. All the company is in the garden by this time—and ve see such nice ladie and gentleman, almost like Longchamps."

Miss Dawson begged to be excused; she would rather stay at home; she had much to do; was not well; and urged a thousand reasons, but without effect. "As you please, my dear," said the now pouting French girl; "but it is unkind of you. Madame Gresham vill not let me go vith any other lady, and I nevere get a valk. Dat cher littel boy is such a plague ven ve go out---and he is avay. Now, do come; it is cruel of you for fancy to prevent me!" Emily did not continue to refuse, for she could not bear to be unkind; and drawing a thick crape veil over her face, she prepared to accompany the volatile but kind-hearted Frenchwoman. They were a national contrast those two girls;—the staid, quiet, graceful deportment of Emily Dawson, and the vivid, tripping, carefully careless *demarche* of Colette Mercier—the deep mourning of the English girl, and the tulip-like appearance of the French, in whose dress, though there were divers colours, there was perfect harmony. "You look pale and tired already, mamie," she said to Emily; "and we must not sit down in the gardens, I am told. But it would be most pleasant, those charming, lovely ladies, and handsome gentlemen, if they only vould look happy; but they do not---they look solemn, and valk dead marche in Saul; and yet, though I am but poor governess, I am happier than they. There, now, is an English governess with her pupils---how sad she look, poor girl! I vill tell you, Emily, vat my mothere tell me ven first I come to Englan'. 'Ma chere,' she say to me in confidance, 'do your duty as moche as you can, *vithout killing yourself.* Some families vill be *very kind* and goot to you; and out of seven that I taught in myself, one is good to me now, that is Lady Craig; but the rest forget the care and teachings. If you meet gratitude---which all who teach deserve from all who learn---turn up your eyes and bless God, but *do not expect it.* I know what young teachers think ven pains have been taken vith them, as I take vith you; they go to a situation full of the importance of their *duties.* Bah! till motheres treat governesses like gentlewomen, and feel that the very best part of what an honest teacher gives her pupils---the thoughts of her head and the feelings of her heart---cannot be paid for, though the machinery of teaching may, there can be no reciprocity of interest between them,'"

This Colette uttered rapidly, with her strong and peculiar accent, for her French had a flavouring of patois, of which even her English partook; and she laughed lightly when her speech was ended. "That," answered Miss Dawson, "is an easy theory, but a bad practice. No matter how you are treated, your duty remains the same; it cannot be performed with the same pleasure, but *it is the same!*"

"Vell, my dear, so let it be; torment the flesh off your bones—plague yourself to death—fag, fag—and see! At the last you vill have no more thanks for *your* heavy toil than I shall have for my light labour. Bah! half the people do not know the difference between a good and bad governess. My mothere, she say, how should they, until they are better educated themselves? Now, there, you act what you call conscientiously; you are thin, like a poor rush, and sigh when alone. I take it lightly; I do not trouble myself; I am fat, and laugh to myself. If you wear yourself to the bone, what do you satisfy?"

"My own conscience," replied Emily.

"Ah, vell, if you go on satisfying your sort of conscience, you vill soon have a bell ring over your grave," replied the French girl. "Ah!" she added, looking under her companion's bonnet—for they had been walking rather rapidly, and Emily was obliged to throw up her veil for air—"you smile at that; it is not smiling matter to die, and be put in the cold ground ven one is young, and the earth one great garden." Emily made no reply. "After all," resumed Colette, "I do not see so pretty parasol as mine vith any lady."

"It is very pretty, certainly," said Miss Dawson; "but I think it quite time to return home." She was urged to this remark by the stare of a couple of gentlemen, who, certainly not unobserved by Colette, had followed them for the last few minutes, and, despite their rapid footsteps, managed to escort them, as soldiers do their prisoners, to their own door.—Emily maintaining a dignified silence, and Colette divided between her national love for adventure and a certain womanly disdain of insulting impertinence, which together—one feeling acting one moment and another the next—prompted her to give vent to one or two clever sarcasms, which provoked and amused their tormentors.

Mrs Hylier and Mrs Gresham were at the breakfast-room door as they entered, evidently watching their return.

"I did not know you were going out, Miss Dawson," said Mrs Hylier, sternly.

"As the young ladies were with you, I thought I might accompany Ma'amselle," she answered.

"I do not approve of my governess walking with gentlemen," continued the lady, apparently unconscious that Miss Dawson had replied.

"Vat gentlemans?" exclaimed Miss Mercier, with an air of pretty astonishment.

"You know best, miss; but as you are not in my employment, I have nothing to say to you; I can only desire *my governess* not to do it again," persisted Mrs Hylier. "And I should like to know who the gentlemen were."

"And so should I, indeed, ma'am," said Miss Dawson, "most earnestly, though it would be to little purpose—for who would revenge an insult offered to me?"

"Oh! you should tell your patron saint, Mr Byfield," returned the lady, with an insulting laugh and a sneer, as she entered the breakfast-room with Mrs Gresham, and slapped the door in the face of the two girls.

While Colette muttered to herself in French, Miss Dawson turned slowly round to go up stairs, and saw the housemaid draw back her head from over the bannisters, while the footman did not think it necessary to conceal that he had heard the "blowing up," as *he* elegantly termed it, which his mistress gave "our governess."

Mrs Hylier threw herself into a chair, and, looking at Mrs Gresham, exclaimed, "Well, and what do you mean to do?"

"Why, nothing, sister; surely the poor girls cannot help it if impertinent men will follow them home."

"I know very well that French girl you have is good for nothing, and you have suffered her to encroach too much."

"I really cannot tell, sister," said the tranquil Mrs Gresham; "I had an excellent character with her, and though Mrs Ryal did say her accent is bad, I don't think she is a good judge; and one may go on changing for ever, just as she does, since that underbred daily governess of hers ran off with her own father's shopman. She has tried half-a-dozen; but, as Mr Gresham says, she gives her servants better wages than her teachers, and what can she expect?"

Again the ladies were interrupted by the entrance of Mrs Ryal, just as they had been when about to advertise.

"I felt it *my* duty, Mrs Hylier," she commenced, after the usual nothings of a morning visit had been exchanged—"I felt it a positive duty to tell you that all the people of Kensington are talking about you."

"I am glad they are so well employed," retorted Mrs Hylier, with a provoking smile.

"Then you are easily satisfied, my dear; but rather I should have said, they are talking about your governess, and your amazing gullibility. Indeed, they are hinting that Mr Hylier must have some particular reason for suffering such an inmate. Why—do—you—know—*who*—you—have—got---in---your---house?" These last words were pronounced with peculiar emphasis, and divided exactly as they are printed, the lady advancing her face close to Mrs Hylier's, and opening her eyelids so as to make her round eyes seem half as large again as they really were.

"Ye---s," stammered Mrs Hylier; "a go---verness."

"A---nonsense, my dear; she is not a bit better than she should be."

"Few of us are," said the meek Mrs Gresham, who, somehow or other---perhaps through the influence of a sensible husband, whom she was fortunate enough to love very much---was beginning to think occasionally, and to compare, which is the result of thought.

Mrs Ryal looked daggers at her for a moment, and then continued---"That old Byfield is a wretch."

"I always thought so," answered Mrs Hylier, not willing to be outdone in suspicion; "I always thought she was his daughter."

"His daughter! that would be milk-white innocence to the fact---she is much worse."

"Impossible!" said Mrs Gresham.

"He could not be so bad as that," observed Mrs Hylier.

"All men are bad," pronounced the decided Mrs Ryal; "all men are bad, as I tell my husband; but some are worse than others."

"You are mistaken---misinformed, I should have said," quoth the perplexed Mrs Hylier; "he has never taken the smallest notice of her since she has been here---never asked why she was not in the drawing-room. I even one day, thinking to put him in good humour, showed him a tulip she had worked in that everlasting tapestry of mine."

"Well, and what did he say?"

"Why, he called it---'Rubbish.'"

"Sheer art," said Mrs Ryal.

"I cannot believe he would put a person of bad character over my children," urged Mrs Hylier.

"Stuff!" exclaimed Mrs Ryal.

"And the object?"

"Ah! that rests in the secret recesses of the man's own wicked heart," said Mrs Ryal, with due emphasis; and then added, "To get at their motives is hard for us poor women; but the only way to get even at their acts, is by putting that and that together." This was said with an air of peculiar sagacity. "Now, let Mrs Gresham ask her popinjay of a governess, if, the other day in the park, Miss Dawson did not complain of being tired---now only fancy a governess, whose duty it is, *her positive duty*, to walk as long with her pupils as it is necessary they should walk---only fancy her being tired!---ah! ah! there is a *ruse* in the very excuse---if she did not sit down on a seat, and if Mr Byfield, who seems so strange and unconcerned about her here, did not come up, and not only sit down by her side, but take her hand; and then she sulked, and he went away, and came back again, and kept her hand in his, and there they sat like two lovers, in Hyde Park. It is really scandalous to repeat, and makes my cheeks all over in a glow. And to-day, my Mary was in Kensington Gardens---Mary, my own maid---and she saw your two governesses, ladies, flirting and

philandering about; and then, who should she also observe, watching the English girl's every movement, but old Byfield. Well, two dandified gentlemen came up, attracted, Mary says, by the lightness of their manner, and followed them home; but not unobserved; for the old gentleman, his face purple with jealousy"——

"Or the March wind," suggested Mrs Gresham.

"Kept at the other side of the way," continued Mrs Ryal, with a look of contempt at Mrs Gresham. "But that is not all. This morning I sent Mary with a letter to the post, and she overtook Mr Byfield's man, who was talking at the corner of Salter's to one of the butchers. 'Are you going to the post-office?' he said. 'Then will you put my master's letter in for me?' And so she took the letters—she is very obliging—and who should it be directed to but Miss Dawson!" Mrs Hylier rang the bell, and inquired of the servant if the governess had received a letter. The man said the three o'clock post had brought her one while she was out; that he believed it had not yet been taken to the school-room; as it was not in his department, could not exactly tell—would inquire—went down, and returned with the letter: it had been left on the kitchen dresser. The lady found no fault with the servant's unpardonable inattention; and when he had left the room, all declared it certainly was Mr Byfield's handwriting.

"Will you break the seal?" inquired Mrs Ryal, eyeing the letter longingly.

"Certainly not," answered Mrs Hylier.

"Ah!" said Mrs Ryal, with a sigh, "Mary says true enough, secrets *are* secrets since the packet envelopes came in; then have her down, and see how she will look when she opens it." Mrs Hylier's hand was on the bell, when Mrs Gresham interposed.

"Sister," she said, "it occurs to me that we may all be in error; and if so, how will you forgive yourself for wounding the feelings of a poor girl?"

"Feelings, indeed!" sneered Mrs Ryal; "why, I vow she has bewitched you as well as the men; can any thing be more evident?—at least, if she is innocent, give her an opportunity of clearing herself."

The bell was rung; and the governess, still smarting under the lash of the previous insult, was sent for.

The servant returned with an apology—would Mrs Hylier be so good as to excuse her for a few moments; the servant added, that Miss Dawson was crying.

"How I have sustained my spirits since she came into the house is extraordinary," observed Mrs Hylier, smelling her vinaigrette—"she is always sad."

"She has good reason, you may depend on it," said Mrs Ryal, significantly.

"I think so too," added Mrs Gresham, quietly.

"Really, sister," said Mrs Hylier, "to hear you talk of late, one would think I was a savage. I am sure it is quite enough to be plagued with great growing-up daughters, without those governesses; and if I mention school, Mr Hylier begins about morals. I wish you had had Miss Dawson, with all my heart."

"My French girl does pretty well; but Mr Gresham says she acts from habit, not principle; and that—but hush"—— Emily Dawson entered the room, while the traces of tears were yet fresh upon her fair young face; the earnest desire she had ever felt to perform her duty in the highest and most important vocation which a woman can be called upon to fulfil, had not only given an elevation to her countenance and manner, but an expression to her features which never accompanies a small or sordid mind; and whatever Mrs Hylier chose to say when she was not present, the superiority of mind was so manifest in the manner of the young governess, that, despite the presence of Mrs Ryal, she desired her to be seated, in a tone which signified a request. Then came the question, Had she met Mr Byfield in the Park—sat and conversed with him. To this she frankly answered "Yes," and seemed perfectly unconscious of the occasion of the smile and sneer that passed between Mrs Hylier and Mrs Ryal. She professed herself quite unable to account either for the countenance Mr Byfield had shown her at first, or his subsequent inequality of conduct. "He had," she said, "apparently befriended her for the very reason which made the world shun her—because she was friendless and poor." Then Mrs Hylier placed the letter in her hand, and with what Mrs Ryal afterwards termed "unpardonable effrontery," she opened it, and as she read, her countenance became radiant with pleasure.

"Well!" exclaimed the two ladies, actuated by the same impulse—"Well, have you any objection to our seeing that letter?"

"I cannot show it to Mrs Hylier," she replied, with perfect frankness, "because Mr Byfield desires me not to do so."

"Was ever such hardened impudence!" muttered Mrs Ryal.

"It is very kind—very—I am sure," continued Emily, reperusing the letter, and too much absorbed with and delighted by its contents to hear the remark Mrs Ryal made. "It is too—too much!"

"What is?" said Mrs Gresham.

"To take a lodging for me at Hampstead, where I am to remain for several months, until I get stronger and better—and all at his own expense. I remember when I would have been too proud to accept such a favour, thinking I could earn all I required; but of late I have been so weak—so"—— She looked from the gentle face of Mrs Gresham to the other ladies, and, astonished at the expression of displeasure and scorn on their countenances, she paused, and did not utter another word.

"I think, then, the sooner you leave my house the better," said Mrs Hylier—"the sooner the better. Oh, what will Mr Hylier say!"

"What have I done?" exclaimed Miss Dawson.

"Oh, what a world it is—to see such a face as that masking so much vice!" ejaculated Mrs Ryal.

"Are you aware what will be said if you place yourself under Mr Byfield's protection in this way?" inquired Mrs Gresham, still kindly.

"Let her go, by all means—there, you may go—and the sooner out of the house the better! Oh! to think of my having such a person as that to take care of my innocent children!" and Mrs Hylier, overpowered by a sudden fit of maternal love, fell into strong hysterics—tears are too weak testimonies of grief for ladies of feeling.

Emily walked up stairs, the open letter in her hand. Miss Mercier was still in the school-room.

"Ma'amselle," said Miss Dawson, "Mr Byfield has written to me that, knowing I am overworked and ill, he has taken for me a country lodging for a few months. You know who he is, and all about him?"

"And surely you are not going to accept that!" replied the French girl; "if you do, you lose character at once. No one evere do such a naughty thing as that; he must be bad man. Do, pray, send it back; young men sometimes make love for love, but old men always for vickedness; bah!"

Of all the difficult things in the world, it is the most difficult for people of the world to comprehend the unselfishness of the good.

"I don't know how it is," persisted Ma'amselle; "you are in life nearly as long as I am, and yet you don't know half so moche. Depend upon it, the old man is a bad man. If you go into the lodging he take, you nevere come out with a good charactere. Take my advice—I know more than you."

"Good-bye, Ma'amselle," said Emily; "thank you for your frankness. God bless you; leave me by myself to think a little."

When Emily was alone, she read the letter over again. The unaccountable interest Mr Byfield had taken in her as a stranger, did not seem so strange as the carelessness he had evinced towards her for so long a time. Emily Dawson's own pure mind could hardly conceive the possibility of what she had heard from Mrs Hylier and Mrs Ryal; but she had often been astonished at the acuteness of the Frenchwoman's perceptions. Could such baseness be possible? Her whole nature seemed changed in a moment; she trembled convulsively, fearing she knew not what; and, from suspecting nothing, she suspected every thing. Why should Mr Byfield forbid her mentioning the subject of his letter to Mrs Hylier?—why? But her brain whirled—she could not think. The housemaid entered the room; she was a kind girl, and in tears.

"Please, miss, my mistress says you're to go to-night," she said.

"Where?" inquired the governess, in a tone of such utter helplessness that it touched the poor thing to the heart.

"I'm sure I don't know, miss. She said you could be at no loss for a home; and here's the month's salary and month's warning money."

"Not to Mr Byfield," she thought; "I must not go there; they all say that; and yet this woman turns me out to the very vice she would have me shun. God help me—I am quite, quite alone!"

"Master will be in a fine way, *that I* know, when he comes home," continued the girl, good-naturedly busying herself packing up Miss Dawson's wardrobe. "I'm sure I hope you ain't going to Mr Byfield's; though I'm sure there's no harm, yet I hope you're not, miss. If you wouldn't be above it, my mother has a little pretty house at Chelsea, and you might be there till you could turn yourself about—safe, as one may say; and if so be you wish it, I'd be on my honour and my oath not to tell—not the old gentleman, or any one else."

"Any where, Mary—any where," said the governess, listlessly; "any where, away from all I have seen in this house."

Elizabeth, the youngest of her pupils, rushed into the room, and flinging her arms round her neck, sobbed—

"You shall not go, dear Miss Dawson—you *shall* not go. Mamma said I was not to come near you, you were so wicked; but I said I would."

"Your mamma mistakes," answered the governess, not even in the anguish of that hour forgetting how necessary it is to make the parent appear right always, at least in intention, in the eyes of the child. "She mistakes, dearest Elizabeth; she will not always think so; but you must not cling round me. God bless you, my dear child; you did wrong to come when mamma said you were not to do so. God bless you—be good, be truthful, and obedient; God bless you!" and with a gentle force she obliged the weeping child to leave the room.

A short time completed her preparations, or rather the preparations which Mary made for her. It is pleasant and cheering, and one of the brightest pages in the great book of human nature, to see the kindness which the poor bestow upon those who are in trouble. The evidence of the existence of this benevolent feeling is far more frequent than people imagine. It does not descend in showers of coin, but in words of kindness; and is as pure as the dew which an all-wise nature distils into the cups of drooping flowers.

"Let me tie your bonnet, miss, and pin your shawl. Lawk, how *numb* your hands are! Then, you'll go to my mother's, I think you said, miss, and no one shall know; she'll treat you as it becomes *her like* to treat a lady, rich or poor. The cab is ready. Now, keep a good heart, Miss Dawson; God is above us all. I'll open the door myself," she continued; "and the trunk is in; and keep up, miss—lies are found out sooner or later. Why," she exclaimed, seeing that Emily paused opposite the drawing-room, "surely you are not going to be more insulted? You might as well talk to a stone wall as to my missus."

Emily nevertheless entered the apartment, where Mrs Hylier was alone, pondering over, in no pleasant mood, the occurrences of the past hours—thinking how she had acted in decided opposition to her husband's desire, who willed it that Mr Byfield was never to be contradicted, at least in his house; and though she was half-convinced of Emily's unworthiness, she knew how hard it would be to convince him. The pale shrouded girl walked silently up to where Mrs Hylier was seated. "I come," she said, "to bid you remember what I say—that you will (heartless as you are) shed tears before long for the injustice and insult you have heaped upon the head of a houseless, homeless orphan. You have done me cruel wrong by your suspicion, and you send me forth to make the suspicion real; but the God who is above all will save me yet!"

She spoke these few words in the tone of a breaking heart, and without further words she quitted the house. During the short time of her residence there, she had conferred more lasting service upon Mrs Hylier's children than they had ever received before—she had sown healthful and truthful seed. Not content with the teaching by lessons, she had hallowed every tree, and leaf, and blade of grass, with a history. She placed a few brilliant and beautiful shells in their way, and then, without dull or dry detail, she interested them in the desire for knowledge as to where they came from and to what class they belonged. The music lesson was made of historic value by the record, if the task had been attended to, of its author, and an anecdote that bore upon its composition. The analysation of a flower became a botanical lesson, without its pedantry; and every thing she had touched upon in science and art—two words which her pupils had imbibed a hatred for, from lengthy catechisms and dry details—were illuminated at once by her simple and happy method of conveying instruction. A new existence dawned upon their minds: they understood *why* their hoop rolled, and *why* it came to the ground; they understood why morning followed night, and why the heat was at noon the most intense. They had learned more *orally* than they had ever learned from books. Poor Emily knew this; and as her arm encircled her trunk, and her hot fevered breath hung upon the closed windows of the rattling cab, which was taking her she knew not where, the words of the French teacher rang in her ears—"Torment the flesh off your bones—plague yourself to death—fag, fag—and see! At the last, you will have no more thanks for your heavy toil than I shall have for my light labour." "Still," she murmured, "I have done my duty."

"Please, ma'am," said the man to an elderly woman who opened the door of a small house, "here's a lady, like, your daughter in Kensington has sent you, as a lodger; and you are to be particular kind to her, and she'll try and run down to-morrow night, between lights. The fare is paid, miss—the young woman paid it. She said she knew you hadn't changed your cheque."

Mary's mother did not look as good-natured as Mary herself. But Emily was so bowed down by circumstances as hardly to observe the difference.

"Well," observed the woman to her youngest daughter—"well, I never saw any one so careless about accommodation. Why, she said the back would do as well as the front room, though I told her she might have either at the same rent; and if I had not undressed her, she'd have either sat up all night, or lain down in her clothes. She's more like a dead than a living woman."

ECONOMICS OF THE MANSE.

A FEW years ago, the Rev. Dr Paterson, a clergyman of the Scottish Established Church, wrote a remarkably pleasant volume, styled "The Manse Garden," with the design of improving his brethren in the very laudable art of laying out and making the most of their small gardens; and we understand that it has met with the success which its merits as well as its benevolent intentions deserved. The Scottish clergy seldom travel into the field of authorcraft—the better, perhaps, for their flocks, as well as for their own pockets, as we publishers are apt to present rather startling balance-sheets to gentlemen who print on their own account. The reverend author of the above production was so well aware of the danger of such adventures, that, with his usual kindness, he tells his clerical friends by all means to beware of being afflicted with that awful calamity, "the bite"—the itching desire to appear in print.

In spite of these obliging hints, however, a minister occasionally gets infected with the disease; and it now appears that one, a venerable father in his district, has plucked up courage to emulate Dr Paterson in his own line, having just ushered into existence a volume of a similar character, referring to all the odd matters which may be supposed to concern a clergyman in the management of his rural possessions. It is entitled, "Clerical Economics; or Hints, Rural and Household, to Ministers and Others of Limited Income,"* and we must say that we like it fully as well as "The Manse Garden." Its author is one of those delightful clergymen of the old school, who, with much good sense in their composition, think it no crime to be cheerful, and occasionally to go the length of saying something jocular in their own quiet way. At the opening of his budget, the reverend father—who, by the way, and it is well to keep the fact in mind, has no more than L.150 per annum to keep soul and body together, and present a decent face to the world—has much to say about how to battle with heritors,† a class of beings whom he considers no better than they should be. Hear him: "The fund from which the stipend is drawn never did belong to the landed interest. On the contrary, it belongs as much to the church as the coat on the heritor's back does to the heritor himself. Every body knows that the teinds and church-lands were wrenched from the church at the Reformation. The very king joined in the scramble for a share of the plunder. Not only were castles, manors, monasteries, with extensive domains, lavished on lazy court fa-

* One neat small volume. Edinburgh: John Johnston. London: R. Groombridge. 1842.

† Those landed gentry who pay the stipends of the clergy in Scotland are termed *heritors*—properly, inheritors of teinds or tithes.

vourites during the reign of James VI., but even the tithes of the whole other lands were given away to the retainers of the court with the most unbounded profusion—reserving only a mere competency for one person to serve the cure in each parish, and which, at the high value of money in those days, and the austere lives of the reformed ministers, amounted to but a small sum. In this way the titulars (many of whom derive thousands yearly from this source) and the ministers may be compared to a commonwealth of bees, where the industrious and active little insects having collected and laid up stores of honey, the large and lazy drones fall and fatten upon it. But the bees manage the matter in the long run better than the church, inasmuch as the bees act on the principle of common sense and common justice, that they who won't work are not permitted to eat."

Our friend is here a little out in his explanations; for the *purpose* to which the church property was originally assigned, is not compatible in all its extent with the reformed model: but let that pass. Bad as the heritors are, in the author's opinion, they are perfect lambs in comparison with the Commissioners of Teinds, who allocate the stipends, and whose decisions are all, as he says, founded on the belief that a church is always best established on the rock of poverty, and that the only plan for ensuring "a *pure* kirk is to have a *poor* kirk;" a saying which, he thinks, may be a very good joke, but is any thing but good logic to a parish minister on a trifle under three pounds a-week. With a salutary horror of an appeal to such personages, he counsels great caution in the attack, whether for a rise of another chalder of stipend, or a new manse. "A minister should be well advised before he takes legal steps to enforce an augmentation of stipend, that is, in the present spirit of the times. The measures are, in nine cases out of ten, very rashly gone about. It should be managed, *if possible*, at home in the meantime. It should be set about a year or two before the period expires; and it should even be delayed a year after, rather than give the blow. The heritors should be plied individually, and by their own firesides. They should not be driven to an absolute refusal, because, after giving one, they will keep by it. They should be tried once and again, and, after all, they should get a little of their own way; and, above every thing, the minister should not startle them by urging unreasonable demands. After the matter has been brought to an amicable adjustment, a mutual minute should be entered into, and the Teind Court merely required to give a legal sanction to it. A minister, upon the whole, should rather trust to the tender mercies of his own heritors, cruel as their tender mercies often are, and poor and greedy as some of them may be, than to the domineering fiats of the Court of Teinds." He upholds that the generally limited stipends are scandalous in the extreme, considering how much the heritors retain on no principle of justice, and that there should be, at all events, "ten or twelve livings worth L.1200 or L.1500 a-year, as pinnacles to which men of superior talents and activity might aspire. The dead-level system of sixteen chalders is like the Dead Sea, in which the fish can hardly live."

Having finished his preliminary advices on these ticklish points, our author proceeds to the more enlarged object of his work—house furnishing and management in all their details, marriage, education of a family, management of the glebe, buying and keeping a horse, live stock, and so forth; all which is described in a business sort of way, and, we doubt not, will have due effect on young and somewhat heedless ministers in their new and trying situation. As to furniture, he says—"In furnishing the manse, count well the cost, and the funds on hand or in prospect. Buy almost every thing new and of good quality; for here, as in every thing else, the best is the best pennyworth. But take care not to purchase more than you can manage to pay. If prudence require it, furnish only one spare bed-room, your own sleeping apartment, and the parlour, with all the indispensable necessaries of the kitchen. These any minister may pay out of his first term's stipend; and these may see him over his first sacrament in a way far more respectable than with a houseful of unpaid furniture. Then, again, the dining-room may be furnished—that is, carpets, chairs, and table, and sideboard too—if it can be overtaken: and the best bed-room, leaving, of course, the drawing-room to be furnished at the sight and with the advice of the wife"—good advices to others besides clergymen.

He by no means recommends bachelorhood, and for various weighty reasons. First, a bachelor is not master of his own house. "It might be worth while for somebody to calculate, by duly weighing the real facts, what influence any man has over his own establishment, or rather, to try to ascertain whether he has any at all. It is obvious to every penetrating eye, that the bachelors have no more to say at home than one of their own hens. In the presence of strangers, the bachelor has generally the advantage; but at times, as much occurs as intimates that the point is as far from being settled as the boundary lines between the Canadas and the United States. How the matter goes on when they are left by themselves, none of them has ever told." Married men, he continues, have not all their own way; but, from affection and interest, they are differently situated; they "generally give up one-half of the authority to their wives, knowing well, that if they don't, they may lose the whole." Bachelorhood is altogether out of the question in the manse, and he tells all who are in this unhappy condition "to take a thought and mend." But who, he adds, inquiringly, "is a confirmed bachelor, and where is he to be found? He is that solitary, melancholic, and monkish man, which is the most to be pitied of all living beings at the manse. But take his own word for it, and the confirmed bachelor is no more to be met with than a mermaid is; for nobody takes the compliment to himself, or will allow it to be given to him. While the matter is doubtful, and so long as a gleam of hope tells the flattering tale of joys never to come, the grey-haired squire boasts of the appellation, and plays off his jokes with dexterity in defence of his own order; but ask the unmarried man of fourscore years, 'How old art thou?' and he will blink the question. Advise him to marry, and he will admit that he has not given up thoughts of it; and he is always the most earnest in urging his young friends to take a wife.

But whether you be a confirmed bachelor, or one merely for a year or two by a concurrence of untoward circumstances, the word of command is—'Go marry, sir;' and know, before you die, what the words comfort, and kindly feelings, and clerical economy, mean. Be selfish and recluse no longer, but give your affections, and a portion of your worldly means, to one who will double your joys, and divide all your sorrows. Instead of misspending these on birds, cats, and dogs—great and small, black, white, and spotted—select an object more worthy of it than four-footed animals and creeping things. Instead of yawning over a book as your dumb and daily companion, smile rather on the faces of a blooming and joyous family, as the only way to make home a place of rest and happiness. Furnish your manse as you may with easy chairs, sofas, and settees—have a vapour, a shower, and a plunge bath, cold, warm, or tepid—have a snug porch, and a green door, with a fan light, and a stove in the lobby, with a flue of heated air up the main staircase to the top—have a roaring fire in the parlour every morning before breakfast, with all sorts of antique fire-screens, large and little—have a fiddle, a solitaire, a tobacco-pipe, or a set of stocking-wires, to vary your occupations—when you go for an hour to snuff up the east wind, put on your cork soles, overalls, and dreadnought—go to bed at midnight, or long after it, and rise far on in the afternoon, when the day has been well aired—have all this, and four times more; but still, my good friend, so long as you want THE WIFE, there is a coldness, a formality, and a prim correct sort of bachelorism in the whole affair, which, happily, is never to be found when there are three or four boys romping about. Children may occasion many cares, but without them there are few real comforts. 'Little children are as arrows in the hands of a mighty man. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them. He shall not be ashamed, but shall speak with the enemies in the gate.' Nay, children bring not only their pleasure, mixed with care, but more solid advantages; they become, very soon, so many assistants and props to the parents, who, when old age comes on, are amply repaid for all the toil and all the anxiety the family have occasioned in their infancy."

This panegyric on matrimony leads to the very natural question—"Who should a minister marry? One somewhat of a minister's own station in life and age? Most undoubtedly. With money? Yes, as a mean, but not as an end. A wife who brings one hundred pounds a-year, and spends two, is not a profitable bargain. One penny *in* the wife is often better than two *with* her. A wife of your own flock? It may do tolerably well if the minister be endowed, and the lady wealthy; but, otherwise, it often proves hazardous. Above and beyond every thing, don't let the minister of a royal burgh cleave unto an old resident in his own town. If he does, he will not have his sorrows to seek, inasmuch as he will find himself harnessed at once and for ever to every *clishmaclaver* for the last fifty years, and to all the family feuds within the royalty, and to all the personal and party politics of a small constituency."

Talking of house affairs, he comes to the delicate subject of visiting and being visited, and recommends his brethren to be any thing but shabby in the way of giving "a party" within reasonable bounds. "Let no minister," says he, "be stingy enough to accept of dinners, unless he gives them in return as often as he can conveniently afford it." Much may be done, he thinks, by proper economy of liquors, which are always the most expensive thing in these affairs. He says that no minister should "ape a variety of wines: let him be thankful if he can muster, on an occasion of this kind, good sherry and port." As to who should be invited to his parties, why, the greater portion of his "brethren and their families; for nothing is more truly contemptible than for a minister to try to play the little colonel in a country side; if he does, he is sure to be despised by his own order, and laughed at by that of every other."

Our reverend economist discusses the question of a dairy, and, on the whole, advises keeping at any rate one cow; but the buying of the animal must be carefully gone about, dealers in the article being little better than horse-jockeys. If the minister venture upon the business himself, cows may be exhibited; but "either they are not good milkers and go all to beef, or they are in danger every time at the calving; or they give a reaming handful of rich milk, and then kick it over with their foot; or they break fences, or break the binding, and gore their neighbour. But you need scarcely ask any questions of the cow-dealer as to these matters, unless you know him, because your doing so will only tempt him to heap one falsehood on another as long as the conversation lasts. You must make your eyes your merchant, and take your chance of all contingencies." As to finding food for the cow, manage to have as much pasture as will afford her a full bite for the summer; and with respect to winter fodder, buy it any where but by personal appearance at an auction of growing crops. "Attending a roup is not a very becoming position for the minister of a parish. Besides, it is cold, sometimes wet, and always idle or tiresome; and as for bidding for any article, that is entirely out of the question, because the moment you lift a lip, a sort of persuasionary feeling goes round, that the poor man should be helped at the cost of the minister, 'who wins his money by the wind o' his mouth.' By way of keeping up the *fun*, as they call it, one man acts the part of 'white bonnet,' and another whispers into the minister's lug to stand to it, as the lot is far under value. Instead of attending a public roup, to be both cheated and laughed at, employ one of the elders, or a canny cautious neighbour."

A few pages further on, we find the very reasonable recommendation—"Let every manse have, at least, twenty stone Dutch of bacon hams and pickled pork every year; it may be thirty." These comforts he proposes to obtain at the very moderate "expenditure of half-a-dozen bolls of potatoes at the utmost, and of L.1 or 30s. for meal." But you must look to the proper management of the pig, and not only give him his meals regularly, but keep him in the nicest state of cleanliness. "Show an economist the pig, and in one moment he knows how all is going on at the manse. If he hears it squealing, and sees it climbing the stone walls, and labouring to turn up the pavement, he knows that the poor animal has not got its breakfast, just because there was no breakfast made ready to give it. Let an eye be cast into its bedstead, and he will find it so wet and dirty, that the creature is compelled to sit shivering in a corner, till rheumatism, crinkets, and death itself, close the career; this is not only cruelty, but cruelty worthy of a savage. If he find grumphy so lazy that nothing but a stroke will raise him, and lying among clean dry straw in great plenty—if he find him large, fat, and long in all his proportions but his nose—then the visiter may depend on having a good fat ham as part of his dinner, and well-aired sheets on his bed"—a hint which, we hope, will not be lost on pig-keepers.

Having now presented a tolerably varied specimen of "Clerical Economics," we can only add that, as embracing much that is exceedingly useful to residents in the country, of whatever profession, and being evidently the production of an amiable and intelligent man, deserving of better things than fortune has brought to his door, we cordially recommend it to public support.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

PATRICK HENRY, THE ORATOR.

SECOND only to Washington in the estimation of the people of the North American union, at the era of their Revolution, stood Patrick Henry, usually called The Orator of Virginia. In Hanover County, in that colony, he first saw the light on the 29th of May 1736. His father kept a grammar-school of the humbler order; and in this seminary did young Henry acquire the rudiments of Latin, which, with a slight tincture of mathematics, formed the extent of his regular education. In his boyhood, he is said to have shown a strong aversion to study, preferring greatly to indulge in the sports of the forest, the hill, and the lake, and almost always following such pursuits alone. But it was also observed of him, by the more sharp-sighted, that the quickness of his perceptions, and strength of his memory, made up in a great measure for the want of the power of close application; and that no remark of any importance could be made in his presence without being retained on his mind, heedless as he might at the time seem to be. On the whole, however, he was regarded by most people as an indolent and unpromising boy; and, his love of solitude having induced careless habits as to dress and demeanour, no external qualities appeared in him to redeem his other deficiencies.

As he was one of a family of nine children, his parents were glad to get him placed behind the counter of a small store-shop, in a country village. Thence he emerged at a very early age, and prematurely commenced business for himself. The speculation was entered on almost without capital, and soon proved unfortunate, partly, it is related, because, in place of studying the wishes of his customers, Henry took into his head the fancy of studying their characters. The knowledge which he thus acquired of human nature might enable him in after days to wield at will the fierce democracy, but it was ill calculated to improve his temporary fortunes. These were rendered still less promising by his falling in love with a Miss Shelton, and marrying her, at the age of eighteen, she being as poorly provided with funds as himself. Nevertheless, on the failure of the mercantile concern, the friends of the young pair raised a sufficiency of money to place them in a small farm, with two negroes as helps. It is admitted that Henry toiled here in a manner deserving of success; but he was ignorant of farming affairs, and was weighed down by previous debts. Two years passed away, and found

him again a ruined man; nor was a second mercantile attempt one whit more successful than the former.

Burdened with a family, overwhelmed by pecuniary engagements, and set down by all as a man doomed to misfortune, Patrick Henry, now twenty-four years of age, might almost have been pardoned for sinking into despondency. But this was not in his nature. Though others, strangely enough, seem not as yet to have descried in him the marks of a powerful intellect, he himself certainly felt the sustaining consciousness that he did possess powers, for the development of which opportunity alone was required. The direction in which he turned his thoughts at this critical period, sufficiently shows that he even had a glimmering internal sense of what was his greatest gift. He resolved to become a candidate for the *bar*. After six weeks' preparation, he presented himself before the three examiners, whose signatures were preliminary to a call, and two of them signed for him, apparently out of mere good nature. But the third, Mr John Randolph, a polished man of the old school, revolted so much at the rough and uncouth appearance of the candidate, that he refused even to examine him. Being at length induced to do so, he received a very great surprise indeed. On a mooted point of law, Henry, guided by the force, simply, of natural reason, not only astonished the examiner by the acuteness of his views and the splendour of his illustrations, but even caught the great lawyer tripping, as a reference to authorities proved. Randolph confessed his error, and generously predicted a career of fame and honour for Henry, if his industry proved equal to his genius.

Notwithstanding this encouraging prognostication, three years of penury were yet in store for the patronless Henry; and during this interval he was reduced to live with his father-in-law, in whose small inn he was not infrequently necessitated to fulfil a waiter's duties. But from this humiliating position he wanted only the aid of occasion to extricate him, and, almost accidentally, the occasion at length was granted to him. The Virginian clergy and their parishioners had a quarrel, which ultimately resolved itself into a question of damages. The clergy, much better supported than their opponents, seemed to be certain of casting the people in heavy costs. The advocate for the people became disheartened, and threw up the case; and Patrick Henry, almost as a last resource, was engaged in his stead. The day of his first appearance was every way a trying one. On the bench of the court sat not only the judges, but a large body of clergymen, the most learned men of the province; and the house itself was crowded by an eager multitude. As if to try the young advocate even more, his own father was present in an official capacity. After a clear and able address for the clergy, Patrick Henry rose. Well, at that moment, might he have felt in imagination the hands of his little children tugging at his gown, as Lord Erskine says he did on a similar occasion. The appearance of Henry was not calculated to prepossess his hearers in his favour, nor did such an effect result from his opening sentences. On the contrary, they fell so flatly from his lips, that the clergy began to nod and leer at each other, and the speaker's father hung down his head. But the scene soon changed. "As Henry warmed (to use the language of one of his biographers), he seemed to shed his nature—the rustic shell fell from him—his person seemed to undergo a mystical transformation—his mien became majestic—his eye flashed fire—the tones of his voice fell directly upon the heart—and he stood before his mute and vassal auditory, a creature of inspiration. The effect was incredible. Appalled by the fury of one of his terrible invectives, the clergy fled affrighted from the bench; and the jury, obedient to his bidding, returned a verdict of one penny damages." This memorable speech gave a proverbial phrase to Virginia, where a specially good speaker is still talked of as "being almost equal to Patrick Henry when he pleaded against the parsons."

Few orators, indeed, from Demosthenes down to our greatest moderns, have blazed forth in the perfection of their powers on their first trial. But Henry was the orator of nature, and to him art and practice were unnecessary. During his whole life, natural sense and genius, not acquired knowledge, guided him. After his opening display, he removed to Louisa county, and, carrying his reputation with him, received a large share of the somewhat meagre practice of these courts. His professional exertions of this era can only be spoken of generally, but, by all accounts, they were surprisingly brilliant. The verdicts of juries and the applause of judges, testify to this fact. But the time came when Patrick Henry was to step into a mightier arena, and employ his energies on a cause of almost unparalleled magnitude and importance. Immediately after the obnoxious Stamp Act of 1764–65 had spread a ferment among the North American colonists, Henry, at that time almost adored by the people, among whom he was ever proud to rank himself, was elected a member of the Legislature of Virginia. During the whole of the ensuing short sitting, Henry seems to have waited in the expectation that the deepening murmurs of the people would find condensed expression by some voice more authoritative than his own; but the boldest were content to sit in gloomy silence. At length, "alone, unadvised, and unassisted," as he himself tells us, Henry determined to step forth; and he proposed, in May 1765, his famous Five Resolutions, one of which asserted the sole right of the colony to tax itself, being a virtual declaration of independence. The torrent of eloquence which Henry poured forth in support of these resolutions bore down all opposition, and they were carried by a majority of *one*. We have but one sentence left to show us what the speech of Henry was. It is a sentence equally marked by power and self-possession. In the midst of his invective he exclaimed, "Cæsar had his Brutus—Charles the First his Cromwell—and George the Third" ("Treason!" cried the speaker, and "Treason!" was re-echoed on all sides)—"Yes," continued Henry, never faltering for a moment, and fixing an eye of fire on the speaker, "and George the Third—*may profit by their example*. If this be treason, make the most of it."

The resolutions of Henry involved, as has been said, the principle of independence; but the critical struggle did not immediately follow. It was only brought on by the tea affair at Boston in 1774. The subject of our memoir was then startled anew by the armies which Britain was silently collecting in the Canadas. He thundered forth to the Virginian legislature a speech which rang through the whole colonies like the summons of a new Demosthenes—"Let us march against Philip; let us conquer or die!" He called for an armed organisation, and, pointing to the British forces in the north, he demanded what enemies Great Britain had in America to require and employ these. "She has none," he himself replied. "They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains, which the British ministry have so long been forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. We have done every thing which could be done to avert the storm which is coming on. We have petitioned—we have remonstrated—we have supplicated—we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and the parliament. Our petitions have been slighted—our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult—our supplications have been disregarded—and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—*we must fight!* I repeat it, sir—*we must fight!* * * * * * I know not what course others may take; but as for me (cried he, his arms raised aloft, his brow knit, and his whole frame as if on fire with the enthusiasm which inflamed him), give me liberty, or give me death!" These heart-stirring passages show, that, though Henry's delivery may have been as magically impressive as it is said to have been, yet his oratory rested not for its effect on that charm alone.

Patrick Henry's speech threw Virginia into arms, and decided the character of the coming contest, giving it a warlike complexion. Nor did he hesitate to follow up his words by acts. At the Virginian capital of Williamsburgh, twenty barrels of gunpowder were taken from the state by orders of Lord Dunmore, in order to cripple their means. Henry instantly stepped forward, harangued the people of Newcastle, and soon after marched upon Williamsburgh at the head of a large force. Lord Dunmore was forced to submit, and make full restitution. When the contest fairly broke out, the subject of our memoir headed the first warlike operations in Virginia, and received a high command in the army. Some slight led him to resign, but he was even more usefully employed in the government of Virginia, which he held three several times. His countrymen would have elected him again, but, jealous even of his own assumption of a monopoly of honours, the patriot firmly refused. When peace was established, Henry confirmed the high opinions of his statesmanship, which he had earned by his provincial management, by the share he took in laying the foundations of the new republic. More particularly did he show at once his wisdom and his humanity by coming forward, in the face of the most bitter opposition, to advocate the recall of the British refugees. This conduct was the more peculiarly honourable to him, as his fortunes had suffered so severely during the seventeen years' turmoil, that he was compelled, at the age of fifty, to quit public life, and return to the bar. The speech pronounced by him on this occasion is a model of subdued and reflective eloquence. His peroration said to the Assembly—"Discard from your bosoms fears so groundless and prejudices so disgraceful—unfetter commerce—let her be free as air; depend upon it, she will range the whole creation, and return on the wings of the four winds of heaven to bless the land with plenty." His proposition was carried, and its beneficial effects were soon seen in the peopling of the yet untrodden wilds of the country.

So high was the reputation of Henry, that within six years after his return to the bar, he was enabled to retire with an ample independence. Some of his speeches of this era have been preserved, and more particularly one on the question whether British subjects were entitled to the payment of debts contracted to them before the war. Henry was employed to argue the negative by the Virginians involved; and his speech, which lasted for a whole day, would alone suffice to prove that the commanding order of his intellect was the real source of Henry's success. His main argument was, that the British confiscated and ruined all opposed to them as far as they were able. But we are to view Henry as an employed lawyer here. His advocacy of the recall of the British shows how little illiberality there really lay in his own heart.

Henry stepped out again on the floor of the Virginian Assembly, to which the mere wish introduced him at will, when the new constitution was proposed. He was a sincere republican, and not even his deep regard for Washington could prevent him from feeling and expressing alarm at the creation of a presidentship. He beheld in such an officer but a disguised monarch, and trembled at the danger that might arise from the power and favour of an army. He was unsuccessful in his opposition in the Virginian senate, but, sincere in his sentiments, he stood a candidate for and obtained a seat in the National Congress, determined still to oppose it there. But, though his mental energies were unimpaired, his health had now begun to fail, and ere the congress met, Patrick Henry was in his grave. He expired on the 6th of June, 1799. In the year before he died, it may be mentioned, Bonaparte had overthrown a series of Austrian armies, and Henry was heard confidently to predict the occurrence in France of what he dreaded even in his own more steady country. If Washington nobly falsified his fears, Bonaparte fully proved his prophetic foresight.

Every successive step which Patrick Henry took in his course through life, showed him to be no ephemeral upshoot of an hour, but a great-minded and great-hearted being, fitted, in spite of defects in his early opportunities, to exercise a comprehensive influence on his age. He must ever rank among the great founders of American liberty. No man can be named, indeed, who so directly contributed to nurse the spirit which led to that mighty and important issue. His high position was at the time marked by an English journalist who sneered at the American struggle as a revolution attempted by "a small farmer, a petty lawyer, and a journeyman printer"—Washington, Henry, and Franklin!

VISIT TO THE MORAVIAN ESTABLISHMENTS ON THE CONTINENT.

THE modest and useful Protestant body who take the name of the United Brethren, but are more generally called Moravians, originated early in the last century amongst the descendants of some of those Bohemians who had rallied round John Huss and Jerome of Prague. Obliged by persecution to leave their own country, they wandered into Germany, and one considerable party found refuge at Berthelsdorf in Upper Lusatia, under the protection of a nobleman, Count Zinzendorf, who had long entertained a desire to establish a religious community in imitation of the Christian congregations of apostolic times. Here commenced, in 1727, the celebrated colony of Herrnhut, to which Zinzendorf in time gave up his whole property, and which, in the progress of time, has become the parent of a considerable number of similar establishments in continental Europe, in England, and in America. The Moravians are orthodox evangelical Protestants; but they are not so anxious about speculative points in divinity, or questions as to polity and discipline, as to see the gospel working its proper effects upon individual character. Their communities are associations in which some of the members are, with respect to worldly matters, independent, while others work in subserviency to a general interest, the whole being morally and religiously under one set of regulations. They have contributed in a very remarkable manner to the missionary cause, their chief settlements of that nature being in South Africa, the West Indies, Labrador, and Greenland. It is remarked that, wherever they have penetrated among heathen nations, they have wrought surprising changes in the habits of the people, introducing the social arrangements and industrious operations of the civilised world, as well as the superior light of the Christian faith.

In the summer of 1841, the individual now addressing the public paid a visit to some of the principal Moravian establishments on the Continent, for the purpose of satisfying himself as to the extent to which the plan of a community was followed amongst them, and the success which attended it. To proceed in the first person:—"I was anxious to obtain light upon this point, for the benefit of an association of benevolent persons who have planned a self-supporting institution, on the combination principle, in connexion with the Church of England. Having been furnished with letters of introduction by the Rev. Peter Latrobe, I first visited the settlement at Neuwied, near Coblentz, on the Rhine—a small town founded a century ago as a refuge for persecuted persons of various religious denominations, and where the Moravians are about four hundred in number. In the absence of Bishop Gambs, M. Merian, a chief director, and the inspector of the schools, conducted me over the establishment. We first visited the boys' school, which consists of a number of light airy apartments, each appropriated to a distinct class. The boys, seventy in number, sleep in one large well-ventilated room, in

which a lamp is suspended from the centre, and in which the teachers also sleep, one of whom sits up on watch all night. We then proceeded to the house occupied by the unmarried men. It is here necessary to mention that, in all the continental Moravian establishments, the unmarried men and unmarried women live in separate houses, each party by themselves, and each under the care of an elder of the appropriate sex; and the two parties have only limited opportunities of forming those acquaintances on which matrimonial unions depend. I found eighty men in this part of the establishment, all of them engaged in various employments, at which they wrought in subserviency to the general body. In one room, an individual was making up tippets and muffs, his favourite occupation. In another, one was making gloves, stocks, and boys' caps. In others were three, four, and sometimes more, making clothes, shoes, soap, candles, earthenware stoves, and other useful articles. Elsewhere, I found carpentry, cabinet-work, baking, and a large brewery. Every trade has a manager, receiving a fixed salary, and to whom money is advanced for the purchase of materials and the payment of wages. There are also shops for the sale of miscellaneous articles to the public, and a hotel for the accommodation of such as choose to resort to it. Besides the brethren of the congregation, there are servants who do not belong to it, and who receive ordinary wages. Great care is taken in selecting these persons, and every effort is made to effect their spiritual improvement. The profits arising from the trades, shops, hotel, and school, are partly devoted to the support of the church and its missions.

From the Brothers' House we went to that of the unmarried Sisters, of whom there are about a hundred. Here also was a well-conducted school for girls. The sisters not engaged in education were at work in separate rooms, from six to ten in each, making articles either for the establishment or for sale to the public. There is a room in which the latter class of articles are kept for public view. Letting of apartments to approved tenants, not of the congregation, is also a source of profit. In the Brothers' and Sisters' Houses respectively, there is a large room fitted up for public worship, with a small organ or some other musical instrument. Connected with each department, there is also a room set apart for reading when the labour of the day is done. I may here observe that the Moravians, probably from ancestral taste, are fond of music, and introduce it on some occasions when other people would think it inappropriate, as, for instance, at funerals. All amusements which usually occasion a promiscuous assemblage of the sexes—as balls, plays, and games—are forbidden.

From Neuwied I proceeded to Herrnhut, the metropolis, as I may call it, of the United Brethren. It is situated fifty miles beyond Dresden, on the southern face of a hill called Huttberg; hence its name. The population is about 1400, of whom more than two-thirds belong to the congregation. It is the place where the synods, or chief directing assemblies of the brethren, are held, and where all their missionary proceedings originate. Bishop Huffel, upon whom I first called, was too infirm to attend me; but the deficiency was supplied by Mr John F. Roderer, chief financier, a brother-in-law of Mr Latrobe, by whom I was introduced to Bishop Anders, and M. Frauerf, one of the chief directors.

Besides the trades carried on at Neuwied, I here found a large tan-yard, and manufactures in iron and brass, goldsmiths' work, and button-making; also a considerable mercantile establishment, conducted, under the firm of Abraham Durminger and Company, by three brethren, who each receive a salary. There is also a small day-school.

The business of giving lodging and hotel accommodation is carried on as at Neuwied. In the Sisters' House, I found a scale of four different prices for boarding, and a charge for lodging according to the size of the room for those who desire one exclusively. The hotel was conducted upon a respectable scale. I found in it a Livonian nobleman, of gentlemanlike deportment and well-cultivated mind, Baron Arderkas, who told me that he had lived there three years. He enlivened a few of my evenings by his tasteful performances on the piano-forte. No one, however, is allowed to lodge in the establishment at Herrnhut, not even in the hotel, without the permission of the congregation.

This may be considered as the most interesting of the Moravian establishments, as being more remote from general society, and having greater attractions and advantages than the more recent and less isolated settlements. The avenues, and the cemetry situated on a hill on the way to the observatory, which occupies a still higher eminence commanding an extensive and beautiful prospect—the house, formerly the residence of Count Zinzendorf, containing the archives of the body, and a museum of curiosities sent home by the missionaries—the extensive gardens open to the public, and an adjacent hill laid out in walks and plantations, with rustic and ornamental seats, from which delightful prospects are beheld—conspire to heighten the charms of this peaceful settlement. The musical band is here more complete than elsewhere, and occasionally the congregation is summoned to church by trumpets played from one of the upper windows of the building.

During my residence at Herrnhut, I rode over with Mr Roderer to Nisky, a settlement twenty miles off, where there is a large and well-conducted academy for boys, besides the usual establishment for the useful arts. The education is here so far advanced, that the boys may be directly transferred to the Moravian University at Guadenfeld, in Upper Silesia, where preparation for the ministry is completed.

From Herrnhut I afterwards proceeded to Kleinwelke near Bautzen, where there is a congregation of about four hundred. The same trades were carried on here as at Herrnhut, with rather more of agriculture; but the chief interest at this place was in the schools for the children of the missionaries—between forty and fifty boys, and about the same number of girls. Many were orphans, whose parents had fallen victims to the climate in which they had preached the gospel. I never saw any boarding-school in England where the children were more comfortably provided for in every respect, or appeared so happy; separate rooms were appropriated to the different classes; and here, as in all the other schools, the children sleep singly. As we visited the different classes, the good pastor Ultsh seemed to take pleasure in referring to the widely-separated parts of the globe in which the children had been born; pointing to each in succession, he said, "from Labrador," "from Africa," "from Surinam," "from Greenland," "from the West Indies," &c. At Kleinwelke, twenty-five of the brethren work at an establishment for making church bells, belonging to Mr Ghrul, who is not of the congregation.

The last settlement I had an opportunity of seeing was that of Zeist, near Utrecht, in Holland, where the number of members is about four hundred. Besides the same description of trades and manufactures as at other stations, there are seven or eight shops or rooms, in which a great variety of articles are sold, in addition to those made at the establishment, as well as two boarding-schools for boys and girls: profit is also derived from letting some of the apartments to respectable individuals not belonging to the congregation. The Rev. P. Raillard accompanied me through the sisters' house and schools, and I could not but remark the great regard and respect every where evinced towards him; and, indeed, in all the settlements, I was impressed with the idea, that the pastor or bishop at the head of the establishment appeared to be precisely that individual best qualified by his intelligence, kind feelings, and manners, for the highest office.

From what has been stated, it must be obvious that there are only some details common to all the Moravian settlements. Agreeing in the general principle of combining for the purpose of promoting their own spiritual improvement and the planting of Christianity in the uncivilised parts of the globe, all their regulations, and, as much as possible, all their temporal affairs, are made subservient to these important ends. As to the mode or degree in which this is effected, much depends upon local and other circumstances, the capabilities and probable success of the brethren in their respective trades, the wants of the neighbourhood, and how far they can meet the competition of external society. For instance, at Herrnhut there is no boarding-school, for they have there no educator equal to M. Schordan at Nisky; to which place, accordingly, many children are sent from Herrnhut. At Nisky, situated in a remote and desolate country, where few strangers are seen, two shops are scantily though sufficiently supplied; while at Zeist, in the centre of a highly civilised and populous country, and much visited, there are no less than seven or eight shops for the sale of numerous articles, besides those made on the spot.

The most striking feature in all the proceedings of the United Brethren, is the intimate connexion that subsists between religion and secular affairs; the former is never lost sight of, but, on the contrary, is constantly the governing principle, and is visible in their intercourse with each other. In all new undertakings, in all changes, or when any misunderstanding arises, a conference is called of the bishop or pastor, the wardens and managers. Hence, in every measure proposed, its bearing upon the interests of religion is the chief consideration. Thus, all that concerns the members, of whatever age, individually or collectively, commercial pursuits, amusements, schools—in short, all the transactions of life—are brought under the immediate direction and control of religion. This plan, at once simple and comprehensive, becomes easy of execution; any unforeseen counteracting influence is in general soon corrected; and, when adopted at the missionary stations, renders them more efficient, and enables the brethren to make great progress with very limited resources.

There is a German phrase signifying "prayer and labour," which seems to characterise the Moravian settlements, and singularly applicable to the brethren is the remark of Locke—that "for a man to attend to his religion and to his particular calling, is generally sufficient to take up his whole time." Habitually occupied in their several trades, they become unconscious of that monotony which is felt by a stranger—relieved, however, in some degree, by the cultivation of music. There appears to be no public library, nor much encouragement given to scientific pursuits and discoveries. These might involve expense, and prevent that concentration of mind to the one great object to which all their thoughts and energies are devoted. But I would remark, with reference to my own object, that that very omission to which the brethren may have been in some measure indebted for extraordinary success in a specific and most important branch of Christian duties, renders the Moravian settlement imperfect as the model of a Christian community embracing all the legitimate objects of human society. The study of the sciences, the practice of the arts, and the prosecution of discoveries, present an inexhaustible field for the exercise of the diversified talents of mankind, and for that enterprise and excitement which, if not called forth by purer and higher aspirations, are too often wasted upon objects useless or pernicious. * * *

[Our correspondent goes on to draw various inferences from the Moravian establishments with regard to the design of a self-supporting institution for the humbler classes in England, in connexion with the Established Church. We do not think it necessary to follow him in these, but would remark, that great caution is necessary in all imitative movements. A revolution in 1688 succeeds in England; but an imitative revolution attempted in Naples in 1823 fails. The Moravian communities, as far as they really are communities, have taken their rise under the influence of a concentrated religious zeal affecting a small body of men to the very inmost cores of their nature. They have thus had an active and powerful principle of continuous force to carry them on through all arrangements and undertakings. We can easily conceive a new association realising all the peculiar arrangements of the Moravians, and even more favourably circumstanced with regard to wealth and the countenance of great names, but which would nevertheless fail for lack of that concentrated spirit which only extraordinary circumstances and occasions can generate. Here, evidently, lies the great difference between the Moravian communities and those social establishments which Mr Owen has endeavoured to plant. The one class seem to us like a body which, having a vital principle in it, can stand of itself; the other is like a body which, wanting life, can only stand while it is held up by external means. The plan of our amiable correspondent is based on truly respectable principles, and contemplates excellent objects; but we would hope that it will not be commenced unless its supporters are sure of its having the full benefit, not only of money and good intention, but of that self-sustaining energy which so often brings success in circumstances otherwise unfavourable, and without which all common circumstances of a favourable nature are in vain.]

A BULL-FIGHT AT MADRID.

In the year 1822, while resident in Madrid, I had frequent opportunities of seeing those savage exhibitions, the bull-fights, of which the Spaniards, notwithstanding their partial regeneration, still continue to be passionately fond. For their own sake, such spectacles are not worthy of description, but they serve as records of national manners, to be contrasted with something better in our own country, and I will venture to depict one of the exhibitions at which I chose to be present.

The place of the spectacle was at the amphitheatre, situated beyond the Puerta del Sol, one of the outlets from the city. The edifice is formed of wood, of a circular form, having no roof, and seated quite round, except at the place where the bulls are kept: these seats are somewhat like pews, those for the people of the highest rank being nearest the top of the building. The place in which the bulls are kept is a cellar under ground, whence the ascent to the arena is by a dark passage, with two doors, one at the end of the passage, and the other opening on the arena; and these doors, at the entrance of the bull, are opened by men in such a manner as completely to cover their persons.

Several days before the exhibition takes place, the bulls are confined in the cellar; and during the interval, are occasionally soundly whipped, in order that they may be rendered still more ferocious than they might otherwise be. Bulls for this purpose, at Madrid, generally come from the wilds between La Sierra Morena (the Black Mountain) and La Mancha.

On the day spoken of, the king, the court, all the grandees, and their ladies, were present, so that a most favourable opportunity was afforded me of seeing whatever Madrid boasted of beauty, rank, and fashion, more especially as my seat was in the very highest row. The first *palcos* (boxes) were adorned by some of the handsomest dark-eyed ladies that could be seen in Spain, their rich *basquinas* and mantillas (a particular dress for Spanish ladies) being worn with infinite grace. An immense deal of ceremony takes place before the real business of the day commences. Exactly opposite to the door by which the bull enters, the box of the king is placed, and of course the highest is allotted for the purpose. Should the king be absent, the highest in authority, whether civil or military, takes his place. Civil officers are appointed to give orders to those having charge of the bulls. The principal magistrate, attended by two *alguazils* (inferior officers of justice), having ascertained that every thing is ready, comes forward in front of the box occupied by the authorities, and, after a formal salutation, requests leave to proceed with the entertainment. This being accorded him, he goes out of the ring, and gives the signal; immediately the two folding-doors fly open, and a bull rushes furiously into the arena; but, upon seeing the assembled multitude,

he makes a pause, and looks around, as if seeking some object on which to spend his rage. The *picadors*, attired in the ancient Spanish dress, are stationed on horseback, lance in hand, at the part of the ring which faces the bull's entrance. On this occasion an Asturian damsel was acting as a *picadora*, the only difference between her and the others consisting in this, that in place of stopping the bull with the lance, she used large darts, which she threw at him with great dexterity.

On the occasion of which I am speaking, the first bull which rushed into the arena glared with savage bewilderment, and roared prodigiously. The Asturian was the first to present herself before him, and adroitly fixing one of her darts in his shoulder, galloped round, the bull running towards her. Rapidly returning to the charge, she again planted another piece of iron in his neck; but, whilst endeavouring to treat him to a similar enlivener for the third time, the bull plunged his horns into the belly of her horse, and tossed horse and woman to a great height. They fell as if dead; and while the bull was endeavouring, amid the applause of the multitude, to put a finish to what he had so well commenced, the *banderilleros* (young men on foot, dressed in a red cloak, and armed with darts of wood, shod with iron at the one end, and having a squib at the other, which takes fire on being fixed), with their red cloaks, came to distract his attention, and gave the woman an opportunity to escape.

A general shout of "*Bueno! bueno! viva el toro!*" (Bravo! bravo! long live the bull!) was thundered in the amphitheatre, while the woman and the horse were being removed from the arena. The woman had her right leg broken.

The first attacking party being thus off the field, the next picador advanced towards the enraged animal; the bull sprung forward at him, but he was arrested by the lance; however, he returned to the charge before the horse could face about, and fixing his horns between the horse's thighs, tossed him in the air, and overthrew the rider. Instantly the banderilleros again appeared, and horse and man were removed.

A third picador offered battle to the bull, who, rushing at him, was stopped by a lance firmly planted in the shoulders; in vain did the bull try to overcome his antagonist by pressing upon him, while the steel was in his body; every effort only served to fix the lance the deeper, till at last he disentangled himself by drawing back, which, in the estimation of the Spaniards, is a very cowardly thing. They manifested their disapprobation by loud cries, and forthwith, to excite the unfortunate animal, the banderilleros threw their darts at him. The poor bull was quite mad; the same picador again stopped the beast; he was very weak from loss of blood, and therefore offered little resistance to the attack. Unable to combat, the time for the matadors to dispatch him soon came. The first *matador* (literally, murderer), holding in his left hand the *moleta* (muller), and in his right the sword, drew near him; and the very instant when the animal rushed towards him, he made his allonge, the sword being directed to the heart; the creature staggered, but was not dead. The turn of the second matador now came, and this official soon gave a blow by which the animal fell lifeless to the ground. The moment the poor creature fell at the feet of the second matador, trumpets were heard, and four mules entered to drag the carcass from the arena.

I might describe the various combats which took place with the different bulls; but as, with very little difference, one narration may serve for all, I shall confine myself to relating a ludicrous circumstance that happened in the fight with the fifth animal brought into the arena. This toro was very successful in disabling the several opponents he had to encounter. The three first picadors were all more or less injured; and of their horses, one had his legs broken, and the two others were ripped up by the enraged brute. At such excessive good fortune on the part of the bull, the applause of the Spaniards was boundless. A French drummer, sitting on the lowest bench, and who was tipsy at the time, annoyed at so many being forced to retire before the bull, leaped the barrier separating the arena from the spectators, and went staggering to set the bull at defiance. Mingled roars of laughter, and cries of "Long live the drummer!" struck upon the ear. Meantime the man advanced as well as he could, putting himself in a fencing attitude, apparently forgetful, however, that his sabre was hanging by his side.

The bull rushed towards him, and while the drummer appeared desirous of boxing his ears, he was forced, from the effects of the liquor he had taken, to measure the length of his back on the ground. The scene now became amusing in the extreme. Stretched on the sand lay the luckless drummer, moving his feet to whatever direction the bull made the attack, and making a multitude of ejaculations each time that his enemy came to an unpleasant propinquity; though the danger was more apparent than real, as, owing to his antagonist not being able to bring his horns sufficiently low to do him serious injury, he was scarcely touched. The animal, after trying to toss the recumbent drummer, contented himself with simply smelling at him; and then, seeing that nothing could be done, retreated several steps, being obliged to do so by the flashing of the red cloaks of the banderilleros, who came to succour the inebriated combatant. The drummer was quickly removed, almost unhurt, though his antagonist was not so fortunate, for, after having received several lances, he was dispatched by the unerring dagger of the matador.

What must appear to the spectator the cruelest part of this exciting spectacle, is the manner in which the poor horses are treated. Their eyes bandaged, they are subjected to the unsparing control of their riders; they are forced, even when wounded, to continue to minister to the gratification of an anxious and sanguinary crowd. No relaxation is afforded them; and till nature, entirely exhausted, refuses them strength to remain any longer standing, they are obliged to bear their part in this brutal entertainment.

No man can reflect on the character induced by the continued indulgence in these *amusements*, without attributing to their influence a considerable part of the disregard for human life always manifested by the Spaniards. The circumstance of frequently beholding the blood of the noblest animals shed without remorse, for no useful end, at last must lead to an entire contempt for the shedding of human blood. The surprise, therefore, that one at first feels on hearing of the atrocities perpetrated during the late civil war in Spain by the several factions, must disappear when one of the principal causes is assigned.

LINES ON OPENING A CASKET.

Oh! none would covet jewellery,
Or scenes where jewels shine,
If every casket's treasured hoard
Told such a tale as mine.
A bracelet—of my father's hair,
A locket—of a brother's,
A brooch—memorial of despair,
A guard-chain—of my mother's.
Rings, fans, and hearts, unfitly gay,
From friends estranged or far away;
That spotless agate cross was given
By one who now finds rest in heaven;
And long we've wept the matron staid,
Who gave yon locket's raven braid:
Memorials all, save *one* alone
Of grief, of death, of friendship flown!

Grey is the lock that bracelet bears,
But thought, not time, had made it so;
For in the strength of mind and years
Was that thrice-honour'd head laid low!

This locket's golden silky tress,
It waved once on a cherub's head,
Lent but to cherish and to bless—
Soon was its angel mission sped:
Through the stain'd crystal still appear
A sister's kiss, a mother's tear!

The auburn lock, it graced a brow
Bright in the majesty of truth;
That, too, is pillow'd lowly now,
And with it rests the dream of youth!

My mother's hair—she lives, and long,
Long may she live, loving, beloved!
But this fair chain was twined, ere wrong
Or woe her widow'd heart had proved;
And thus, even this becomes the theme
Of life's uncertainty and change—
The heartlessness of fashion's stream,
The void of miscall'd pleasure's range!

'Twere well if all vain ornament
Such grave and tender warning sent;
Then would life's giddy vanity
Be temper'd with fond memory;
And few would covet ornament
Or scenes where trinkets shine,
If every body's jewels sent
A lesson sad as mine!

L. F. C.

BENEVOLENCE OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that, without referring to more distant quarters, the cardinal points of Dublin afford striking and permanent illustrations of the philanthropy of medical men. The founders of the following hospitals, Sir Patrick Dun's on the east, Stephen's on the west, and the Rotunda on the north, were physicians; while the medical officers of the Meath Dublin County Infirmary on the south, voluntarily transferred their salaries to the funds of the hospital. Doctor Lentaigne was so liberal of his professional services, that he was named "the poor man's doctor;" he was contented with whatever fee his patients could afford to give. Once a-week he gave a most comfortable, nay, elegant dinner, at which he presided, to a crowd of reduced gentlemen. Doctor Percival, not to speak of his uniform benevolence and high-mindedness, gave all the fees he had received on Sundays in charity. May I ask if there be any one here that has been idle and thoughtless, and thinks that he cannot retrieve lost time and neglected opportunities? Do I address another that may be disheartened by poverty at home? Do I recognise a third, conscious and justly convinced of the possession of high mental powers, and who is not prepared to make a successful struggle for fame and fortune—prepared, I say, to rise above his fellow-men, and exact the homage due to superior intellect and genius? If there be any such amongst us, let him lend an attentive ear to this hasty sketch of a great and good man. The biographer of the late lamented Cheyne of this city states—"While he (Dr Cheyne) was assistant-surgeon and surgeon in the artillery, from 1795 to 1799, his time was spent in shooting, playing billiards, reading such books as the circulating library supplied, and in complete dissipation." Thus were spent these four years of the life of a great man. But the sun then rose on the soul of Cheyne. "He determined to become once more a medical student, and spent nine additional years in the study of pathology and the practice of medicine, by patient observation, reading, and the experience of the best living authorities." After such preparation, did this physician, a candidate for professional distinction and professional success, require that his innate talents, his hard-earned knowledge, his worldly tact, should be bolstered up by the aid of riches to procure the eminence he aimed at? No. Cheyne was the architect of his own fortune. "In 1809 he settled in Dublin, neither expecting nor indeed wishing for rapid advancement. What is easily acquired is little valued, and often soon lost. He had a few friends, who were much dissatisfied with his apparent apathy, and the obscurity in which he lived. During the first six months of his sojourn in Dublin, he made only three guineas. In 1816, Cheyne's practice yielded him L.1710; in 1820, and for ten successive years, it was L.5000." Did Dr Cheyne feel now that fame was happiness, that eminence was happiness, that riches are happiness? Was he not ready to acknowledge, with Young, that "the wish accomplished is the grave of bliss?"—*Hayden's Physiology.*

[We cordially coincide in the foregoing observations on the benevolence of the medical profession, the members of which, as far as our knowledge goes in Edinburgh, are decidedly the most benevolent portion of the community. Their cheerful and gratuitous attendance on the destitute poor, their labours at hospitals and dispensaries, and the intrepid manner in which in many cases they incur great personal danger from contagion, without the hope of reward, all merit the highest meed of public approbation.]

AMERICAN MANNERS.

I had long heard of the impertinent curiosity, rudeness, vulgarity, and selfishness of the people of the States; but, instead of any extraordinary signs of these repulsive qualities, I found good breeding, politeness, frank hospitality, and very generous feeling, prevailing amongst them, in as great a degree and with as few exceptions as at home. In the cities I saw none of the open displays of depravity which disfigure our large towns; and in all my journeying I never saw the face of a policeman—never met a beggar or any one in the garb of mendicity—never heard uttered an oath or imprecation—and never witnessed an instance of intoxication but one. * * I observed, when at Albany, that the Americans are attentive to their religious duties, and this opinion has been confirmed by a further acquaintance with them. One does not meet here with any pretension to the *high fashion* bred in courts and pervading their atmospheres; but exclude this from the comparison, and, between the States and England, there will be found, in private society, such a resemblance of manners, as for the moment makes a Briton forget he is not in his own country; or if that shall be called to his mind, it will probably be by a difference only in the personal appearance in the natives of the two countries.—*Captain Barclay's Tour.*

EXALTATION OF CRIMINALS.

The sympathy lavished by misdirected benevolence on persons convicted of hideous crimes, who, if they had remained in virtuous poverty, would have excited no sort of attention, is one of the most odious things which we are called on to notice. A correspondent of the *Times*, styling himself "No Pharisee," thus feelingly and sensibly treats of the subject:—"It appears that, in most instances, criminals are better fed and lodged in prisons than the honest and well-disposed poor in the union workhouses. The police reports almost daily show that the poor have begun to appreciate the difference; and now, if a pauper wishes to be better fed and lodged and cared for than he would be in the workhouse, he forthwith commits some offence to entitle him to the indulgences to be obtained by crime. The perverted taste and spurious sentiment which divert that commiseration and sympathy to criminals, which would find ample room for their exercise among the well-disposed and industrious, but unfortunate, are calculated to produce the worst results; and it has become a serious inquiry to ascertain whether these causes have not had considerable influence in increasing the amount of crime in this country. If a vicious girl, precocious in crime, attempts to set fire to the dwelling in which she has been provided with a good home through charity, when brought for examination, she is surrounded by a crowd of well-dressed tender-hearted dames, who are quite shocked that so interesting an object should be thought worthy of punishment, and urgently solicit her release. If a ruffian should commit a crime so atrocious that it degrades our national character, and strikes with horror the feelings of the right-thinking portion of society, it happens, when he is brought to justice, that the public expect daily reports in the papers of the day of how he ate and how he slept, what he drank, and what he said. Persons from every class of society solicit the distinction of being admitted to his levee. Pious but weak-minded ministers of religion hold him forth as one of the chosen among the elect; and when, finally, he is brought to undergo his just punishment, one of the principal officers of the great metropolis of the empire, robed and furred with all the decorations of his office, mounts on the scaffold for the purpose of shaking hands with the wretch who has polluted society with his crimes. He passes from the world with more honour and commiseration than ever attended the most worthy among the Christian martyrs. If depraved taste leads certain persons to feel that sympathy with crime, and seek their saints in jails, let them, if they will, canonise their bones—let them enact pilgrimages to the shrines of Saint James Greenacre and Saint Francis Courvoisier, but let them not so control the character and feelings of society as to cause the poor to be treated as criminals, and criminals as martyrs."

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LITERARY REVOLUTIONS.

THE student of English literary history is familiar with the fact, that every successive age has been distinguished by the development of some species of literature distinct in its character from those which delighted the public in the preceding and subsequent ages. In our own time we have seen the rise, progress, and decay of the historical novel; for although that species of composition was not wholly unknown before the days of Sir Walter Scott, it was not extensively popular, nor was it cultivated by men of enlarged understandings and extensive acquirements. The novelists of an earlier period were, indeed, in the habit of introducing historical characters as part of their machinery; but to make the interest of the fiction mainly dependent on the historical truth with which these characters were depicted, was no part of their plan. This—the grand secret of success in the modern historical novel—they never attempted: they trusted for the most part to the general accuracy with which they delineated human character, and to the variety and liveliness of their incidents. The great writer we have named may fairly claim the credit of having created a new school of composition, and one which acquired popularity more speedily and extensively than could well have been anticipated. Whilst, however, his own productions and those of some of his followers are not likely soon to forfeit their present position amongst the treasures of English literature, it is scarcely probable that any new attempt in the same field would meet with very distinguished success. The day for the historical novel has passed.

Earlier than these there was the Romance School, with its apparatus of beleaguered castles, distressed damsels, gallant knights, haunted chambers with all the horrors of enchantment and diablerie. These had their charms for a time; but with the time these charms departed, and the productions of the romance school are now consigned to the shelves of the circulating library in the obscure village or distant borough town.

Then there was the school of fashionable novels; and this, too, has had its day. It was not a very long one, but one quite long enough, although we are far from thinking it one without its utility. "I remember," says Schlegel, "it was the observation of a great philosopher, that the moment the world should see a perfect police, the moment there should be no contraband trade, and the traveller's pass should contain an exact portrait of its bearer, that moment would it become impossible to write a good romance, for then nothing would occur in real life which might with any moderate degree of ornament be formed into the groundwork of such a fiction." Did the "great philosopher," then, never read a fashionable novel where the interest is such as no perfection of police or revenue establishments could ever destroy—where speculative mothers, persecuted daughters, wealthy baronets, and unhappy younger sons, figure as characters, and where the scene is laid not in umbrageous forests, but in courtly drawing-rooms—not in the robber-haunted paths of Abruzzi, but in the perfumed regions of Mayfair? Writings of this description were for a time eagerly read; for just as men covet to know something about those countries where savage jealousy prohibits civilised intercourse—just as China and Japan are to this day the objects of anxious curiosity—so did men wish to learn something of the customs and habits of people whose wealth and position had elevated them out of the range of vulgar observation. But this was a curiosity that was soon satisfied; lords and ladies were found out to differ but little from other people, and the fashionable novel has taken its place in the obituary of literature.

Modern times have also witnessed the rise and fall of another school of a very different kind; and this, with every admiration of its originator's powers, we take leave to designate the "Byronic." Lord Byron said, "that he awoke one morning and found himself famous." And one morning afterwards, divers young gentlemen, his countrymen, awoke and found themselves miserable. Then did the press groan with poetical sighs and cantos of lamentations, and the gorgeous descriptions of the noble pilgrim were iterated and reiterated till Cadiz and the Acropolis, the Piræus and "Scio's rocky isle," became familiar in men's mouths as household words. Then sprung into literary existence enough of bandits and pirates, each of whom "knew himself a villain," to have stocked every prison and plundered every bank in Europe. The world became out of conceit with the world, and sleek darlings of fortune took to railing against their nurse in good set phrase. This humour has passed away, and the Byronic school has become a thing of yesterday.

The most remarkable of all changes is the falling off, if not abandonment, of dramatic literature. It had its day, and is gone. Social progress now requires other instruments. Before literature became so generally cultivated as it has of late been, the stage was the *chief* instrument of education, and no other could have been found more adapted for a people which was not a reading people. This was the case amongst the Greeks, and then it was that the drama achieved its loftiest triumphs, for then was it the medium through which educated mind spoke to the whole body of the people, as now it speaks through the printing press. In the middle ages books were scarce, and reading an art of rare and difficult acquisition; and we know that the clergy—the sole public instructors—made theatrical representations the vehicle for diffusing the principles of religion and the precepts of morality amongst the unlettered people. Nay, theatrical representations, from the purposes for which they were used then, received the emphatic name of "Moralities." And even in subsequent times, when reading was confined to the wealthier classes, the theatre was still the channel of intercourse between great minds and the bulk of the people. If, then, we are surprised at the decline of the drama, we must remember, that, since the halcyon days of dramatic excellence, times have changed, and the men who would have written plays of yore now write books, and secure thereby an audience more numerous, and more capable of appreciating literary excellence.

When we go back into the earlier ages of English literature, we find other extinct modes or styles—as, for example, the character-depicting of the early part of the seventeenth century. This consisted in taking some section of society, or profession, or occupation, and giving the whole of its characteristic features under an impersonation, thus, as it were, making an individual the representative of his class. Sir Thomas Overbury was one of the earliest cultivators of this mode; and Earle, Bishop of Salisbury, one of the latest. With much antithetical quaintness of expression, they produced many able sketches; but we find in almost all of them a disposition to condemn large sections of men on account of their pursuits, or other circumstances over which they could scarcely have had any control—a species of prejudice which has survived the period. The physician has been a favourite point for the satirist's weapons, from the days of Horace downwards, and an alderman has always been considered fair game. Shakspeare himself, with all reverence be it spoken, never brings a mayor on the stage but to make him ridiculous; but, despite the jest, we must remember that Dante was Mayor of Florence, and that Montaigne—the learned, tender, lively Montaigne, who has instructed and delighted thousands—served a municipal office at Bordeaux. Dr Earle is not superior to vulgar prejudice, and he does not forget to make his alderman as an alderman *ought* to be—*fat*. But he depicts him as something worse than fat. "A ponderous man he is and substantial, for his weight commonly is extraordinary." "He is a rigorous magistrate in his ward," we are told, "yet his scale of justice is suspected, lest it be like the balances in his warehouse." The parvenu, or "gentleman of no ancient gentility," has also usually been a favourite butt of the wits; and we can readily see, in the frequency and bitterness of their ridicule, how rapidly the increase of commercial wealth at this period was raising the condition of the middle classes of society. A revolution of such a kind could not have been otherwise than distasteful to those to whose level they were raised. "The upstart country knight," whom Bishop Earle satirises, was doubtlessly unpopular in his time. His father is described as "a man of good stock, though but a tanner or usurer; he purchased the land, and his son the title. He has doffed off the name of a country fellow, but the look not so easy, and his face still bears a relish of churn milk. A hawk he esteems the true burden of nobility, and is exceeding ambitious to seem delighted in the sport and have his fist gloved with his jesses." There is something *cocknified* in the bishop's conception of "a plain country fellow," who, he would have us to believe, possesses a mind not much distracted by objects of real moment; "but if a good fat cow come in his way, stands dumb and astonished, and, tho' his haste be never so great, will fix here a half an hour's contemplation. He thinks nothing to be vices but pride and ill-husbandry, from which he will gravely dissuade the youth, and has some thrifty hobnail proverbs to clout his discourse." To the bishop, citizens, shopkeepers, and bakers, are peculiar objects of aversion. The first has for "his cheapest guest a customer, which is the greatest relation he acknowledges, especially if you be an honest gentleman—that is, trust him to cozen you enough." The second "tells you lies by rote and not minding, as the phrase to sell in, and the language he spent most of his years to learn." The unfortunate baker "abhors works of charity, and thinks his bread cast away when it is given to the poor." The attorney, as might be supposed, meets but little mercy at the hands of this severe satirist. "Strife and wrangling have made him rich, and he is thankful to his benefactor, and nourishes it. His business gives him not leave to think of his conscience; and when the time or term of his life is going out, for doomsday he is secure, for he hopes he has a trick to reverse judgment." The character-depicting style was not always satirical. It is Overbury, we think, who gives a picture of "The Happy Milkmaid," one of the sweetest essences that ever poet distilled from the crude mass of actual life.

A style of poetry flourished in the time of Charles I., which no subsequent age has seen revived. It consisted in short, hard-favoured pieces of verse, on religious subjects, generally on those which there is least pleasure in contemplating. It gave the most unamiable views of human nature, and was eager to remind the reader of the shortness of his days, and the sad state his body was sure to come to in the grave. The poor little vanities in which man indulges on earth, and without which, apparently, his career would be unmitigated misery and toil, were

especial marks for this kind of poetry, to which we may give the epithet of the cross-bones and death's-head style. The sight of a well-dressed lady threw one of this order of poets into a fit of melancholy, in which he would be sure to compose some stanzas on the figure of an hour-glass, showing how shockingly mouldy our fine dame would be a hundred years hence. A pompous procession, a royal marriage, a coronation, or any other fine affair which usually sets common mortals a-huzzaing, only caused our sepulchral bard to fall a-writing epitaphs for the principal parties concerned. Even the innocent sports of childhood supplied him with food for his morbid musings. Of this style Quarles was the principal cultivator; and it must be owned, notwithstanding what Pope has said of him, and all our horror of his charnel-house imagery, that he was no mean poet. Nevertheless, the spade-and-mattock literature lived, if it ever could be said to *live*, only for its day.

In the same age, and a little before it, flourished the allegorical style of poetry, zenithed amidst a blaze of intellectual glory by Spenser. A cunning plan was this allegorical mode of writing, far outvying in that respect all the Philosophy-in-Sport-made-Science-in-Earnests of the present age. A young lady sat down to read what she thought a long romantic poem respecting a red-cross knight. The hero was handsome and engaging; the adventures sufficiently strange, and all that kind of thing. How she must have been surprised at last to learn that she had all the time been perusing a theological treatise! She turned to the adventures of another knight, who encounters every sort of danger, suffers long captivity, and at last is brought out to be tormented and put to death. It must have appeared rather odd to be told, after all, that this gentleman was the virtue called Fortitude. She would read, with a feeling of dreamy enchantment, a description of a scene beautiful beyond all imagination—how startling it must have been to learn that this was only a curious way of describing a temptation presented to the morals of one of these chivalric abstractions! And Edmund Spenser wrote many volumes of his fine-sounding stanzas in this manner—all being substantial and personal to appearance, but bodiless and abstract in reality. "The Purple Island" of Phineas Fletcher is a long and elaborate poem of this kind. At first sight, it seems a very pleasant piece of topography done into rhyme, but by and by we find that the real subject is the human body. This style enjoyed a protracted existence in prose, and gave rise to *one* work of that nature still charming—"The Pilgrim's Progress." The Essayists also made some use of it; we must all remember such openings of papers in the Adventurer and Rambler, as "Pity was the daughter of Love and Sorrow." There must have been something which was felt to be beautiful in this style, or it would not have enjoyed so much popularity; and, indeed, there are some specimens of it which must ever live in our literature. Yet, strange to say, no writer for an age or more has thought of composing in this manner. The virtues are now spoken of in their simple ostensible characters, and the human body is described by Drs Combe and Southwood Smith without any poetical bo-peep about the matter.

When we step farther back in the annals of English literature, we find various modes long since deceased; for instance, the device of relating half-satirical matters under the similitude of a dream, practised by Buckhurst in his "Mirror for Magistrates," the Scottish Lyndsay, and even so early a man as Robert Langlands in his "Piers Ploughman," Dante being probably the first setter of the fashion to our countrymen. For one whole age in the Plantagenet times, there was scarcely any thing but rhymed histories; a little before, there was nothing but metrical romances. And all these works were written each after a particular manner, which, in the main, was sustained as long as the fashion of that kind of literature existed.

Though there are certainly instances of something like a slight revival of a particular style of literature, generally under the influence of some man of talent who has chosen to throw his mind into that form, it is almost a rule that a style has only its day—just as the Elizabethan dress may be sometimes resuscitated at a fancy ball, and for a night admired, but yet has no chance of coming again into fashion amongst the public. It is difficult to account for this; for if all the readers of a particular period have seen beauty and found enjoyment in any particular kind of literature, why should not the readers of another period, seeing that the human mind remains essentially the same, be liable to similar experiences? Perhaps there are two things which contribute in a considerable measure to the phenomenon—difference of conditions in different ages, and the mere fancy or caprice which obviously is what creates fashion in dress. Thus, an age may require the drama, because its moral feelings can only be addressed through the medium of the living scene; and poets may find it necessary, for very grave reasons, to give advice and reproof on political matters under cover of a dream. Fashion acts more widely. Originally struck out, perhaps, by a first-rate intellect, a mode acquires favour with the public: the next class of intellects imitate; and the public likes the first and best specimens so much, that it readily patronises the secondary and the mediocre. It thus becomes the predominating literary feature of the time—in short, the fashion. At length, it is so burlesqued by the last and weakest class of writers, and its whole soul and spirit is so worn out and exhausted, that a disgust arises, and neither men, women, nor children, will listen any more. The next great wit carries away the public mind in a new direction, and the old style is thenceforth only sufficiently remembered to ensure that, when any one twangs a single string of its lyre, he is instantly proclaimed an imitator of a fashion gone by.

THE GOVERNESS.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

PART THIRD.

THE next morning the pat, pat, pat, of Mr Byfield's cane was heard ascending the steps leading to Mr Hylier's hall door; his knock had the determined sound of "I will come in." "Remember, James," said his mistress, "popping" her head out of the breakfast-room, "I am not at home—I shall not be home all day—I am out for a week—went down to meet your master last night." James bowed, and the lady disappeared.

"My mistress is not at home, sir," observed the sapient footman. Mr Byfield poked him aside with his cane, and having entered the hall, said, "I want to speak to Miss Dawson."

"Miss Dawson, sir, left the house last night."

"Left last night! Then where is she gone to?"

"I really can't say, sir; she's left for good, trunk and all."

"Left—gone; but surely you must know where she drove to?"

"The housemaid saw her off, sir." Mr Byfield commanded Mary to appear; but she, having always lived "in the best families," lied with superior firmness. "The very words Miss Dawson said, sir, were, 'Tell the cab to drive to Oxford Street, and then I will direct him the number;' these were her last words, sir, and I can tell no more." Mary was in haste—not agitated by the untruth—so she stayed no farther question, but dived down the kitchen stairs.

"Now," said the old gentleman, "I *must* see your mistress."

"Not at home, sir," repeated James.

"When will she be at home?"

"Not for a week. She's gone down to where master's stopping."

"That's the third falsehood you have told since I entered this house, young man," observed Mr Byfield. "Your mistress cannot have gone down to where your master is, because business obliged your master to come to my house this morning, even before he visited his own;" and Mr Byfield turned and entered the breakfast-room so suddenly as almost to knock down the fair mistress of the mansion, who certainly was as close to the door as if she had been about to open it for her unwelcome intruder.

"Good morning, madam!" he said, with the exceeding courtesy of an angry man, before the storm that has gathered, breaks. "Good morning. Will you have the kindness to tell me *where* Miss Dawson is gone, and *why* she is gone?"

Mrs Hylier suffered Mr Byfield to repeat his question before she answered; she was debating within herself whether she should assume the tone of indignant and outraged propriety, or that of a gentle upbraiding; her temper triumphed, and she lost sight of her husband's interests and her husband's wishes. In loud and unqualified terms she upbraided Mr Byfield with what she termed his sinful duplicity, in forcing a person, whom she called by no gentle name, into her house; exhausted a dictionary of epithets upon Miss Dawson—talked wildly and at random of depravity—and wound all up by a movement something between an hysteric and a faint. Mr Byfield sat—his great grey eyes dilating and contracting, like those of a cat in the sunshine, according as his passions were moved; and notwithstanding his age, such was their fire, that they would have scorched the noisy fragile thing—who had sunk into her luxurious chair, a trembling heap of mull-muslin and English blonde—if she had had the moral courage once to look him fairly and bravely in the face. There sat Mr Byfield, white and motionless—so white, that the flakes of his snowy hair could hardly be distinguished from his cheek; his eyes flashing, as I have said; his long bony fingers grasping either knee, and grasping it so tightly, that the dark veins stood out like purple ridges on his hands.

"Ring the bell!" she said, at last perceiving that he took no more notice of her sobs than he had done of her words. "Ririg the bell!" He neither spoke nor moved; and at last the lady essayed to do it herself. He seized her arm—and Lord Lyndsay's mailed glove did not press more deeply into the soft arm of Mary of Scotland, than the old man's animated bones did into the wrist of Mrs Hylier. She screamed with spleen and pain, but resumed her seat. And there he continued to sit opposite to her, without trusting himself to speak, yet, by his presence, effectually preventing her moving. Suddenly Mr Hylier's well-known knock resounded through the house. There was a rush of light young feet—the echoes of the beatings of anxious hearts—and exclamations of "Oh, papa!"—"Dear papa!"—and a whisper or two, and then Mr Hylier came in, just in time to catch his wife, in another faint, upon his arm. Questions followed; and the two young ladies were turned out of the room; while Mrs Hylier sobbed and moaned, and called herself an ill-used woman. And at last the old man, gathering up his energies, girded himself and spoke. He stated fairly and plainly, in agitated tones, that he had placed Miss Dawson with Mrs Hylier, because he wished to observe how she would bear the ill and careless manner in which he knew she would be treated. It was (he said) of paramount importance to him that he should observe how she bore up against the disagreeableness of her situation; it had not (he continued) escaped him, that, as long as the impression remained upon Mrs Hylier's mind, that it would *please him* to be kind to his protegée, she was tolerably considerate; but when she found that he neglected her altogether—the circumstance that would have drawn a noble mind to be more gracious to one so utterly deserted by the world—rendered Mrs Hylier careless and unfeeling. Mr Byfield had his own way of doing every thing; and there is little doubt, from his own statement, that he would have gone on, heaping mystery on mystery, had he not been suddenly aroused to a sense of Miss Dawson's uncomplaining illness, by her appearance in the park; and, after much mental deliberation, he determined—still after his own strange fashion—to provide her a quiet home, and be himself the bearer of his reasons to Mrs Hylier.

"I thought," he said, "that fertile as you and your friend Mrs Ryal are in attributing impurity to pure motives, you would hardly have *dared* to pin a slander upon these white hairs, or supposed that so single-minded and self-sacrificing a creature as Miss Dawson would rush into vice—and such vice! I imagined, indeed, that you would have considered me her father; but to have thought and acted as you have done—to have turned her pennyless"——

"I did not!" screamed Mrs Hylier; "I gave her a month's salary—I—I"—— and then she appealed to Mr Hylier, to know *why he* suffered her to be insulted; and, losing all command of herself, reiterated her opinion of Mr Byfield's conduct.

"For shame," said her husband. "Mr Byfield, I intreat you to consider how Mrs Hylier has been acted upon by the misrepresentation of Mrs Ryal. She does not think her own thoughts, or speak her own words."

"I do!" repeated the foolish woman. "If it is not as I say—what connexion is he of Miss Dawson's?"

"HER GRANDFATHER!" answered the old man. "And had I not believed that I could place no dependence upon a character that had not been steeped to the lips in the bitter waters of the world's strife, I ought to be ashamed to own it. Why, then, should I feel such bitterness towards you—poor *thing* of a whirling world! You!—upon whom she had no claim; but *that* is false. Madam, there are women in the world who acknowledge the claim of sisterhood, even when it is covered by the rags of shame; who seek to save—whose hands are filled to overflowing by the charity which God pours into their hearts; whose means, however small, like the widow's cruise, increase by giving; whose names will ascend and form part of the glory of the everlasting heavens, when ours will leave no record save upon the cold and lying tombstone! Oh, my God! my God! why do you not soften our hearts before it is too late!"

Mrs Hylier would have essayed, if she dared, to say that she did not believe he was Emily's grandfather, but she could not; and Mr Hylier, while the old man paced the room violently, and wrung his hands, whispered her he had but that morning returned from the neighbourhood where her mother died, and where her extraordinary and unceasing efforts for the support of that dear mother, particularly during the last years of her life, were talked of amongst a domestic and parent-loving people, as something so enduring, so patient, so gentle, so holy, as to be quite wonderful. "And this is the creature," he added, "that the gossip of a chattering neighbourhood, eager to pick up the crumbs of court or any news, prompted you to insult. I felt honoured by my friend's desire that I should investigate for myself, and all I can say is, that if I had had the slightest knowledge of her high qualities, she should never have been treated as she has been."

"A lesson!—a lesson!" said the old man, in a voice hoarse with an emotion he used every exertion to control—"A lesson to us all, Hylier. But now to find my—yes, my child—the child of my daughter, to tell her who I am." He again paced the room, pressing his hands together, and almost convulsed.

"May I hope, sir"—— stammered Mrs Hylier.

"Hope nothing, madam," he interrupted, "as I do, but that time may be given *you*, as well as *me*, to render justice."

And now, if the tale were to end, as made-up stories do, with a record that the old man found his grandchild much better than he had anticipated; that they lived for a short time happily together, and then the governess was married to a great lord, to the discomfiture of all gossips, I should substitute fiction for fact—which I cannot do. The life of a young woman, devoted to the instruction of youth, may be likened to those streams we read of—springing up we know not where—which murmur along, fertilising as they flow; and then, after trees, and flowers, and sightly plants, have sprung up through their unhonoured influence—behold! they have disappeared into the bowels of the earth, and are seen no more! In society, we constantly meet young and accomplished ladies; their acquirements are universally acknowledged and admired; until they "came out," they

were attended to always in their hours of study, of illness, of amusement, by their "governess." She is gone now; no one ever inquires after her. She is gone, if young enough, to another situation, again to attend upon young ladies in their hours of study, amusement, and illness—again to be dismissed—again forgotten. I think it is a high privilege to be intrusted with the education of youth—one of the very highest that a woman can enjoy; but if she perform her duty, her services should *never be slighted or forgotten*. The "teacher" should rank, after her own immediate family, in the pupil's affections; or, if that cannot be (for we can all respect many whom we do not love), in her esteem; she should always be honoured, and never permitted to want; her importance to society is as vital as the unseen sap to the blooming tree; her situation subordinate, her influence paramount—not in the usual course of influences; but if we look back to our own young days, we shall remember how much of what we learnt from some patient teacher has directed us through life. My astonishment has often been excited, not by the little which governesses know, but by their knowing so much. Nevertheless, until some decided step is taken by the legislature to regulate not only schools, but the education of teachers, there must always be a chance of their incompetency to perform at least a portion of all that is required of them. Still, in nine cases out of ten, what has been done for ourselves in the way of education, has been done by this hardly-used race. And certainly Mr Byfield ought to have been satisfied with what Emily Dawson had already accomplished, without turning her over to one whom he knew would try her to the uttermost. His feelings were hardened, and he was rendered suspicious—by the past circumstances of a varied life—of there being any good in human nature; his benevolence was often frozen over; but when it thawed, the verdure of a generous nature came quickly forth.

The first step he found it necessary to take was to find where Miss Dawson was; but here he was baffled. The housemaid had received warning from her mistress the previous night, in consequence, she said, of her attention to "the governess;" and a few moments after Mr Byfield had spoken to her, had gone, as Mrs Hylier had commanded she should. The other servants pretended to be, or were ignorant, of her residence; and such was her firmness of manner in the falsehood, that Mr Byfield believed she had told him the truth. The natural impetuosity of his character was now directed to find her out; and fancying she had gone to her old friends, he posted off, leaving a wonderful story to the good people of Kensington, which was told in at least twenty different ways, the *last* being the most extraordinary.

While all was agitation and confusion in her former home—while Mrs Hylier reproached Mrs Ryal, and Mrs Ryal continued to assert that, despite all, she knew she was right—while Mrs Gresham's soft heart yielded in all the weak lovingness of its nature to the conviction that Emily Dawson was a "wonder among governesses," and Miss Colette Mercier divided her feelings as equally as possible between "chere Emily," her new parasol, her chere maman, and a certain leaning towards a gentleman who always wore "such sweet kid gloves"—while the servants regretted they had not been more civil, and the visiters that they had not been more polite—Emily Dawson, overpowered by the weight of an illness she had so long borne up against, was lying utterly incapable of sustained thought or action in the small back room of a tiny house at Chelsea. Mary's arrival was a great consolation to her. She sat by her bedside "mending up her things," and "quilling her caps," as a preparatory step to her "looking for a new place." Emily would have been glad had she talked less; but as she never expected an answer, and chatted in a low, sleepy, rippling tone of voice, it did not disturb her much. She spoke in what she considered would be the most consoling manner, showing how much better off Emily was "than many a poor lady governess she knew long ago." She told of one who, having lost her health, died in a workhouse, and no one ever looked after her; of another, who was the only comfort and support of a blind father, who would sit holding her hands in his, running his fingers over the arm worn to a shadow, listening for the doctor's tread, and turning his sightless eyes to his face, as if trying to read an opinion it gave the good doctor pain to pronounce. And then, how she did pray that God would take her father first; but the prayer was not heard, for she died, and every morning the father crawled to the churchyard. The little children would frequently go out of their way to lead him to his daughter's grave; and at last he died upon it, without a complaint; and the coroner returned a verdict—"Died by the visitation of God;" but she knew it was by the visitation of famine. "Another young person" passed them by every morning; there, that was her walk, she knew it by the halting, as she was lame, though for all that, she got over many a mile in a week. She had a turn for languages, and taught a great many at a shilling a-lesson, and had constant employment; and one sister instructed in music, and another in dancing. They worked very hard, and did not earn much, but they lived happy with one another, and liked it better than going out for good, though Miss Fanny (the dancer) was fearful she couldn't teach this last winter, from a wheezing she caught from damp feet, as she could not afford to ride. Indeed, Mary declared, in her time she had seen much misery under a thin silk gown; poor ladies were obliged to seem rich, for if they did not dress "respectable," no one would have them, though they hardly paid them enough to earn salt. Miss Dawson was happy, compared to many she knew. It was a pity that tradesmen did not keep their daughters to the shop instead of giving them notions above one thing and below another. Making them governesses half times, was little better than making them slaves. Miss Dawson ought to bless her stars; for as soon as her cold wore away, she'd be sure of a good situation.

And she would have talked thus much longer, had not her mother called her out to inquire, if she knew "what property the 'poor lady' had," as a doctor ought to see her; and Mary, good-natured girl, spurned at the question, yet coincided in the opinion, saying she was no expense to them, for she had neither ate nor drank; and if she had, she had wherewith to pay—it may be remembered that Mary did not particularly adhere to truth—and that the doctor had better come at once; she would go and fetch him—and so she did; and when he heard her cough, and saw the flush upon her cheek, and her hair moist with the dews of that English disease to which thousands are sacrificed, he blistered her chest to relieve her breathing, ordered a light diet, and particularly recommended Italy, the south of France, or Madeira; and that to a governess, with three pounds five and sixpence in her purse, and no friend!

"Oh, I shall be soon better, sir," she said—"very soon. I have been much worse; a few days' rest and quiet will quite set me up."

"Send to her friends," said the doctor to Mary.

"Lord, sir!" replied Mary, opening her eyes, "*sure she's only a governess!*"

Let any one recall the sick-bed of a beloved object suffering from hectic fever; how wearing that everlasting cough, which only ceases, to begin again; how sad, after you have drawn the curtain, softened the night-lamp, and given the composing draught, with an earnest prayer to Almighty God that the patient may enjoy sleep, how sad still to hear the hack, hack, of that gasping chest breaking up the false repose, and then to know, by the movement and the sigh, that the poor patient has turned; and though the pillows are down, and the sheets cambric, and though thoughts and hands of tenderest love have smoothed them, and poured out the most soothing and reviving perfumes—that still, though there is little positive pain, there is no rest—and you are called;—that sweet silver voice steals its melodious way from your ear to your heart; the church clock has struck two, and the watchers' eyes are heavy, but the eyes of the watched are bright; and she will have you open the curtain, and she talks of things to come in this world—of the spring time and the summer, and of when she shall be better, and of how pleasantly the autumn will pass at the sea-side; the summer will fly quite away with her cough, and then she shall so enjoy the autumn! And while she talks, her thin pure face and glorious brow, round which the damp hair clings, rest on your bosom, and you know that it is now December; but that autumn, summer, spring, will never be gladdened by that hopeful voice! Nothing can bring her back the ease of body which the poor cat enjoys before the fire; tended, as she is, by the watchful love of a whole house, she knows not rest. How much more must the governess have suffered in that small room, upon a hard bed, shaken by kindly but rough hands, believing that if God prolonged the life which, despite our sufferings, we all cling to, it would be ended—where? Alas! *no hospital will open its doors to consumption;* the lagging, certain, wearing, wasting, complaint, engendered by our shivering atmosphere, of which so many hundreds, *especially governesses*, perish, finds no public friend in charitable England.* But it was not only the wretched, unrelieved, weariness and pain of body that Emily suffered from; it was, that she had been hooted forth characterless; she, the pure, high-minded, upright, honourable girl, trembled lest she was sinking into her grave tainted; that she would meet her mother with the mark of shame, which passeth not away, upon her brow. The notion haunted her; the thought of it would not let her sleep by night or by day; she said in the morning she would be better by the evening, and in the evening she would certainly be better in the morning; for she was of a hopeful spirit; and her disease—slow, pallid, traitor that it is—encouraged hope. Several days elapsed, and her little money, despite Mary's exertions, was nearly gone. With the high-toned generosity of a noble mind, she would not write to her friend of her distress, for she knew she had not the means to relieve her, and why should she make her unhappy. She did write, though a little every day, resolving to send the letter off *when she was better*. The doctor saw she grew rapidly worse, more rapidly than usual, for her mind was goading the disease to double speed; her money was gone, though Mary stoutly said it was not, and showed her silver, which the girl had pledged her own Sunday-shawl to obtain.

In the mean time, Mr Byfield was driven almost to madness. What would he not have given to have had the power of recalling his former harshness?—how he deprecated the bitterness which made him change even his name, that his child might never hear of him! how cruel did he deem what a little time before he would have called his consistency! how did he mingle tears with his morning and evening prayers, and in positive agony call upon his wife to forgive him his unforgiveness towards his child! He found no trace of his grandaughter in her native place, and in London he was bewildered by the difficulties and negatives he experienced every where.

Mary had only been a few weeks in her place, and had covered her retreat with what she considered admirable skill. The abruptness and violence of Mr Byfield's manner defeated his own inquiries; but fortunately, Mrs Gresham, who had taken from the first a warm interest in Emily, was more successful. She made inquires with a woman's tact, and at last communicated the good news, that she had traced Miss Dawson to Mary's house. The old man intreated her to accompany him there, and she consented. Mary's mother had become very discontented at her lodger's poverty, and mother and daughter were in loud altercation on the subject, when Mr Byfield, unable to restrain his impatience, thundered so loudly at the door, as to bring all the inhabitants of the street to their windows.

"I tell you, sir, I know nothing about her. How should I?" exclaimed Mary to Mr Byfield, who could only get his stick through the open door, for she held it close with a considerable share of strength. "It's no use your coming in; she's not here; and if she was, what is it to you, you old sinner?"

"I tell you," said Mr Byfield, "she is my grandchild. God help me!" muttered the old man, as he leant against the door-post; "God help me! that rough girl guards her honour more carefully than I did."

"That's impossible!" answered Mary. "If you was her grandfather, you'd never have sent her governessing to Mrs Hylier, I know."

"I am here, Mary," said the gentle voice of Mrs Gresham; "and it is quite true that Miss Dawson is Mr Byfield's grandaughter."

Mary opened the door with what, in the poor, is deemed "impertinence," in the rich "self-possession," as if nothing had occurred; curtsied them in, and hoped that Mr Byfield would not think the worse of her; she was a poor girl; and though great folks might live without a character, she could not.

Mrs Gresham told Miss Dawson the fact she had learned as delicately and carefully as it could be told; and accounted for the old man's strangeness by expressing the desire he felt to see, himself, how she would bear the rubs of life. She thanked God earnestly for the disclosure. The old man knelt by her bedside, and called her "his child"—"his dear child"—"his only hope and comfort on this side the grave. Alas! people who are liberal of the bitters of existence, should remember that poison, even unto death, may steal into the cup.

In a few hours, Emily was removed upon luxurious cushions to the house of which she had become the most honoured mistress; even Mrs Hylier sent her little girls to minister to her comforts; and Mary was of course with her. A sudden spirit of sisterly love and tenderness sprang up amongst those who had been accounted censorious and malevolent; and the surrounding maids, wives, and widows, became animated by a most extraordinary longing for inquiring into the state of Miss Dawson's health. They ascertained what Mr Byfield's name had been, and that he had changed it to avoid his daughter's recognition. This knowledge afforded them satisfaction; they did not even venture to censure the unpardonable harshness from a father to a child, though some of the more independent spirits amongst them insinuated, that "it was at least very strange, and carrying resentment farther than *they* could have done." Mrs Ryal was the only one who remained firm to her first "principles" and opinions.

Every thing that skill could suggest, or luxury invent, was resorted to for the relief and comfort of the long-neglected girl. The great physician of the day told her grandfather, who stood before him with clasped and trembling hands, watchful eyes and ears, drinking in his words, that when she was able to be removed, he would recommend the south of Italy. This was in her dressing-room—a room hung with pale pink silk, where the softest breeze whispered its way amid crowded exotics, and the very light of heaven stole through tinted glass; where the old man himself removed his shoes before he entered, lest the smallest noise might disturb the creature cushioned upon satin, who, only a few weeks before, was expected to brave cold winds and everlasting fatigue. The reaction upon the grandfather's mind amounted almost to insanity. The stern, bitter satirist, had melted into a fond old man, who seemed absorbed in having once more something upon which he could safely pour out his long pent-up affections. It was not that a new nature had sprang up in him; it was only the nature of his youth returned. The truth was, *it was himself with whom he had been ill at ease, and not the world.* This is more frequently the case than we are inclined to believe.

The physician again felt her pulse, spoke a few kindly words, and departed. So softly did Mr Byfield follow him down stairs, that he did not even hear his foot-fall; but he arrested his attention when in the hall, by pressing his arm. "Sir, sir," he said in a trembling tone; "in here—speak softly—she does not love noise. You said, when she was able, we were to go to the south of Italy. Now, how soon will that be? We have had some sharp north winds—those keep her back; but will it be when the wind changes?"

"Not so soon as that, my good sir; but I hope soon—*indeed* I hope it—she has interested me much. You must keep her quiet—perfect repose—she must speak but as little as possible; she must not exert herself in the least; her lungs have been over-worked."

"God forgive me; they have, they have!"

"Very natural, my dear sir; you should have liked her to read and talk to you; but you must give that up," continued the physician, not knowing her past history.

"Ay, sir, ay—but Italy; when will she be able to be removed—in a week—a fortnight, perhaps—three weeks?"

"Indeed, I hope so. We can, you know, only do our best, and hope."

"Yes, sir; we can pray—and I do. You think it may be a month?"

"I cannot possibly tell to a particular time. We must watch the symptoms, and act accordingly."

"Certainly, sir; but you say the climate is not fit for her?"

"It is not; but she cannot bear exertion yet. Good morning, my dear sir; I will try and be here to-morrow precisely at the same hour."

"You do not trifle with me, sir, do you?—raising hope to destroy it?" inquired the old man, almost fiercely.

"I have raised no hope," returned the doctor. "If she bears removal, it must be to the south of Italy." Mr Byfield caught at the back of a chair, and gasped for breath; at last he repeated, "If—if; you said *if*. Is there any doubt, then?"

The agony and despair lined in the old man's face compelled the doctor to lay down his hat; and the next moment found him seated by Mr Byfield's side.

* I am happy to say that this will not be much longer a reproach to England; a few kind-hearted estimable persons in this neighbourhood (Old Brompton) have already advanced considerably with a plan and subscription to open an asylum for the relief—if cure be impossible—of consumptive patients.

"My dear, good sir, I never deceive; but I hope you will nerve yourself as becomes a Christian. All things are possible; and every thing shall be, indeed of late *has been*, done, to overthrow our insidious foe. If I had seen her sooner"——the old man started as if an asp had stung him; "though, indeed, that might not have availed much," continued the ready doctor; "she is young—the summer before her—let us hope for the best, and do our best; but I tell you frankly, the symptoms are against us."

"But she said she was so much better this morning?"

"It is a cause of exceeding thankfulness to find her so cheerful."

"And a good sign, sir?"

"The sign of a good mind," replied the medico, evasively.

Mr Byfield was gratified by the idea. "And so she has—an angel's mind," he answered. "Perhaps you can tell me to-morrow about Italy, sir. I have worked hard all my life, and have been a thriving man—more rich than people think, sir. I will heap gold upon that table, so that you can hardly move it, if you but save her life."

"What an extraordinary development of character!" thought the physician, as his carriage rolled away; "why, a tithe of this care would have saved her—ay, six months ago!"

"And where have you been, dear grandpapa," said Emily, as he stole again into her room, to sit and look at her, as he had done during the past weeks, until they had grown into months. "Where have you been?"

"Hush! you must not talk!" he said.

"Oh, but I may, a little under my breath. I used to be obliged to talk, but now it is a pleasure. Do let me mention what we spoke of yesterday—the nice almshouses you said you would build for old governesses. Oh, how glad I shall be to see the first stone laid! When shall it be?—Next August, on my birth-day?—Or, come here, I will speak very softly, if you will not be angry. My poor mother! She used to be so proud of her governess-child! Would you lay the first stone on *her* birthday—the first of September? Thank you, dear grandpapa! Bless you! I see you will! I shall not want to go to Italy; that will cure me!"

It was beautiful to observe, that, though this creature loved life, as a young bird loves to poise upon its feeble wings, she did not fear death. As her frame decayed—as she wasted into a shadowy outline of what all those who had known her *now* declared had been so beautiful, her mind, freed from the grosser particles of earth, became more buoyant—purer it could hardly be—though more ethereal, when her cough permitted short snatches of sleep. She seemed as if, through those thin eyelids, she gazed upon all the mysteries of the uncloaded world; a perpetual smile parted the pallid lip, like the division of a lily-bud; and when she awoke, it was to confer fresh interest on the things of life—an angel bringing the odour of paradise on its wings.

Poor Miss Mercier would kneel for hours by her side, and smile and weep by turns. "It did her good," she said; and she said rightly. Such scenes do good; they strike upon the heart; there is no deception in them.

"Do not weep for me," said Emily; "I shall be better soon. Every day I become better; and if I could only make you feel the importance of your duties, I should be so much happier. I am changed, though, a good deal. Were I to teach again, I would try and interest my pupils more about Hereafter than I did before. I would talk to them much more about the heavens, those lightsome heavens where the just are made perfect; it is so happy to think of their radiance, their glory, their everlastingness; and to think of this beautiful world, in which I once sorrowed and laboured, and yet loved; for surely it was created by God as a place of transit, where the good may have a foretaste of that happiness prepared for them hereafter!"

She would talk thus to all, pouring forth the very sweetness of wisdom, so that people wondered how she had gained such knowledge. Her two former pupils could hardly be separated from her; and though her grandfather manifested much impatience at being disturbed from her side by any one, still he was so proud, even during those awful hours of her goodness and sweet mind, that he could not refuse them admission, but made up for disappointments by stealing into the room during the night, and watching or praying while the heavy-eyed nurse slept. Each day the physician came, and each day the old gentleman would follow him outside the door, and inquire, as though the question were still new—"When will the time come? When may we go to Italy?" And the doctor would reply, with a kind look, "Not yet."

Even to Mr Byfield, to every one but herself, it was evident she was dying; it is almost too hard a word to apply to such a passing away; it was as if a rose dropped leaf by leaf, until the last few that remained trembled on the stem. She said, every day, she was better, much better; she had no pain now; and she should soon be able to drive out in the warm sunshine. Her friend, the clergyman's sister, came to her from the country. And the clergyman himself, he who had attended her mother's death-bed, prayed beside hers. It might have been that the young man loved her; but she never dreamt he did—never. She talked a great deal of the past and future, and of what blessings would arise from a higher-toned education. And one morning in particular, when the doctor called, he reproved her for wasting her strength in words. Again Mr Byfield followed him outside the room, and the physician led him into another apartment, and closed the door.

"My dear sir," he said, "our dear patient is very weak to-day."

"She said she was better," replied Mr Byfield.

"She is not; her mind is purer, and higher, and holier than ever; but she is sinking."

"Not unto death?" muttered the old man.

The physician turned away; he could not bear to look upon his earnest features.

"God bless you, sir; you have a great consolation; every thing has been done that could be done; I wish I was as sure of heaven; good morning—be composed."

The old man turned away—he was alone—he sank into a chair; burst after burst of tears convulsed his frame. It was nearly four hours before he could enter her room again; he saw she was greatly changed in that short space of time, and yet she hailed him with her feeble voice, declaring she was better; he motioned Miss Mercier, who had been with her, to leave the chamber. He took her hand in his, gazed earnestly into her face, and sank upon his knees.

"It is not time for prayer yet, is it?—it is not night yet?" she said; "but pray, dear grandfather, I was wrong—it is always time for prayer."

"I am going," he answered, "to pray to you. Listen! Here, on my knees, I do intreat your pardon; an old man, whose harshness deprived you of your mother—whose harshness has abridged the length of your sweet life. I did not intend to try you beyond your strength, but I ought to have known better. I chained you with those hands to the galley, when I should have given you freedom. Can you forgive me, Emily? And when you meet your mother, will you ask her not to turn from me in heaven as I turned from her on earth. I will never rise till you forgive and bless me!"

The poor girl was deeply affected; she threw herself feebly forward and clasped her arms round his neck, and pressed her cheek to his. She poured forgiveness and blessings on his white head, and fondly pushed back the silver hair from his brow. He replaced her on her pillows; but the exertion had shaken the sand in the glass of life; it was passing rapidly.

"You will be kind to those I love," she said, "and truly forgive those who were harsh to me; and you will be very good to poor Mary; and—oh, heavenly Father, receive my spirit!"

These were her last words. The old man, frantic with grief, dispatched the nurse, who had just entered the room, for help; and when she returned, the dead face of his grandchild was resting on his breast, and he held up his finger, and said, "Hush! hush!" as though she slept, which he believed she did; and all night long he remained in the same position, murmuring every now and then, as if soothing a slumbering infant.

The old man is still living, but they say his mind is gone. Certainly his affections are in the grave, which he persists in saying was dug by his own hands.

THE EMIGRATION OF THE SEMINOLES.

When the memoirs of the eastern emperor, Baber, were published a few years ago, a critic remarked, how much subject-matter for history even of recent occurrence must remain unwritten and unknown, since here was a great potentate whose life had been full of the most splendid transactions, but whose very name had scarcely as yet appeared in an English book. The same remark might be made as to contemporary history, when we reflect that the United States have for six years past been pursuing a war of the most extraordinary nature, full of romantic enterprise, with an object calculated to raise feelings of the deepest interest, and *costing an enormous sum*, yet which has hardly been alluded to in British newspapers. We suspect the truth is, that the public cannot afford notice, sympathy, or interest, for more than a small part of what goes on in the world, and that their selection of the part in which they are to be interested depends very much on their being in some way personally concerned or affected by it. This is a consideration which might be expected to discourage us from making reference to the Florida war; but somehow it has not had this effect. We have ourselves felt considerable interest in some information on this subject which has come under our attention; and we are vain enough to suppose that we shall be able to awaken similar feelings in our readers.

Florida is a large flat swampy peninsula, on the east side of the Gulf of Mexico. Chiefly in a natural condition, and very scatteringly inhabited, it was transferred by Spain to the United States in 1821. It then became an important object with the States government to clear it of the few thousands of Red Indians of the Seminole race who possessed it. The plan usually taken by the States to get rid of Indian races from any territory which they wish to *settle*, is to bargain for their emigrating to some out-of-the-way district beyond the Mississippi. Such bargains are not easily managed; for, though the States are kind enough to appoint an officer of their own, whose nominal duty it is to take charge of the Indian interests, there is, after all, great difficulty in ascertaining that the bulk of the people, or even of the chiefs, fully assent to the conditions, or are at heart disposed to carry them into effect. The Seminoles are said to have agreed, in 1832, to transfer themselves to the Far West, in three detachments, one each year, on certain conditions. A deputation of their number was to select the new ground for the nation, and the first detachment was to go in 1833. As far as we can understand the case, it was impossible to have all the arrangements made in time to admit of this first migration taking place in the stipulated year, even if the Indians had been willing. They are naturally dilatory in all things, and they are particularly slow to leave a country endeared to them as the land of their fathers. It also appears that they found themselves overreached as to some of the conditions. In short, 1835 came, and the emigration had not even begun. The president then determined that that which had been to take place in three years should be, at whatever hazard, *done in one*. That some were willing to go, appears certain; but it is equally certain that others were extremely hostile to the movement. Amongst these was a young chief called Oceola. One anecdote of this man—of which we unfortunately are unable to give the exact date—speaks his sentiments powerfully. At a meeting at Camp King, General Clinch produced the treaty for the signature or *mark* of the chiefs. It was in a beautiful glade amongst the luxuriant forests of Florida. The document lay spread upon a table, midway between a party of the States soldiery and the Indian braves. Some had peaceably signed the paper, and it came to the turn of Oceola. He, with a proud step and a disdainful curl of the lip, approached—drew a dagger from his bosom—and striking it through the paper and the table together, till the glittering steel was seen below, exclaimed,

"There is my mark!"

He was seized, bound with ropes to a tree, and kept for a time in solitary confinement.* But either he should never have been meddled with, or he should never have been liberated: with such a man there was no proper middle course. By the time that the deputation returned to report on the new lands, Oceola had put himself at the head of a party who were determined not to remove. The deputation reported in favour of their yielding to the treaty. For this, its head, Enematkla, was openly shot down like a mad dog. His death leading to no retaliation, showed that the national feeling was with Oceola. Immediately after, a covert party, said to have been headed by Oceola, killed General Thomson, who had been Indian agent in this case, along with five others, as they were walking under the very shadow of Fort King. It has been stated, that Oceola used on that occasion the identical rifle which Thomson had formerly presented to him with the hope of conciliating his friendship: the intermediate confinement and harsh usage had obliterated the obligation. The warrior then sent a negro to General Clinch, the governor at Fort King, to tell him that he had a hundred and fifty barrels of powder, which should all be consumed before his people could be conquered, and that he would lead the cheating pale-faces a dance of five years, for their insolence towards himself and his warriors.

The government proceeded to take measures for the removal of the Indians, but it greatly under-estimated the numbers and the spirit opposed to it. President Jackson had been Governor of Florida; he had once easily routed a party of the Seminoles; and he was led to believe that they had not now above four hundred warriors. The force sent was therefore inadequate to the purpose. The first blow struck by the Seminoles might have raised an alarm. A detachment of 114 men, with a six-pounder, under the command of Major Dade, was proceeding through the country, when the Seminole warriors set upon it, and cut off all but two men. That patriotism of the Indian kind, and no meaner feeling, animated the victors, was at the same time proved by the condition in which the slain men were found, not one of the corpses having been stripped of a single article of value. The bulk of the States forces were now pursuing a march in the same direction by a different route: they were almost simultaneously met by a party of the Seminoles, and an obstinate and sanguinary contest ensued. The Indians were driven from the field; but the States army was obliged, by its losses, to retrace its steps, thus seeming to give up the war at the very beginning. It cannot be doubted that the Seminoles were much encouraged in their resistance by the results of this first campaign.

The government lost no time in sending larger forces, but it did not calculate on the difficulties which the troops had to meet in conducting such a warfare. For many months the Indians were successful in almost every encounter. Oceola continued to be their commander, and never did any warrior signalise himself by greater courage. The government and people became surprised at the slow progress of the Florida army in *removing* the Indians. The following account of the scene of its operations makes that any thing but wonderful:—"When the regiments began their march through different portions of the peninsula, they at once plunged into a *terra incognita*, and groped their way to the designated points with constant embarrassments, that were as unexpected as they were perplexing. The surface of Florida is generally divided between *hummock* land and pine barrens. [A hummock is a marsh overspread by tangled natural forest.] The barrens are moved over by troops with comparative facility, but being every where intersected by spurs of hummocks, or by the hummocks themselves, no march of many hours can be made in any section of the territory, that does not encounter impediments which obstruct, delay, or, perhaps, entirely turn it aside. Besides, in the more southern portions of the peninsula, there are cypress swamps, the most impracticable of all the embarrassments that beset military operations in Florida. The cypress has a base that spreads like a trumpet's mouth, and, though the trees may stand many feet apart, they almost crowd at the surface of the earth; while nearly every interstice is filled up by 'cypress knees,' which are sharp, slender, and short cones, seemingly set there like artificial obstructions to a march. In the enumeration of difficulties, we must not forget the saw-grass and saw-palmetto, both of which have serrated edges, made harsh and unyielding by the

* A Narrative of the Early Days and Reminiscences of Oceola Nikkanochee, &c. London: Hatchard and Son. 1841.

mineral substance they take up in their growth, which tear the clothes, and lacerate the legs and feet of the soldiers moving through them, to a degree that can scarcely be comprehended by those who have not seen or felt their effects. The trace of a column through these lets and hindrances has often been marked by blood and tatters of clothing."*

It is easy to conceive under what disadvantages the American soldiers contended with a foe always distinguished as much for insidiousness as for valour, in a country so unfavourable to all regular military operations. Large detachments were often cut nearly to pieces. One great cause of the ill success of the Americans in their first campaigns was their eagerness for immediate success. The government, actuated by the same feeling, thought it necessary, at every blow suffered by their troops, to make a change of officers. New officers brought new dispositions and plans, along with ignorance to be corrected by bitter experience; and thus no progress was made. For one horrible feature of the contest—the murdering of all prisoners—it is difficult to say which party was to blame; nor is it very clearly shown how the Americans came in time to pay no regard to the white flag. But even these atrocities sink before one which was afterwards introduced. When the American generals found themseves baffled in ordinary warfare, and no appearance of a speedy end to the contest, they introduced blood-hounds from the West Indies, with which to search out scattered parties, and help to overpower them. There can be no reason to doubt, that many wretched human beings were torn down and killed by these ferocious animals.

The Seminoles suffered a great blow in the latter part of 1837, in the capture of their most distinguished warrior. There is too much reason to believe, that Oceola was a victim of the white man's treachery. A chief named Caococchee, or Wild Cat, hardly less celebrated than himself, had been induced to listen to terms for yielding to the wishes of the government. The officers, reposing faith in him, sent him to endeavour to prevail upon Oceola to join him in the capitulation. On his return, some appearances induced the officers to withdraw trust from him, and send him as a prisoner to St Augustine. Oceola came, apparently, to confer about emigration, but, it was suspected, with the secret design of making a sudden attack and liberating the prisoners, if he should see fit. He was attended by eighty well-armed warriors, who, according to stipulation, placed their arms against a tree at some distance. At a preconcerted signal, in spite of the flag under which he came, the warrior was surrounded and made prisoner, and the arms of his companions seized. He was immediately sent prisoner, with his wife and child, to St Augustine, whence he was soon after removed to a prison on Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, in South Carolina. There was a strong feeling throughout the States that he had not got fair play; but his restoration to liberty was not once hinted at. The eagle spirit pined in its confinement, and Oceola was not long a living man. When it was known that he had died, there was an universal feeling of sympathy, and this savage warrior was actually buried with the honours due to a general. There has since been erected over his grave "a handsome monument," bearing the single word OCEOLA. The fact is, that the literary sense of his merits as a hero of romance, had caught the fancy of the Americans. Amongst many of their sentimental effusions about him, the following, which is designed as a dirge of Seminole warriors, seems the best:—

"Go to thy rest—
Not where the green and tall magnolias bow
Slowly and solemnly their lofty crests—
Above the violet grass we lay thee now!

Not where the pine
With dreary sighing answered back thy tread,
When forest dwellers made beneath its shrine
The ancient places of their silent dead.

Not where the stream,
Beneath the arching wild vine, whispers low,
With spirit voices—when the sun's last beam
Falls, where it bathes the warrior's dust—we go.

To thy dark bed
We would not that *their* music's wail should come,
Nor see *them* bend the plumed and glittering head,
In stately mourning to the deep-toned drum.

They mock us well—
With banner waving, and that hollow sound,
Long pealing from the battlements, to tell
That *thou*, our brave, hast ransom found.

Why should *they* grieve,
E'en while their pale blood curdles to the heart,
Beside thy grave—that thou *their* bonds canst leave,
And to our fathers' hunting-fields depart?†

We do not weep—
The Red Man hath no tear to shed for thee—
Smiling, we gaze upon the dreamless sleep,
The fortress broken, and the captive free.

Hither we bring,
Ere yet this earth on thy cold brow we lay,
Thy boy—for one wild moment here to cling,
In love's first sorrow, to those lips of clay.

Bend low and near—
Nor sigh or moan must break our chief's repose—
Yet, boy, on thy young heart be written here,
A deep and burning memory of his foes!

We ask not fame—
We call not vengeance for the faith we gave;
Trace in the language of your land his name,
And show *your* sons the Seminole's Grave."

The Florida war has been attended with many complicated and most laborious operations, costing a vast sum to the national treasury. Throughout the whole peninsula, which is barely inferior to England in extent, it has been necessary to form roads and build stockade forts. Were these roads, says our authority, laid down upon a map, they would cover it like a network. "During the first few years of the war, the tribes were known to occupy certain locations, where they were accustomed to plant their corn, and have something like fixed habitations. These were easily found, as the operations of the war spread out, and were successively destroyed. But after the tribes became broken up, and the bands were multiplied, though small in force, the planting grounds and habitual resorts of the women and children were removed to other far more sequestered spots, surrounded by dense hummocks and wide-spreading waters, which seemed to baffle all attempts at discovery. In more recent seasons, when the troops had acquired habits that enabled them to assimilate their operations to those of the Indians, and where competent guides had been arrested from the enemy, and compelled, under *peine forte et dure*, to play an Ariadne's part, these retreats were explored. It was surprising to notice with what tact they had selected these lurking places, so well adapted, upon military principles, by making the arrangements of nature supply the place of art, to give them security. And certainly none but an eye familiar with signs that speak alone to an experienced observation, could have guided the scouts through such a maze of forest, marsh, and water, as surrounded them. No accident or blunder could have led troops to penetrate such pathless hummocks, to wade through such broad morasses, ever on a zig-zag route, that seemed constantly abandoning its probable object, to stumble at last upon a few acres of dry earth, where a remnant of wretches had sequestered themselves, under a flattering hope that seed-time and harvest would there be permitted to follow each other in unmolested succession. It would be vain to attempt a detail of the annoyances, fatigues, and wants, of these stealthy marches, which often run through a series of days and nights, frequently at the mercy of an unwilling guide, who might at any moment propose to offer himself, by false leading, as a sacrifice for the benefit of his tribe." After 1838, the Indians had chiefly taken refuge in the district of what are called the Everglades, in the southern portion of the peninsula, being the most inaccessible of all these wildernesses. But such was the perseverance of the soldiery, that these were, within two years, penetrated in three directions. This success had not been expected by the Seminoles, and the consent of a considerable number to the emigration was the consequence. Indeed, towards the close of 1840, the resistance of the Indians was all but extinguished. Routed out from their very last strongholds, and scarcely ever permitted to raise smoke twice from one place, the few remnants of the tribe could scarcely be said any longer to be in a hostile position. By that time, moreover, so many had been, by one means and another, forced to the west of the Missouri, that they were beginning to look upon that district as their home.

The war is said to have cost the States six millions sterling, and eighteen hundred men. We cannot wonder at either item, when we consider the vast number of troops required, and the arduous and sanguinary character of the contest. Of the number of regular troops usually employed we have seen no account; but we find, that between 1836 and 1840, more than fourteen thousand of the citizens of the neighbouring states left their homes, mostly mounted, and poured into Florida, to the assistance of the State soldiery. This militia were not without some warrant from the government for their interference, and they seem to have had their expenses paid; but the movement partook much, after all, of that volunteer character for which we are prepared by what we have heard of Canadian and Texian sympathisers. Five hundred came from Missouri, and two thousand from Tenessee, both of them comparatively distant states. "More than a thousand volunteers collected in Georgia in 1838, and came into Florida. *The first information the general in command there had of this movement was communicated by a newspaper paragraph*, and before scarcely a hurried step could be taken to meet the wants of such a column in a region where no *depôts* were provided, and where there were few means of obtaining supplies from other parts, it was upon the ground of action." These particulars are highly characteristic of the frontier populations of the States; but such auxiliaries could not be useful in proportion to their expense. Much of their time of service was spent in travelling to and from the scene of warfare; and when upon it, with all their activity and zeal, they fell far short of the practised aptness of the regular troops. The irregularity of their coming was also troublesome. The thousand Georgians above-mentioned were probably a little surprised to find that they occasioned a retreat of the party which they expected to strengthen; but the step was unavoidable, on account of the unprovided state of the commissariat.

The remarks which the *North American Review* makes upon this "protracted, vexatious, humiliating, and burdensome contest," must be generally responded to. "Strength and gain were on one side, weakness and loss on the other. Such relations inculcated lenity and patience in the powerful—the benefited party. An inflexible exaction of submission to terms which the Indians protested were neither expressed nor implied by the treaty as they assented to it, and an impatient requirement that the specific work of three years should be consummated in one, showed no leaning towards either of these benignant qualities. The Seminoles believed that they were outraged and contemned, and turned upon their oppressors with a fury that has raised a cry of horror through the land for years. Their fatal success has proved that the weak may sometimes be so strengthened by accident or circumstances as to be able to do enormous harm; that no nation or tribe, however insignificant, should be unnecessarily provoked to hostility, lest a power of vengeance be imparted to them beyond all foresight or calculation. The servile war in Rome, and the Maroon war in Jamaica, are examples which show that contests may be begun in scorn or heedlessness, which run through years of disappointment and humiliation, draining the treasure and wasting the life-blood of a great nation."*

* North American Review, No. CXIV

† Indians believe that if they are brave and good in this world, they will be rewarded in the next by being placed in excellent hunting-grounds.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON FRENCH LITERATURE.

THIRTEENTH ARTICLE.—RONSARD.

ONE of the most distinguished of the French poets of the sixteenth century was Pierre de Ronsard, whose name has already been mentioned in the present series. He was of a noble family; and indeed, in those days of limited education, few but the scions of noble families attained literary distinction. His father was a person of so much consequence as to be selected to take charge of the household of Prince Henry, son of Francis I., when the former was sent into Spain as a hostage for his father, made captive, in 1524, at the battle of Pavia. Born on the 10th of September of that year, Pierre had not the advantage of his father's personal care in his very early days. But his education was not neglected; and, at the age of nine, he was sent to the Royal College of Navarre at Paris. From this seminary he was taken away by his father, whose interest readily got him placed in the households, successively, of two sons of the French monarch. Thrown thus into court circles, young Ronsard showed such a lively turn of mind that he was selected as one of the gay train of Princess Magdelene, when she went to Scotland, to share its throne with James V. At this time he was a mere boy—a page. He remained two years and a half in Scotland, and six months in England, after which he returned to France, and reentered the service of Charles Duke of Orleans, third surviving son of Henry I., and afterwards Charles IX.

We form a high idea of Ronsard's general quickness of talent, from the fact that, though but between fifteen and sixteen years of age, Charles of Orleans intrusted him with various missions at this time, and among others, one to Scotland. Escaping shipwreck narrowly on his return, Ronsard was employed in other services, which brought him into friendship with the family of Du Baif, one young member of which, Jean Antoine du Baif, afterwards gained eminence as a poet. Ronsard had up to this period attended only to the courtly accomplishments of the time; but the activity of his life brought on deafness and some other debilities; and the preceptor of young Du Baif seems to have been then fortunately at hand to give the necessary stimulus to his literary powers. He had previously known Latin; he now acquired the Greek with rapidity, and became passionately fond of its great writers. For five years he shut himself up, indulging in these studies. He translated the *Prometheus* of Æschylus, and the *Plutus* of Aristophanes. Though no one who knows the latter piece could almost conceive the possibility of such a thing, yet his version of the *Plutus* is said to have been actually represented on the stage. Be this as it may, Pierre de Ronsard had now found his vocation; and an interview with Joachim du Bellay, in 1549, strengthened his poetical propensities, and laid the foundation of a friendship, not the less warm and enduring because occasionally disturbed by the jealous irritability of the poetic race. Ronsard soon turned from translating the thoughts of others to the diffusion of his own in verse; and his works, well received by the court, with a few exceptions, accumulated to a large amount. He exercised himself in all varieties of poetical composition. Two books of *Loves* came from his pen, containing an amazing number of sonnets, songs, elegies, and madrigals; five books of *Odes* upon all imaginable subjects; the *Franciad*, an epic poem upon the career of the great Francis; *Eologues*, *Hymnes*, *Gaieties*, &c. —such were among the compositions which he issued, and such their titles. He took precedence, in the favour of the court, then the sole arbiter of poetical merit in France, of Du Bellay and Saint Gelais, but was nevertheless much blamed for his pertinacious adherence to Greek diction and models. Boileau has sanctioned the charge.

* Recent accounts state that the war is not yet quite concluded; but the number of Indian warriors is believed to be reduced to a hundred and twenty, and these it is proposed to capture by offers of rewards, instead of fighting any longer.

It is now time, however, that we should intersperse with our dry prose some specimens of this poet; and having a number before us ready cast into English verse, we shall take leave to draw upon these sources. The following is an ode addressed by Ronsard to the delights of the early year:—

"God shield ye, heralds of the spring,
Ye faithful swallows fleet of wing,
Houps, cuckoos, nightingales,
Turtles, and every wilder bird,
That make your hundred chirpings heard
Through the green woods and dales.

God shield ye, Easter daisies all,
Fair roses, buds and blossoms small;
And ye, whom erst the gore
Of Ajax and Narciss did print,
Ye wild thyme, anise, balm, and mint—
I welcome ye once more.

God shield ye, bright embroider'd train
Of butterflies, that on the plain
Of each sweet herblet sip;
And ye, new swarm of bees, that go
Where the pink flowers and yellow grow,
To kiss them with your lip.

A hundred thousand times I call
A hearty welcome on ye all:
This season how I love!
This merry din on every shore,
For winds and storms, whose sullen roar
Forbade my steps to rove."

The next translated specimen, from the same pen (an anonymous one,) presents an ode yet much admired in France.

"Fair hawthorn flowering,
With green shade bowering
Along this lovely shore;
To thy foot around,
With his long arms wound,
A wild vine has mantled thee o'er.

In armies twain,
Red ants have ta'en
Their fortress beneath thy stock:
And in clefts of thy trunk,
Tiny bees have sunk
A cell where their honey they lock.

In merry spring-tide,
When to woo his bride
The nightingale comes again,
Thy boughs among,
He warbles the song
That lightens a lover's pain.

'Mid thy topmost leaves,
His nest he weaves
Of moss and the satin fine,
Where his callow brood
Shall chirp at their food,
Secure from each hand but mine.

Gentle hawthorn, thrive,
And for ever alive
May'st thou blossom as now in thy prime;
By the wind unbroke,
And the thunder-stroke,
Unspoil'd by the axe or time."

When the beauteous daughter of Ronsard's former patron, James V., grew up to womanhood, she visited France, to be wedded to the Dauphin. But it was not the fate of Mary Stuart to be happy in any of her marriages. The Dauphin died, and Mary of Scotland returned to her home. Yet she had learned to admire Ronsard; and, even in her evil days, she showed her admiration by sending him a present of two thousand crowns, and causing a mimic Parnassus of silver to be made and transmitted to him, with the inscription, "To Ronsard, the Apollo of the Fountain of the Muses." Ronsard was not less partial to Mary Stuart, than she was to him. He says—

"I saw the Scottish queen so fair and wise,
She seem'd some power descended from the skies.
Near to her eyes I drew—two burning spheres
They were, two suns of beauty, without peers.
I saw them dimm'd with dewy moisture clear,
And trembling on their lids a crystal tear;
Remembering France, her sceptre, and the day
When her first love pass'd like a dream away."

Alas! years had now sped on. Mary was in an English prison when she sent to the poet her remembrances; and, with his tribute to Mary, Ronsard paid an accompanying one to her persecutor and executioner, Elizabeth, who had also courted his favour by the gift of a diamond ring.

Ronsard, in the mean time, had witnessed many changes in France. Born in the time of Francis the First, he had seen that king, and three of his successors, pass successively and prematurely to the tomb, after each had held the throne for a time. All of these sovereigns patronised Ronsard, but more particularly Charles IX., who, as was noticed in a former article, exchanged verses with the poet, and allowed him considerable freedoms as a monitor. Henry III., too, countenanced him above the other poets of the day. Yet with these, as his addresses to them show, he kept, for the most part, on friendly terms. To Remi Belleau, for example, he paid rather an elegant compliment, in the shape of an epigraph having reference to Belleau's "Loves of the Precious Stones."

"Toil not to lay on Remi's head
The marble placed o'er other bones,
For he himself has built his bed
Of Precious Stones."

In the middle of the year 1585, Ronsard, who had been presented with one or two priories for his subsistence by Charles IX., grew ill at that of St Come, near Tours, whither he had retired for some time. He had spent, according to De Thou, a somewhat irregular life; but his last days were marked by humble penitence and resignation, and he expired on the 27th December of the year mentioned. He was buried at St Come, by his own request.

Another little piece may be given before concluding, as a further exemplar of his style.

"TO A POOR MAN.

Why dost thou tremble, peasant, say,
Before the men who empires sway?
Who soon will, shadowy sprites, be led
To swell the number of the dead?
Know'st thou not that all must go
To the gloomy realms below?
And that an imperial ghost
Must no less the Stygian coast
Visit, than the humble shade
Of him who plies the woodman's trade?
Courage, tiller of the ground!
Those who hurl war's thunder round
Will not seek their last abode
In arms, as when the battle glow'd.
Naked, like thee, shall they depart;
Nor will the hauberk, sword, or dart,
Avail them more, when they shall flee,
Than thy rough ploughshare shall to thee.
Not more just Rhadamanthus cares
For the mail the warrior wears,
Than for the staff with which the swain
Urges on the glowing train;
By him with equal eye are seen
Thy dusty raiment, rude and mean,
And purpled robes of Tyrian hue,
Enwrought with gems to charm the view,
Or all the costly vestments spread
Around the forms of monarchs dead."

Respecting the general merits of Pierre de Ronsard as a poet, the critics of his own country differ so widely in opinion, that a foreigner would be presumptuous in speaking decidedly on the subject. Almost all agree, that where he thought himself strongest he was really weakest. He used to pride himself on "Pindarising," as he called it, in his Odes, though he was very far indeed from attaining to any thing like the reach of Pindar, either as regarded thought or diction. Where he cast off all models in both respects, and wrote naturally, he shows, to use the words of a modern critic, that "he had many of the qualities that make great poets—force and brilliancy of imagination, fecundity of thought, and happiness of invention."

A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

VEVAY—CHILLON.

TEMPERATURE 70 degrees in the shade—a brilliant sun overhead—not a cloud on the purple-blue firmament—and, withal, a freshness of air curling the face of Lake Leman—were the characteristics of the finest, and what we considered the *greatest*, day in our journey—that on which we made an excursion from Lausanne to Chillon. The distance is about ten or twelve miles, by a pretty nearly direct route along the margin of Lake Leman, in an easterly direction—the road going through several small towns and ancient villages, and winding at other times through a universal vineyard. With a range of hill on our left, partitioned terrace above terrace, with vines trained in all sorts of forms; while bunches of ripe grapes lolled over the walls, almost dropping into the mouths of the passengers; and at a short distance below, on our right, the clear mirror of the lake, overhung on the south with the eternal and gloomy hills of Savoy—we enjoyed beyond description the charms of this felicitous scene. In weather somewhat more cool, a sauntering walk through a country so rich in natural and historical interest, would have been doubtless very desirable; but, on the present occasion, pedestrianism was quite out of the question, and we were fain to indulge in the more easy recreation of being conveyed in an open and first-rate vehicle, furnished by our good host of the *Hi-bon*.

The road is good, but bent up and down to accommodate the undulating face of the hill, and somewhat narrow. It is, however, well protected by walls; and looking down on these, we had a constant source of amusement in watching the gambols of hosts of lizards, with which the crevices seemed to be tenanted. They are exceedingly beautiful creatures, of a greyish-brown colour, rather less in size than a mouse, but with a long and flexible tail. Nothing could exceed the brilliancy of their little eyes peering out from the chinks beneath the stones; and their feet being of the sucker order, like those of the house-fly, they run with as much agility up the face of the walls as if on level ground. The sight of these pretty creatures, which are quite innocent in their nature, was accepted as an indication that we were near the borders of Italy, their proper habitat; and things, as we thought, began to wear a dash of ultramontanism.

The chief town on our route was Vevay, a place in the course of rapid improvement, and possessing a number of handsome houses, and some tasteful promenades in the environs. One side bears closely on the lake, and here steam-boats touch every two or three hours, in communication with Geneva, Ouchy, and other ports. A fitter situation for a resting-place for tourists can hardly be conceived, for in the neighbourhood is some of the finest scenery in Switzerland; and it is little more than a day's run from Italy, by the road up the Valais. We stopped a short time at Vevay, in order to see its ancient church, containing the monuments of two Englishmen of note in their day, who died self-exiled from the land of their nativity. These were Ludlow and Broughton, both concerned in the trial of the unfortunate Charles I.; and here, sheltered by the authorities of Berne, who refused to give them up to the vengeance of the royalists, did they remain till the period of their death. The church of St Martin, containing their remains, is an old Gothic fabric, standing on a sunny knoll overlooking the town; and on our being admitted by a key-keeper, we found the interior furnished in the usual fashion of Protestant places of worship, with as plain benches and as little regard to taste as could be found in any part of the world. The tombs of the regicides are within the northern transept, and covered with pews. The monument of Ludlow, fixed to the wall, is a black marble slab, with a long Latin inscription in sunk gilt letters, commencing—"Siste gradum et respice!—Hic jacet Edmund Ludlow, Anglus natione" ["Halt, and look around!—Here lies Edmund Ludlow, English by birth"], and ending with the date 1693. The monument of Broughton was a few feet from this, and was a stone slab on the floor, covering, as I was told, his tomb. The inscription was also in Latin; and our conductress, by removing one or two of the wooden benches, allowed me to copy it into my note-book. It is as follows:—"Depositorium Andreæ Broughton, Anglicani Maydstonensis in comitatu Canty. ubi bis prætor urbanus. Dignatusque etiam fuit sententiam Regis Regum proferi quam ob causam expulsus patriâ suâ, peregrinatione ejus finitâ solo senectutis morbo affectus requiescens a laboribus suis obdormivit, 3^{cr} die Feb., Anno Domini 1687, ætatis suæ 84." Which may be freely Englished thus:—"The depository of Andrew Broughton, Englishman, of Maidstone, in the district of Canterbury, of which city he was twice chief magistrate. For the cause of the King of Kings he was honoured with exile from his country, and, at the close of his pilgrimage, sank under the weight of old age alone. His toils ended, he fell asleep in the Lord, on the 3d day of February, A.D. 1687, aged 84."

A walk through Vevay showed to us, in a pleasing manner, that the local authorities seem anxious about preserving great order and neatness of appearance. We saw here what I observed nowhere else in the country—a stone pillar at each entrance to the place, on which was carved the name of the town, its division in the canton of Vaud, and its population, which is between four and five thousand. Exactness in such municipal arrangements is common in this part of Switzerland. The smallest village, inhabited by persons not above the rank of peasants, has its own managerial functionaries, and each is provided with a kind of market-place, at which is stuck up, within a trellis, all the public requisitions or announcements, so that none may plead ignorance of what concerns his public or private rights. As elsewhere in Vaud, the people seemed remarkably industrious, and business active. The staple trade of the district is in the wines produced from the adjoining hills; and to sustain and improve the quality of the liquor—which to me seemed a kind of thin Rhenish—no pains are spared. The indefatigable Murray gives the following graphic account of the exertions of the Vevayians in this important business:—

There exists at Vevay "a society or guild of very high antiquity, called *l'Abbaye des Vignerons*, whose object is to promote the cultivation of the vine; and for this purpose it dispatches every spring and autumn 'experts,' qualified persons, to survey all the vineyards of the district, and upon their report and testimony it rewards the most skilful and industrious vine-dressers with medals and pruning-hooks. In accordance with a custom handed down from very ancient times, which is possibly a relic of pagan superstition, this society celebrates once in fifteen or twenty years a festival called *la Fête des Vignerons*. It commences with the ceremony of crowning the most successful cultivator of the vine, which is followed and accompanied by dances and processions formed of lads and lasses of the neighbourhood, attired as fawns bearing the thyrsus, and nymphs. Father Bacchus in his car, and Ceres throned on a waggon filled with wheat-sheaves, appear in the most classical costume in the

midst of their followers. But the procession includes a singular mixture of scriptural characters along with these heathen bacchanals. Thus, Silenus riding on his ass is followed by Noah in his ark, and Pomona is succeeded by the spies from Canaan, bearing between them the bunch of grapes. A vine-press and a forge at work are also exhibited, drawn by five horses. On other days of the fête (for it lasts for several), the spectators are entertained with the native dances and songs of Switzerland, performed by the herdsmen and shepherdesses of the neighbouring Alps; and the concluding, and perhaps the most interesting, part of the festivities consists in bestowing upon a young maiden, the fairest in fame and form in the vicinity, a dower—and in the celebration of her marriage with a partner of her choice. As many as 700 persons took part in the last festival; and some of the ballet-masters of the French opera repaired hither from Paris, several weeks beforehand, to drill and instruct the rustics in dancing. The ground was kept by 100 young men in the picturesque ancient Swiss costume, which has been delineated by Holbein. The two last anniversaries were in 1819 and 1833, and multitudes of spectators flocked from all parts to witness them."

About two miles beyond Vevay, we arrive at Clarens—a straggling village, with a few tolerable houses amidst others of an old and humble order, having, within a few feet, the lake on the one side and the green cultured hill on the other, crowned with a chateau of comparatively modern date. Clarens is no way remarkable in its physical or social features, but enjoys no small notoriety in the regions of sentiment, from being the place where Rousseau resided for some time, and where he has fixed the imaginary scenes of his "New Heloise."

> "Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,
> The apostle of affliction—he who threw
> Enchantment over passion, and from woe
> Wrung overwhelming eloquence—first drew
> The breath which made him wretched; yet he knew
> How to make madness beautiful, and cast
> O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly hue
> Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they pass'd
> The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feelingly and fast."

Those who, like Byron, can sympathise with the feelings of a man who positively luxuriated in a world of ideal misery of his own creation, and rendered himself conspicuous more for the singularity than the soundness of his metaphysical speculations, will join in the impassioned sentiments uttered by the noble poet in his address to

> "Clarens, sweet Clarens! birthplace of deep love!"

But the every-day world looks more coolly on, and inquiring the character of the scenes depicted, will perhaps say with Scott, that Julie and St Preux were two tiresome pedants, in whose loves there was really nothing to interest any rational feelings.

Associations of sentiment, infinitely more truthful and exhilarating, are roused after passing Clarens, when the grey walls of the old castle of Chillon come prominently into view, at a short distance beyond Montreux, a neat old-fashioned village on the face of the hill. Disregarding Montreux in the meanwhile, we passed on to Chillon, which we found to stand almost entirely within the border of the lake; the outworks, in which was the gateway, being the chief portion on dry land, and immediately facing a high precipitous hill, partially covered with shrubs. A soldier of the canton on duty at the gate, and apparently the only male functionary, admitted us across the drawbridge, into the interior of the castle. The dimensions of the place surprised us. It consists of several open courts, environed by tall, rough-cast structures, of immense strength, and showing on all sides the character of a feudal fortress on a large scale. The castle was built in 1238, by Amadeus IV., Count of Savoy, as a bulwark for defence of his possessions, and what may be called a den whence he could conveniently make inroads on his neighbours. A victory gained by his son in a battle fought near its walls, in 1273, gave him the command of the Pays de Vaud; and hence this southern portion of Switzerland remained under the sway of the Counts of Savoy till wrested from them by the Bernese in the early part of the sixteenth century. For pretty nearly three hundred years, then, we have to look upon Chillon as having been the seat of a petty despot, who was governed by no law but his own capricious will.

Conducted over the massive buildings by a loquacious female keeper, we walked from apartment to apartment, up and down flights of stairs, and from court-yard to court-yard, viewing the excessive strength of the fabric and its gloomy recesses with no ordinary feeling of curiosity. In the lower or underground floor of the western wing, we were shown a well-like gap in the stone floor, which, we were told, had been once covered by a trap-door, which sunk on being trodden upon, and precipitated the unwitting prisoner into a deep dungeon beneath. This was a second version of the traditional murders of the Schloss of Baden-Baden, and may either be believed or not. I confess to a small degree of scepticism on the point. Leaning over the gulf, I certainly saw there was a horrid dungeon below as dark as a pit, but at the same time I observed the relic of a stone step near the floor on which I stood, and therefore greatly doubt the legend of the trap in all its fearful details. Leaving this part of the castle, we proceeded to the main body of the place, which is a heavy building overlooking the lake, and whose back windows command a view of the Savoy mountains on the south, and the gorge of the Valais, at Villeneuf, on the east. Here we were conducted through several halls, long since deserted and disfurnished, but still in good preservation, and showing on the ceilings and walls the remains of coats of arms, and other blazonry of their baronial possessors. The most interesting part on this side of the edifice is a suite of gloomy-arched vaults, entering from a lower level than the halls above, and which, from incontestible appearances, had been what tradition affirms they were—the prison dungeons of Chillon. The first two vaults we enter are said to have been guard-rooms; the next, which is more gloomy and damp, communicated at one time with the hall of justice overhead, by a stair now removed, and in its outer wall was a door, that most likely served as a private postern for exit or entrance by the lake. Immediately beyond this dismal apartment, which our conductress describes as the vault of execution, while she points out the relic of a gallows, we enter the last and much the largest dungeon in the series—the undoubted prison of Bonnivard.

No one who has read the "Prisoner of Chillon" of Byron, can enter the low-arched doorway of this dreary tomb of living men without emotion. It consists of two aisles, separated by a row of seven massive pillars of stone; the aisle on the right, as we enter, being hewn out of the rock, and that on the left being of arched masonry. The floor is altogether of rock, and worn into various hollows. The only light admitted is by a small window, so high up the wall that no one could see out except by climbing, and hence it could have afforded little solacement to the prisoners, more especially as the custom seems to have been to chain them to the pillars. On measuring the vault, by pacing, I found it to be fifty-two steps in length, and it was at about two-thirds of this distance from the doorway that Bonnivard, the last victim of the Duke of Savoy, was confined. On the side of one of the pillars, a strong ring is still attached, and the surface of the stone floor beneath is trodden into uneven forms by the action of footsteps. No poetic license has therefore been taken in the forcible lines—

> "Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
> And thy sad floor an altar; for, 'twas trod—
> Until his very steps have left a trace
> Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod—
> By Bonnivard! May none these marks efface!
> For they appeal from tyranny to God!"

The pillar thus connected with Bonnivard's imprisonment has been an object of curiosity to hundreds of visiters, both before and since the place was consecrated by the genius of Byron. We found it literally carved all over with names, chiefly French and English; and among these, Dryden, Richardson, Peel, and Victor Hugo, were conspicuous. Byron cut his name in strong characters, but some one has rudely disfigured it by a slash across. Supposing this to have been the spot to which Bonnivard was manacled, he could not, by any possibility, have seen the islet on the lake, referred to by the poet—

> "And then there was a little isle,
> Which in my very face did smile,
> The only one in view;
> A small green isle, it seemed no more,
> Scarce broader than my dungeon floor."

The depth of the lake has also been strained beyond the reality—

> "Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls,
> A thousand feet in depth below."

The actual depth is about three hundred feet, the surface of the water standing three or four feet above the level of the prison floor, and consequently rendering the place damp and miserable to its unhappy inmates. Bonnivard, as I have said, was the last who was here immured. Although prior of a religious establishment, he possessed exalted sentiments respecting civil liberty; and becoming obnoxious to the reigning Duke of Savoy, was seized and consigned to the vault which I have attempted to describe. There he lay for several years; and it must have been a joyful sound to hear the attacks of the Bernese forces by land, and of the Genevese galleys by water, which at length reduced this stronghold of tyranny, and gave liberty to its forlorn captive.

We now took our leave of this deeply-interesting spot, on our return to Lausanne, pausing on the way at Montreux—a small village, lying on the face of the hill a short way above the main road, in the midst of a wide extent of small fields, partly devoted to the culture of vines. I was very anxious to take a look of things hereabouts, and wished I could have spent some days either at Montreux or at Clarens—not to study scenes associated with the names of Julie and St Preux, but to study the appearance and supposable comforts of an imbrowned and hard-working set of peasantry. Possibly the reader is not aware that the parish of Montreux has for several years been viewed as something of a wonder, for its small proportion of births to population; and political economists have been quite at their wits' end to ascertain the true cause of so remarkable a phenomenon. Mr Laing, in his "Notes of a Traveller," has, I think, at last struck upon the truth—which he was enabled to do, not by living in London and theorising on the case, but by residing for two successive summers on the spot, and making himself familiarly acquainted with the details of this very intricate subject. As I propose some day to present an exposition of Mr Laing's views, I need not now embarrass the present article with any observations of my own on Montreux and its industrious cottage-farming community, and shall now consider the reader conducted back to Lausanne, whence our next excursion will be to the ancient city of Geneva.

NEW YEAR'S EVE IN A PAUPER LUNATIC ASYLUM.

[From the *Athenæum*.]

Having received, and most cheerfully accepted, an invitation to accompany a friend to an evening entertainment given, on the last day of the old year, to the pauper women in the County Lunatic Asylum at Hanwell, we started from town on Friday evening, just as the dull fog had thickened over Hyde Park for the night, and after a nine miles' drive in the dark, drew up at the lighted gates of the Middlesex mad-house, gave in our names, and walked into a bright, cheerful hall, leading by white stone passages to various parts of the house. Following one of these to the apartments of the resident physician, we found that the party had already met in a room below. We accordingly retraced our steps, and after threading several other passages, came to a door which opened into the gallery where the lunatics were assembled.

The momentary impression made by the sudden change from the coolness and quiet of the empty stone passage to the heat, and hum, and bustle of a long narrow gallery, dressed out with fresh evergreens, lighted with numberless candles, and lined from end to end with three hundred and fifty restless mad women, was simply shocking; but this first impression speedily wore away, and was followed by the conviction, which every other guest must have felt before he left the room, that the generous humanity which had prompted the system of which this entertainment was only the result, had placed every one of these harmless lunatics in the possession of as much happiness as her mind was capable of enjoying.

In the middle of the long vista of frilled muslin caps, evergreens, white walls, and mad faces, down which I looked on entering, was a piano, and a crowd of dancers figuring away at country dances as mirthfully and with as good a heart as if they had been sane. We walked slowly down the room to where the dancing was going on, watched by many eyes that you saw were mad the instant you caught them. A small proportion only of the women danced; the rest sat at the sides of the gallery on benches, laughing or talking to themselves, whispering to their neighbours, lost in sad reveries, or watching earnestly and distrustfully the scene before them; and here and there a face expressive of intense melancholy, as if the poor creature were pondering on some mental misery too heavy for her to bear, called you away from the listless expression of childish imbecility which characterised the bulk of the party. A few keepers were interspersed with the dancers, who helped to give spirit to the dancing; but it was really difficult at first to say who was keeper and who was not. Every one of them seemed to enter into the enjoyment of the dance with so much good will, with so plain an intention of being amused, and so much light-heartedness, that at a little distance, and with the exception of a slovenly method of moving their feet, you might have fancied they were so many country people dancing at a village wake or fair. There was no uniform or workhouse dress to mark them as the inmates of an asylum, but nearly as much variety in their dress as in that of an equal number of villagers.

The crowd altogether reminded me very much of a crowd of children. Wilful, natural, saying what they thought, careless or unconscious of other people's opinions, earnest in trifles, sincere without concealment, inquisitive, eager observers of every passing thing, and in continual fidgetty motion, you might have imagined yourself in a school of foolish overgrown girls. There were exceptions, of course, where excessive pride or inordinate vanity was the insane indication. The Queen of the Netherlands, for instance, proud as Lucifer, looked down upon you as if you were only dirt; and her equal in purse-pride, who carried a bag of gold—foreign money, she said, but the bank would know her pebbles were good foreign money, and would pass in the country she came from—was as conscious of her wealth as the sanest money-holder on the Stock Exchange. She stalked about in her poor straw bonnet and short sorry gown with a lofty stage pride, as if she had been the original goddess of plenty. Contrasted with her pride was the silly vanity of a feeble and somewhat delicate young person, who slipped in and out between the bystanders, and walked backwards and forwards incessantly, in a stealthy self-conscious way, wishing to attract attention, yet affecting to disregard it. She had been pretty once, was better dressed than the majority about her, and, instead of the common frilled cap, she wore her hair in bands, and had less of the kitchen-maid about her than the crowd that lined the walls. She was the wife of a professional man, gone mad, one would think, with excessive vanity. Whenever you looked at her she caught your eye, looked away suddenly with a complacent smile at having attracted notice, and walked on in her vain way, as if the eyes of all were waiting upon her. I thought I detected an expression of uneasiness at her being seen among so many common people. Many of them were very loquacious, and pleased at an opportunity of talking to strangers. A placid middle aged woman, of the Mrs Nickleby genus, with a weak flow of soft religious

words, and a still weaker stream of namby-pamby, told me innocently that she had a sweet heavenly host of pretty little seraphs, three inches long, pretty little creatures, that she fed and nourished; they were up stairs now, she said, but she had been burrowing in the ground after them in the morning, which was the reason why she was not quite so well as usual. Her earnestness and minute description of particulars showed how completely she was living in a world of her own, where she saw the seraphs she described. She was fully impressed with the notion that she was sane, and that the rest of the people were mad.

The music and songs played in the course of the evening were very well received by the patients, on some of whom they produced sadness, and on others unnatural gaiety. In the middle of one of the songs, to which all were listening very quietly, an earnest, voluble woman standing behind me, to whom all things seemed possible, whispered in my ear, with an air of familiar truth which was almost startling—"You know I've been in heaven, and the songs they sing there are better than that, I can tell you." It was taking her too literally, perhaps, to follow up such an assertion by any further inquiry; but her answer to the question, "What sort of music have they there?" was rather a singular one. She considered a moment, and then said, as if she had been merely recalling past impressions—"Why, common sense, to be sure." When the song was over, she walked away towards the end of the gallery, where a few patients sat who appeared slightly more irritable than the rest; and among these was a silent, feeble girl, having a look of dejected imbecility on her sharp coarse face, which seemed as if her spirits had been broken down by want. She was one of the numerous class of patients who had been confined in that cruel bondage of restraint-chairs, sleeves, strait-waistcoats, muffs, or leg-locks (how rare it is to call things by their right names), from which the judicious humanity of the physician and the magistrates had at length released her. Her wrists were deformed by the hard leather cases in which they had been confined; and so habituated had she been to wear them at night, that for some time after they were removed, she held up her hands to be bound whenever she went to bed. Now she was permitted to wander about as she pleased; and although, under the old system, she had been tied up to an iron bar, or a bench, or a heavy restraint-chair, as a dangerous maniac, she conducted herself this evening with propriety, listened to the piano with much apparent pleasure, or sat near some friend, to whom she seemed attached, watching, with a various expression of shyness, or sadness, or apathy, every stranger's face that she saw in the room. She was not the only instance of the happy effects of removing restraint. There were forty-seven persons present, all of whom had been previously confined in some way or other, who now behaved with as much decency as the harmless patients who were always at large.

Before the dancing had ended, Dr Conolly, whose illness had prevented him from seeing his patients for some time previously, and who, for the same reason, was unable to join the party earlier, made his appearance in the gallery, and went through it, noticing nearly every person as he passed with some appropriate kindness. I have never witnessed before so affecting a tribute to unassuming genius and worth as was paid by these pauper lunatics to their resident physician. With few exceptions, the women rose as soon as they saw him, and eagerly stepped out from their seats to shake hands with him, and ask him how he was, hoping that he was better, and wishing him a happy new year. Wherever he went, there was some proof of their respectful affection for him, if not in words at least in manner, or by voice or look, or by the cheerfulness caused by his merely coming among them; the sympathising courtesy with which they were received seemed to rejoice them no less than hearing he was better. "What a treat it is," I heard a hearty old woman whisper to her neighbour, when he was out of hearing, "to see the doctor about again!" and the same feeling was expressed in the faces of nearly all. It may well be conceived that so many marks of sincere regard in these helpless lunatics, joined with the ready tact and quiet forbearance which Dr Conolly showed with uncertain tempers, his cheerful familiarity with those who required encouragement, his courteous deference to mad vagaries, sympathy with whimsical complaints, gentleness and firmness where they were needed, and his friendly sincerity with all, were not seen without emotion; while, at the same time, it afforded the plainest proof of the wisdom and humanity of the present system of treatment at Hanwell, when carried out by such an instrument.

At nine o'clock the evening hymn was sung by all who chose to join, and the party broke up, with no other interruption than the loud sobs of one poor soul, who left the room crying like a great baby for "her doll." When the signal was given to go to bed, the women left the room as obediently as children, shaking hands and wishing good-night with much simplicity. Among the last to go was a poor Irish girl, who interested me exceedingly. She was a fine hearty creature, with a full round Irish face, a brogue, and soft mild eyes, which, while she smiled to herself, seemed full of wilful gaiety, and then, on a sudden, became very sorrowful, as if her mind were filled with some painful recollection far removed from the place or circumstances about her. She was an uncertain patient, it seemed, and occasionally became refractory; but to-night she was only in unnaturally high spirits, dashed with these sudden fits of sadness. When we were going away, she called out loudly, "Edward! Edward!" as if she expected him to come. She was supposed to have been the bride of a soldier who had married and then deserted her. She said, with inexpressible pathos, while a song was singing near her, "I had rather hear Edward play the guitar, than sit under a canopy of gold and have ten thousand a-year."

I find a difficulty in expressing what I felt on leaving this singular scene. Here were three hundred and fifty mad women, of whom perhaps no less than three hundred were incurably mad, having temper and dispositions requiring the most constant and rigid self-restraint to treat with proper forbearance, in some cases impatient of all restraint, listless spendthrifts of their time, or lazy and indifferent to the common every-day necessities of life, without the means or disposition of earning a subsistence, and either without friends or lost to them, or alienated from them by a malady worse than death, who were treated with a kindness and concern which they would not have met with, and perhaps could scarcely have expected, from their own kinsmen and friends. Instead of harshness, they find a charity which "suffers long and is kind:" where imprisonment and violence were once thought necessary, liberty with firmness, or with merely occasional seclusion, is all that is required; and apart from the melancholy incidents which must necessarily follow a pauper lunatic into an asylum, you find these forsaken people in the comfortable enjoyment of as large a measure of happiness as will ever be found consistent with their demented state. It must, indeed, have been a gratifying reflection to the men who have planned and are carrying out the scheme of benevolence which has already been followed by such results, that to their courageous perseverance and enlightened charity are these benefits to be attributed. Their services are *not* confined to Middlesex and Hanwell; they are trying a great experiment for the nation, in devotion to which a life would not be misspent; and the issue of that experiment will be, that at no very distant day a law will be passed making all restraints in every mad-house in the kingdom as illegal as they have been already proved to be mischievous and unjust.

DAGUERREOTYPE PORTRAITS AT THE ADELAIDE GALLERY.

It seemed sufficiently wonderful to have one's "portrait in little" limned by the sun in a few seconds; but now it is done instantaneously; a passing expression is transferred to a plate, and the "Cynthia of the minute"—or rather of the *moment*—is caught and clapped into a case in no time. This magical celerity in taking photographic likenesses by the Daguerreotype at the Adelaide Gallery, is the result of some improvement in the process recently made by M. Claudet, who has also greatly improved the pictorial effect of the miniatures, by the introduction of backgrounds: and he adopts a method of fixing the image peculiar to himself. The momentary quickness with which the likeness is taken prevents the necessity for retaining a fixed look and posture for a certain time: this is not only more agreeable to the sitter, but gives a life-like ease and vivacity to the photographic portraits: thus, the objections made to their stern and gloomy expression are obviated in a great degree; the most transient smile being reflected in the polished surface of the plate as in a mirror. The addition of a background of trees, architecture, or a library, takes away from the metallic effect of the plate, and gives to the miniature the appearance of an exquisitely finished mezzotint engraving seen through the wrong end of an opera-glass. This addition is made by simply placing a scene, painted in distemper in neutral tint, behind the sitter, and arranging the focus of the lens of the camera so that the upper part of the figure is shown: by diminishing the size of the head, the defects arising from an exaggeration of facial peculiarities are got rid of, and the salient points of the physiognomy are, as it were, concentrated: the fixing process, too, imparts a warm brownish tinge to the miniature, substituting the tone of a sepia drawing for the livid coldness of the metallic surface. The roof of the Adelaide Gallery is the scene of these operations, on which a chamber glazed with blue glass is erected, for use in cold and rainy weather: when it is fine, the sitter is placed in the open air under an awning, to screen the face from the glare of sunlight. Waiting your turn, and whiling away the time by trying to discern distant objects through the smoke, or looking at the steeple of St Martin's Church, that rises in bold relief before you, a courteous person invites your attention to a little square box that he holds, and placing it on a stand directly opposite to you, begs you to remain steady for an instant. He lifts up the little dark curtain that veils one side of the cube-shaped box, and lets it drop directly; you suppose there is something wrong—not at all—the thing is done; whatever your look was at that moment, it is transfixed on the plate; and you may go to the little laboratory where the process of "fixing" is performed, and, as the moisture of the preparation is evaporated from the surface, see what was the precise expression on your face at the time. There is your image, as though a diminishing glass had perpetuated the reflection—only without colour. But what a hand! surely you have not got such a huge fist: no; you happened to thrust it forward before the plane of the picture, and hence it has been taken under a different angle. You don't like to present a portrait with such a fist to the fair one to whom you have offered your hand; and you hesitate, though the likeness is so striking: M. Claudet perceives your embarrassment, and anticipating the objection, says, "Let us try again, if you please;" and the operation is repeated—ay, and a third time, if any accidental failure renders it necessary. Should you prefer it, a friend may share the operation; and at the same moment both phizzes will be transferred to the plate: we saw a loving couple taken in this way, nay, even groups of three; you may have a whole family enclosed in a couple of miniatures. The small size of the heads does not diminish the likeness: you might have a set of shirt-studs ornamented with portraits of your friends.—*Spectator*, *April* 16.

QUALITIES OF BAD PAPER.

In order to increase the weight of printing paper, some manufacturers are in the habit of mixing sulphate of lime, or gypsum, with the rag to a great extent. I have been informed, by an authority upon which I place great reliance, that some paper contains more than one-fourth of its weight of gypsum; and I lately examined a sample, which had the appearance of good paper, that contained about 12 per cent. The mode of detecting this fraud is exceedingly simple; burn 100 grains, or any given weight of the paper, in a platina or earthen crucible, and continue the heat until the residuum becomes white, which it will readily do if the paper is mixed with gypsum. It is certainly true that all paper contains a small quantity of incombustible matter, derived from accidental impurities, but it does not amount to more than about 1 per cent.; the weight, then, will indicate the extent of the fraud. Brande, the professor just quoted, also mentions a circumstance of a Birmingham button-maker, who had a large quantity of newly made buttons so much tarnished as to be unsaleable; and upon examining into the cause, it was found to be owing to there being left in the paper in which the buttons were wrapped up a considerable quantity of chlorine, or oxymuriatic acid, which is used in the bleaching. There are very few goods that would not be injured by the action of chlorine. A coloured paper manufacturer would find it difficult to fix any vegetable colour upon paper so impregnated, and the loss to him might be very serious. Great caution is therefore necessary in the purchasing of paper for such purpose.—*Magazine of Science.*

MUSTARD—WHITE AND BLACK.

The seeds of these indigenous annuals which have of late years attained such celebrity as a condiment, have been cultivated throughout Europe for an unknown period. The French call the plant *sénevé*, and confine the term *moutarde* to prepared table-mustard. Mustard, moutarde, mosterd, &c., are said to be all contracted corruptions of *mustum ardens* (hot must), the sweet must of new wine being one of the old ingredients in mustard prepared for dietetic uses, a practice still adhered to by the French. In moistening mustard powder for the table, both the flavour and appearance are improved by mixing with it rich milk; but this has the disadvantage of not keeping good for more than a couple of days. Professor Brande states, that what is usually sold as Durham mustard, is a compound of a little mustard seed, Cayenne pepper, wheat flour, and turmeric. According to a late analysis, both the yellow and brown mustard seeds contain indiscriminately, 1st, a soft fixed oil of a dark-greenish colour; 2d, a yellow volatile oil, on which depends the pungency; 3d, an albuminous vegetable principle; 4th, much mucilage; 5th, sulphur; 6th, nitrogen; and lately, Henry and Garot have discovered a peculiar acid, which they have named sulpho-sinapic acid; and hence is accounted for the reason of genuine mustard requiring to be made a few hours previous to use, in order that these principles may react on each other, and acquire the pungency and flavour which characterise good mustard, and serve to distinguish it from all those spurious articles sold under the name of mustard. Independent of its valuable properties as a condiment, it has been used as a remedial agent in many diseases from the remotest period. The great Boerhaave relates the case of a girl at Amsterdam, who, after taking a variety of medicines for chorea (St Vitus's dance), was at last restored to perfect health by the seeds of the white mustard (our common yellow mustard); and the same learned author states, that he found it an invaluable remedy in obstructions of the liver, indigestion, dropsy, and various other diseases. Its external use as a cataplasm to the feet, in determination of blood to the head, is so well known, as not to require any particular notice.—*Burnett's Outlines of Botany.*

TAKING CARE OF JUPITER.

The first consideration with a knave is how to help himself, and the second, how to do it with an appearance of helping you. Dionysius the tyrant stripped the statue of Jupiter Olympius of a robe of massy gold, and substituted a cloak of wool, saying, "Gold is too cold in winter, and too heavy in summer. It behoves us *to take care of Jupiter.*"—*Lacon.*

BANKING GENEALOGY.

Apropos of Sir J. Child, I have to remark, that he founded the firm which still retains his name at Temple Bar, and which, with the house of Willis, Percival, and Co., is considered to be about the oldest in London. Child's house is understood to possess documents which prove their existence as a bank as early as 1663, since which they have never moved out of the same premises. The books of Messrs Hoare, in Fleet Street, are said to go back to 1680; and those of Messrs Snow, in the Strand, to 1685. Stone, Martins, and Stone, of Lombard Street, claim to represent the house of Sir T. Gresham; but this, I presume, must be more a matter of tradition than of documentary evidence, and is principally noticeable as suggesting views of ancient descent upon the part of our commercial interests, which will bear a comparison with the genealogy of many noble houses.—*Banks and Bankers.*

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THE COUNTRY BELLE AND LONDON COQUETTE.

THE parsonage house of Farnley, with its tastefully arranged though not extensive grounds, was in one of the prettiest spots imaginable. Situated on a gentle acclivity, it overlooked a valley through which, like a silver thread in a serpentine path, flowed a certain river, which, as yet near its parent spring, seemed an emblem of infancy, alike unconscious of its growing strength and majesty, and of the storms that would fret and agitate its pure waters on a nearer approach to the ocean. Already, however, the merchant's barge, the ferry boat, or the pleasure yacht, floated on its calm surface; and the white sails of the last, gleaming between the varied blossoms of luxuriant fruit-trees, declared the river's course far beyond the point at which it might otherwise have been discernible. The horizon was bounded by a line of noble hills, while on the other side the spires of a market town, and several hamlets and villages, might, with a good eye, be traced with accuracy and distinctness. Adjoining to the parsonage was the village church, venerable both from its age and associations; in a word, the scene was thoroughly English: and Helen Morden, the vicar's daughter, might have been taken for the presiding deity of the place. It was one of those early summer days into which the freshness of spring had but just melted, when the odour of flowers, and the song of birds, and the brightness of sunshine, have yet the charm of novelty, in addition to their own sweet spell. Helen was seated on a rustic bench, shaded by the waving branches of a sycamore. A book was in her hand; but though a finger was between the leaves, it rested on her lap; her eyes were fixed on some distant object; but the mind was either conjuring, creating, a future, or looking back on the stores of memory. Ah! Helen, Helen, it was vain to think the fairy bird would entrance you now. A few months since, even so lately as when the Christmas log blazed upon the hearth, your bright intellect, unrusted by the breath of passion, might have roved delighted with the grand and gorgeous but unreal Spenser. But now you feel that his creations are not your fellow-mortals, but incarnations of abstract qualities—pure, great, beautiful, but marble cold. Still, the presence of love, the "unbidden guest," was as yet scarcely recognised by herself, though, in truth, he was there; and the fluttering of his wing it was that agitated her soul, that taught her imagination to wander in strange day-dreams, and that initiated her untried spirit in many mysteries of the human heart. And still her favourite volume remained in her hand unread.

The reverie of Helen Morden was disturbed by the quick step of her cousin, who had been for a few weeks a visiter at Farnley. There is no accounting for taste in matters of beauty. Some people greatly preferred Clara's *petite* figure and sparkling black eyes, to the deep blue orbs and the rich brown hair of her cousin; while others wondered that any one could look at such a little gipsy when the fair and dignified Helen was near. There is no accounting for tastes; and fortunate it is that they so much vary.

"Well, dear Clara, have you read all your letters? What news from London?" exclaimed Helen, as her cousin approached.

"A great deal too much."

"Too much! Why, I thought you measured your happiness by the number of letters you received from the gay metropolis; and you have declared breakfast the only endurable meal in the country, because then the post comes in."

"Don't teaze me, Helen."

"My dear Clara, what is the matter?"

"Do you want to know?"

"Not from idle curiosity; but if I can be of any service to you, pray tell me."

"I have been cheated—duped," rejoined the London lady. Then, after a pause, she continued—"I daresay, if the truth were told, you know perfectly well why my managing mamma sent me down here; for I know it was her doing that my uncle, your papa, invited me. To be sure, I have greatly enlarged my mind and added to my acquirements during the last month. I actually can distinguish a horse-chestnut from an apple tree, and I don't think I ever should mistake a goose for a turkey again. However, it was to forget instead of to learn that I was sent away; but you don't suppose, if I had really cared two pins about Captain Lennox, that I should have submitted so quietly—do you?"

"As you have never made me your confidant, Clara, I really know very little about the affair; but I understood your mamma was apprehensive you had formed an attachment of which she could not approve."

"And so enticed me out of the way till Henry Lennox's regiment had embarked for the West Indies, where, I daresay, he'll die of the yellow fever; but I shall not go into mourning if he does. Helen, you are such an inexperienced, prim, prudish ignoramus, that you will hardly understand what my plans were, if I explain them to you."

Helen smiled, in acknowledgment of the compliment, but repeated the word "plans" in a tone of interrogation. This was encouragement enough for the "London coquette," who really wished to unburden her mind; and she proceeded, beating her pretty little foot upon the gravel, to the evident detriment of a delicate and very inappropriate silk slipper, and—when she had seated herself beside Helen—twirling and furling her parasol with a gesture more indicative of ill temper than of very profound grief.

"I really did *like* Frederick Seymour; and, besides, there is only a puny child between himself and a baronetcy, and he is very rich already; and he is so handsome, and he drives such loves of horses; I could cry with vexation—that I could. He is going to be married to a demure little chit that nobody noticed. I have seen her sit out three quadrilles following—that I have; and all the while that he seemed desperately in love with me, and that I was trying to pique him by my flirtation with Henry Lennox, he was absolutely engaged to the odious little wretch, and concealing it only till he could obtain his uncle's consent to the marriage; for she is a nobody, and has not a farthing in the world. It is all arranged: the stupid old uncle is to give her away, and her future mother-in-law has taken a vast fancy to her, and presented her already with some of the family jewels. If he had married for money or rank, I should not have cared, because nobody would have believed it a love-match, and I should perhaps have had the credit of breaking his heart and driving him to desperation; but to think of my being cheated, duped, and buried here, while this fine scheme was hatching, is almost more than I can endure. But I'll be revenged. I'll marry some rich old man, and have a finer house and *as* stylish a carriage as Mrs Frederick Seymour."

Clara Frampton was almost out of breath, but she kept on a sort of running, though very independent, accompaniment to the warblings of a neighbouring blackbird. Helen was dumb from astonishment; her cousin's discourse was scarcely more intelligible to her than an unknown language would have been; and yet, by instinct, rather than any effort of reasoning, she felt that Clara's narration—confidence *she* called it—so far from enlisting her sympathies, had placed a gulf between them. We have hinted that to the pure, truthful, artless Helen, love was not unknown; nay, deeply, lastingly, had the sentiment taken root in her heart, and yet was it there,

"Like the last pale leaf in the rose-bud curl'd."

Never yet to the nearest and dearest had it found expression in words; there was profanation in the very thought; for *he* had not yet spoken his love in that prosaic but simple and satisfactory phrase, "Will you marry me?" And we must here digress to dwell for a moment on a somewhat delicate point.

Frank Staunton was worthy of the prize he had won—the heart of Helen Morden. He was the soul of truth and honour, but *perhaps* he erred in judgment when he refrained from uttering that same prosaic sentence; he might guard his lips from its delivery, but they spoke words more searching—more passionate. Oh! not unwooed, not lightly, had sweet Helen Morden been won; for many long months had every look, every word, every gesture, proclaimed the truth, "I love you;" and yet those words were unspoken; for Helen was portionless, and Frank was as yet too poor to marry. His prospects, however, were good; for he had studied for the bar, and was rapidly coming into notice, when a serious illness, brought on, it was said, by over-exertion, had so injured his constitution, that studies and mental occupations were prohibited, and he was recommended a quiet sojourn in the neighbourhood of Farnley. Thrown frequently into the society of the vicar's daughter, what could he do but love her? And he did love her as a high-minded man only can love; and when, with recovered health, he left the spot in which the poetry of his life was centred, the hope, the thought that she might be his, was the spur which henceforth urged him to exertion. Although his heart yearned for some sweet confession from her lips, his code of honour forbade him to seek it; and with an inconsistency, strange, yet frequent, he strove one moment to conjure to his memory every faint blush or kind word he could interpret in his favour, and the next to persuade himself that he had refrained from intimating his own feelings to her. In his defence, if a defence be needed, it must be owned he was not a vain man; and did not, like too many of his sex, fancy that every woman to whom he was tolerably civil must necessarily fall in love with him. If each had *known* how truly the other loved, how much of sorrow they might have been spared! Need we repeat, there could be no sympathy between the cousins?

We will own to a prejudice. We have an antipathy to a coquette; to be sure, there are different shades which distinguish the character—many species of the *genus*—but we have a suspicion that they are all destitute of genuine feeling, and abominably selfish and conceited; in short, we look upon only one creature as more detestable, and that is—a *male* flirt. Perhaps, however, one's ire might sink into contempt, if true coquettes were not mischievous as well as detestable; and it is to paint one phase of their sphere of action that this sketch is penned.

A year passed away; again is the earth gemmed with flowers—again is it bright spring. But the scene is no longer the pretty garden of Farnley, but a ball-room in London. Helen is on a visit to her cousin, tempted, by the wishes of many friends, to pass a "season" in the gay metropolis. She is more beautiful than before, for her mind has expanded, and her feelings have grown more intense, and their language is revealed in her countenance. She has met Frank

Staunton again, and her reason, as well as her heart, tells her she is beloved. "The world," too, has guessed shrewdly at their secret, though *still* it is unconfessed. A year had passed away, and Clara's "threat" or "promise" was unfulfilled. She was not yet married either to old or young, rich or poor; it is true, in that year she had had more flirtations than she could count, but still she was unmarried—unengaged. On the evening in question, which was passed at the house of rather a new acquaintance, she was decidedly out of temper. She was surprised at the notice her "country cousin" received, and disappointed that none of her own especial admirers were present. Helen was dancing, and *she* actually unprovided with a partner, when Frank Staunton arrived. He addressed himself to her, but she perceived where his eyes were wandering, and felt convinced that a bold stroke would be necessary to accomplish her scheme. It must be observed that, previously to Helen's arrival in town, Frank Staunton and Clara had become intimate, though, in fact, he had sought her society solely because her family was the only one in London where Helen was known and talked of with which he was acquainted. To sit out another dance was to Clara a sort of degradation or disgrace, which to think of was terrible, and yet the event seemed far from improbable. The truth was, there had been many disappointments; and though the party had not yet all assembled, the fair sex predominated. While Clara was pondering on such sad mismanagement, and looking almost ugly from ill temper, Sir Frederick and Lady Seymour arrived, the latter magnificently dressed; and notwithstanding Clara's former animadversions, this some-time "demure little chit" seemed now the queen of the room. They passed her with a bow; and, grown desperate lest they should see her for a moment neglected, she determined, at any risk, to keep Staunton by her side—at least until she could provide herself with another swain. The dance was just concluding, and she knew that a waltz would follow; if the band would but strike up at that moment, the game was in her hands; but the minutes that would intervene might be fatal, for she was well assured that Frank would seek her cousin the moment she was released. But when was a coquette ever at fault?

"Mr Staunton, do hold my gloves while I fasten this bracelet. No, you can't manage it; it is a most tiresome clasp." Of course there was nothing the matter with the clasp; but, at the price of breaking two perfect links, she kept Frank by her side until the waltz was played.

"Oh! that beautiful waltz; and I know no one here that will ask me to join in it. I think I shall stand up with a chair if no one does."

Could a gentleman resist so palpable a hint? Impossible; and of course the next minute they were among the giddy throng. Clara waltzed beautifully, and cared little how she had procured one of the best partners in the room. The vicar's daughter did not waltz, but she wondered that Frank Staunton had been so long in the room without speaking to her.

A ball-room has been compared to a field of battle, and really there are many points of resemblance. Fatal wounds are inflicted (by bright eyes), and decisive conquests are made. There are often sharp encounters (of wit and argument), and sometimes a running fire (of compliments); but the great point of resemblance consists in the fact, that the most important and occupied individuals in the *melée* are the least competent of all to give an account of the entire action, though they can describe very accurately their own evolutions. It is the looker-on, or the calm after-judge, who can best determine where the wave of one event touched upon the curve of another. Thus, Helen Morden's account of the evening would be briefly but clearly given somewhat in the following manner:—High hope and expectation of seeing and talking with Frank Staunton; a slight pang of jealousy at his close attendance on her cousin, followed by a rapid course of reasoning, which made her half-ashamed of the unworthy feeling; an animated intellectual conversation with an agreeable, but extremely plain and even deformed, person; and then a sharp pang of regret, that, when Frank Staunton did approach and ask her hand for the dance, she was pre-engaged, and hurried from him by her partner; then a wild beating at her heart as she observed the changes of his expressive countenance while he again discoursed with Clara. And afterwards, when he once more approached her, the consciousness that both were embarrassed; when they separated, her hand so trembled, that she could not give it with her accustomed frankness—and the waking hours, already extended, were yet to be, for her, prolonged; the morning sun was high in the heavens, and still poor Helen's aching temples throbbed upon a pillow wetted with her tears.

Frank Staunton was nearly, if not quite, as wretched. With Clara on his arm, he had overheard *a part* of the conversation between Helen and Mr Railton, which the coquette had dexterously distorted to further her own plans. Perhaps he was absolutely less jealous than diffident of his own merit (true love is never over-confident); and when Clara told him (the truth) that Mr Railton greatly admired Helen, he could not, for a moment, wonder at his taste; but when she hinted that, in consideration of his great wealth, her cousin might be inclined to overlook his age and unfortunate appearance, he defended her quickly and warmly. Clara was getting out of her depth, but there was a plank near, so she alluded to Mr Railton's talents and amiable qualities, and felt comparatively safe when she marked that Frank Staunton's countenance fell, and that there was scarcely a rejoinder. The real coquette—the cold-hearted selfish woman, such as we have known and are endeavouring to describe, whose deity is SELF, and at whose altar at first the trifling comforts, and by degrees the most vital interests, of every other human being may be sacrificed without regret—can never be very particular in the delicate matter of *truth*, and therefore it was quite natural that Clara should assert her belief that Helen was attached to Mr Railton. "Both were embarrassed" when, later in the evening, Frank and Helen conversed; and his was a common error, in mistaking timidity for coldness. The buckler of dark leaves which adds to its beauty, and shelters the blue violet from many a storm, also hides it from the careless observer; and just such a flower, with the shield of modesty, was sweet Helen Morden: who but a cold coquette could have had the heart to injure her?

Clara's scheme, aided in some measure by the circumstance of Helen's sudden recal to Farnley, partly succeeded. By some further manœuvring and misrepresentation, she *de*tached Frank Staunton from the hope and endeavour of winning her cousin, but she signally failed in *at*taching him to herself.

Perhaps there is no period of life in which the rapid flight of time, and the strange revolutions it brings about, are so keenly felt, as well as observed, as in youth; or rather during the first years when, leaving early youth behind, we mix in the world as men and women. It seems probable, that, to those whose lives are greatly prolonged, it must seem perfectly natural for the younger and stronger to fall into the grave before them, or to witness and participate in the strange revolutions of fortune's wheel. But, on the minds of the young, proportionally narrower as their scope of observation must be, these things make a lasting impression, teaching them, if the seed fall on good ground, a wisdom deeper than the wisdom of books; and making, in fact, the difference between the boy and the man, the girl and the woman. We left Helen Morden a girl, overwhelmed by her first real grief, shedding the first bitter tears wrung from the heart's agony: we take up her story three years later, when the ordeal was passed—when she was a feeling, thinking, but still pure and high-minded woman.

Helen's sudden return to Farnley was occasioned by the illness of her only parent, her father; and long and anxiously did she watch by his sick-bed. After a while he rallied, and even recovered sufficiently to resume for a few weeks his accustomed duties; but his constitution was impaired, and in less than a year Helen was an orphan. Mr Morden had no private fortune, and his living had not been a lucrative one; had he been spared a few years longer, his daughter might perhaps have inherited a competence; as it was, his savings only amounted to about three hundred pounds—a sum very acceptable as a resource in any future emergency, but of course quite inadequate as a permanent provision. There is a great deal of good feeling in the world (let a certain set of silly people abuse human nature as they will), and many were the kind friends who offered Helen assistance and protection in her affliction. She, however, had the good sense and the right pride to determine, by her own exertions, to be independent. Only, therefore, till she should have recovered a little from the shock of her father's death, and could procure a situation as governess, did she avail herself of a friend's invitation. That friend was Mr Railton's sister, with whom she had lately become intimate, and whose home, for many reasons, she preferred to that of her relatives in London. For nearly a twelvemonth did she remain under that hospitable roof, and left it at last, much against the wish of her hostess, to fulfil an engagement she had made in a family residing within thirty miles of London.

To the "coquette," three years passed in the terrible monotony of dissipation; for a course of what is called "gaiety" is about the most wearying occupation under the sun. To her own great surprise she was still unmarried; not that her flirtations had been "few or far between," for she had grown less exclusive than formerly; and even Captain Lennox, who, instead of dying of the yellow fever, had returned home with a yellow face, was now looked upon as an "eligible" person. He certainly had a sincere regard for her; and though the tear and wear of three London seasons, and as many visits to some racketing watering-place, had considerably dimmed her youthful beauty, he was certainly more attentive than ever. Latterly, too, Clara's manner had become subdued in his presence; though, whether such a coquette had really a heart to be touched, or that she was only anxious not to lose a last lingering "chance," is a problem not easily solved. With regard to poor Frank Staunton, Clara had found many opportunities in which, for her own pride's sake, to keep up the deception she had practised. The circumstance of Helen's visit to Mr Railton's sister she considered a most lucky event; and certainly, in the light in which she placed it, there was "confirmation strong" of all she had previously declared. Still, as time passed on, and more especially when he heard, many months after it occurred, that Helen Morden had commenced her duties as an instructress, he had some misgivings that he had judged her rashly. Fanned occasionally by the breath of hope, a love never extinguished seemed at intervals to illumine his heart; and though his profession, in which he was now actively employed, engrossed the chief energies of his mind, he had yet time to indulge in a little castle-building, and frame some plan for renewing his acquaintance with Helen Morden. Evil machinations have but a limited rule; and TRUTH was gradually asserting its enduring power, when an event, awful even to Clara Frampton, brought about the catastrophe.

It appeared that Clara had been the subject of conversation at a party where Captain Lennox was present; her coquetry had given rise to expressions not altogether respectful, and he, indignant at the remarks which were made, warmly resented them. The party consisted chiefly of military men, among whom a certain code of honour is more than tolerated. The dispute became personal, and a challenge was the result. Alas! in this Christian land, when will men learn to fear God more than the hollow frivolous reasoning of their fellow-men? When will strong opinion be loud and visible enough to chase crime from companionship with honour, and point to the duellist as a murderer?

Captain Lennox was mortally wounded, but lived long enough to send for Clara Frampton, avow his cherished love, and die in her arms. By this bitter and agonising trial, the better feelings of her nature at last were touched; the only man who had ever loved her, died defending her from insults she had brought on herself. It was when a burst of passionate tears had subsided into silent but deeper grief, that Clara Frampton hung over that narrow coffin, and *prayed* for power to amend her own faults. With repentance came the desire to atone, wherever it was possible; and the very day of the funeral, dressed in the mourning garb she *did* assume, she sent for Frank Staunton, and confessed the wicked deception she had practised. The generous know how to forgive, and he could not refuse his pardon to the penitent before him. She offered to repeat her confession to Helen; but whether he was willing at that moment to spare the wretched Clara any farther distress, or was actuated by more selfish feelings, we will not decide. All we know is, that, without an hour's delay, he mounted his horse, and rode in the direction of D——. He soon discovered the manor-house where Helen was domiciled, and by a silver "open sesame," found means to convey a note to her seeking an interview. A visiter to "the governess" was a most unusual event; and, in the shape of a very handsome aristocratic-looking personage of the other sex, was looked upon as a marvel. The children stared, and the servants smiled, and Helen trembled and turned pale. Is there need to go on, or to hint even how now and for ever Helen was to his heart and soul the embodiment of the most beautiful "idea" of which the human mind is capable—TRUTH. They have been married for years, and the poetry of life is still theirs, made real and substantial by those worldly blessings they so well deserve. Mr Railton, too, must not be forgotten. Instead of a lover, he has proved himself something rarer—a friend; and as he has now no near relations, it is thought Frank Staunton's children will inherit the bulk of his fortune.

GLACIERS—ASCENT OF THE JUNGFRAU.

THE icy coverings of the Alps have lately become the subject of new interest, in consequence of their appearing likely to afford some satisfactory information with regard to certain stony and earthy deposits on the surface of the earth, and particularly with regard to the existence of large boulders or detached masses of stone at great distances from the mountains, to which it is evident, from their material, that they have originally belonged. We do not here require to go into the particulars of what is now called the *Glacier Theory* of these deposits, for it has already been stated pretty fully in our columns. We only propose, on the present occasion, to direct attention to an able view of the constitution and whole phenomena of glaciers, which appears in the 151st number of the *Edinburgh Review*, and to an account of the recent ascent of the Jungfrau, presented in an equally recent number of the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*. The first of these papers is by Professor Forbes of Edinburgh—a youthful cultivator of science, remarkable for a singular activity of intellect, united to an extraordinary solidity and extent of knowledge. The second is by M. Desor, a young German naturalist.

The constitution of the ice-covering of an Alpine region, snowy and porous near the top, and more hard and condensed farther down—the constant movement of each section of this covering, down through its own hollow in the sides of the mountainous territory (such section being in fact a glacier)—the fissures or *crevasses* into which the glacier is broken—the collection of broken rock which it brings along on its surface—and the grinding and polishing effect which it has on the rock below—all these matters are fully treated by Professor Forbes, who, however, throws great doubt on the various explanations which have as yet been given as to the cause and manner of the movement. Of its character as a fact there can be no doubt, after what has been observed. For instance, a hut, reared by an investigator named Hugi, in 1827, at the foot of a particular height, was found three years after several hundred feet down the slope; six years later, it had moved in all 2200 feet. In 1839, Professor

Agassiz ascertained that this distance had in the interval been exactly doubled. It is also stated, that the ladder left at a particular spot by M. Saussure, in 1788, was found in fragments a few years ago several leagues below its original station. Mr Forbes therefore regards a glacier bearing stones on its surface as a kind of chronological chart. "It is an endless scroll, a stream of time, upon whose stainless ground is engraven the succession of events, whose dates far transcend the memory of living man. Assuming, roughly, the length of a glacier to be twenty miles (no uncommon case), and the velocity of its progression (assumed uniform) one-tenth of a mile, or 500 feet per annum, the block which is *now* being discharged from its inferior surface on the terminal moraine may have started from its rocky origin *two centuries* ago! The glacier history of 200 years is revealed in the interval, and a block ten times the volume of the greatest of the Egyptian monoliths, which has just commenced its march, will see out the course of six generations of men ere its pilgrimage, too, be accomplished, and it is laid low and motionless in the common grave of its predecessors."

Far up amongst the icy solitudes, the leaves of the trees which grow upon the plain many miles off, are found here and there resting in little hollows on the surface, having been driven thither by the violent winds which prevail at some seasons in those regions. In similar little hollows, "living animals are often found—small black insects which inhabit the snow or ice-cold water, and there propagate their species." It will be found afterwards, that on the few patches of bare rock at the summits of these lofty mountains, many miles from every other specimen of living vegetation, a few lichens are found growing. One remarkable feature of the glacier world is beautifully described by Professor Forbes. The surface, it appears, is almost every where seamed with the channels of little rills, the result of the partial melting produced during the day in summer. "These rills combine and unite into larger streams, which assume sometimes the velocity and volume of a common mill-race. They run in icy channels excavated by themselves; and, unlike the water escaping from *beneath* the glacier, being of exquisite purity, they are both beautiful and refreshing. They seldom, however, pursue their uninterrupted course very far, but reaching some *crevasse*, or cavity in the glacier, mechanically formed during its motion, they are precipitated in bold cascades into its icy bowels, there, in all probability, to augment the flood which issues from its lower termination. Nothing is more striking than the contrast which day and night produce in the superficial drainage of the glacier. No sooner is the sun set, than the rapid chill of evening, reducing the temperature of the air to the freezing point, or lower—the nocturnal radiation at the same time violently cooling the surface—the glacier life seems to lie torpid; the sparkling rills shrink and come to nothing; their gushing murmurs and the roar of their waterfalls gradually subside; and by the time that the ruddy tints have quitted the higher hill-tops, a death-like silence reigns amidst these untenanted wilds."

The Jungfrau is one of the loftiest and most conspicuous peaks of the Alps of Berne, and, till 1841, it had never been for certain ascended by any but a small party of guides. In the autumn of that year, Professor Agassiz, the eminent naturalist of Neufchatel, Professor Forbes, Professor Heath of Cambridge, and M. Desor, spent some weeks in exploring these wilds, when it suddenly occurred to them to make an attempt to ascend the Jungfrau. In this project they were encouraged by their guides, and the party was quickly reinforced by other two gentlemen, M. du Châtelier of Nantes, and M. Pury of Neufchatel, a student of theology. Their guides were of equal number, the principal being one of uncommon experience and sagacity, named Jacob Leuthold. Starting from the hospice of the Grimsel, they spent the first night at some chalets, or shepherd's lodges, at Moeril, at the head of the Valais, 6000 feet above the level of the sea. We must pass over the whole of this day's journey, excepting one extraordinary object. In descending some smooth fields of snow which stretch towards the Valais, they observed some small openings, which proved to be skylights in the roofs of a series of large chambers in the ice. In these they found an azure light of the most surprising transparency, beauty, and softness, being a reflection from the crystalline walls of the interior.

It was their intention to start about three in the morning, but they were detained two hours for a ladder, which they had to send for to some distance. A ladder is necessary in such expeditions, to serve as a bridge across fissures or rents in the ice. The morning proved extremely favourable, but owing to anxiety about the ladder, some of them had enjoyed no sleep during the night. When all were prepared, the leading guide, Jacob, called them all around him, and harangued them in the following terms:—"We should have set out at three o'clock; it is now five: these two hours we must make up on the plain of the glacier. Let us, therefore, advance at a quickened pace; those who do not feel strong enough to follow me must remain behind, for we will wait for no one." A leading guide, it appears, becomes in such circumstances a man of some authority. All professed to be eager for the expedition. They ascended to the glacier of Aletsch. To continue, in the words of M. Desor—"It is reckoned six leagues from the place where we mounted the glacier to the point where the ascent becomes steep; but we were so influenced by Jacob's exhortation, that we accomplished the distance in less than four hours. We arrived at half-past nine at the snow-fields, which commence with the ascent. It was here that we made our first halt, at a place which we called the Repose, because the passage we had made, and the immense heights which rose in stages in front of us, naturally invited us to take some refreshment. The Repose is one of the most beautiful situations on a glacier that can possibly be met with. We here find ourselves in front of an immense amphitheatre, in which five great confluent branches of the glacier of the Aletsch become confounded with each other. Two of the most considerable of these occupy the background. They descend, one from the sides of the Jungfrau—and it is this which many travellers name the Glacier of the Jungfrau—and the other from the summit of Mönch. To the west of the Repose, on our left, a vast hollow ran downwards between the Jungfrau and Kranzberg, and in this we distinguished a series of terraces rising one above another: it was by this we were to ascend.

We left at the Repose the greater part of our provisions, carrying with us only a little bread and wine, some meteorological instruments, and articles of different kinds; among others, a ladder, a hatchet to cut steps, and a cord to tie us together. It was ten o'clock when we set foot upon the first plateau of snow; an hour after mid-day, we hoped to be on the summit, if no accident occurred; some of us even thought that we should reach it in two hours. Contrary to our expectations, we at first found the snow not in a very favourable state; it was neither sufficiently compact, nor covered with a crust thick enough to bear us, so that we sunk very deep, in many places up to the knee. We soon came to the fissures, which are every where frequent where the declivities begin to become steep. We saw some of them here nearly one hundred feet wide, but they were not very continuous, so that we were able to go round them; or else they were masked, and in that case our guides had to use the greatest caution to guard us from danger. On this account we advanced much less quickly than we wished, and, in spite of all precautions, many of us sunk down, but without sustaining any injury. In this way we scaled many terraces; and always directing our course westward, we arrived at a vast expanse, commanded on all sides by mighty peaks, the highest of which was the Jungfrau. Jacob made us halt here a second time, no doubt for the purpose of reconnoitring the ground. With regard to ourselves, we saw nothing but insurmountable difficulties on all sides: on the right, vertical precipices; on the left, masses of ice, which threatened to crush us by their fall; and in front, the Great Fissure, to all appearance impassable, so widely did it yawn. It was now near mid-day; the heat was excessive; and the guides, in order to refresh themselves, placed handfuls of snow on the nape of their necks. Many of us did the same, in spite of the remonstrances of others, who, alarmed at such imprudence, forgot that, in these elevated regions, the material organism, as well as the moral nature, is much more independent of hurtful influences than in the plain. The reflection of the light from the snow was likewise most intense, and almost insupportable. We proceeded straight in the direction of the Great Fissure, which we reached after surmounting a fourth terrace. It is a gulf of unknown depth, opening upon the declivity of the last terrace but one, and penetrating somewhat obliquely into the snow; in no place is its breadth less than 10 feet, so that there is no means of crossing it without a ladder.

Our ladder was 23 feet long; it was consequently more than sufficient to stretch across the Great Fissure. But immediately above the latter, the steepness of the terrace was fearfully great for the space of about 30 feet; and, moreover, the snow, which had hitherto been very incoherent and almost powdery, had suddenly become of extreme density—to such a degree that the guides were obliged to cut steps. Our courage was here put to the first proof. Jacob and Jaun were the first to mount. When they were half way up the terrace, they let down the rope to us; holding it by one of the ends, and the other being fixed to the ladder, it served us as a kind of stair. All of us, in this way, arrived at the summit of the terrace without mishap, but not without difficulties. There now remained only one eminence for us to surmount, in order to reach to Col du Rott-thal [a neck of the mountain about 800 feet below the peak]. The soft snow had again replaced the hard snow of the steep ascent, so that we walked with the greatest ease. But when we arrived at the centre of the last terrace, which we went along in a sloping direction, we encountered another fissure, which seemed as if it would stop our progress; it penetrated, like the Great Fissure, obliquely into the mass of the snow, so that one of its walls was thinner than the other, and ran beneath it—a circumstance which rendered the passage more difficult. As Agassiz, Jacob, Juan, and I, had gone a little in advance, while our companions were still engaged in climbing the first ascent, I proposed that we should wait for them, that we might at least get the rope. Jacob thought we could pass it well enough without this precaution. In fact, he found a place where the fissure was sufficiently narrow to allow him to stride over it; after having done so, he stretched out his hand and assisted us to do the same. While three of us were standing on the edge of the northern lip of the fissure, we witnessed a very extraordinary occurrence. We suddenly heard a dull crackling noise beneath us; at the same time the mass of snow on which we stood sunk about a foot. The guide, Juan, was at this moment on the other side; and upon hearing the noise, he saw, simultaneously, the space which supported us sink down. He was so alarmed, that he cried out to us—'*Um Gottes Willen, schnell zurück!*' (In God's name, return quickly!) Jacob, on the contrary, far from allowing himself to be disconcerted, told him instantly to hold his tongue; and making a sign to us to follow him, he continued the ascent at a quickened pace, repeating, in his Haslian dialect—'*Es ist nüt; Ganget numme vorwärts!*' (This is nothing; always go forward.) Although we had great experience in glaciers, and were in some degree familiarised with all the dangers they present, I must, however, confess, that at this moment I felt my heart beat quicker than usual. Our other companions joined us a few minutes after; they crossed the fissure and the place that sunk without difficulty, having no suspicion of the adventure that had occurred to us. It was two o'clock when we arrived at the Col de Rott-thal."

There now remained by far the most arduous part of this undertaking. The part of the mountain above this col, or resting-place, is about a thousand feet in height, and rises in a slope as steep as the roof of an old-fashioned house, being at an angle of about forty-five degrees. This slope is enveloped in a thick case of hardened ice, clear and slippery on the surface. On commencing the ascent, our travellers found it necessary to have a hollow cut by the guides for every footstep they took. Of course, any one diverging in the least from this path, would have been precipitated to the bottom. To add to the difficulty, the cold increased, and the party were wrapped for a while in dense mist. They were upwards of an hour in gaining a point near the summit, which they then saw at the distance of about twenty feet, with nothing intervening but a steep-sided ridge, gradually rising towards the opposite extremity. To reach it seems to have been precisely an adventure like that of a slater moving along the top of a house—there being only this difference, that the top of the Jungfrau is covered with ice and snow, and its sides many hundreds of feet steep-down, without resting-place of any kind.

M. Agassiz thought it would be impossible to walk along such a place; but the fearless Jacob quickly showed how it could be done, by planting his feet on one side, and his pole on the other, leaning across the edge, till he got to the very peak. With some coaxing, like that of a bird with her young, he succeeded in inducing the rest to follow. Each, after passing to the peak, returned singly to the lower point. "Agassiz," says M. Desor, "remained upon the peak nearly five minutes, and when he rejoined us, I saw that he was greatly agitated; in fact, he confessed to me that he never experienced so much emotion. When I was on the summit, I could not prevent myself, any more than Agassiz, from giving way to great emotion at a spectacle of such overpowering grandeur. I remained only a few minutes; long enough, however, to remove any fear that the panorama of the Jungfrau will ever be effaced from my memory. After examining attentively the most prominent points of this unique picture, I hastened to rejoin Agassiz, for I feared lest an impression so powerful should deprive me of my usual confidence; I had need of grasping the hand of a friend; and I venture to say, that I never felt so happy in my life as when I had seated myself by his side on the snow. I believe that both of us would have wept had we dared; but a man's tears ought to be modest, and we were not alone; and such is the strength of the habits which society makes us contract, that, at the height of 12,000 feet, there was still a regard to etiquette!

It is not the vast field which the eyes embrace that constitutes the charm of these views from elevated mountains. The experience of the preceding year on the Col of the Strahleck, had taught us that distant views are, in general, very indistinct. Here, from the summit of the Jungfrau, the outlines of the distant mountains appeared to us still less accurately defined. But even had they been as distinct as the line of the Jura, seen from an eminence in the plain, I believe that they would not long have attracted our attention, so fascinated were we by the spectacle presented by our immediate neighbourhood. Before us lay extended the Swiss plain, and at our feet the anterior chains were piled up in stages; and they seemed, by their apparent uniformity, still farther to increase the size of the mighty peaks which rose almost to our level. At the same time, the valleys of the Oberland, which, at the moment of our arrival, were shrouded in thin mists, could be descried in many places, and we were thus allowed to contemplate the lower world, in some measure, through the openings.

On the southern side, the view was intercepted by the clouds, which had been collected for some hours on the chain of Mont-Rosa. But this disappointment was more than compensated by a very extraordinary phenomenon. Thick mists had accumulated on our left, in the direction of south-west. They always rose from the bottom of the Rott-thal, and began to extend to the north upon the mountains which separate this valley from that of Lauterbrunnen. We were beginning to fear that they would envelope us a second time, when they suddenly stopped at some feet from us, no doubt from the effect of some current of air from the plain, which prevented their extending

farther in this direction. Thanks to this circumstance, we found ourselves all of a sudden in presence of a vertical wall of mist, the height of which was estimated at 12,000 feet at least, for it penetrated to the bottom of the valley of Lauterbrunnen, and rose many thousand feet above our heads. As the temperature was below the freezing point, the minute drops of the mist were transformed into crystals of ice, which reflected in the sun all the colours of the rainbow; one would have said that it was a mist of gold which sparkled around us. It was a spectacle at once terrible and attractive.

When we had all again returned to the elbow or projecting angle mentioned above, Jacob poured out a glass of wine for each of us, and we drank with great feeling to the health of Switzerland."

After some remarks on the form of the mountain, M. Desor proceeds to state, that the thermometer sunk to 26 degrees Fahrenheit, but they did not feel the cold.—"The sky over our heads was perfectly clear, and of so deep a blue that it approached to black; we endeavoured to discover the stars in it, which are said to be visible during the day at great heights, but we did not succeed. It has been pretended that this deep tint is only the effect of the contrast with the snowy surfaces which surround the observer on all sides. But if this were the case, the intensity of the hue would be equal in every part of the celestial vault. Now, this is precisely what did not take place.

To our great surprise, we discovered on the surface of the exposed rock, as well as on the fragments detached from it, many lichens in a very fresh state, some of which occupied a surface of many inches in diameter. We could not expect to find living beings at such a height; it seemed that even the Podurella of the glaciers did not ascend thus far, for we did not meet with one. To make up for this, we perceived a hawk hovering in the air above our heads. One would have said that our presence excited its curiosity, for it described many circles around us.

There is another point on which it remains for me to say a single word, and that is, the influence of the air, in elevated situations, on the human frame. Many naturalists and physiologists will doubtless expect that some new facts were observed by us; but I must confess, that during the whole time we were on the summit, and also during the ascent, we experienced none of those occurrences, such as nausea, bleeding at the nose, ringing of the ears, acceleration of the pulse, and so many other inconveniences which those who have ascended Mont Blanc tell us they were subject to. Must we ascribe this to the difference of 1500 feet, which there is between the height of Mont Blanc and that of the Jungfrau? Or rather, should we not seek the cause in the habit we had contracted while living for many weeks at the height of near 8000 feet?"

After fixing a pole with a handkerchief upon it in the snow of the peak, the party commenced their descent at four o'clock. The steep slope down to the Col de Rott-thal had to be descended backwards, foot after foot being carefully retraced in the steps formerly cut by the guides in ascending. This part of the journey occupied a full hour, and it must have been one of great peril. The remainder of the descent was performed without any remarkable difficulty or adventure, and a little before midnight, they regained their lodgings at the Mœril chalets.

LIFE AND POETRY OF ROBERT NICOLL.

Robert Nicoll died in the latter part of the year 1837, in his twenty-fourth year, after having drawn some attention to his name by the publication of a volume of poems, and the able and ardent style in which he conducted, for a short time, an English provincial newspaper. A second edition of the poems, containing many pieces not before published, and having a memoir of the author prefixed, has been, with a characteristic disinterestedness, presented to the public by Nicoll's early patron and best friend, William Tait of Edinburgh. From this volume, we learn that Mr Nicoll was emphatically a child of poverty. His father, a small farmer in the parish of Auchtergaven, in Perthshire, "had become security, to the amount of five or six hundred pounds, for a connexion by marriage, who failed and absconded; and the utter ruin of his own family was the almost immediate consequence. He gave up his entire property to satisfy the creditors of this individual; he lost even the lease of his farm, and, with his wife and several young children, left the farm-house, and became a day-labourer on the fields he had lately rented, with nothing to sustain his wife and himself save the consciousness of unblemished and unblamed integrity. Robert Nicoll was thus, from the date of his earliest recollection, the son of a very poor man, the inmate of a very lowly home, the eldest of a struggling family. Field labour was the daily lot of his father, and, at certain seasons of the year, of his mother also, as far as was compatible with the care of her young and increasing family; and the children, as soon as they were considered fit for labour, were one by one set to work. Yet that goodness and mercy which temper the severest lot of the virtuous poor, were around them; and at the lowest ebb of their fortunes, many of the best blessings of life must have mingled with and sweetened their toils and hardships. That could not have been other than a cheerful as well as a happy home and hearth, from which sprung the germs of Nicoll's poetry—his songs, his descriptions of rustic manners, and his portraits of rustic contemporaries."

Like Tasso, he could speak at nine months, and read before he was five years old; his education being almost solely the gift of a mother whose character seems to have included much of the heroine. The southern reader will be surprised to hear of a boy herding cows, and in that situation reading the classic productions of English intellect, hired by his own earnings from a parish library. From eight years of age, this studious boy had to depend entirely on his own resources for support. At about thirteen, when already he had begun to write in verse, he *bound himself* apprentice to a wine-merchant and grocer in Perth, and he seems to have all but served out the full period of seven years. A keen and fiery genius, which had not passed through the brakes of poverty without some exasperation from its thorns, came to maturity at the time when the cry for reform was making soberer men frantic, and he eagerly imbibed the most extreme of what are called radical politics. His opinions generally were such as a youth in his situation, self-educated, uncorrected by intercourse with more experienced and deep-read men, and perhaps a little spoilt by flatterers of his own order, is but too apt to form. By and by, he scribbled for newspapers and spoke in debating clubs; and he was little more than twenty when his writings made him known to literary persons in Edinburgh, who could appreciate his talents. Meanwhile, the poverty of his family continued the same, though his noble-minded mother made every exertion to stem it. With something less than twenty pounds, raised by this excellent woman, the young poet commenced business with a circulating library at Dundee—a line of life which rather favoured than obstructed his literary pursuits. The concern was necessarily a small one, and its profits extremely limited: to help him on, his mother, though living thirty miles off, saved him some otherwise unavoidable domestic expenses, and sent him from her humble home regular supplies of the oaten bread which frugal Scotland still largely uses. How striking a contrast is presented by these circumstances to the style of mind which must have existed both in Nicoll and his mother, as evinced by the following extract from a letter addressed by the one to the other in February 1836:—"That money of R.'s [the money borrowed that he might commence business] hangs like a millstone about my neck. If I had it paid, I would never borrow again from mortal man. But do not mistake me, mother; I am not one of those men who faint and falter in the great battle of life. Cowardly is that man who bows before the storm of life—who runs not the needful race manfully, and with a cheerful heart. If men would but consider how little of *real* evil there is in all the ills of which they are so much afraid—poverty included—there would be more virtue and happiness, and less world and mammon-worship on earth than is. Half the unhappiness of life springs from looking back to griefs which are past, and forward with fear to the future. That is not my way. I am determined never to bend to the storm that is coming, and never to look back on it after it has passed. Pain, poverty, and all the other wild beasts of life which so affright others, I am so bold as to think I could look in the face without shrinking, without losing respect for myself, faith in man's high destinies, and trust in God. There is a point which it costs much mental toil and struggling to gain, but which, when once gained, a man can look down from, as a traveller from a lofty mountain, on storms raging below, while he is walking in sunshine. That I have yet gained this point in life I will not say, but I feel myself daily nearer it."

The most assiduous industry, perfect purity of life and heart, and the kind wishes of many friends, could not ensure bread to the poet in his present situation. He continued in it a twelvemonth, and during that time published his poems, which received much favourable notice from the press, and made him extensively known. The fame which he thus acquired, joined to the exertions of his friend Mr Tait, obtained for him the situation of editor of the *Leeds Times*, and he removed accordingly to that town. He entered the field of his editorial duties as a young Chippeweyan flings himself amongst his enemies in his first battle. His writings displayed a boldness and energy which were only the more striking from the strong evidences which the author gave that his heart was in every word he uttered. Amidst a host of oppressive duties, he remembered an early attachment, and made its young and amiable object his bride. But studies pursued in boyhood, when tired nature called for recreation, and an incessant subjection now to the excitement and exhaustion of newspaper life, undermined the constitution of the young bard, and he sunk under consumption before he had been an editor much above a year.

Nicoll was a youth of gentlemanlike appearance, slender in figure, with pleasing features, and a pair of large dark eyes, which Mary Howitt declared to be the finest she had ever seen. Though he was, in some circumstances, jealous and reserved, kindness readily brought out at any time all the native softness and suavity of his character. His aspect and demeanour spoke strongly of that nervous temperament which gives such an impetus to the mental organisation, and is so apt to wear it out, and "fret the pigmy body to decay." The bulk of his poetry, accordingly, appears rather the emanation of ardent and enthusiastic feeling, than of any of the deeper sources of thought. He is the Körner of the young, lowly, and aspiring—the class to which he himself belonged. It is this class of his poems which are the most original and expressive: we think he fails, comparatively, in the descriptive, and more decidedly so in the attempts which he has made at the delineation of rustic character and life in his native dialect. Yet, even in the latter style, he wrought many good verses, as in the following piece, entitled *Our Auld Hearthstane*:—

"Where ance the cosie fire was bien,
The winter rain-drap owrie fa's;
My father's floor wi' grass is green,
And roofless are the crumblin' wa's.
Auld thochts, auld times, upo' my heart
Are backward rowin' ane by ane:
We'll bow our houghs, and hae a crack
About them on our auld hearthstane!

Our laigh cot-house I mind fu' weel:
On ae side mither spinning sat,
Droning auld sonnets to her wheel—
And purring by her side the cat.
Anent was sair-toil'd father's chair,
Wha tauld us stories, sad and lane,
O' puir folk's waes, until we wish'd
Them a' beside our cosh hearthstane.

And when the supper-time was o'er,
The Buik was tane, as it should be,
And Heaven had its trysted hour
Aneath that sooty auld roof-tree:
Syne ilka wean was sung to sleep
Wi' sangs o' deeds and eages gane;
And rest was there until the sun
Cam' blinkin' on our auld hearthstane."

The most characteristic style of Nicoll is seen in such poems as that entitled *Thoughts of Heaven*, which we quote entire:—

"High thoughts!
They come and go,
Like the soft breathings of a list'ning maiden,
While round me flow
The winds, from woods and fields with gladness laden:
When the corn's rustle on the ear doth come—
When the eve's beetle sounds its drowsy hum—
When the stars, dew-drops of the summer sky,
Watch over all with soft and loving eye—
While the leaves quiver
By the lone river,
And the quiet heart
From depths doth call
And garners all—
Earth grows a shadow
Forgotten whole,
And Heaven lives
In the bless'd soul!

High thoughts!
They are with me
When, deep within the bosom of the forest,
Thy morning melody
Abroad into the sky, thou, throstle, pourest.
When the young sunbeams glance among the trees—
When on the ear comes the soft song of bees—
When every branch has its own favourite bird
And songs of summer, from each thicket heard!—
Where the owl flitteth,
Where the roe sitteth,
And holiness
Seems sleeping there;
While nature's prayer
Goes up to heaven
In purity,
Till all is glory
And joy to me!

High thoughts!
They are my own
When I am resting on a mountain's bosom,
And see below me strown
The huts and homes where humble virtues blossom;
When I can trace each streamlet through the meadow—
When I can follow every fitful shadow—
When I can watch the winds among the corn,
And see the waves along the forest borne;
Where blue-bell and heather
Are blooming together,
And far doth come
The Sabbath bell,
O'er wood and fell;
I hear the beating
Of Nature's heart:
Heaven is before me—
God! Thou art!

High thoughts!
They visit us
In moments when the soul is dim and darken'd;
They come to bless,
After the vanities to which we hearken'd:
When weariness hath come upon the spirit—
(Those hours of darkness which we all inherit)—
Bursts there not through a glint of warm sunshine,
A wing'd thought, which bids us not repine?
In joy and gladness,
In mirth and sadness,
Come signs and tokens:
Life's angel brings
Upon its wings
Those bright communings
The soul doth keep—
Those thoughts of Heaven
So pure and deep!"

Lines like these, written by one who had only ceased to be a grocer's apprentice three years when he died,

are, we verily think, something of a wonder. As a specimen of his softer strain, the reader will be pleased with *The Nameless Rivulet*, an idea perhaps suggested to him by one of a few very poetical lines in Home's *Douglas*—

"Or by some nameless stream's untrodden banks."

"We met within a Highland glen—
Where, wandering to and fro
Amid the rushes and the broom,
A pilgrim thou didst go.
Tripping betwixt thy gowany banks
I heard thy tinkling feet,
While with thy solitary voice
The primrose thou didst greet!

Then, nameless stream, I imaged thee
A pure and happy child,
Whose soul is fill'd with guileless love,
Its brain with fancies wild;
Which wanders 'mid the haunts of men,
Through suffering, care, and fear,
Pouring its waking thoughts and dreams
In Nature's faithful ear!

Like brothers, streamlet, forth we fared,
Upon a July morn,
And left behind us rocky steep,
And mountain wastes forlorn.
Where'er thy murmuring footsteps stray'd,
Along with thee I went;
Thy haunts were Nature's fanes, and I
Was therewith well content.

Adown by meadows green we roved,
Where children sweet were playing,
We glided through the glens of green,
Where lambkins fair were straying.
We linger'd where thy lofty banks
Were clad with bush and tree,
And where the linnet's sweetest song
Was sung to welcome thee.

Then came the forest dark and deep;
As through its shade we went,
The leaves and boughs, with foliage bow'd,
Were with thy waters blent.
And through the leafy vale the sun
Fell lone and fitfully,
To kiss thy waves, that from the hills
Came flowing on with me.

And when we left the wild-wood's shade,
From fields of ripen'd grain
The reapers' song came sweetly down,
And thine replied again.
Away we went by hut and hall,
Away by cottage lone,
Now lingering by a patch of wood,
Now moving heedless on!

Where praying monks had been we pass'd,
And all was silent there,
Save when thy voice the echoes waked,
Which heard the hermit's prayer.
We pass'd by thickets green and old,
By craggy rocks so steep,
And o'er leaf-shadow'd waterfalls,
We cheerily did leap.

And then a spot upon us burst,
Where hills on either side
Rose up, all clad in coppice-wood,
Which rock and steep did hide.
The ivy clasp'd each stone and bush
Thou flow'dst along between;
While rock and river, bird and flower,
Fill'd up the glorious scene.

By happy homes of toiling men,
We this sweet day have pass'd,
And have enjoy'd each sight and sound,
As though it were our last:
And now we loiter lazily
Beneath the setting sun;
My journey ends when starlight comes—
Thine is not well begun!

Now, Highland streamlet, ere we part,
Which didst thou love the best
Of all we've seen since, silently,
We left thy Highland nest?
Lovest thou best the meadow green,
Or Highland valley grey?
Or lovest thou best, by hazel braes,
At eventide to stray?

Or dost thou love where forest trees
Thy little waves are laving?
Or wealthy fields, where golden grain,
Ripe, to the sun, is waving?
The rustle of thy fleety foot
Upon my ear doth fall—
Thou stream, like this full heart of mine,
Dost dearly love them all!

Without a name, and all unknown,
Fair streamlet though thou art,
Be still unchristen'd! but I'll keep
Thy murmurs in my heart.
My story of thy pilgrimage
Will to the careless tell
How much of love and beauty in
Unnoted things do dwell."

One anecdote before parting with this interesting volume. When the young poet became seriously ill at Leeds, his mother paid him a visit. On this point, the biographer has the following note, which must send a thrill through every bosom:—"There is much false and injurious delicacy among all the ranks of British society, in speaking of pecuniary matters; yet it would be almost a sin against the finer humanities, if this absurd feeling were to lead to the suppression of an anecdote of Nicoll's mother, which, besides being characteristic of the woman, illustrates the noble character of the peasant-matrons of Scotland. The Nicolls, it need not be told, were a very poor family; the mother nobly struggling to educate her children, and, by this means, to raise their condition to the level from whence misfortune alone had driven them. Mrs Nicoll had by this time acquired some little property, solely by her own exertions and industry; but she had no money to spare to defray the necessary expenses of a journey to Leeds, where her son lay, as she must have feared, dying, and languishing to see her. When a friend afterwards inquired how she had been able to incur this expense, as poor Robert was in no condition to assist her even to this extent, her blunt and noble reply was—'Indeed, Mr ——, I shore for the siller.' Her wages, as a reaper, her 'harvest fee,' was the only means by which she could honestly and independently fulfil her beloved son's dying wish, and accomplish the yearning desire of her own heart. It would indeed be a sin against whatever gives Scotland her proudest distinction among the nations, to suppress this anecdote of Robert Nicoll and his mother. It reveals things to which wealth and grandeur may in reverence bow their heads!"

THE BOX-SEAT MAN.

Most people who have been in the habit of travelling a good deal by stage-coaches, will have observed, it is presumed, that, go as soon as they might to the starting-place, they have invariably found that the best outside seat, namely, the box-seat, or seat beside the driver, has been already secured by some fortunate individual; the fact of its being so secured being intimated, not by the personal presence of the said fortunate individual, but by that of his representative, in the shape of a many-caped drab greatcoat, which is formally displayed on the much-envied seat, for the express purpose of proclaiming prepossession, and thus preventing all attempts at appropriation.

If you are yet but green on the road, that is, if you have not yet been much in the way of stage-coach travelling, this constant pre-occupation of the box-seat by some particularly lucky person will, in all probability, puzzle you a good deal for a time. You will be unable to conceive who or what the mysterious owner of the many-caped drab greatcoat can be, and will be much at a loss to understand how he contrives to have his greatcoat *always* so timeously deposited on the much-desired seat, since, as already remarked, come as early as you please, the many-caped coat is sure to be before you.

An interest, too, of the kind excited by mystery, attaches to the owner of the coat, and you each time look out for his appearance with a good deal of anxious curiosity. You do not yet know that the owner of the drab greatcoat is an especial favourite of the driver, and of the guard too for that matter, and, indeed, a general favourite on the road. Not being aware of this, you do not know that the extraordinary apparent good fortune which secures him the box-seat is the result of a conspiracy amongst waiter, boots, chambermaid, guard, and coachman, who each and all take an interest in having the greatcoat dispatched betimes to the coach, placed on the seat so often mentioned, and kept and defended there against all comers deadly, until replaced by the man himself. Only think, gentle reader, what chance you can have of obtaining that seat! Why, you might as well hope to get upon the woolsack.

With perhaps occasionally some little difference of feature, the box-seat man is the same every where, and has been so from time immemorial. He is a stout, jolly personage, with a rubicund countenance, an open, off-hand, free-and-easy manner, and a rich jovial voice. He is somewhere between forty and fifty years of age; has been "on the road," as a commercial traveller of course, for nearly thirty years; and well does he know the road—meaning thereby every road in England and Scotland, and perhaps not a few also of those of the step-sister kingdom. Every turn of them does he know—every toll-bar—every inn. As regards the last, his knowledge is singularly comprehensive, including a perfect familiarity with the names of all the officials connected with them, and a thorough acquaintance with the gastronomic excellences and defects of each.

In reference to this last subject, long and extensive experience has informed him that entire success in a variety of dishes is not to be met with in any one particular inn on the road. But the same experience has informed him of a number of houses, each excelling in particular and different dishes. Thus, if you were to question him on these matters, he would probably give you something like the following information, astonishing you with the extent of his knowledge, and exciting your wonder at the vigilance and careful observation which could have noted the superior cookery, as regards particular dishes, of establishments so far distant from each other.

"Why, my dear sir, as for a steak—a regular good steak—you must go to the Green Dragon, Brampton. The finest steak I ever ate in my life was there. Beautiful border of fat—done to a turn—juicy—hot; capital pickles! Gemini! what a morsel!" and he rubs his hands in an ecstacy of delight with the savoury reminiscence. "Now, again, for a mutton chop, I would decidedly give the preference to the Black Bear at Bath. Splendid chops there, my dear sir—splendid, regular South Downers! Bacon and beans! Excellent dish—capital! The Tiger and Trumpeter, York, for that. You get it there in first-rate style. Hodge-podge!—Ah! you must come to Scotland for that. I never get the right thing any where else. Saw it once tried at Chichester—downright failure—murdered. Magnificent dish hodge-podge, my dear sir, when well got up." Thus would our friend, if questioned, discuss the interesting subject of good living, to which he has always been a steady adherent.

But by what art has he managed to make himself so general a favourite on the road?—how contrived to gain the good graces of so many classes of officials? Why, there are two or three things that contribute to this happy result. There is the great length of time he has been upon the road, his good humour, his frank and pleasant manner, &c. &c.; but the principal source of his popularity is his liberality. He is a generous fellow; pays like a prince, especially waiters, boots, drivers, &c. Waiters, therefore, fly to serve him; chambermaids give his bed an extra tossing to soften it; and boots would go through fire and water, or swim through a sea of shoe-blacking, to do him a good turn.

It is this last person generally, in conjunction with the strapper, and with the connivance of the coach-driver, who deposits our friend's greatcoat on the box-seat, being equivalent to a display of the national flag by a party landing upon some island as yet only possessed by savages.

We do not know it to be a fact, but we rather suspect that, in the case of a coach starting very early of a morning, our friend's coat is deposited on the box-seat on the previous night by boots or coachee, to prevent all possibility of any other person claiming it.

While all the officials of the road like our box-seat man, he in turn likes all of them, but he affects none so much as his chum, the coachman. They have known each other long, and have journeyed together throughout many a cold and stormy night. No wonder our friend should be a favourite with coachee, when we consider the many little courtesies and endearments that pass between them. At every stage, they take nips of brandy together, our friend, of course, paying the cost thereof. At every stage, too, sometimes oftener, he supplies coachee with a fresh cigar, a box of which he carries fully as much for this generous purpose as for his own gratification. And then for his knowledge of horse-flesh. His correct judgment of, and knowing remarks on, off-side leaders and near-side wheelers, how they do endear him to coachee's heart! Again, our friend is a man to whom the latter can with perfect confidence and safety, at any time, in the case of any sudden call or emergency, intrust the reins—a thing which he could not venture upon with one traveller in a thousand.

The box-seat man never goes inside a coach. He abhors the very idea of it. He, in fact, will not take any other than the box-seat. He would rather wait for the next coach than do so, should he by any extraordinary accident have been cut out of his favourite seat. To him travelling inside of a coach is one of the dullest things imaginable. No cigar smoking; no fun with passing travellers; no joking with toll-bar keepers and gaping villagers; and, worse than all, no pleasant confabulation with coachee, the man after his own heart on a journey.

The box-seat man, courteous reader, is the gentleman whose jolly voice is first and most distinctly heard in the passage of the inn, after the arrival of the coach. It is he, too, who surprises you by appearing to be so much at home at every inn he comes to, entering each and all of them with the free-and-easy air of an old acquaintance, which the cordial welcome he meets with shows that he is indeed considered. On such occasions, our friend makes straight for the bar. There he is received by both host and hostess with a most friendly greeting, after which follow the potations in which such personages as we are describing are somewhat too apt to indulge.

You never saw the box-seat man, say you, gentle reader? No. Well, then, you may see him now.

Look at the coach approaching there. See you that immense mass of greatcoat, cloak, and comforter planted beside the driver, the which mass is surmounted by a broad, red human countenance? You see it? Yes. Well, then, gentle reader, that is the box-seat man; and seeing one is quite the same as seeing a thousand.

THE RIOTS OF 1780.

Our fathers, till the breaking out of the French Revolution, knew no more serious instances of popular violence than the riots which took place in London in 1780. The cause which led to these outrages was the passing of a bill to do away with some of the severer penal statutes against the Catholics of England. This act of the legislature roused the indignation of a large portion of the people, and produced much excitement, under the influence of which some riots took place in Edinburgh and Glasgow in 1779. A vastly ramified body, taking upon itself the name of the Protestant Association, undertook to petition for the repeal of the act; and at their head they placed Lord George Gordon, a young member of the House of Commons, who had distinguished himself by the part he took in the movement.

Lord George was a younger son of the deceased Duke of Gordon (a family recently Catholic), and was now in his twenty-eighth year. He had served in the army, but retired from it in disgust; his mind seems to have been ever liable to enthusiasm and eccentricity. In Parliament he dissented from Tories and Whigs alike, so that a saying arose, that "there were three parties in the house—the Ministry, the Opposition, and Lord George Gordon." In especial was this young nobleman zealous in denouncing all propositions for relieving the Roman Catholics from their burdens and disabilities. On this account he acquired a degree of notoriety throughout the country, as almost any public man may do who adopts a hobby and adheres to it obstinately. In Parliament he was generally thought a well-meaning man, with a slight craze upon the subject of religion. In manners he was modest and reserved, though warm at times in his oratory. It is stated that, on one occasion, he went and asked an audience of the king. His request being granted, he entered the royal closet, and deliberately bolted the door behind him. He then gravely addressed his majesty, and, warning him of what had pushed the Stuarts from the throne, asked him to order his ministers to support the Protestant petitions. The king said, that not he but Parliament had passed the relief-bill; and Lord George could get no more out of him.

Things gradually assumed an alarming form. Deputation after deputation came from the country, and large aggregate meetings took place in London. An anti-Catholic petition was drawn up, which received what was then the unusual number of 120,000 signatures. Great influence was used by the friends of Lord George to wean him from his connexion with a body to which his name added some respectability; but their exertions were in vain. At length the crisis arrived. An assembly was held in Coachmakers' Hall, for the purpose of considering the best way of presenting the great petition to the House of Commons. The chairman, Lord George Gordon, spoke warmly, and recommended that the association should meet in St George's Fields, at ten o'clock on the ensuing Friday, the 2d of June, when they might accompany him to the House, and give him the weight of their countenance while he presented their petition. He warned them to appear in numbers, as he would not present the petition unless 20,000 men were assembled. For the sake of distinction, he told them to come with blue cockades. All this was agreed to.

The poor young man, vain, doubtless, of his position, little thought what an engine of mischief he was setting in action, and how vain his own power to check its operations. At ten o'clock, on the 2d of June, a vast multitude assembled at the appointed spot; it was said to have numbered from 40,000 to 60,000 persons. At eleven, the hero of the day appeared, and arranged the procession. It came clearly out on trial that he did not wish the whole to advance to the House, but he wished a parade; and one party was ordered to cross London Bridge, another across Blackfriars, and a third was to follow himself across Westminster Bridge. Away, accordingly, they went, with banners flying, and music playing. They reached the House with all due decorum; but when Lord George had entered, they fell into great disorder. Blocking up the avenues to both Houses, they engaged in bawling their favourite rallying cry of "No Popery," and soon began to notice the obnoxious members, peers, and commoners, as they passed. The Archbishop of York was grossly abused; Lord Bathurst was hustled and kicked; Lord Mansfield had his carriage smashed; the Duke of Northumberland had his pocket picked; the Bishop of Litchfield had his gown torn; the Bishop of Lincoln had the wheels pulled from his carriage, and he only preserved his life by entering a house, and escaping by the leads; and Lords Townshend, Hillsborough, Stormont, and others, were roughly used, the quieus being torn from some of their heads.

Meanwhile Lord George Gordon, who saw not all that was going on without, left the body of the House every short while, and, from the top of the gallery stairs, harangued the people, who had made their way into the lobby. His lordship told them that certain members, and particularly Mr Burke, were opposing the cause. "Gentlemen," he said, "Lord North calls you a mob." This was the way, certainly, to make matters worse, and worse they accordingly became. The House was in a state of siege. The entering members were maltreated, and attempts were made to force a way into the body of the senate, the sitting members of which remained in great alarm. Lord George, who, according to the evidence, seemed inflated with childish joy at this display of his influence on the masses, was warned, remonstrated with, and even seriously threatened, by his friends. General Grant, a near relative, said to him, "For God's sake, Lord George, do not lead these poor people into danger;" and Colonel Gordon, another relative, loudly accosted him, in the hearing of the people, with the words, "My Lord George, do you intend to bring your rascally adherents into the House of Commons? If you do, when the first man of them enters, I will plunge my sword, not into his, but into your body!" Lord George only smiled, as if in superior wisdom, and continued his addresses, remarking on the vain efforts made to dissuade him from his duty.

A party of the horse-guards had been sent for, and arrived under Justice Addington. With great good sense, that gentleman prevented the apparently impending conflict, by assuring the people that he would send away the military, if they would promise to disperse quietly. By this means, he got many of the better-disposed to go home. The great petition being only supported by six members, Lord George was persuaded to enter a chariot and go away, as a means of dispersing the rest. The remaining rabble drew him to the city in triumph. Somewhat alarmed by this time at sight of the many-headed creature he had stirred up to fury, he begged earnestly that all would go home. But mischief was yet to come of this assemblage.

Order had been restored around the Houses of Parliament, but not elsewhere. The mob separated into divisions, and proceeded to vent their excitement on the Roman Catholic places of worship. The fine chapel in Duke Street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and also that in Warwick Street, Golden Square, were attacked and stripped of their ornaments; the altars, pulpits, pews, and benches, were made fires of, and nothing was left but the bare walls. The military were called, but did not arrive in time to prevent the evil, though several rioters were captured. Here it may be remarked, once for all, that great blame was subsequently attached both to the civil and military powers for their inefficiency during the whole riots. They did attack, and shoot, and slay, but not with such concentration of their force as might be expected to make a decided impression. The Lord Mayor was much blamed for want of energy, and, indeed, the civil power was generally much at fault.

On Saturday the destruction was slight; but on Sunday, some of the remaining chapels, and the houses of the Catholics in and about Moorfields, were gutted, and bonfires made of the furniture. On Monday, a party destroyed the Catholic chapels in Virginia Lane, Wapping; and a second party went to Nightingale Lane, East Smithfield, where they destroyed chapels, and committed other outrages. The houses of Sir George Saville, the mover of the relief-bill, and of two merchants, were also reduced to bare walls.

But on Tuesday, though proclamations and rewards were issued, though the city was laid under martial law, and though the soldiery repeatedly used their arms in the streets, the audacity of the rioters rose to a still greater height. Among the private houses utterly destroyed on this day, were those of Justice Hyde, Justice Cox, and Sir John Fielding. Of many such atrocities which succeeded, it is unnecessary to speak, the destruction of private property being immense. Proceeding from less to more, the mob now attacked and gained an entrance to Clerkenwell prison, and speedily set the prisoners at liberty. Newgate underwent a worse fate. The mob commanded the keeper to deliver up the confined rioters. He firmly refused, on which they began to break the windows, to batter the gates with pickaxes and sledge-hammers, and to attempt to climb the walls. The effective mischief, however, was done by combustibles, which they threw into the keeper's house, till it was in flames. These were soon communicated to the chapel, and subsequently to the prison. During the spreading of the conflagration, the rioters had made their way among the cells, and, by means of their sledge-hammers, released all the prisoners, amounting in number to three hundred, among whom were four condemned to death. These auxiliaries from Clerkenwell and Newgate were not likely to compose the excited city. Many lives were lost at the burning of Newgate.

The climax of the confusion was still to come. Encouraged by the disgraceful supineness of the civil authorities, they became so insolent as to send notice to the prisons of King's Bench, the Fleet, New Bridewell, at what hours they would come and burn these buildings down; and they faithfully acted as they promised. The same kind of fiendish outrage was exercised towards Mr Langdale, distiller, Holborn, whose store-houses and stock, amounting in value to nearly L.100,000, were consumed and otherwise destroyed. At the close of Wednesday, London presented a spectacle scarcely to be paralleled even in the annals of war. Six-and-thirty fires were blazing at one time in different quarters of the city. At the prisons, and in Holborn, the conflagrations were dreadful beyond description. And while the trembling citizens glanced from their loop-holes at the sheets of fire and clouds of smoke floating over the capital, they also heard the fierce roaring of the authors of the mischief, alternating with the ominous report of musketry, discharged in platoons. A few hours before, the king had held a privy council, at which the feebleness of the magistracy, and the probable destruction of the city, were taken into serious consideration. The Attorney-General, Wedderburn, afterwards Chancellor under the title of Lord Loughborough, of course attended. The king asked Mr Wedderburn for his official opinion, when the learned gentleman stated, in the most precise terms, that such an assembly of depredators might be dispersed without waiting for forms, or reading the riot act. "Is that your declaration of the law as Attorney-General?" asked the king. Wedderburn answering directly in the affirmative, the king said—"Then let it be so done." The Attorney-General immediately drew up the order, which was afterwards generally acknowledged to have come just in time to save the city. Armed with this authority, the officers now proceeded to act vigorously for the suppression of the riot. Powder and ball, however, were less destructive to the rioters than their own indulged appetites. At the distilleries, in particular, of Mr Langdale, from whose vessels non-rectified spirits ran for hours along the gutters, the mob lifted the liquid in pailfuls, and great numbers drank till they killed themselves on the spot, were trampled to death, or perished in the flames.

During Wednesday, two attempts were made on the bank, but a very strong guard baffled their efforts. Through the night that followed this awful day, men, women, and children, ran up and down the streets intoxicated, or laden with plunder. The Thursday saw something like a cessation of the work of mischief, the regular army and militia having poured into the city in such numbers, as to give ample means of defence. Confusion still reigned, however, and the shops were every where shut. On Friday, the metropolis became calm, and on that day the Gordon Riots may be said to have come to a close.

The number of persons who perished in these riots could not be accurately ascertained. According to the military returns, 210 persons died by shot or sword in the streets, and 75 in hospitals; 173 were wounded and captured. How many died of injuries unseen, cannot be computed. Many more perished in the flames, or died from excesses of one kind or other. Justice came in at the close to demand her due. At the Old Bailey, 85 persons were tried for the riots, and of these 18 were finally executed, one woman, a negro, being of the number. By a special commission for Surrey county, 45 prisoners were tried, and 26 of them capitally convicted, though two or three received respites.

What did Lord George Gordon all this while? "Filled with consternation at the riots," as his counsel on trial said, he, on the 7th of June, the terrible Wednesday, sought an audience of the king, professing that it would be of service in checking the riots. No doubt the poor young nobleman would have asked the king to proclaim the intention of repealing the relief-bill, as if such a step would have had the slightest effect. But the king told him first to go and prove his loyalty by checking the riots, if he could. Lord George did really go into the city; but the President of the Protestant Association was now powerless, and does not seem even to have spoken to the mobs. One act he did which has been hastily brought up against him by a late novelist. A young man came to the door of his coach, and besought his lordship to sign a paper, drawn up for the purpose, which ran thus:—"All true friends to the Protestants, I hope, will be particular, and do no injury to the property of any true Protestant, as I am well assured the proprietor of this house is a staunch and worthy friend to the cause." It has been insinuated that Lord George Gordon wrote for friends many protection-papers like this, the language of which certainly implies a knowledge and approval of the intent to attack those who were considered enemies. But the young man proved that it was written by himself, and that Lord George signed it hurriedly in compassion. When shown to the mob, it saved the man's house.

Lord George was arrested on the 9th of June, and conveyed to the Tower under a strong guard. The government thought it prudent to allow eight months to elapse before trying him; and he was then absolved, justly to all appearance, of any foreknowledge or approval of the rioting. The after-life of this nobleman was marked by vagaries which confirmed the probability of his being afflicted with a degree of insanity. In 1786, he openly embraced Judaism, and soon after was convicted of a libel on the queen of France. He fled, to escape the sentence, but was retaken in a few months, and confined in Newgate, where he lived until fever cut short his career, on the 1st November, 1793, at the age of forty-two. He was much beloved by the prisoners, and with good reason, being generous and humane. Two Jewish maid-servants, partly

through enthusiasm, waited on him daily up to his death. The last words of Lord George Gordon were characteristic. The French Revolution had attracted him as a glorious event, and he died crazily chanting its watchword, "*Ca ira!*"

THE FRESWICK PILOT.

[Our attention has been drawn to a small volume—"Sketches from John O'Groats, in Prose and Verse," purporting to be the composition of James T. Calder, schoolmaster of Canisbay. Coming from such a remote locality as the extreme northern point of the island of Great Britain, where there exist no means for literary improvement, and being, as we are told, the first work of the kind ever printed or published in Caithness, we are inclined to look upon its unpretending pages with an indulgent eye, and hope yet for better things from its unfortunately situated author. Consisting for the greater part of legendary stories of no general interest, we select the following as almost the only piece not associated with the superstitions of a past age:—]

It is probable that few of my readers ever before heard of the name of Finlay Mowat, the Freswick pilot. Finlay flourished about the middle of the sixteenth century, and was rather a celebrated person in his way. From his boyhood, our hero showed a great predilection for the sea; and when he grew up to man's estate, his chief employment was acting as a pilot to vessels passing through the Pentland Firth, which at this period was the terror of all strangers. Though gifted with a large cranium and rapid utterance, and possessing undoubted skill as a pilot, Finlay was looked upon by his friends and acquaintances as of inferior mental capacity. But there were some clever points about him notwithstanding. Like the generality of those who are said to "want a cast," he had a great memory, and was extremely ready-witted. He was, at the same time, very venturesome, and very confident of his own nautical abilities. Every puff of wind or ripple of land-sea did not deter him from following his calling on his favourite element.

One afternoon, as our pilot was taking his dinner, one of his children came running in with the welcome intelligence that a large vessel was "flagging." Finlay instantly threw down his spoon, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and flew to the door. Then, shutting the one eye, and looking through his fist as a telescope with the other, he espied one of the largest ships he had seen for some time making the customary signal for a pilot. Having collected his crew, Finlay, without losing a moment's time, launched his skiff, hoisted his small lugg-sail, and set off. On nearing the vessel, a rope was thrown to the boat, and in a twinkling our pilot was on deck, in his seal-skin cap, black grey unmentionables, and pea-jacket of the same material, fastened round the waist with a large leathern strap and brass buckle. Finlay looked about him for a moment or two with a sort of bewildered curiosity. He had been on board of many vessels in his time, but there was something about this one, which was called by the formidable name of the Leviathan, that he had not observed in any other. There seemed to be a great many arms and lethal weapons of every description lying about the deck; and the crew were a set of the roughest and most desperate-looking fellows he ever saw in his life. Among other things, a black flag, with the horrible device of a death's head, particularly struck him. Was he on board a pirate ship? The unpleasant suspicion flashed across his mind; but he thought it best to "keep a calm sough," and make no remarks on the matter. "Are yon a regular pilot?" demanded Captain Gruffwater, the master of the vessel, a fierce-looking fellow, about forty, with huge red whiskers, and a deep scar across the left eye-brow. "What's your wull, sir?" asked Finlay, touching his cap with the most respectful deference. "I say, are you a regular pilot?" "Oh, ay, sir," responded Finlay, "quite *regular*. I manteen as good a character as any in wur toon, and can show ye a certificate to that effect, signed by the minister, session clerk, and four elders." "Confound your certificate," cried the captain, provoked at his stupidity; "I say, are you in the habit of regularly piloting, and well acquainted with the coast hereabouts, particularly the Orkneys?" "Oh, I understan' ye noo, sir," replied Finlay; "yes, I know every hole and bore about them perfectly. I have piloted ships in ma time to every pairt o' the Orkneys. I know the whole from Cantick Head, owre by there, in Waas, to the Start of Sanda. If I only could write, I would engage to pilot a ship to any pairt o' the known world. Whar d'ye want me to carry ye till, if it's a fair question?" "To Kirkwall," answered Captain Gruffwater. "Vera well," said Finlay, and ordering his own boat home, he immediately took charge of the vessel, and began to issue out his orders in a strong authoritative tone, and to swear lustily at the crew, partly to be revenged on the captain for bullying him, and partly to impress the ship's company with a favourable idea of his courage and independence. "Don't hurry the men in that way, sir," said the captain; "give them a little time." "Not a moment," said Finlay; "don't you see the ebb-tide is half spent, and the night will be on us ere ye can look about ye. The Pentland Firth is no a thing to be trifled wi'."

By this time the night was setting in. The sun had gone down in an ugly "bank," and the wind, which was hitherto from the south, suddenly chopped about to the north-west, and began to blow freshly. There being every appearance of what seamen term a "dirty night," the higher sails were now stowed, the top-sails double-reefed, and the ship otherwise trimmed to meet the approaching gale. Finlay continued to issue out his orders, and swear with increased vehemence. "Bear a han', tak a pull upon your lee braces there; haul home your fore and main sheets."

Meantime, Captain Gruffwater paced the deck hurriedly, now looking at the sky, and now at the rigging of the ship. He did not like the appearance of the weather, and he had no great confidence in the skill of his pilot, who appeared to him to be an ignorant and confident blockhead. At length he seized a pistol, and coming close up to Finlay, as he was standing beside the helmsman, and swearing away at a great rate, "Sirrah," said he, "I have great doubts as to your fitness for taking charge of this vessel; but if you cast her away, or expose us to the least danger, the first thing I shall do will be to blow your brains out." Finlay scratched the back of his head, and said that he would do all that a man could to bring them to the proposed harbour; but as the night was likely to be very rough, and there would be no moonlight, he thought they would better lie to at the back of Duncansbay-Head till next morning, and then they would see their way clearly. To this very reasonable and salutary proposal Gruffwater objected. He said he would not lie out all night; and ordered the pilot, if he could not bring him to Kirkwall, to bring him to some other port. While this point was discussing between Mowat and the chief buccaneer, an individual, having the appearance and attire of a person of quality of the period, hastily ascended the companion-ladder, and came on deck. The stranger's countenance, though not handsome, was strongly marked and intelligent, with a peculiar air of audacity and recklessness about it, like one habituated to desperate enterprises. This person, whom the captain addressed by the name of Northland, also expressed a great wish to get into port, and insisted that the pilot should give it a trial. "Vera well," said Finlay, "let us bear away then to Widewall; but I tell ye, before han', ye may look out for a wet jacket." After passing Duncansbay-Head, the wind and sea increased in violence, and as Finlay prognosticated, they got a tremendous washing, particularly off the island of Swana. The night, which proved exceedingly dark and rainy, added not a little to the danger and difficulty of the passage. By great good luck, however, Finlay at length got the Leviathan safe into the commodious bay of Widewall; and now he thought he had nothing to do but get his pilot fee, and make the best of his way home across the Firth. But he found that he was not so easily to get rid of his new acquaintances. The captain told him that he had still further occasion for his services, and forbade him, on the peril of his life, to leave the ship. It was in vain that poor Finlay appealed to his humanity and conscience (things of which Gruffwater knew nothing), and represented that he had a wife and six helpless children depending upon him, and that he could not be any length of time from home. Gruffwater would, on no consideration, allow him to leave the vessel. Finlay found himself in a most disagreeable plight. To add to his other miseries, he was half starved, having got nothing since he came on board except some mouldy bread and a piece of salt junk, which burnt him up with thirst, to quench which he was allowed nothing but some bad water, and not even a sufficiency of that. Whether this was owing to the niggardliness of the captain, or to the lack of eatables and drinkables on board, he did not know. Finlay's appetite, in general, was excellent, and it was a hard thing, he thought, to be treated as a slave and starved at the same time. He wished he had never set his foot on board this cursed vessel, which, in his opinion, was rightly named the Leviathan.

The next morning the captain told Finlay that, as he was short of provisions, he would have to accompany, as land pilot, a foraging party of his crew ashore. Finlay at first vehemently protested against going on any such unlawful expedition. He could not, he said, conscientiously engage in an act of downright robbery. He was a poor but honest man, and had nothing but his character to depend on, and so forth. Finlay's arguments weighed nothing with the pirate, who gave him the alternative of either going with his men, or being tucked up to the yard-arm and hanged for his obstinacy. In this fearful dilemma Finlay thought it best to make a virtue of necessity, and accompany the marauders. A party of twenty-five stout fellows, armed with swords and pistols, and headed by Northland, now took boat and went ashore, the pilot being placed in the van, and threatened with death the moment he made the least attempt to escape. The fiery cross, we believe, neither at this nor at any former period was ever used in Ultima Thule. The rumour of the invasion, however, spread like wild-fire, and a large body of the inhabitants soon collected to beat off the enemy, armed, for the most part, with graips and pitchforks. At the head of this formidable band appeared the Laird of Hoxy, mounted on a long-tailed grey garron, with a hair halter and pad of sheep's skin, and equipped with an old broadsword, which, like Hudibras's

> "Trenchant blade Toledo, trusty,
> For want of fighting was grown rusty."

To "screw their courage to the sticking point," Hoxy addressed them in a spirited harangue, to which his followers responded with a loud cheer, and brandishing their weapons, set off at a quick march to meet the free-booters. On observing the islanders, the pirates, who were dispersed in small parties, immediately formed themselves into a body, and fired a volley at them as soon as they approached within gunshot. [This act dispersed the party.] The pirates complimented them with a cheer and a second volley on their departure, and having now nothing to disturb them, set about collecting their booty. As soon as they had got on board with their plunder, the Leviathan weighed anchor, and set sail for Kirkwall, passing through Ham Sound. Previous to sailing, Finlay once more begged Captain Gruffwater to allow him to go home, adding, that if his request was granted, he would ask no pilot fee. Gruffwater, with a sardonic smile, said that he was a most useful fellow, and a first-rate pilot, and that he could not dispense with his services as long as he remained in the Orkneys. Finlay did not know what to think. He found himself actually a prisoner on board the pirate ship; and what added to his distress, he saw no means of escape. From some words which he overheard between the captain and Northland, the pirates evidently intended plundering the town of Kirkwall. It struck Finlay that in all probability he would be forced to accompany them on this occasion also, and he trembled at the idea of an encounter with the populace and the civic authorities of Kirkwall.

The pirates arrived in Kirkwall Bay in the evening; and no sooner was the ship anchored, than they set about preparing for the intended attack. The long-boat and jolly-boat were both lowered, and forty stout fellows, the very pick of the crew, together with Finlay, embarked under the charge of the same individual who led them on in the late foray in South Ronaldshay. The citizens, who had no expectation of the coming attack, had mostly all retired to bed; but the landing of the buccaneers being fortunately discovered ere it was too late, the alarm bell was instantly rung from the lofty steeple of St Magnus, and the Kirkwallers, in a very short time, mustered to a man in Broad Street, armed with every possible sort of weapon, and headed by Gilbert Balfour, the governor of the castle, and Provost Mainland—the latter gentleman, in the hurry of the moment, having taken time only to throw on his official hat and his drawers! A desperate conflict now took place between the parties. The Kirkwallers fought with the most determined gallantry, and pressed so hard upon the pirates, that they eventually found it necessary to retreat, leaving behind three of their number mortally wounded. During the flight, six of them were captured; the rest with some difficulty got to their boats, and effected their escape on board the Leviathan. The prisoners, of whom the unfortunate Finlay happened to be one, were immediately lodged in the castle of Kirkwall to await their doom.

To describe the poor pilot's state of mind at this moment would be impossible. Balfour and the civic authorities were bent on summary punishment, and Finlay saw nothing before him but the prospect of being hanged. Among other grave considerations, the thought of what would become of "Maggie and his sma' family," after he was gone, brought the tear into his eye, "albeit unused to the melting mood." He began seriously to think of preparing for another world, having, as he well knew, a great many sins to account for, both of omission and commission. In short, he became a great penitent; but still he felt a reluctance to leave the world, particularly in the circumstances in which he was placed. To die decently and honourably in his bed like a Christian was nothing; but to be hanged by the neck in Orkney, and that, too, for a crime of which he was not guilty, was a most distressing and unfortunate business. But how was he to clear himself? He had no friends or acquaintances in Kirkwall, and before he could get any over from Caithness, he would be defunct—dead as a herring. At length he bethought himself of his certificate from the kirk session, which invaluable document he generally carried along with him. This testimonial satisfactorily proved two things—namely, that the bearer thereof was a native of Canisbay, and, at the time when it was written, which was two years back, he maintained a decent moral character; but as Mr Inkster, the town-clerk, shrewdly observed, he might be a pirate and a vagabond *now*. Fortunately, at this critical period, Mowat, the Laird of Bucholie, to whom Finlay was particularly well known, happened to arrive in Kirkwall, and through his means, aided by the certificate in question, the pilot was acquitted of the charge of piracy, and liberated from prison.

The next day, two ships of war, commanded by Grange and Tullibardine, arrived in Kirkwall Bay in pursuit of the pirate ship, which contained the celebrated Earl of Bothwell. It was he who had headed the two plundering expeditions just described. Grange and Tullibardine were much disappointed in not falling in with the fugitive, Bothwell having, some hours previous to their arrival, sailed for the North Isles.

EMIGRATION TO CANADA.

The *Scotsman* gives an abstract of a late report on this subject, from which we gather that the circumstances which for some years checked the stream of population in its course across the Atlantic have now ceased, and that the last year's emigration to Canada alone was 28,086, of whom there were of adult males 10,952, of adult females 8,468. It appears from this report, that the voyage by the emigrant vessels to Canada is unfavourable to infant life, the number who died on the passage, out of 5065 children under 7 years of age, being 161.

During the last twelve years, 321,807 persons have emigrated to ports in the United States, and 347,632 to ports in Canada, being in the one instance an average of 26,800 per annum, and in the other 28,700. It thus appears, speaking roughly, that the population of this country increases about as much every two months as emigration reduces it in a year. The average length of voyages to Quebec is 47 days, the shortest voyages being those which commence in April and May. The following passages from the report are interesting, and may be of use to our readers:—

"The number of emigrants who have received parochial aid or assistance from their landlords to emigrate this season, considerably exceeds that of 1840, and amounts to 2124, of whom from England there were 807; Ireland, 546; and from Scotland, 771. Those from England, with the exception of 110 Irish emigrants from Liverpool, aided by the Earl of Fitzwilliam, from his estate in Wicklow, were sent out chiefly under the sanction of the Poor-Law Commissioners, and were (as well as those who have emigrated during these several years past under the same authority) well and amply provided for.

The Scotch emigrants were, I regret to say, not so well provided; and many of them were quite unsuited, by their previous mode of life, to succeed in a country where agricultural employment is their chief dependence. They are principally from Glasgow and Paisley, and landed here, many in great distress, and all very poor. From the former port there were 663, chiefly weavers, and a few mechanics; the latter have generally done well. They are members of the different emigration societies, and have been enabled to emigrate by public subscriptions and weekly contributions made by each family, by which means they were barely able to procure a passage and the necessary provisions for the voyage. They con-

sequently landed here in a destitute state, and depending on immediate employment for the support of their numerous families. They all appear to have left their homes under the impression that they would be supported and forwarded to any section of the province they wished to settle in at government expense, and that, if they could only reach this port, all their wants would be provided for. I had the greatest difficulty in making them understand that all the government would undertake to do for them would be to put them in the way of obtaining employment (which I offered to them in this neighbourhood), and that they must depend on their own industry for support. Should employment not be procured here, I stated that they would be assisted to proceed to other places where it would be obtained. Some few families, numbering nearly sixty persons, remained here, and worked for two or three months on the roads, at 2s. 9d. and 3s. a-day. They are now settled on land in the flourishing townships of Leeds and Ireland, about fifty or sixty miles from this city, and are in a fair way, from their own industry, of being in a few years independent. I have the gratification at present to know that their families are above want. Their success has been promoted by some influential Scotch gentlemen in this city (Quebec), who, seeing their willingness and industry, have trusted them with provisions and a few other necessaries to enable them to get through the winter. With the exception of this party, all the others were determined to proceed further up the country. Toronto appears to be their halting place. A few had sufficient means to carry them so far, and others disposed of their effects to enable them to reach Montreal, where some obtained employment, but the greater part were forwarded at government expense to Toronto. By a report received from the emigrant agent in that city, forwarded to me by Mr Hawke, it appears that the Scotch weavers are the only immigrants this season who appear to have been unsuccessful. From their want of knowledge of agricultural labour, these immigrants were of little or no use to the farmer; and, in the absence of any public work in that section of the province, they found great difficulty in obtaining employment. Another party of Scotch immigrants, who landed in an equally if not in a more destitute state, were those in the brig Lady Hood, and ship Charles, from Thurso. They are of the agricultural class, and consist of 38 families, 223 persons, from the Western Isles, principally from Lewis, and only two or three of them speak English. Owing to a long and tedious passage, they landed here in great distress, from want of provisions. They all proceeded to settle in the townships of Bury and Lingwick, in the eastern townships, and appear to have emigrated on the invitation of a party of their countrymen, who came out a few years since, and who, although they landed poor and friendless, are now doing well, and placed in comfortable circumstances.

Had these people arrived a month or two earlier in the season, when employment was abundant, they would have no doubt been able to get through the winter with comparative ease, as, during the harvest months, employment was very plenty in that section of the province, and labourers in great demand.

It is of the greatest importance that the advantage of arriving in the colony at as early a period in the season as possible, should be impressed on the labouring portions of the immigrants who come out at their own expense, and also on the landholders who wish to give assistance to their poor tenantry to emigrate, as every thing depends on the time of their arrival here. Those who sail from the United Kingdom in the months of April and May, arrive in time to take advantage of the spring and summer work. They have thus time to look about them, and secure a home for their families against the coming of winter. On the other hand, as in the instance of the last-mentioned party, if emigrants arrive at a season when nearly all employment ceases, the winter approaches before they can get themselves and their families into the interior of the country, and they are thrown on the benevolence of the colonists, or have to drag through a long and severe winter, depending on charity for support.

Although I have represented to your Excellency that a large portion of the emigrants have arrived poor and in distress, still, the number of those whose intelligence and proportionate wealth will add to the value of our colonial population is incomparably greater; and I consider, on the whole, that the emigration of the past season presents the most favourable aspect. The general character and conduct of the emigrants is gratifying beyond description, and I have not heard of a single instance of improper conduct or crime from any of the different agencies throughout the province. This is greatly to be attributed to the increasing influence of the temperance societies, which, I am happy to state, are extending throughout this province."

MANURES.

At a late meeting of the Ashmolean Society, Professor Daubeny exhibited a specimen of Mr Daniell's New Patent Manure, which is stated by the inventor to consist of carbonate of ammonia, sawdust, and bituminous matter. As the materials from which this new kind of fertiliser is drawn appear to consist of inorganic matter exclusively, Dr Daubeny pointed out its discovery as an instance, amongst many others, of the means which nature has placed within our reach for increasing the amount of vegetable produce proportionately to the increase of mankind, and so maintaining the necessary ratio between subsistence and an increasing population. In a purely pastoral or agricultural community, it might be unnecessary to have recourse to any other fertilising substances than those which the manure of animals affords; but in a highly advanced condition of society, in consequence of the large amount of produce consumed by the inhabitants of the great towns, it becomes necessary to seek for new materials to supply the loss which the soil of the country sustains. Thus, bone dust is procured from South America in such quantities, that it is computed, from calculation, that each head of cattle supplies bony matter equal to 34 lbs. in weight; that not less than one million two hundred thousand oxen are slaughtered annually in that country for the supply of bone manure to England alone. Guano, or the dung of sea-birds, is likewise an extensive article of importation for the same purpose; but as both these sources will fail in proportion as the several countries become more peopled, it is fortunate that we may find substitutes for them in inorganic substances. Such is the nitrate of soda, so much used of late; such is the new manure invented by Mr Daniell; and it may be confidently predicted, that, by the discovery of such agents, agriculture will be enabled to keep pace with the increase of population, if the latter be not stimulated by unwise regulations; and that, as animal life increases in a direct ratio to the amount of subsistence, so the nutritious effects of animal manure, by giving greater energy and vigour to the organs of plants, will cause them to draw more abundantly from the atmosphere, and thereby force a proportionately larger quantity of them into existence. Dr Buckland thought that an important principle respecting stimulating manures had been brought forward, namely, that a plant, under their action, draws more freely from the atmosphere. In addition to the increase of human manure with population, the quantity of carbon given out by animals, and left to be absorbed by plants, is proportionately increased. He further adverted to the discrimination necessary to be exercised in restoring artificially land that has been exhausted, and instanced a case furnished by Professor Johnston of Durham, of certain pastures in Cheshire which had become exhausted of their phosphate of lime by its being absorbed into the cheese made with the milk of the cattle fed there, and which were restored by a top-dressing of bone manure.—*Athenæum.*

ENGLISH AND GERMAN GENTLEMEN.

The want of self-respect in the German character, produced by the education and social system, and the undue importance in the German mind of rank, office, and conventional distinction, and undue weight of these in the social economy of Germany, are strongly marked by the profusion of orders, stars, crosses, ribbons, and empty titles with which the people, both of civil and military station, adorn and gratify themselves. Every third man you meet in the streets has a label in his button-hole, telling all the world, "I am a knight; look at me." No very young man among the continental military can have ever heard a bullet whistle in the field; so that, even by this class, no very profound prospect for the ribbon at the button-hole can be claimed, and none at all by the ordinary civil classes who trick themselves out with it *en militaire*. The feeling of personal worth—the pride, it may be—seems unknown to them, which leads the British nobleman, gentleman of high station, or military officer, who may have been honoured with a British or foreign order, to wear it only on particular parade occasions. He feels that he is something without the external testimonial of it. The English gentleman would think it quite as inconsistent with his personal dignity to walk about on ordinary occasions, in the ordinary circles of society, with his stars, crosses, and ribbons plastered on his breast, as with the gazette of the actions in which he had won his distinctions plastered on his back. The German, again, ties his bit of red ribbon even to the button-hole of his dressing-gown; the merchant goes to his counting-house, the apothecary to the barber's shop to be shaved, the professor to his lecture-room, in crosses and ribbons, as if they were going to the levee of the sovereign. The upper classes of society in all countries are said to be very much alike, and to show few of the peculiar distinctive differences which mark the national character in the middle and lower classes of each country. This is a mistake. The English gentleman, from the highest rank to the very lowest that assumes the appellation, is distinguished from the continental gentleman by this peculiar trait of character—his dependence on himself for his social position, his self esteem—call it pride, or call it a high-minded feeling of his own worth. There he stands, valuing himself upon something within himself, and not upon any outward testimonials of it conferred by others. This feeling goes very deep into society in England. * * While every third man is lounging about, as in Prussia, and generally on the continent, with his orders of merit of some kind or other—and many whose general merits would apparently be nothing the worse of the addition of a little industry to earn a new coat to stick their honours upon—the people, be their forms of government what they may, are but in a low social and industrial condition—are ages behind us in their social economy, and in their true social education as free agents and members of the community.—*Laing's Notes of a Traveller.*

HENRY CLAY'S PLANTATION.

We hear much of the liberal opinions of Henry Clay, a member of Congress in the United States. Here is a neat illustration from the work of Friend Sturge, furnished in a letter to the author, by James Cannings Fuller:—"Having a great desire to see the imported cattle on Henry Clay's plantation, I went thither. On approaching the house I saw a coloured man, to whom I said, 'Where wert thou raised?' 'In Washington.' 'Did Henry Clay buy thee there? Wilt thou show me his improved cattle?' He pointed to the orchard, and said that the man who had charge of them was there. As I followed his direction, I encountered a very intelligent-looking boy, apparently eight or nine years old. I said to him, 'Canst thou read?' 'No.' 'Is there a school for coloured people on Henry Clay's plantation?' 'No.' 'How old art thou?' 'Don't know.' In the orchard I found a woman at work with her needle. I asked 'How old art thou?' 'A big fifty.' 'How old is that?' 'Near sixty.' 'How many children hast thou?' 'Fifteen or sixteen.' 'Where are they?' 'Coloured folks don't know where their children is; they are sent all over the country.' 'Where wert thou raised?' 'Washington.' 'Did Henry Clay buy thee there?' 'Yes.' 'How many children hadst thou then?' 'Four.' 'Where are they?' 'I don't know. They tell me they are dead.' The hut in which this *source of wealth* lives was neither as good nor as well-floored as my stable. Several slaves were picking fruit in the orchard. I asked one of the young men whether they were taught to read on this plantation, and they answered, 'No.' I found the overseer of the cattle with a short-handled stout whip, which had been broken. He said it answered both for a riding whip, and occasionally 'to whip off the slaves.' What, my friend, is to be learned from these gleanings at Ashland—from the doings of our mutual friend, Joseph John Gurney's 'dear friend,' Henry Clay, the man who boasts that 'every pulsation of his heart beats high for liberty,' yet is not ashamed to buy men and women at the capitol!—that place which, above all others, ought not to be cursed by the footsteps of a slave. Yet I fear there are not wanting in the abolition ranks men so wedded to political party, that they may be tempted to vote for Henry Clay; serving their party and themselves thereby, and perchance thinking they serve their country."

DISASTROUS EFFECTS OF BANK FAILURES IN IRELAND.

Severe as the distress of all classes was at this juncture, it gave rise to some ludicrous incidents. While it lasted, a gentleman in Cork wanted a leg of lamb, and offered a five-pound note for it, which was refused. In Limerick, a country gentleman, with L.1500 a-year, had sent invitations out for a dinner-party the week the banks broke, and considered himself most fortunate on finding among his notes one Bank of Ireland note for ten pounds. No one doubted the goodness of the note, but no one could give change for it. Ten pounds, in gold or silver, were not in the county; and as for credit, there was none to be had. In this extremity, with money—which was not money—and without credit, having tried butcher, baker, and confectioner in vain, the gentleman gave up the idea of his dinner-party in despair, and wrote to his friends to keep the engagement standing until he could procure cash or credit for a ten-pound note.—*Hardcastle on Banks and Bankers.*

MODERN EDUCATION.

"You're good for nothing." "I am indeed," murmured poor Miss Priscille, with a gentle shake of her head, and a low slow sigh of acquiescence. Alas! as she ran over the catalogue of her accomplishments, the more she remembered what she could do for her sick parent, the more helpless and useless she appeared. For instance, she could have embroidered him a nightcap—

> Or netted him a silk purse—
> Or plaited him a guard-chain—
> Or cut him out a watch-paper—
> Or ornamented his braces with bead-work—
> Or embroidered his waistcoat—
> Or worked him a pair of slippers—
> Or open-worked his pocket-handkerchief.

She could even—if such an operation would have been comforting and salutary—have rough-cast him with shell-work—

> Or coated him with red or black seals—
> Or encrusted him with blue alum—
> Or stuck him all over with coloured wafers—
> Or festooned him——

But, alas! alas! alas! what would it have availed her poor dear papa, in the spasmodics, if she had even festooned him, from top to toe, with little rice-paper roses!—*Hood in New Monthly.*

[The above is a fair quiz on the trifling and useless kind of education imparted to young ladies at many fashionable boarding-schools in the south. Its writer is most likely unacquainted with the prodigious advance latterly made in female instruction and training, at such establishments as the Scottish Institution for the Education of Young Ladies, Edinburgh.]

A WORD FOR BOOK-BORROWERS.

Those who have collected books, and whose good-nature has prompted them to accommodate their friends with them, will feel the sting of an answer which a man of wit made to one who lamented the difficulty which he found in persuading his friends to return the volumes which he had lent them. "Sir," said he, "your acquaintances find, I suppose, that it is much more easy to retain the books themselves than what is contained in them." I would just observe here, that nothing can be more mean and unkind than to borrow books of persons, and to lose them, as is too frequently the case. If my friend gratifies my request in lending—if, by so doing, he saves me the expense of purchasing—or if, also, by the loan, I gain considerable information or intellectual profit—it is base and ungrateful either to suffer the book to be injured, or not to return it. I give this as a hint to some who are more in the habit of *borrowing* than *returning* books.—*Buck's Anecdotes.*

CONTEMPORANEOUS APPLAUSE.

Great minds had rather deserve contemporaneous applause, without obtaining it, than obtain, without deserving it; if it follow them, it is well, but they will not deviate to follow it. With inferior minds the reverse is observable; so that they can command the flattery of knaves while living, they care not for the execrations of honest men when dead. Milton neither aspired to present fame, nor even expected it; but (to use his own words) his high ambition was, "to leave something so written to after ages, that they should not willingly let it die." And Cato finely observed, he would much rather that posterity should inquire why no statues were erected to him, than why they were.—*Lacon.*

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SOME IDEAS RESPECTING SELF-ESTEEM.

THE utility of a just self-respect, in maintaining right conduct and protecting against undue aggression, is sufficient evidence of the wisdom of Providence in planting this as a primitive feeling in human nature; but perhaps there is none of the human faculties of which the disproportions allowed to individuals occasion such a striking variety of manifestations. Let the following two cases speak for themselves:—

Some years since, whilst walking with a respectable merchant in the town of Hull, my attention was attracted by a short, dirty, little fellow, with coat worn at the elbows, shoes that had never been made to fit him, and a remnant of a hat, placed on the dexter side of his head. He was strutting in a most ridiculous manner, with his hands in his pockets, and with the air of one who evidently thought very highly of himself. As we passed him, he bowed somewhat haughtily to my companion, and, in a patronising tone, said—"How do you do, George?"—when, to my surprise, the rich merchant responded, in a similar strain and manner, thus—"Ha! Bill—how are you?" On my inquiring who this little eccentric creature might be, I was told—"That he was too proud to work, but that he would take money from those whom he condescended to call his friends and equals; that he never slept in a bed, but chose, as his dormitory, hackney coaches, hay-lofts, or any place of easy access, where nothing was expected for the accommodation; that he occasionally obtained 'voluntary contributions' by spouting pieces from plays to the company of tap-rooms; and that he had been engaged to exhibit his histrionic powers with a company of strollers, before some rural admirers of the drama, in barns, &c." My informant added—"Spurzheim should see his head; for if he has not a large bump of self-esteem, there is not a particle of truth in his science." My own attention being thus directed to this person, I took every opportunity afforded by my temporary sojourn to obtain some little more information about him. Sometimes I met him walking arm in arm with a smart officer from the garrison—the one with a fine laced coat, and all the gay trappings of the military man, contrasting with the torn and shabby habiliments of the other; sometimes he might be seen fastening on some professional man, and if he did not talk very learnedly, he did very loudly. Every one seemed to humour and encourage his absurdity, and to derive amusement for themselves from his consummate pride and most ridiculous egotism. He was called "General Davies," but his real name I never heard. This cognomen he had been known by for many years; for, so early did he manifest his inordinate self-esteem, that, when a boy, his contemporaries, imitating the loyalty of their parents, formed themselves into a local militia, and this Davies, the poorest lad among them, would be nothing else than "general;" and whether to be amused with his eccentricity, or because he showed an overbearing manner to the juvenile soldiers, true it is that he held the rank he aspired to, and has retained the title ever since.

The other case is one of a comparative deficiency of that true estimate of self which is essential to give tone and vigour to the mental faculties, rendering them useful to others as well as to ourselves.

Mr Jenkins was a very accomplished general practitioner, having read hard, and attended all the lectures with diligence and attention, yet he never succeeded in his profession; and this arose from there being something in his manner which destroyed all confidence: he was hesitating and wavering, as if he had had no decided opinion on any subject, or any experience to warrant his forming one. When he was called to attend an invalid, his deficient self-esteem was too obvious not to be matter of comment and reflection to the most commonplace minds. When asked a question, instead of speaking in the first person singular, he would either answer—"We are informed that these symptoms indicate such a form of the disease;" or, "The best medical writers assert so and so," &c. This want of dependence on his own judgment marred his success, and often excited a feeling of contempt for his mental qualifications in those who decide from mere manner, or whose own acquirements were but superficial. If his professional brethren thought more favourably of his knowledge, they would express their pity for him, which had a tendency still more to degrade him, so far as the public was concerned. Nor could it be otherwise; I have often seen him in a sick-room look as if he did not know what to do. If asked the nature of a disease, or the treatment he thought necessary to subdue it, instead of giving the querist a direct answer, he would turn to some non-professional person, or to the nurse, and say—"Don't you think it is so and so?" &c. Often, in common every-day affections, instead of relying on his own information and details of practice, being well qualified to do so, he would say—"I think it would be better to call in Dr —— for his opinion:" hence, if the patient recovered, the latter had the merit of the cure; but if the disorder terminated fatally, then the practice of poor Jenkins was implicated, and his indecision and want of self-confidence made a subject of severe animadversion and detraction. So that, instead of rising in public estimation, the longer he was in business, as is generally the case, he retrograded; and death to him was a fortunate event, sparing him from further and worse sufferings from the pity or contempt of the public.

These anecdotes show forcibly how independent pride is of circumstances. Many recognise pride only in fine clothes, fine accommodations, and fine equipages and retinues; but those who enjoy such things are often of genuinely humble nature, from their chancing to be endowed with little self-esteem, and only are surrounded with elegances through the favour of fortune; while, on the other hand, individuals in humble circumstances are sometimes found to be inspired with the most extravagant self-esteem. The pride of General Davies is no solitary instance. The philosopher whom my Hull friend referred to, first had his attention drawn to this section of our mental organisation by a beggar at Vienna—a man who had been born in respectable circumstances, but, being too proud to work, had sunk into the lowest of all conditions. This man walked with precisely the same air as a particular councillor of the emperor who was known to be excessively proud; and this was what first attracted the notice of the philosopher. The union between pride and poverty is a thing familiar to the world—that between affluence and the true spirit of humbleness and gentleness has been much less remarked, but is not less a truth. The first is one of the most difficult of all things to deal with. Humble wealth might lick the dust beneath the feet of proud poverty, without soothing or conciliating it. When to the first is added the spirit of rudeness, it becomes utterly insufferable—for instance, the greater pride of Diogenes in trampling on the pride of Plato; or such an effusion as the following, addressed by the late William Cobbett to the Bishop of Winchester:—"Bishop—I have some remarks to make on the letters above mentioned, and I think proper to address these remarks to you; because, in the first place, you have great power and possessions in that part of the kingdom *in which I was born;* in the next place, because you are an author, and therefore one of us. * * For these reasons, I address myself to you upon this occasion; and, for the same reasons, *I shall treat you with very little ceremony,* though you have three palaces, and are the lord of perhaps more than twenty manors. In your pamphlet above alluded to, you complain that there is among the people a want of proper respect for superiors; but *I am your superior. I have ten times your talent, and a thousand times your industry and zeal.* From *my* pen have gone forth twelve sermons; and more than a hundred and fifty thousand (taking each singly) copies of these sermons have actually been printed and sold; and there are now more of them (in a volume) sold every year than the total amount of the sale of any single sermon that you, or any of your clergy, ever sent from the press. There is not one of these sermons which has not, *in my opinion,* done more to mend the morals of the people than all the sermons that you ever wrote or ever preached, or that you would be able to write or preach to the age of Methuselah. Who, then, best deserves the palace and park that overlook my native town of Farnham—you or I? Put your hand to your heart, bishop, and answer this question." Such persons think they are acting with proper spirit, when they are only indulging, without rational restraint, one of the most selfish of their feelings.

Self-esteem is as independent of gifts and attainments as of worldly circumstances. Many an author of the poorest quality have I met with, who had a far higher opinion of himself than ever could be traced in the late Sir Walter Scott. I lately encountered one who had yet published nothing, but had prepared a work which he designed to publish, and for which he expected a success infinitely transcending that of any production of the present age. He held all the masters of his art, Scott, Bulwer, Dickens, &c., in the greatest contempt, and, to do him justice, he was deeply and exactly conversant with all their defects, on which he insisted in eloquent terms. He made no secret of his expectation to place himself far above them all. His book has since been published; but no individual of the insensible public has ever bought a copy, and not a single review has thought it worthy of notice. Sitting in the critical chair generally brings out the self-esteem of literary men in the strongest light. In the humblest works that pretend to review literary productions, one shall find men, known through private channels to be of no consideration themselves, pronouncing judgments on good authors with an air of not only superior wisdom, but of something like superior nature—as, for instance, in the following passage, which is a genuine extract from a review which appeared a few years ago in a provincial periodical, being probably the production of some person of not the least note. The book reviewed was a new volume of an encyclopædic work; and the writer makes reference, it will be observed, to a former counsel, which had not been attended to. "This is the way," says our critic, "in which *we thought* the author should have treated his subject; and we urged it the more, because *we believed* that he was well able to treat it so. If he will not take *our advice, which we give in all kindness,* he must be contented to take his place in the crowd of mere collectors, instead of joining the ranks of men of science." I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my mouth, &c. It is perfectly delightful to contrast this arrogance with the humility of the great fictionist of our times. Scott had remarkably little self-esteem, and, on the contrary, a great deal of the submissive and venerative

feeling, which seems to be its opposite. He never once, perhaps, in his whole life, made an unprompted observation on his own works. On the other hand, he over-estimated the productions of others, insomuch as to wring from Mr Constable the well-known exclamation—"Give me as many as possible of the books that Scott writes himself, but save me from the books which he recommends!" See, also, in his "Lives of the Novelists," what more than justice he has done to all his predecessors in prose fiction. Certainly, whatever might be Scott's faults—and there has not lately been any tendency to extenuate them—an envious or detractive spirit was not of the number.

With nations the same rule holds good. The Greeks were proud, and called all other nations barbarians. In their case, if ever, the feeling was justifiable; but it flourishes equally where it is only ridiculous. I insist not on the case of the Chinese, who certainly have made some advance in arts and letters, as compared with their neighbours. But observe the Chippeweyans of North America, who call themselves exclusively "The People," whilst they designate all other nations by their particular country—or the Esquimaux, who term themselves *Innuee*, or Mankind, and look to Southampton Island as a place full of wretched savages not worthy to be considered as of the same species. The Caribs had an equally high conceit of themselves; and now, poor creatures, not one of the race exists.

Self-esteem is the leader sentiment of human nature. No one who has had opportunities of observing a family of young children, can have failed to distinguish the particular one, whose superior self-esteem made him the self-constituted lord over the rest. In a group of village children, there is always in like manner one who seems naturally to become the leader. So it is also in gangs of poachers, or of banditti, and in savage tribes. Generally, in these instances, superior intellect or physical power aids in giving the ascendancy, but not to a great extent. A wide distinction between such associations, and those which exist in civilised and peaceful communities is, that in the latter, self-esteem is less, and superior qualification more, the cause or source of a governing power being vested in any particular person. There it often happens that the ruler or functionary has much less self-esteem than the obscure malcontent who employs himself in finding fault and creating disturbance. Indeed, it is very frequently this simple feeling which causes disaffection; it is indisposed to submit, and would itself fain be master. Often has the king, who walked from his inauguration with his crown on his head and his robes on his shoulders, borne a humbler heart than the demagogue who stood in the kennel and railed at him. Espartero, the Regent of Spain, is a remarkable example of a man raised to supreme power by natural qualities and the favour of circumstances, while possessing little of that faculty which almost solely constitutes the leaders of rude communities. I have been informed by a gentleman acquainted with him, that his manner in coming into a room of state, where all are prepared to pay him obeisance, presents a striking example of the shambling, diffident demeanour of men who have little self-esteem; insomuch that the vice-regal character sits rather awkwardly upon him. At the same time, of the firmness of Espartero there can be no room to doubt, from all that we see of his government.

The meanness of which pride is sometimes found capable, is a very remarkable feature of human character. We see it make men become absolute beggars, in order to avoid the supposed degradation of a useful calling. We see it make the proud high-born put up with almost every kind of unseen humiliation incidental to poor circumstances, and even become the onhangers of those who despise them, rather than taint their name and their ideal dignity by condescending to merchandise. Haughty dogs do verily contrive sometimes to sit down to amazingly dirty puddings. For example—what, though it occurs in a fiction, we cannot but deem a genuine trait of life—the willingness of the Hidalgo, in *Guzman d'Alfarache*, to stomach the remains of a supper actually begged by his half-starved valet! This is a phenomenon more easily accounted for than might be at first supposed. Pride, in such instances, creates such a perfect assurance of the impossibility of *self*-degradation, that it allows itself to do any thing.

We return to repeat the remark, that the true use of self-esteem in the human constitution is to give that sense of self-respect which tends to maintain right conduct and repel unjust aggression. We should therefore only deprecate any great extreme of this feeling; whilst, at the same time, reflection will convince us that no great actions can be performed without a proper sense of pride—that every real and sound friend of his species—those, for example, who have suffered for their advocacy of the great principles of civil and religious liberty—must have had self-esteem, or truth would have been sacrificed in deference to established opinions, and the best and soundest principles would have been immolated on the altars of selfish prejudices. The proud conscientious man is sure to act honestly. We should therefore only deprecate pride when its all-engrossing tendencies swallow up the better faculties, and when it exercises a fearful potency over every action, rendering the possessor overbearing, immoral, and ignorant. Such a one we may dread to associate with under any circumstances, because no moral consideration will restrain the unmollified yearnings of his animal propensities. Every action is instigated by selfish considerations. If any one should offend such an individual, he holds a judicial proceeding, and constitutes himself both judge and jury, and there is no appeal against his verdict; and woe be unto the poor wight who is in the power of such a person, as summary and vindictive punishment is sure to be inflicted. But if the mental court of a proud man is regulated by a cultivated intellect and a sound code of morality, then a righteous judgment may be expected. The appellant will have a patient hearing, and every mitigating circumstance will be investigated; motives will be examined, and justice will be done, from the decision being dependent on the evidence which may have been submitted, and not merely on impulsive sensations of personal wrong.

GOLDEN HAIR.

Golden hair, or any thing having a pretension to rank under that name, is extremely rare now-a-days among the sons and daughters of men. Yet it has been much talked of. All the old poets, Greek and Roman, are fond of adorning their heroes and heroines, more particularly the latter, with tresses of this brilliant hue. Was the attribute more common in those days than now? Probably not. The number of real and historical characters who have been decorated by nature with golden hair, appears to be very limited indeed. One of those so endowed was Lucretia Borgia, the too famous daughter of Pope Alexander VI., and a renowned beauty in her time. The truth of the matter is put beyond all doubt, by the preservation of one of her tresses in the Ambrosian Library of Milan. Leigh Hunt tells us that he possesses a single hair from this tress, stolen by a "wild acquaintance" from the valued relic. "On the envelope," says Mr Hunt, whom we must allow to speak for himself here, "my wild acquaintance put a happy motto—

'And beauty draws us with a single hair.'

If ever hair was golden, it is this. It is not red, it is not yellow, it is not auburn; it is *golden*, and nothing else; and though natural-looking too, must have had a surprising appearance in the mass. Lucretia, beautiful in every respect, must have looked like a vision in a picture—an angel from the sun. Every body who sees it, cries out, and pronounces it the real thing. Wat Sylvan [Mr W. Savage Landor], a man of genius, whom I became acquainted with over it, as other acquaintances commence over a bottle, was inspired on the occasion with the following verses:—

'Borgia, thou once wert almost too august
And high for adoration—now thou'rt dust!
All that remains of thee these plaits enfold—
Calm hair meandering with pellucid gold!'"

We are tempted to think that we have found another authentic case in the work called the *Memorie of the Somervills*—a curious family memoir written by a Lord Somerville in the reign of Charles II. The entire passage in which the notice occurs may be extracted, as presenting what we think a very delightful description of individual and real beauty. It relates to the wife of the author, born Martha, daughter of Bannatyne of Corehouse:—"It is proper in this place to give a description of her persone and qualifications, both being excellent; to begin with the first, att her age of fyfteine compleat, she attained to her full height, which was soe farre above the ordinary stature of most women, that she was accounted amongst the tallest of our nationе, but soe as that diminished nothing of her handsomenesse, every part answering thereto; her visage was long, her nose high, her brow bent and smooth as alabaster, her chin and cheeks somewhat full, with a little read, especially in hott weather; ther was nothing boor soe litle proportione with the rest of her body as her hand and foot, both being extremely litle, but weill shapen, whyte, and full of flesh; her skin was smoothe and clear, but what was covered, not soe whyte as I have seen severall of her complexione that was purely sanguinean; her hair being of a *bright flaxen*, which *darkened* as she grew in age, added much to her beauty, wherin ther was no blemish, her mean being answerable to that, and her persone gave occasione to these that saw her at church, or any other public meeting, to ascert she graced the place and company where she was. It has often been observed, that when this gentlewoman walked upon the street (which was but upon occasione, being better imployed at home), that the eyes not only of the men, but also of these of her oune sex, was upon her, soe farre as ther sight could serve them, admireing her parts and handsomenesse. If any should questione the truth of what I have written concerning the persone of this young lady, ther are thousands yet alive both in Clidesdale, wher she was born and brought up, and lived some years when in a married estate, and in Mid-Lothian, her residence thereftir, where she lived some thretteine years, and therin dyed, that will give the same testimony of her persone, features, and beauty.

For the induements of her mynde, they wer answerable to the excellency of the cause, as being of a quick apprehensione, strong judgement, a ready delyverie, albeit she had a little haugh [hesitation] in utterance, which was soe farre from makeing it unpleasant, that it graced her speech, and was very takeing with these she conversed with; in a word, she was pious towards God, obedient to her parents, loveing and submissive to her husband, and obledgeing to the meanest of his relations; indulgent towards her children, frugall in careing for her familie, charitable to the poor, and courteous to all persons whatsomever."

We have mentioned that the Greek and Roman poets were liberal in ascribing golden locks to the favourite creations of their fancy. Our own poets have been so also; as, for example, Chaucer, who says of a lady that appeared to him, and won his heart, in a dream—

"For every hair upon her head,
The sooth to say it was not red;
Nor yellow, nor yet brown it n'as,
Methought most like to gold it was."

Collins, in his fine personification of Hope, gives her, it will be remembered, a head ornament of the kind under consideration—

"And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair."

A contemporary of his, the writer of the ballad of *Gil Morris*, as printed by Percy, confers this magnificent ornament on his hapless hero, contributing to the engaging effeminacy of the picture—

"His hair was like the *threeds of gold*
Drawne frae Minerva's loome;
His lipps like roses drapping dew,
His breath was a' perfume."

But to take the words of dreaming poets on such a subject is not our purpose here, and we therefore proceed to give another of the few historical and authentic instances of the occurrence of golden hair which we have met with in our course of reading. It is that of Beatrice Cenci, an Italian lady, whose deplorable story has been made the subject of a tragedy by Percy Bysshe Shelley. "Beautiful exceedingly" in all respects, Beatrice had also the ornament of golden hair. The manuscript which narrates her fate thus describes her:—"Beatrice was of a make rather large than small. Her complexion was fair. She had two dimples in her cheeks, which added to the beauty of her countenance, especially when she smiled, and gave it a grace that enchanted all who saw her. Her hair was like threads of gold; and because it was very long, she used to fasten it up; but when she let it flow loosely, the wavy splendour of it was astonishing. She had blue eyes, very pleasing, of a sprightliness mixed with dignity; and in addition to all these graces, her conversation, as well as all that she did, had a spirit in it, and a sparkling polish, which made every one in love with her. She was then under twenty years of age." Shelley himself saw the portrait of Beatrice Cenci, and says—"Her hair is bound with folds of white drapery, from which the yellow strings of her golden hair escape and fall about her neck."

Burns's "Lassie wi' the Lint-white Locks" could not, we suspect, make any pretensions to a place among the golden-haired. No modern poets, in fact, say much about golden hair, and this is perhaps a sign that truth is insinuating itself, of late days, even into poetry. Any one, however, who wishes to see a fine description, in fiction, of a golden-haired girl, may turn to the experiences of Richard Taylor (story of Mary Anne's Hair), in the early numbers of *Tait's Magazine*, where the supposed possession of such an ornament is turned to fine account. We have heard of several cases of girls in humble life, who had hair of the hue of gold, and received considerable sums, every year or two, by selling the surplus quantity. We believe, indeed, that, in the palmy days of female wigs, such sales were not uncommon.

PROFESSOR JOHNSTON ON THE RELATION OF GEOLOGY TO AGRICULTURE.

Soils being formed (by weathering or natural dissolution) out of the rocks on which they rest, their character, with a regard to the purposes of the agriculturist, depends on the constitution of those rocks. It therefore becomes of great consequence to know the constituent materials of rocks, as well as their arrangement and geographical situation—a branch of knowledge which falls within the department of the geologist. We find the relation which thus subsists between geology and agriculture briefly, intelligibly, and most convincingly explained in a small treatise* recently published by Professor Johnston of Durham, a young cultivator of science, who seems to delight in turning his studies to a practical account, and for whom, if we are not greatly mistaken, there waits an enviable reputation in and out of his country. Mr Johnston's treatise gives also a view of the relations of chemistry to agriculture; but this is a subject on which we have often before addressed our readers.

The first lesson in agricultural geology is, to observe how rocks are disposed on the surface of the earth. Let this be briefly stated for the sake of the altogether ignorant. Some rocks exist in great mountainous masses—forming in reality the bulk of huge mountain ranges—and in these nothing like the bed-structure or stratification is to be traced. They are, in fact, the ridges or upper parts of masses which stretch to an unknown distance into the earth. Upon the sunk parts of these rocks rest others, which take the form of layers, beds, or strata; all of them distinguished by peculiar constitutional characters, but each kind found in a certain place in an invariable

* Elements of Agricultural Chemistry and Geology. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

order of supraposition; some one or other being at the surface, sometimes with the flat side lying along, sometimes with the edge presented upwards; all under the superficial stratum in the order being probably present below, and all those higher in the order being absent. Where a stratified rock, or a certain kindred group of stratified rocks, lies for a great way flat, or comparatively flat, as is often the case in extensive valleys, one character of soil obtains over a large surface; in other places, the beds lying more or less edgewise, we may pass over various characters of soils in the space of a short walk. It is further to be observed, that as the dust of one kind of rock is liable to be washed or otherwise transported, in whole or in part, to a distance from its native seat, it may sometimes happen that a soil is not strictly of the character which might be argued from that of the subjacent rock; but it is generally so; and such cases as those are to be held only as exceptions, against which the skilled agricultural geologist requires to be upon his guard.

Now, all rocks whatever are formed of a limited range of materials; and what makes them so different from each other is simply their having the materials in different proportions, or in having individually some of the materials and wanting others. The materials of some are much better calculated than others to form a soil which will be productive or improvable. Hence, when we know the rock below the soil, we may form a tolerably confident augury as to the *value* of the soil for purposes of rural economy. Mr Johnston very justly remarks—"If the agricultural geologist be informed that his friend has bought or is in treaty for a farm or an estate, and that it is situated upon such and such a rock, or geological formation, he can immediately give a very probable opinion in regard to the agricultural value of the soil, whether the property be in England, in Australia, or New Zealand. If he knows the nature of the climate, also, he will be able to estimate with tolerable correctness, how far the soil is likely to repay the labours of the practical farmer; nay, even whether it is likely to suit better for arable land or for pasture; and if for arable, what species of white crops it may be expected to produce most abundantly. These facts are very curious, and illustrate beautifully the value of geological knowledge—if not to A and B, the holders or proprietors of this and that small farm, yet to enlightened agriculturists, to scientific agriculture in general. To those who are now embarking in such numbers in quest of new homes in our numerous colonies, who hope to find, if not a more willing, at least a more attainable soil in new countries, no kind of agricultural knowledge can at the outset—I may say, even through life—be so valuable as that to which the rudiments of geology will lead them. Many who prepare themselves [as they think] for becoming farmers or proprietors in Canada, New Zealand, or in wide Australia, leave their native land without a particle of that preliminary *practical* knowledge which would qualify them to say, when they reach the land of their adoption—'On this spot rather than that, in this district rather than that, will I purchase my allotment; because, though both appear equally inviting, yet I know, from the geological structure of the country, that here I shall have the more permanently productive soil; here I am more within reach of the means of agricultural improvement; here, in addition to the riches of the surface, my descendants may hope to derive the means of wealth from mineral riches beneath.' And this oversight has arisen chiefly from the value of such knowledge not being understood—often from the very nature of it being unknown, even to otherwise well-instructed practical men."

We shall now briefly run over the characters of the soils of the different rocks, partly using Mr Johnston's language and partly our own.

Commencing with the uppermost rocks, and going downwards—the *Tertiary Strata*, which exist near London and some other parts of England, but are wanting in Scotland and Ireland, are "stiff, almost impervious, dark clays," chiefly fitted for pasture, unless in the lower beds, which, being mixed with sand, produce an arable soil. The upper beds of the *Chalk* make a poor soil, chiefly serviceable for pasture; the lower make a good corn soil. So fully is the superiority of the lower beds acknowledged, that in some parts of Suffolk, where the former prevail, they bring soil from the lower beds in Kent by sea, to strew over their lands. "The *Green Sand*, 500 feet thick, consists of 150 feet of clay, with about 100 feet of sand above, and 250 feet below it. The upper sand forms a very productive arable soil; the clay impervious, wet, and cold lands, chiefly in pasture; the lower sand is generally unproductive. It is an important agricultural remark, that where the clay (plastic clay) comes in contact with the top of the chalk, an improved soil is produced; and that where the chalk and the green sand mix, extremely fertile patches of country present themselves. The *Wealden Formation* is only good where the marls and limestones, partly composing it, come to the surface.

Of the *Oolite*, so conspicuous in England, the *Upper* is only good "where the sandy limestone beds rest upon and are intermixed with the clay." The *Middle* gives good arable land where the limestones happen to abound; the pure clays are heavy to work, and chiefly fitted for pasture. Of the *Lower* it may also be said, that the predominance of the sandstone and limestone is requisite to create a good arable soil. The *Lias*, being a pure clay, is chiefly for pasture.

The *New Red Sandstone* formation [by formation is meant a kindred group of strata] "consists of red sandstones and marls—the soils on which are easily and cheaply worked, and form some of the richest and most productive arable lands in the island. In whatever part of the world the red soils of this formation have been met with, they have been found to possess in general the same agricultural capabilities." The soil of the *Magnesian Limestone* bears naturally a poor pasture, and is only capable of being improved into arable land by "high farming."

"The *Coal Measures* [another term for a group of strata], from 300 to 3000 feet thick, consist of beds of sandstones and dark blue shales (hard clays), intermingled (*interstratified*) with beds of coal. Where the sands come to the surface, the soil is thin, poor, hungry, sometimes almost worthless. The shales, on the other hand, produce stiff, wet, almost unmanageable clays—not unworkable, yet expensive to work, and requiring draining, lime, skill, capital, and a zeal for improvement, to be applied to them, before they can be made to yield the remunerating crops of corn they are capable of producing. To the *Millstone Grits*, of 600 feet or upwards in thickness, the same remarks apply. They are often only a repetition of the sandstones and shales of the Coal Measures, forming in many cases soils still more worthless. Where the sandstones prevail, large tracts lie naked, or bear a thin and stunted heath; where the shales abound, the naturally difficult soils of the coal shales again recur. These rocks are generally found on the outskirts of our coal-fields.

The *Mountain Limestone*, 800 to 1000 feet thick, is a hard blue limestone rock, separated here and there into distinct beds by layers of sandstones, of sandy slates, or of blue shales like those of the Coal Measures. The soil upon the limestone is generally thin, but produces a naturally sweet herbage. When the limestone and clay (shale) adjoin each other, arable land occurs, which is naturally productive of oats, yet, when the climate is favourable, capable of being converted into good wheat land. In the north of England, a considerable tract of country is covered by these rocks, but in Ireland they form nearly the whole of the interior of the island.

The *Old Red Sandstone* varies in thickness from 500 to 10,000 feet. It possesses many of the valuable agricultural qualities of the New Red, consisting, like it, of red sandstones and marls, which crumble down into rich red soils. Such are the soils of Brecknock, Hereford, and part of Monmouth; of part of Berwick and Roxburgh; of Haddington and Lanark; of southern Perth; of either shore of the Moray Firth; and of the county of Sutherland. In Ireland, also, these rocks abound in Tyrone, Fermanagh, and Monaghan; in Waterford, Mayo, and Tipperary. In all these places, the soils they form are generally the best in their several neighbourhoods; though here and there, where the sandstones are harder, more siliceous, and impervious to water, tracts, sometimes extensive, of heath and bog occur.

The *Upper Silurian system* is nearly 4000 feet in thickness, and forms the soils over the lower border counties of Wales. It consists of sandstones and shales, with occasional limestones; but the soils formed from these beds take their character from the general abundance of clay. They are cold, usually unmanageable, *muddy* clays, with the remarkably inferior agricultural value of which the traveller is immediately struck, as he passes westward off the Red Sandstones of Hereford on to the Upper Silurian rocks of Radnor. The *Lower Silurian* rocks are also nearly 4000 feet in thickness, and in Wales lie to the west of the Upper Silurian rocks. They consist of about 2500 feet of sandstone, on which, when the surface is not naked, barren heaths alone rest. Beneath these sandstones lie 1200 feet of sandy and earthy limestones, from the decay of which, as may be seen on the southern edge of Caermarthen, fertile arable lands are produced.

The *Cambrian system*, of many thousand yards in thickness, consists in great part of clay slates more or less hard, which often weather slowly, and almost always produce either poor and thin soils, or cold, difficultly manageable clays, expensive to work, and requiring *high farming* to bring them into profitable arable cultivation. Cornwall, western Wales, and the mountains of Cumberland, in England—the high country which stretches from the Lammermuir hills to Portpatrick, in Scotland—the mountains of Tipperary, and a large tract on the extreme south of Ireland; on its east coast, and far inland from the Bay of Dundalk—are covered by these slate rocks. Patches of rich, well-cultivated land occur here and there on this formation, with much also that is improvable; but the greater part of it is usurped by worthless heaths and extensive bogs.

The *Mica Slate* and *Gneiss systems* are of unknown thickness, and consist chiefly of hard and slaty rocks, crumbling slowly, forming poor thin soils, which rest on an impervious rock, and which, from the height to which this formation generally rises, are rendered more unproductive by an unpropitious climate. They form extensive heathy tracts in Perth and Argyle, and on the north and west of Ireland. Here and there only, in the valleys or sheltered slopes, and by the margins of the lakes, spots of bright green meet the eye, and patches of a willing soil, fertile in corn."

Mr Johnston draws the following conclusions:—"1. That some formations, like the New Red Sandstone, yield a soil almost always productive; others, as the Coal Measures and Millstone Grits, a soil almost always *naturally* unproductive. 2. That good—or better land at least, than generally prevails in a district—may be expected where two formations or two different kinds of rock meet—as when a limestone and a clay mingle their mutual ruins for the formation of a common soil. 3. That in almost every country, extensive tracts of land, on certain formations, will be found laid down to natural grass, *in consequence of the original difficulty and expense of working*. In raising corn, it is natural that the lands which are easiest and cheapest worked should be first subjected to the plough; it is not till implements are improved, skill increased, capital accumulated, and population presses, that the heavier lands will be rescued from perennial grass, and made to produce that greatly increased amount of food for both man and beast which they are easily capable of yielding."

In addition to the varieties of rock already specified, there is a kind of what may be called an eccentric character, as far as arrangement is concerned, being found in masses and thin partitions amongst and bisecting other rocks, into which positions it has apparently been thrown in a molten form from below. This is *Trap Rock* (basalts and greenstones). In granite, felspar, the parent of clay, unites with quartz; in trap, with hornblende, in which there is much lime, magnesia, and oxide of iron. Granite soils are generally unfruitful; and the plains below mountain ranges of this rock are often unfruitful also, in consequence of being overspread with the drift of the felspar clay. But a trap soil, from its containing (through the hornblende) so much of the "inorganic constituents which plants require for their healthy sustenance," proves generally more productive. In some instances, as in the Scilly Isles, the granite contains hornblende also, and is thereby rendered fertile.

We trust that this scanty outline of the agricultural characters of the various rocks will be sufficient to inspire a wish in many minds to study the subject more deeply. It is clearly one of the greatest practical importance, and particularly so to all who have occasion either to purchase or lease land, whether in this country or the colonies. We could not well, indeed, over-estimate the importance of either geology or chemistry to those whose business is with the soil. All such persons ought to give their minds in some measure to both studies. We observe that Professor Johnston has afforded opportunities of doing so in a series of lectures, in which the subjects are treated more largely than in the present volume, and which are published at a cheap rate. But even this small pocket manual may be sufficient for the purpose with a large class of minds, as it presents both subjects in a remarkably clear manner, without any scientific difficulties or details that could tend to occasion the least perplexity.

PLEASANT PROCEEDINGS AT A FACTORY.

THE masses of factory population, growing, as they do, beyond the reach of many of the established moral agencies, have formed a remarkable problem in our national condition for many years past. Alarms of a most extravagant nature have been entertained on this subject, as if factory people were something different from other human beings—utterly destitute of that element of good which, resting in human nature itself, is the true conservative principle of all society. For our part, we neither can regard the factory population as so much of an anomaly as some writers have represented it, nor can we believe that there would be so much difficulty as some apprehend in making the factory and its neighbourhood a scene of happiness and refinement. Whitfield brought good feeling from the rocky hearts of the colliers of Kingsdown by one or two sermons: who can despair of right moral influences while the subjects of the experiment wear the human form? Already, several most encouraging experiments have been made upon the factory population. We shall not here discuss which is the best kind of influence that can be exerted amongst them, but we can show that at least one kind, whatever be its relative merits, has been tried with good effect. We allude to the already partially known proceedings of the Messrs Greg at Bollington, in Cheshire. Two letters from Mr S. Greg to Mr Leonard Horner, Factory Inspector, which were printed for private circulation, contain a most interesting as well as modest account of these proceedings, though not to a very recent date, the first letter having been written in 1836, and the second in 1838. We shall endeavour to present a condensed and connected view of the contents of these letters.

Mr S. Greg states, that he and his partners commenced business at Bollington Mill in 1832, and by 1834, had the works in full operation. They had no theoretical views as to the capabilities of their people, but they seem to have entertained genuinely kind feelings towards them. Mr S. Greg was sensible of the moral evils of the condition of factory people—as low company, neglect of home and domestic duties, frequenting of public-houses, and seeking for pleasure in vulgar and brutalising amusements of various kinds.

He also felt strongly the need for an improvement in their manners towards each other. On this last point he makes some remarks, in which we most cordially concur:—"The gentleness, the tenderness, the delicacy, the patience, the forbearance, the fear of giving pain, the repression of all angry and resentful feelings, the respect and consideration due to a fellow-man, and which every one should be ready to pay, and expect to receive—what is all this but the very spirit of courtesy?—what is it but the very spirit of Christianity? And what is there in this that is not equally an ornament to the palace and the cottage, to the nobleman and the peasant?" Mr Greg likewise perceived that the low habits of many of the factory men are but *forms* of the evils of their condition. He sought deeper for the *sources*, and found these, as he believed, in the "having nothing to supply that want of our nature which demands recreation after toil, as well as toil to give relish to recreation; nothing to occupy the thoughts, which insist on being occupied with *something*; nothing for him to pursue who is by nature an animal of pursuit; nothing innocently to engage the affections which absolutely refuse to be left void. This," he continues, "is the real evil—the foundation of the mischief. * * This want of resource and recreation is not to be supplied by mere intellectual pursuits. There are many whose minds are not sufficiently cultivated to avail themselves of these: they have little or no taste for them, and yet are quite capable of being made very worthy, sensible, respectable, and happy men. Resources must be provided of sufficient variety to supply the different tastes and capacities we have to deal with."

These were Mr Greg's principles, as far as he had any besides the benevolence of his nature. We shall now see what he *did*. "For the first two years I was almost entirely occupied with the mill itself—building, making reservoirs, erecting an engine, putting in shafting and machinery, preparing gas-works, &c., and in collecting about us the requisite number of hands. In doing this, I endeavoured, as far as possible, to find such families as I knew to be respectable, or thought likely to be so, and who, I hoped, if they were made comfortable, would remain and settle upon the place, thus finding and making themselves a *home*, and losing by degrees that restless and *migratory* spirit which is one of the peculiar characteristics of the manufacturing population, and perhaps the greatest of all obstacles in the way of permanent improvement among them. Partly with this view, and partly for the sake of giving them innocent occupation for their leisure hours, we took three fields lying in front of the cottages, and between them and the mill, and broke them up for gardens, which we divided with neat hedges, and gave one to every house. Each garden is about six roods, and they are separated from each other by a neat thorn hedge. Besides these, most of them have a little flower-garden in front of their houses, or behind them; and the houses themselves have been made as comfortable as their size and situation would allow.

In the spring of 1834, the mill being then nearly completed, and a numerous population settled on the spot, I thought it time to establish a Sunday school for our children, as there was no school in the neighbourhood to which they could conveniently go, or which could afford accommodation to so large an increase of numbers as those our little colony could supply. I first mentioned my wish to a few of our elders, who I thought most likely to engage in such an undertaking. They received the proposal very gladly, and offered their services in the management of the school, if we could succeed in establishing it. We then called a general meeting of all the men in the mill, laid our plan before them; and as they all entered warmly into the scheme, and many proffered their services in the prosecution of it, we at once drew up our regulations, formed our committee, appointed some of the teachers, and opened the school, I believe, the next Sunday. We were for some weeks obliged to hold it in a *cellar*, for want of better accommodation; and we found many more children willing to attend than we had the means of providing room for. I was at this time, however, occupied in making a school-room near my own house, and when this was finished, the girls, who were the most numerous, took possession of the new building, and left the cellar for the use of the boys.* From that time the school has continued to flourish and increase in numbers. The girls' school now contains about one hundred and sixty children, and the boys' one hundred and twenty. Each school is under the management of a superintendant and a certain number of teachers, who give their services gratuitously, and relieve each other by dividing the work in such a manner, that each teacher is only obliged to attend every alternate or every third Sunday. They consist of men and young women entirely belonging to the mill. I take, myself, no active part in the management of the school, farther than spending an hour or two every Sunday in the room, and making such suggestions to the superintendant as I think necessary, which, if he approves of them, are at once adopted; or, if they involve any important change, are proposed at the next meeting of the teachers, which takes place every month; and which, in conjunction with the committee (a distinct body, however), transacts all the business relating to the school. The officers, such as the superintendant, treasurer, and secretary, are chosen annually by the body of the teachers, and the committee is appointed in the same manner. The superintendant of the girls' school, who is the head of the whole concern, and to whose zeal and exertions its success hitherto is mainly to be attributed, is himself, during working hours, one of our dressers, and labours in the ranks as humbly and diligently as the lowest of his fellows; but when the week's work is done, and Sunday morning rises to make the operative as free as his master, this worthy man assumes his long, black, clerical coat, puts on a broad beaver, grasps his walking-cane, and is at once metamorphosed into a methodist minister, a superintendant of the Sunday school, a spiritual friend and pastor among his neighbours, and the most important and honoured man in our whole community.

We celebrate the anniversary of the establishment of our school, by a general meeting and procession of all the children, on some Sunday in the month of June. They assemble in the morning with their teachers in my garden, and many of the parents come to share the pleasures of the scene. It is, indeed, a beautiful sight—at least to *our* eyes; and when they join together in singing a hymn, and the little silver voices of the younger children are heard mingling with the manly tones of their elders, and the deep bass of the accompanying instruments, we all pronounce our music to be excellent, and think no choir of a cathedral could be better.

As soon as the Sunday school was fairly established, and no longer required my immediate attention, I began to think of establishing games and gymnastic exercises among the people. With this view, I set apart a portion of a field near the mill, that had originally been designed for gardens, and taking advantage of a holiday and a fine afternoon, I called some of the boys together, and commenced operations. We began with quoits, trap and cricket balls, and leap-frog; and as I saw that many others soon joined us, and our playground continued to fill more and more every evening it was opened, I gradually introduced other games, and established a few regulations to preserve order, assigning a particular part of the playground for different games, and appointing certain individuals to distribute and preside over them. The girls and boys each took their own side of the field, and generally followed their games separately. The following summer, I erected a swing, and introduced the game called *Les Graces*, with bowls—a leaping-bar—a tight-rope, and afterwards a see-saw. Quoits are generally the favourite game of the men—the hoops and tight-rope among the boys—and the hoops and swing with the girls. The last is in perpetual requisition. With the hoops, the boys and girls now play a good deal together, and I encourage this companionship, as being extremely favourable to the cultivation of good manners, kind feelings, and perception of their proper place and relation towards each other. When we first began these games, this was a thing that had yet to be learned, and instances of rudeness and improper conduct did occasionally occur; but as I made a point of being always present on the ground, and gave our young ones to understand that I wished my leaving it to be the signal for the breaking up of the party, I had the opportunity of observing any breach of good manners or good temper, and gradually succeeded in breaking them into my system. We are now near the close of the third summer since the playground was opened; and during this season, I have not once had to remark upon any breach of order and decorum. Indeed, the system is now so well understood among us, that I no longer feel it necessary to be present during the games, though I generally am so, because I enjoy them as much as any of the party; and it is one of my chief opportunities of social intercourse with the people. The playground is open only on Saturday evening or holidays, during the summer.

In the autumn of the same year, 1834, we began our drawing and singing-classes. The drawing-class meets every Saturday evening during the winter, from six to half-past seven, and generally spend half the time in drawing, and the rest with geography or natural history. This class I teach myself; it consists of about twenty-five boys, and some of them have made considerable proficiency. They occupy themselves at home during the evenings of the week with copying drawings that I lend them for the purpose; and this affords an interest for their leisure hours, and an attraction to their home fireside, which it was one of my chief objects in introducing this pursuit to supply. During the summer, they continue the occupation or not, as they choose; but our regular lessons are given up, as our Saturday evenings are then spent more profitably in the playground, and we return to our winter occupations with much more zeal and relish, after a long vacation, than if they had been continued without interruption during the whole year. Some variety and change in our pursuits, I find as necessary to keep up my own interest and attention as theirs.

As soon as the drawing-class breaks up, at half-past seven, the singing-class assembles, and remains till nine. This class consists of girls and young men, to the number of twenty-eight. It is entirely under the management of the superintendent of the Sunday school, who meets them once a-week during the winter to teach them their different parts, and then brings them on Saturday evening to our large school-room, where they practise all together. We confine ourselves, for the present, to sacred music, singing in four parts, and, with the assistance of two instruments, make what we think very tolerable music. This class is very popular, especially with the girls, and it is considered a great privilege to be invited to join it.

One of the most successful of our plans, and the most effectual in civilising the manners of the people, has been that of having regular evening parties during the winter. The number at these parties is generally about thirty. They consist chiefly of the elder girls and boys, generally an equal number of each. They come by special invitation, a little printed card being sent to each, on which is written the day and hour when the party will take place. Much of the distinction shown to the guests depends on this *individual invitation*; and it is part of my plan to show as much respect as possible to those whom I invite to join our society. I do not invite all promiscuously; and among so many as we employ there are necessarily some who, on my system, have never been at a tea-party at all. I put those on my list whose manners and character mark them as in some degree superior to their fellows, or those who, I think, with a little notice and encouragement, and the advantage of good society, may gradually become civilised and polished; and I take care that no family that has any members of the proper age, who are tolerably respectable, shall be *entirely* left out, especially if they attend the Sunday school: so that, out of about three hundred people who are employed in the mill, and also live in our own colony (for many who work in the mill live at a distance from it, and these it is almost impossible to introduce into our circle), I think my list of eligible guests amounts to about one hundred and sixty. Of these, however, the superior ones—the aristocracy of the place—are invited more frequently than others, both because the presence of some of these is absolutely necessary to make the party go off well, and because I wish to show my sense of their merit by more than ordinary attention and respect.

These parties are held in the school-room, which I have fitted up handsomely, and furnished with pictures, busts, &c., and a pianoforte; and as it is close to my own house, the accommodations necessary for refreshments and amusements are easily supplied. Before the guests assemble, books, Saturday magazines, or drawings, are laid on the tables; and with these they amuse themselves till tea is brought in. The tea and coffee are then handed round to the company, and they continue to chat with me or with each other, and keep up a very tolerable amount of conversation till the meal is ended. I go about from one table to another, and always find several among the company who are not only able to ask a question and answer one, but to keep up conversation in a way that I think would surprise you. I never address myself to the whole company at once, and avoid, as much as possible, all unnecessary restraint or formality, endeavouring, as far as the case admits, to carry on the party as if it were held in my drawing-room, and consisted of my own friends and equals in society. After tea, we fall to our games, which consist of piecing maps or pictures, spilicans, chess, draughts, building houses of cards, phantasmagoria, and several others of less note; while those who do not play amuse themselves with reading, or discussing the news of the week or politics of the colony. Sometimes we have a little music and singing; and towards the end of the evening, we rouse ourselves with Christmas games, such as, tiercely, my lady's toilet, blind man's buff, &c. &c.; and soon after nine, I bid them good night, and they disperse.

I should have told you that there is a little anteroom attached to the school-room, where the guests deposit their hats, bonnets, &c., and where there is a good fire; so that, after their evening walk, they come into the room dry and comfortable, and are generally dressed with a neatness and propriety, and even good taste, that do them great credit. The boys and girls sit at different tables during tea; but in the course of the evening, the ranks are generally broken, and many of them join each other in their different games. The parties I have just described consist of the elder girls and boys of our colony. Occasionally, however, we have a junior party. These are generally the most pleasant ones, as the little restraint that is somewhat requisite among the elders is here voted unnecessary and out of place, and there is much more laughing, fun, and merriment among us. These parties take place about once in three weeks during the winter, on Saturday evening; the drawing and singing class being given up for that day.

In the autumn of last year, I established some warm baths in our colony, which have been brought into very general use, and have contributed materially to the health, comfort, and cleanliness of the people. The bathing-room is a small building close behind the mill, about twenty-five feet by fifteen. The baths, to the number of seven, are ranged along the walls, and a screen about six feet high, with benches on each side of it, is fixed down the middle of the room. The cold water is supplied from a cistern above the engine-house, and the hot water from a large tub, which receives the waste steam from the dressing-room, and is kept constantly almost at boiling temperature. A pipe from each of these cisterns opens into every bath; so that they are ready for instant use. The men and women bathe on alternate days, and a bath-keeper for each attends for an hour and a half in the evening. This person has the entire care of the room, and is an-

* We have now, however, built a very good school-room for the boys.

swerable for every thing that goes on in it. When any one wishes to bathe, he comes to the counting-house for a ticket, for which he pays a penny, and without which he cannot be admitted to the bathing-room. Some families, however, subscribe a shilling a-month, which entitles them to five baths weekly; and these hold a *general* subscriber's ticket, which always gives them admittance to the room. I think the number of baths taken weekly varies from about twenty-five to seventy or eighty. During the first four months (from November to February inclusive), the average was about seventy-five weekly. I pay the bath-keepers two shillings and sixpence, and two shillings a-week; and I believe this amount has been more than covered by the receipts. The first cost of erecting the baths was about eighty pounds.

The above plans, with our library, day-school, band, and flower-shows, are all that we have yet [1835] set on foot in our colony, as the time which has elapsed since we commenced is short; and I do not think it is desirable, even if our progress were more easy, to go on too fast with such schemes of improvement as those I have attempted. Many of them were at first mere experiments, and I was obliged to feel my way cautiously, that I might not throw my labour away, or run the risk of doing harm instead of good by what I undertook. But the more I *have* done, the more I see *may* be done, and *ought* to be done; and as I have better understood the characters of those I have had to work upon, and succeeded in developing their capabilities, the more have I been convinced how much both may yet be elevated and improved."

MRS CALDERWOOD'S TRIP TO THE CONTINENT.

The Maitland Club—an association for privately printing curious manuscripts of former times—has recently given birth to a quarto entitled "The Coltness Papers," consisting of various memorials of the Steuarts of Coltness, a respectable family in Lanarkshire, recently terminated in the main line. The bulk of the volume is occupied by a narrative of a tour from Scotland to the Low Countries in 1756, by Mrs Calderwood of Polton, a sister of the Sir James Steuart who was one of the earliest British writers on political economy. A remarkable flow of intellectual vitality has characterised this family from its progenitor, Sir James Steuart, Provost of Edinburgh in 1648-50, down to the present times, and Mrs Calderwood seems to have had her full share of the inheritance. "To read English ill and plain work" were then the sum of a Scottish gentlewoman's education; spelling had not taken its place amongst the virtues; and any one who was acquainted with Pope, Swift, and Addison, was most likely to show her wisdom by saying nothing on the subject. But the less education that existed, natural talent seems to have had just the greater chance of ripening into a certain piquancy, such as the disciplined intellect perhaps rarely exemplifies. We see this strongly in Mrs Calderwood, whose narrative, though written only to amuse a daughter left at home, is full of pointed racy remark, keen sense, and a very considerable amount of humour, of the character of that of Smollett. We are the more disposed to introduce it to the notice of our readers, that it is a curious and instructive record of contemporary characters and circumstances.

Mrs Calderwood travelled with her husband, who seems to have been an indolent good-natured man, one or two young people, and a servant, John Rattray, whose remarks, in broad Scotch, she is fond of commemorating. The reader will probably be surprised at her commenting on political matters, questions as to agricultural improvement, and so forth; but we find that she took sole charge, at home, of both the family estate and its political influence, and was successful in both departments. It was on the third day that the party reached Durham, where Mrs Calderwood was surprised, as it was Sunday, to find boys playing at the ball in the piazzas of the cathedral. She asked a girl if it was customary for the boys to play at ball on Sunday; to which it was answered—"They play on other days as well as Sunday." The girl's mother, again, who showed the cathedral, seemed to think Mrs Calderwood an outlandish heathen for not understanding the use of the hassocks placed in the seats. In those days travelling was travelling, not locomotion; we must not therefore be surprised that, betwixt Doncaster and Bantry, a highwayman approached their carriage, and was only beaten off by a stratagem of John Rattray. Mrs Calderwood seems to have everywhere asked questions; but she was vexed to find that few people knew any thing beyond their own immediate concerns—a remark which the Scotch are still apt to make respecting the English. "In our first day's journey in England, I asked the post-boy to whom the lands on each hand belonged? He said—'To Sir Carnaby.' I knew who he meant; and to try him, asked, 'what Sir Carnaby, or what other name he had?' but he answered—'Just Sir Carnaby, who lived yonder,' and that he had never inquired the surname of the man on whose ground he was born." The journey from Edinburgh to London seems to have required six days. Mrs Calderwood makes this general remark on the surface of England:—"It is easy to be seen who has been long in peaceable possession and who not; for, till you come to Newark upon Trent, the farthest ever the Scots went into England, the improvements are not of old standing, nor the grounds don't seem to be of great value; they use them mostly for the breeding of cattle and sheep." Another of her observations savours strongly of the Scottish Presbyterian:—"I think the Cathedral of Durham is the most ridiculous piece of expense I saw, *to keep up such a pageantry of idle fellows in a country place*, where there is nobody either to see or join with them, for there is not place for above fifty folks besides the performers." With the following, which is called forth by a reference to the large, many-horsed waggons used in England, there will probably be less dispute:—"It is surprising how much nonsense I have heard spoken by folks who would introduce English customs into Scotland, without considering the difference of the two countries. I must own I saw very little new to me but what I could plainly see was calculated for the particular situation of the country, and could never answer for general use. It has always been my opinion, that *the fault-finders are the folks who want judgment*, and not the people whose practice they quarrel; for time and experience have taught every part of every country to follow the method most agreeable to its soil and situation." Mrs Calderwood incidentally mentions that the wages of a labourer in a rural district—and she seems to hold the case as a general one—were a shilling a-day, which she considered high.*

In London, she thought meanly of the brick houses, admired the vast number of fine horses, and found the noise of vehicles intolerable. A fortnight elapsed without her having seen any of the royal family; and for this she gives as a reason—"I found, as I approached the court and the grandees, they sunk so miserably in my opinion, and came so far short of the ideas I had conceived, that I was loath to lose the grand ideas I had of kings, princes, ministers of state, senators, &c., which I suppose I had gathered from romance in my youth. We used to laugh at the English for being so soon afraid when there was any danger in state affairs, but now I do excuse them. For we at a distance think the wisdom of our governors will prevent all these things; but *those who know and see our ministers every day see there is no wisdom in them*, and that they are a parcel of old, ignorant, senseless bodies, who mind nothing but eating and drinking, rolling about in Hyde Park, and know no more of the country, nor of the situation of it, nor of the numbers, strength, and circumstances of it, than if they had never been in it. Lord Anson, he sailed round the world; therefore he must rule all naval affairs: which is just like a schoolmaster imagining himself qualified for the greatest post in the law, because he understands the language in which the law is wrote. * * The king, every body says, and I do believe it, knows more of the world, and takes more concern, than any of them. It is reported he cried when he read Byng's account of his actions, and said, 'Who can I trust?—or upon whom can I depend?'" At Kensington, "I could not see the private apartments of the *old goodman* [the king], which they say is a great curiosity. There is a small bed with red curtains, two satin quilts, and no blanket, a hair mattress; a plain wicker basket stands on a table, with a silk night-gown and night-cap in it; a candle with an extinguisher; some billets of wood on each side of the fire. He goes to bed alone, rises, lights his fire, and mends it himself; and nobody knows when he rises, which is very early [George II. was then seventy-three], and is up several hours before he calls any body. He dines in a small room adjoining, in which there are very common things. He sometimes, they say, sups with his daughters and their company, and is very merry, and sings French songs, but at present he is in very low spirits. Now, this appearance of the king's manner of living would not diminish my idea of a king: it rather looks as if he applied to business."

On the way to embark at Harwich, Mrs Calderwood seems to have gone deep into the statistics of Essex calf-feeding. Her description of the packet, with its two bed-surrounded cabins, full of miscellaneous company, all of whom got sea-sick, is a droll though coarse picture. "Marinasa, the opera-dancer, was in the company, and a companion of his, a Swiss, who was either a singer or a dancer, we could not know which, *for he sung very ill, and did not look as if he could dance.*" On the company being landed at Helvoetsluys in a Dutch boat, the charge of a shilling of fare raised a stormy quarrel, which, as the parties understood nothing of each other's language, became a good representation of the confusion of Babel. Mrs Calderwood could make out nothing but a certain phrase of execration, "which, to the honour of the English, has become a part, and I think the only part, of the universal language so much wished for." She and her friends proceeded in a waggon to Rotterdam, where they lodged at the *Swyn's Hooft*, "which, being interpreted, signifies the swine's head. This house was kept by a Frenchman and a Dutch frowe of the first magnitude." Then we have a vast number of particulars about Dutch streets, canals, houses, and so forth, none of which would be new to our readers—except, perhaps, one, which certainly is eminently absurd: "If any street runs a-squint the town, then all the houses run a-squint in the fore wall, and every room is two feet longer on one side than the other." She remarks, that the Dutch do not use their own fine Delft ware, but "ugly pewter," nor the ladies the fine chintzes of the country, but English cottons; and adds—"Providence has certainly wisely ordered, for the greater correspondence amongst mankind, that every country should despise its own produce or manufactures." We have been rather surprised to find Mrs Calderwood describing, as a thing new to her, the custom of having a hole through the wall beside the outer door for a bell-pull.

Our tourist thought the Dutch solid and rational, and more ready of understanding than the English. She was struck by their behaviour on Sunday. "They almost all wear black to go to church, and you would take them for so many Seceders, they put on such a Sunday face, and walk as if they could not look up. No sooner is sermon over but they fall to feasting, drinking, and dancing." Their toleration astonished her, and she could not understand how the men in authority should not endeavour to suppress Popery. Magistrates would even order orphan children to be brought up in that profession, if it had been so appointed in the marriage-contracts of their parents. Travelling in the waggon from the Hague to Amsterdam—in which conveyance they found several men of consequence—they met a youth who had been in England. "He said he could not understand the pleasure the English took in horse-races and cock-fighting, such cruel diversions, but said, what things folks were accustomed to, they did not reflect upon the cruelty of them; for, when he was in England, a gentleman whose house he was at desired him to show him the way of dressing a water-sutchy. 'I took,' said he, 'the perches alive, and scraped them with a knife, for otherwise the scales do not come off.' 'Oh!' cried the Englishman, 'there never was such a cruelty, to scrape the fish alive!' 'Are you not as cruel,' said I, 'who can take such pleasure in tormenting a poor cock for your diversion?' 'Truly,' says the Englishman, 'I never thought of that before.' 'Nor,' said I, 'of the pain it gives the perches.'"

"Every thing is dear in Holland," says Mrs Calderwood, "but East India goods and charity. A beggar is well satisfied with a doit, which is the fourth part of a halfpenny, and I believe *our beggars judged ill in destroying the doits*, for every body gives, and doits come to a great deal. There are two of the corners at Rotterdam where the ramparts are not joined by bridges, and there is a boat by which you are ferried over for a doit, and these two doit-boats bring into the town's treasury near a hundred pounds sterling per annum each." This is a good illustration of what the present age has recognised as the *cheap* principle.

Mrs Calderwood discourses largely on the ceremonies of the Catholic places of worship, and the monastic establishments of the Low Countries. At Liege, she went with her friends to the Scots Jesuits' College, where she found several descendants of those who had exiled themselves with James II. One Maxwell, from Dumfriesshire, was a fine tall venerable figure; but another of the inmates was of a different character. This was Daniel Mackenzie, a native of Inverness, who had been a smuggler, or, as she insists on interpreting it, a pedlar, in his own country, and was a proselyte. "As for my friend Father Daniel," says the satiric lady of Polton, "he is a good-natured, innocent, obliging soul, very ugly and very merry. He is just a Scots pedantic scholar, and was always snuffing, out of curiosity, about every sort of religion to see what it was, and what this folks' set of tenets were, and upon what they had founded their differences from others upon. Had he been bred a divine, he would at this time have been a member of the presbytery of Dunfermline, or perhaps Mr Jamieson's pastor at Kennoway; but as he was bred a smuggling merchant, or perhaps a packman, he walked twenty miles to hear Mr Whitfield, Mr Ebenezer Erskine, &c.; and after satisfying his curiosity about them, he fell to trying what sort of cheese the Catholics set their traps with; and, as he was snuffling about that, I suppose he found that a life of study and idleness could be had without an estate, or so much as a farthing, none of which the others had offered him. His being a proselyte gained him an easy admittance, and there he lives at his ease, and labours at logic and what not to his heart's content. I do believe, poor creature, he has not a wish beyond finishing his studies and becoming a professor; he has three years of study yet to come. The students are kept very strictly to hours and rules, and are held at an awful distance from the old fathers. Daniel asked leave to attend us, and obtained it, to his great joy; he looked always, when he came, like a dog *wagging his tail for gladness to get out.*"

At Spa—to reach which, in order to visit her exiled brother, the jacobite Sir James Steuart, was the object of Mrs Calderwood's journeying—they lived in a lodging with a number of Scotch friends, where the landlady cooked for them. "We often got good sport with John's French, and the mistakes that happened betwixt him and her. They wanted to have a haggis;* but John said, we must set our hearts bye that, for he had seen nothing like meal in that town. That day Mr Calderwood had bid the landlady get him some honey; so, when she was counting with John at night, there was an article for *miel*. 'Meal!' says John—

* A passage in Allan Ramsay shows that labourers were then to be had in Edinburgh for exactly half the sum.

* For those who have the misfortune not to know what a haggis is, let it be stated, that it is a pudding of oatmeal, mixed with spice, minced suet, and meat, and boiled in one of those articles from which puddings originally took their name.

'deil a grain have I seen in your country; no, no, madam—no, no,' and shook his head. Upon this, she came to Mr Calderwood, who put John right, and told the woman what he had mistaken it for; upon which she produced meal, to the great joy of the company, who, by this mistake, got a haggis. I asked John one day how they called the maid of the house? 'I don't know,' says he, 'how they call the women servants here, but they call us men *dumbsticks*.' 'Troth,' says I, 'you're really well named *at present*.'"

The party afterwards spent a considerable time in Brussels; and it would appear from Mrs Calderwood's journal, that in that city, Spa, and some others which she describes, the English were almost as rife in 1756 as they are in these days. Some of her sketches of men and things are very curious. She speaks of the distributions of food at the monasteries, as making many of the poorer classes depend upon charity instead of work; while the practice of mendicancy by the religious orders themselves rendered begging so respectable, that it was extensively resorted to. "You would be surprised to see such well-drest beggars. I believe the commons send out all their children a-begging. There are many very able to work has no other employment; you will see them standing at a door, and touting a *Paternoster* through the key-hole. I was coming up a street one day, when a very decent, well-drest man took off his hat, made me a bow, and said something softly; I imagined he had some prohibited goods to sell, and made him a curtsey, and asked him what he said, and he asked charity for two children he had: I thought as much shame as if it had been me that was begging; but having learned the way of the place, I gave him a farthing, for which he was very thankful. I very often surprised a poor old body whom I see working a stocking, or doing anything of work kind, by giving them a placket, which is threepence halfpenny, at which they clap down on their knees, and pray in Latin till you are out of hearing. The Latin prayers have cost me several pence, for the bairns are so fond of making them pray, that all the copper money was lawful prize whenever they got their hands over it, so that they never set out without half a dozen at their tail. I asked somebody who knew, why there were folks in such good dress begging? They said it was the fashion over all this country for people to travel for nothing, and any body who could afford to go in a carriage, if they had business from one country to another, never thought of money to bear their charges, but begged every thing they got; and the folks on the road had learned to think themselves obliged to feed and lodge them for nothing, *just as the lasses of Moffat think themselves obliged to carry the men over the waters*."

Amongst the English at Brussels, they met one whose mode of life is worth relating. He was a Mr Hope, a near relation of Lord Holland, and had enjoyed a patrimony of L.1500 a-year, which he ran through in his youth, all but a wreck, affording him an annuity of between thirty and forty pounds. "He came abroad, travelled about from place to place till he had forgot his misfortunes, and some years ago he settled here. He has a room which he furnished for himself, and this room is his whole house. He maintains himself in every thing without boarding, dresses his own meat, buys every thing for himself, and requires no assistance from any body. In the forenoon, he puts on his frock and goes to market, and is Mr Hope's man; in the afternoon, he is very genteelly drest, with a sword (which nobody can stir over the door without here), and is Mr Hope himself. His acquaintances say, that sometimes they see him pretty often, and sometimes not once in six months; that, I suppose, is just as he is in the humour, for he lives entirely to his own taste, and subjects himself to nothing that is not agreeable to him. It seems he was in a visiting humour when Sir James [Steuart] was here last winter, for he came to him often, and I got a letter to him from Sir James, but it was several weeks before I could find him. At last I got a letter conveyed to his hand, and have had one or two short visits of him; he is one you must not press or invite, because he says he has a great deal to do, and cannot give up his time to others. His house is at one end of the town, and he has a garden at the other, to which he goes several times a-day, and works it himself, and is, they say, very curious in this particular. He keeps the hours of this country, and dines at twelve o'clock. However, as I suppose he took a fondness for Sir James, he dined with him often; but then, he must show he was so much on a footing that he must dine again with him, so invited him and several others to a very genteel dinner, which he had dressed himself; notwithstanding which, there was he, drest out, and the dinner upon the table, ready to receive them at the time appointed."

We must now part with Lady Polton, as the complaisance of her own country would call her; but, before doing so, we may present a general conclusion at which she arrives on the subject of travelling and foreign manners. "The proper use of it [travelling] is to learn to set a just value upon every country, and the things they possess; and I believe, when accompts are balanced, the favours of Providence are more equally distributed than we rashly imagine; what one country wants another can supply, which links men into one common society; and it is curious to observe the contrivances they fall upon to supply those wants [which] either cannot be purchased, or are too expensive for the generality. The people on the continent have their minds more at large with regard to the rest of the world than those in an island; they have opportunity of converse with all nations, which takes off prejudice, except when it is political, and even then it does not extend to individuals. Their behaviour is politer, because they are often among strangers, and it makes just the same difference betwixt them and us, as it does on the same man when he is in company and at home; he is the same man in head and heart when he is entertaining a great visiter, as he is when lolling at his own fireside."

THE LOBSTER-POTS.

THERE wasn't a widow in the parish of Kilkettle to come near the Widow Wade. She had a handsome cabin, a good slip of a garden at a low rent, a cow and a calf, a sweet pig-stye, and a sweet face; to say nothing of a sweet temper, now that her husband, poor Thady Wade, was dead. She had, I had almost forgotten to mention, a stout yawl, and made a handsome thing of the lobsters she took out at Skerry Island, and sold to Green, in William Street, Dublin. It would have been a pity to forget this, since on these lobsters my story as much depends as did her income and her happiness. She had, indeed, a sort of monopoly of the Skerry Isle lobsters; and whether it was the respect borne to the memory of her deceased husband, as connected with lobsters, or the approbation of the village and neighbourhood of the perseverance with which she—though, from her sex and habits, herself precluded from taking a principal part in the capture of these *recherché* animals—pursued them, through the instrumentality of her well-paid crew, I know not; but certain it is that two rival yawls, which had been well-tarred and set on the same ground in the same line, had become successively bankrupt; and it was but seldom that a fisherman was driven to such desperation, by bad success elsewhere, as to poach upon the widow's manor of Skerry Island. There might have been other causes for this, perhaps; she retained none in her service but the stoutest and ablest-bodied of the "boys" about "the ground," as this spot of ocean was termed. This circumstance also favoured her neighbours' honesty—it was retired, and far from the observation and interference of meddling witnesses; and an occasional sound drubbing to the whole of the crew of a rival boat was an offence which, committed on the high seas, was beyond the legal grasp of the village attorney, and had to be proved by bystanders. Whether such means were ever resorted to, I have no way of knowing, nor indeed any right to inquire. Of this fact I am positive, however, that Widow Wade was exceedingly excitable on the subject of her lobster-pots; and her temper, angelic as it is stated to have been, is known to have given way at the bare mention of a good take of lobsters on the coast of Skerry Island by any other yawl than the "Jolly Boy" of Kilkettle.

But although I have stated that lobsters formed an equal part of her income and happiness, it remains for this story to prove that the setting up of any idol in the heart brings its own punishment, in that idol itself being made the source of misery to its adorer.

One fine evening three "boys" sat on the top of a low wall built of loose stones cemented with sea-sand, between the suburbs of Kilkettle and the sea, with their faces turned towards the latter, having the rock called the Skerry Island opposite, and consequently—but this must be evident. Their names were Pat Nelligan, Jerry Green, and Billy Slattery; and their business seemed to be that of pulling down the aforesaid wall, since, according as they talked, they kept loosening the stones, and rolling them into the field at their feet. Whether they were hired for this express purpose or not, I cannot say; they seemed to take it very easily, and the occupation appeared quite subordinate to their conversation, which referred to the vested rights of the Widow Wade, and which they could not by any process of reasoning see the rights of. That night, to cut a long story short, they were to shove out the mackarel yawl after dark, and make for the "ground" off Skerry Island, and the take was to be sent up by Billy Slattery's potato-cart, which was to quit Kilkettle before dawn the next morning for Dublin, with a load; the profits to be fairly divided between the parties, share and share alike.

The compound word, "lobster-pot," not explaining itself, and some of my expected readers probably living where they never heard its parts connected, except when the kitchen fire was considered an inseparable adjunct, I think it needful to explain, so far as to say that it is *not* the vessel in which the fish is to be boiled that is let down into the sea to catch him; on the contrary, the "pot" preliminary—pot the first, as it may be termed—is a sort of trap made of stout osier twigs, of the shape and construction nearly of certain cage rat-traps, and, the bait being placed within, the animal is induced to squeeze his body through some re-entering rods, which, having bent a little to facilitate his entry, present their points, with cruel indifference, to the gentleman, who, having regaled himself, expects, in common justice, to be allowed to go about his business again. The machines which act so unhandsomely towards their prey, and so cleverly for their employers, are sunk with weights to the bottom of the sea, where it is of a moderate depth, and rock and sea-weed present a likelihood of the presence of the fish—a stout line being attached to the "jetsam" (as lawyers might term it), thus converting it into "flotsam," by means of a range of corks placed along it near its other extremity, at equal distances, and which are as well the guides to the locality of the pot and expected lobsters beneath, as the means of both being hauled conveniently to the surface of the water—or, as the widow and her myrmidons would have more curtly expressed it—*riz*.

Well, then, about eleven o'clock of the night following the evening in question, a clumsy but strong-built yawl came dodging up upon the undulating surface of the sea, into a lonely and wild creek upon the north shore of the rock called Skerry Island. The cliffs of black and weather-beaten limestone rose perpendicularly out of the water to the height of between one and two hundred feet, and, in the darkness of the night, were defined no farther than by the numerous nests of sea-fowl, which, with their white inmates and white deposit, shaped out in some degree the fissures and projections of the mass. The echo caused by its vast reverberating surface in the little bay seemed asleep now, only repeating, as if in a dream, the plash of the little yawl between the seas, the stroke of her oars, and the occasional chick of a gull or gannet, as, snug in a cleft, it hinted to its companion to lie over a little. There was a snore, too, as if dame Echo drew long breaths with her mouth shut; but this must have been nothing more than the tide beginning to flow through the North Sound.

The boys knew the "ground" well, evidently, for they pulled as straight for the lines as if there was a flag-staff to mark them.

"Now, Jerry, hould way on her," said Pat Nelligan in a low voice, for the echo alarmed him; "hould way till I get a grip ov the line. The tide 'll dhrop us away." So saying, he went forward in the boat till he reached her bows, when he leaned forward and over the gunwale, so as to seize the line attached to the corks near its extremity.

"Hould it! hould it!" cried both the oarsmen, who now saw that he had grasped it—"hould it till we ship the oars, and riz it all together!"

"I've missed it!—shlipped out betune my fingers!—make a grab at it, Billy!—you'll have it to larboard!"

And accordingly the cork, after ducking beneath the keel of the boat, emerged to the surface just under the towel-pin of Billy's oar. To seize it, and jerk it into the boat, was the work of a moment; and all three laying hold of the wet and splashing line, drew up the "pot" safely to her side. Here the precious article was set upon with a curiosity worthy of antiquaries over a mummy-case, and examined as to its contents. They were average—a few tolerable fish, and a number of worthless fry; the latter were restored to their element, making good the remark, that insignificance is safe when eminence suffers; but the former were carefully bestowed in the bottom of the boat, after which they pulled a few strokes to the next line.

How frequently do our most pleasant exploits furnish a lash to scourge us! Little did Pat Nelligan know what a whip he was preparing for his own precious back when he was hauling up the pots of the Widow Wade. Was not that honourable lady at that very moment dreaming of Pat? Yes. The fact was undeniable. There *was* a leaning that way. But the Widow Wade had pride—high and inflexible pride; and she never had told her love. If she had even given a hint, Nelligan had as soon have eaten his own fingers down to the first joint as have launched the mackarel yawl that night; he could have "riz" the lobsters another way.

The pots were found empty the next morning by the *bona fide* resurrection-men of the deep, for the lobster-snatchers had forgotten to take bait to put down with the pots again; and it far exceeds the scope of my humble capacity to describe the state of the widowed proprietor's mind at the discovery. To say that she swore would perhaps be, in its worst sense, too much; but as near as she could shave to the third commandment she did, certainly; and her general language, I am afraid, was sadly deficient in the grace of Christian charity for some hours that morning. She hurried down the long and straggling street of Kilkettle in the direction of the harbour, discharging upon every neighbour she met a portion of that vituperation which, like vapour receiving constant accessions from the fire of wrath within her, every instant threatened to burst the machine that confined it. So we have remarked the engineer, with malicious ingenuity, contrive to time the sharp and deafening discharges of his superfluous steam exactly when passenger after passenger is closest to the nostrils of the panting monster.

"They've been at the pots: listen to that, Molly Magrath; they've been at the pots; say! Wait till the lone widdy gets down to the quay, and see what the boys 'll say."

"Whisht, Mrs Wade," the person addressed might venture to reply, respectfully endeavouring to soothe the exasperated dame; "maybe it was a bad night for the fish, and"——

"Bad for the fish! dad, it'll be bad for the flesh of them that's robbed me, if I come across them! And the likes of you, too, that maybe knows all about it, with your 'maybes!'"

"There, Gusty Connor; they've done it at last! Not a prawn in the pots! I wondher they ever left me one—the poor lone widdy that I am! Well, aisy, till I find them; and if my name's Wade, found they'll be, and in Kilmancha, afore the week's over! I'd like to get my hand on them first; I'd comb their heads with a three-legged stool—so I would!"

These successive disclosures of the state of her mind to the various friends who lived in that part of the street

between her own house and the harbour, did not tend (as may be guessed) to allay the excitement under which she laboured, and by the time she had reached the seaside, she had put on the full power of language. Now, it happened that just as the animated engine came smoking round the corner of the harbour-master's house, what should it come full against but the personage who has figured already so prominently in our narrative, and in the lady's dream---Pat Nelligan! She stopped short, and looking in his face for an instant, without uttering a word, at last dashed her arms into the air over her head, her hands quivering till the fingers became invisible, and then, seizing the astonished Pat's collar in both hands, she wrung his neck, and shook him to and fro as an earthquake might be supposed to shake Patrick's church, while her heart, with the single intelligible words of—"Oh, Pat!" gave way within her, like an Artesian well when the last blow is inflicted upon the rock, and gushed to the surface in a flood of tears.

What were Pat's sensations at that harrowing moment? That he was detected, known, betrayed, exposed, ruined, he of course took for granted. With one furious thought, which included in its scope the whole race of lobsters and proprietors of pots generally, he set himself to think what he had to say why he should not be forthwith committed to his majesty's jail of Kilmancha. He was, however, saved the trouble of moving in arrest of judgment.

"Pat Nelligan, if you had been there, I mightn't have been ruined this morning."

Here was a most unforeseen disclosure of affairs. Nelligan discovered that, so far from being suspected as the author of the theft, he was clung to as the injured fair one's most confidential protector; and, moreover, he fancied he could trace a certain coquetry in her rage, a sort of stormy *badinage*, which seemed to encourage him to comfort and avenge her, under the hopes of being sweetly successful.

Pat was a man; he was, moreover, an Irishman. It was therefore becoming, natural, and expedient, that he should take advantage of such a state of matters. He did so; and, to make a slight break in this eventful history, a few days had completely altered his position in life. He hoped—for he was given reason to hope—that the widow, the house, the garden, the pigs, and the pots, would all be his own, and that soon, provided—and here was the gall which the whip of his conscience touched with killing smartness—he could silence Bill Slattery and Jerry Green; but so far from doing so, he found that he must still share and share alike in their insidious adventures. This was horribly embarrassing.

"What's the matter wid ye, at all, that ye can't spake like another man?" said the pair one day to Pat. "Here's your share of the lobsther-money, seven and three-ha'pence; and the next time we'll take bait along wid us."

Pat Nelligan felt his heart give a small rise and then a great go down. "The next time?" he faintly ejaculated.

"Ay, Pat Nelligan, the next time," said Billy; "that's to-night—do ye mind? At one o'clock the yawl 'll be behind the keel rock, and we 'll be waitin' for you."

"Oh, Billy! oh, boys!—you wouldn't be afther"——

"By the mass, we would be afther the lobsthers as soon as we dare; sure, arn't we safe wid you that knows when the rale yawl 'll be haulin'. You must ordher her out iv the way that time, any how."

To detail the expostulations of the wretched Pat, the thumbing of his stick, and the sweating of his brow, would be impossible. Suffice it to say, that the intended spouse of the Widow Wade, the expectant proprietor of all the pots of Skerry Island, now found himself in the situation of one who is committing suicide of his best hopes, and robbing Pat to pay Billy and Co. The melancholy crime was perpetrated; with the indifference of despair, Pat went through the irksome duty; and, as is usually the case where there is indifference as to the result, his efforts were crowned with success; they had a splendid take, and put bait down again. The widow's "boys" had but a poor haul next day, and she was out of spirits accordingly—suffering herself, however, to be comforted by the caresses of the self-upbraiding but too charming Patrick Nelligan.

The thing was now too tempting a speculation not to be carried on vigorously by the parties embarked in it; I mean Slattery and Green, for Nelligan represented the patent discovery in the business, which was used without scruple and at convenience, and the monopoly of which proved the source of profit and success to the shareholders. He was now personating a double character: his life was passed in two distinct hemispheres; in the one he was the roaring, rollicking boy, the envy of the males and the admiration of the females; in the other he was the midnight thief, stealing from the haunts of men in the company of scoundrels, and, for a paltry chance of gain, subjecting himself to the momentary chance of detection and disgrace; thus resembling the heavenly twins, one part of this Hibernian constellation being above board, and conspicuous in the firmament of Kilkettle, the other plunged as many fathoms below innocence and safety as the fish for which he sinned crawled beneath the surface of the ocean.

But what most sorely puzzled our friend, the widow, in the whole business was, how it happened that, though she and her trusty "boys" were fully aware of the constant depredations committed upon her property, not all their vigilance could detect the offenders. Every stratagem was tried, and tried in vain. A viewless unseizable arm seemed to be put boldly down night after night into the water, and empty, as if by magic, the widow's pots, leaving not a shrimp behind.

As my story draws on, it will be observed by the judicious reader how beautifully and naturally the moral works itself out; twining imperceptibly yet substantially with the web I weave, like the "rogue's yarn" in the dock-yard cables. This was the point in the Widow Wade's character which wanted to be taken hold of by the rough hand of fate, and made the means of teaching her a lesson. The woman was unobjectionable in other respects, but in the matter of lobsters she failed. They were her idol.

Pat had a queer and unsatisfactory part to act. He was placed, by the confiding love of Mrs Wade, as a watch upon the thieves, and thus given the duty of looking after himself—disagreeable at all times, but doubly so in the present instance, in which fidelity to his employer must necessarily imply injustice to his own interests. His work, too, was hard—double tides, it might truly be called. He had scarcely stepped out of the old mackarel boat, when he was into the new lobster yawl, and off to the bay again, where he was sure to find a poor take, and have to report accordingly.

The wedding-day was fixed for the morrow. The mystery of the lobster-pots excepted, there was sunshine in the Widow Wade's breast. She had got every thing ready—a new gown, a clean table-cloth, and a gallon of spirits; and hoped that the nuptials, by its ring, its punch, or some other way, might break the charm. As she sat ruminating late that evening, it occurred to her that perhaps the zeal of Pat Nelligan might induce him to be a watcher that night too; and as she had observed the effects of his vigilance apparent on his brow and bones lately, clouding the one and reducing the covering of the other visibly, she thought it time that he should have some comfortable rest: and so strongly did this wish affect her, that she at last determined to intimate her wishes to their object; but how to do this was the question. Mrs Wade, though a widow, had a maidenly bashfulness with regard to her approaching nuptials; and she could not muster courage to consign the fond message to those about her. To bear it herself, then, was the only alternative; and as Pat's cabin was not far off, and the night fine, she could, as she expressed it, "shlip out unknownst;" and having only just intimated her wish (for she had high notions of propriety), return to what repose her present position might permit her to enjoy.

But as the dusky gentleman generally contrives to play those who have dealings with him a scurvy trick at last, it so happened, that on the identical night in question, Patrick Nelligan thought that he would indulge in one grand piece of criminality—the summing up, as it were, of all his sins against the peace of her who was to be his sovereign lady on the morrow; and actually, himself and his companions in iniquity, regale themselves with a feast, composed of the very materials of their plunder—or, in plain words, have a *lobster-supper*. At eleven o'clock that night the three companions might be seen seated round Pat's deal table, with the contents of the "pots"—now turned from black to red, as if blushing at the crime of their devourers—in profusion before them, flanked on one side by a monstrous dish of potatoes, and on the other—for Father Mathew had not then been heard of—by an equally gigantic vessel of spirits, the kettle being on the fire, and a well at the back of the premises.

"Pat, honey," said Slattery, shoving the bottle over, "you're low this night; mix a dhrop, it 'll riz your sowl."

"Ay, Pat," added Green, sending on the liquor another stage, "fish is dhry aiting."

"And whishky's hungry dhrink," continued Billy, seizing on the body of a monstrous lobster, and, like Dirk Hatteraik, breaking it's back; "long life to Mrs Nelligan that is to be, and success to her thrade."

"Amin, this night," responded Pat, with a long and sorrowful face; "an' a mortial take iv fish to uz all this saison. There's as good in the say as ever was caught."

"And room for us all at the bottom, Pat Nelligan," added Green, looking over to Slattery; "that's the bargain—isn't it, Pat?"

"Oh, by coorse, when I get the widdy to hear raison. Why shouldn't honest boys fish at Skerry Island as well as herself or her man? But give uz time, boys; them cattle's not come over in a minnit; and the widdy's mighty strong in her mind, till she's made sinsible, boys, ye know. Faith, I heard something like a voice!"

"A voice? maybe it's the widdy herself," cried Billy, with a derisive laugh, "come to look afther her lobsters. By the mass, iv it is, we'll ax her in, to crack a claw wid uz."

"Well, Billy," said Pat, "iv it wasn't that we're here by ourselves, I'd take my oat' there was somebody prisint. May the ears fly off iv me, if they didn't hear a low screech not half a perch off."

"An' the place full iv the varmin," replied Billy, again laughing contemptuously; "what 'id the rats do but run screechin' about, an' they to have such pickin's by'nbye? Aisy, aisy, honey; ye're timmersome this night. Mix another tumbler—the kittle's bilin'—and tell uz what it was the widdy done to ye that mornin' at the harbour, that coaxed ye on. Ye used to be the bashful, retirin' boy, an' it 'id take a brave man to put the first word to her."

"Och, ho, ho!" cried Pat, trying to laugh, and scratching his head; "it was a quare turn, an' I never rightly undherstood it. Up she comes, an' I slopin' down the quay, afeard iv my life iv the light ov the sun, by raison of my conscience not bein' saisoned into lobster-risin' that time; and jist as I was fetchin' a twisht to show the saimes of my stockings (for I made sure she was up to id all), what would sarve her, in the broad daylight, and afore the whole harbour, but up to me she comes, and throws her arms round my neck, and kisses and hugs me"—— The rest of the sentence has never transpired. It was overpowered, if uttered, and interrupted, if not, by the bursting in of the door, and the apparition of no less a personage than the Widow Wade herself, who rushed up to Pat Nelligan, and uttering the same words she had originally addressed to him in the very scene he had just been describing—"Oh, Pat!"—fell on the floor before him.

If a shell with the fusees just burnt out had fallen amongst the party, it could not have caused greater consternation or more decisive effects. Billy and Jerry gazed one instant on the prostrate form of the female before them, whom they supposed to be dead, and then looked round for Pat. He had disappeared; and, not to crowd my narrative with superfluous matter, it is enough to say, that he was never more heard of in Kilkettle.

The offenders. Billy Slattery and Jerry Green, having lost the start by half a minute, were seized by some neighbours, who rushed out on hearing the uproar; and if they did not suffer the full penalty of the sixty-third of William I., it was more likely it happened from a flaw in the indictment than from any unwillingness or inability in the witness, Mrs Wade, to give her testimony against them. But, as the direction of the public attention to such matters generally results in public good, the widow's monopoly was at an end; boats from distant villages and towns sunk their lines in the bays about Skerry Island, and though the widow continued to make as much as ever of her lobster-pots, many participated in her gains.

THE MINT.

[From the *Glasgow Herald* newspaper.]

A STRIKING illustration of the magnitude of the transactions of the British empire may be drawn from the recent records of the Mint. Between the years 1816 and 1836, the money coined in it amounted in round numbers to a quarter of a million of copper, twelve millions of silver, and considerably above fifty-five millions of gold, making a total of between sixty-seven and sixty-eight millions of money sent into circulation within twenty years. Whilst we are dealing with figures, we may add, that the charge for coining this enormous amount of precious metal was nearly four hundred and twenty-one thousand pounds, and the actual cost about two hundred and fourteen thousand pounds, leaving a profit to the company of moneyers not much less in amount. Any one may send bullion to be coined; but for many years the Bank of England alone has been the medium between the foreign importer and the Mint. During the lapse of time, the sources of our supplies of bullion have been frequently changed. Time was when even England itself added silver to the other inexhaustible stores which it was for ever pouring forth from its bosom; Edward I., for instance, received no less than seven hundred and four pounds' weight of silver during the year 1296 from Devonshire; and down to the reign of George I., silver money has been coined from the proceeds of the Welsh and other native mines. The principal sources of supply at present are the mines of Peru and Mexico for both silver and gold; and from the mines comparatively recently discovered in the Russian Ural mountains, a large quantity of gold is also received. The bank buys silver at the market price, which fluctuates—gold at L.3, 17s. 9d. per ounce; but it will make no purchase of gold without having first sent specimens for assay to the king's assay-master of the Mint. This is the simple history of our uncoined money generally. But there are some notable exceptions. A few weeks since, the newspapers of the day informed us that considerable interest was excited by the arrival in the borough of the first portion of the ransom payable by the Chinese nation to the British government, which amounted to two millions of dollars. It was placed in wooden chests, and filled ten waggons and carts, forming a train of considerable length, and was escorted by a detachment of the 32d regiment. The whole passed over London Bridge, and was conveyed to the bank. This money, which weighs upwards of 65 tons, was brought from China by her Majesty's ship Conway. It will, no doubt, ultimately be coined into British money; and we shall be circulating our shillings and sixpences to and fro without the slightest notion of their having once formed a part of the price of Canton—nay, for aught we know, some of them may, in their state of transformation, find their way back to the Celestial Empire, to gladden, possibly, for a second time, the eyes of some unconscious Chinese, and be treasured for their novelty in the sanctum cabinet where they had previously been hoarded for their intrinsic value. In 1804, a somewhat similar convoy passed through the streets, which had been taken under no less memorable circumstances. Political considerations having determined the British government to commence war with Spain, a bright notion occurred to it before making a formal declaration of its purposes. A number of Spanish vessels with treasure were then expected home; accordingly, Captain Moore, with four vessels, was dispatched to intercept them. He was successful; but did not obtain possession of the prize till the Spanish admiral's vessel had blown up, and some hundreds of persons had gone to their last account.* To the honour of the British people, their indignation was all but universal. There was one incident that did much to deepen the general impression of the affair. A Spanish gentleman was on board one of the ships, who, after twenty-five years' industry and economy in America, had realised a fortune, and was now returning to his native country, contented in its possession, and blessed with a numerous and beautiful family to share it. Before the action commenced, he, with one of his sons, went on board one of the largest ships—the better, perhaps, to assist in repelling so unexpected an attack—and in a few minutes beheld the one in which he had left his wife and his other children surrounded with flames. This was the admiral's ship, already mentioned. None of the humiliating and painful reflections attached to this case belonged to the one preceding it by some forty years, and which accordingly seems to have been marked by a very joyous sort of procession. The day was a remarkable one, being that on which the young sovereign, George III's first son and successor, was born—"Just after her majesty was safely in her bed, the waggons with the treasure of the 'Hermione' entered St James's Street, on which his majesty and the nobility went to the windows over the palace-gate to see them, and joined their acclamations on two such joyful occasions; from whence the procession proceeded to the Tower in the following order, namely—A company of light horse, attended with kettle-drums, French horns, trumpets, and hautboys; a covered waggon, decorated with an English and a Spanish flag underneath, hanging behind the waggons; two more covered waggons; seven wag-

* This was without exception the most disgraceful affair in which the English ever were engaged, and has stamped indelible infamy on the government of the day.—ED. C. E. J.

gons uncovered; and, lastly, a covered waggon decorated with an English jack and a Spanish flag;—in the whole, twenty waggons. The procession was concluded with an officer on horseback carrying an English ensign, attended by another holding a drawn cutlass. The escort to each waggon consisted of four marines with their bayonets fixed. The whole cavalcade was saluted by the people with acclamations of joy. On opening some of the chests at the bank, they were greatly surprised to find a bag full of gold instead of silver in one of them; several have since been found of the same kind." The treasure weighed sixty-five tons, and was valued at nearly a million sterling. In the last incident of this kind we shall mention, which occurred just a century before, the money was obtained without violence of any kind from its owners, yet not the less disgraceful was its possession. It was the purchase-money of Dunkirk, acquired by Cromwell, and so much valued by the English people, that just before the sale was concluded, the merchants of London offered, through the lord mayor, any sum of money to Charles rather than it should be lost. The offer, however, was declined. On one occasion Charles paid a visit to the Tower in person, in order to see the wealth he had so dearly purchased. Pepys had a hope of getting some portion of the treasure to pay off the naval arrears, but the king knew better how to dispose of it than on such merely national purposes.

REFORMING A WIFE.

Mynheer van der ——, who, in 1796, lived in high style on the Keizar Gragt, in Amsterdam, had a very pretty wife, who dressed most extravagantly, played high, gave expensive routs, and showed every disposition to squander money quite as fast as her husband gained it. She was young, handsome, vain, and giddy, and completely the slave of fashion. Her husband had not the politeness to allow himself to be ruined by her unfeeling folly and dissipation; he complained of her conduct to her parents and nearest relations, whose advice was of no more use than his own. Next he had recourse to a respectable minister of the Lutheran church, who might as well have preached to the dead. It was in vain to deny her money, for no tradesman would refuse to credit the elegant, the fascinating wife of the rich Van der ——. Involved as the young lady was in the vortex of fashionable dissipation, she had not yet ruined her health and reputation; and her husband, by the advice of his friend M—k—r, determined to send her for six months to a Verbatering Huisen, or house for the reformation of manners, such as is to be found in most of the towns in Holland. With the utmost secrecy he laid before the municipal authorities the most complete proofs of her wasteful extravagance and incorrigible levity; added to which, she had recently attached herself to gaming with French officers of rank, who lay under an imputation of being remarkably expert in levying contributions. She was already in debt upwards of thirty thousand florins to tradesmen, although her husband allowed her to take from his cashier a stipulated sum every month, which was more than sufficient to meet the current expenses of his household; while, to meet a loss which occurred in play, her finest jewels were deposited in the hands of a greedy money-lender, who accommodated the necessitous, upon unexceptionable security being previously left in his custody. Her husband was full twenty years older than his volatile wife, of whom he was rationally fond, and at whose reformation he aimed before she should be carried too far away by the stream of fashionable dissipation. Against his will, she had agreed to make one of a party of ladies who were invited to a grand ball and supper at the house of a woman of rank and faded character. Her husband, at breakfast, told her she must change her course of life, or her extravagance would make him a bankrupt, and her children beggars. She began her usual playful way of answer, saying, "She certainly had been a little too thoughtless, and would soon commence a thorough reformation." "You must begin to-day," said her husband; "and as a proof of your sincerity, I intreat you to drop the company of ——, and to spend the evening at home this day with me and your children." "Quite impossible, my dear sir," said the giddy wife in reply; "I have given my word, and cannot break it." "Then," said her husband, "if you go out this day dressed to meet that party, remember, for the next six months these doors will be barred against your return; are you still resolved to go?" "Yes," said the indignant lady, "if they were to be for ever barred against me!" Without either anger or malice, Mynheer van der —— told her "not to deceive herself, for as certain as that was her determination, so sure would she find his foretelling verified." She told him, "If nothing else had power to induce her to go, it would be his menaces." With this they parted—the husband to prepare the penitentiary chamber for his giddy young wife, and the latter to eclipse every rival at the ball that evening. To afford her a last chance of avoiding an ignominy which it pained him to inflict, he went once more to try to wean her from her imprudent courses, and proposed to set off that evening for Zutphen, where her mother dwelt; but he found her sullen, and busied with milliners and dress-makers, and all the paraphernalia of splendid attire. At the appointed hour the coach drove to the door, and the beautiful woman (full-dressed, or rather undressed) tripped gaily down stairs, and stepping lightly into the coach, told the driver to stop at ——, on the Keizar Gragt. It was then dark, and she was a little surprised to find the coach had passed one of the city gates; the sound of a clock awoke her, as if from a dream. She pulled the check-string, but the driver kept on; she then called out, when some one behind the coach told her, in a suppressed voice, that "she was a prisoner, and must be still." The shock was severe; she trembled in every limb, and was near fainting with terror and alarm, when the coach entered the gates of a Verbatering Huisen, where she was doomed to take up her residence. The matron of the house, a grave, severe, yet well-bred person, opened the door, and calling the lady by her name, requested her to alight. "Where am I? I beseech you to tell me; and why am I brought here?" "You will be informed of every thing, madam, if you will please to walk in doors." "Where is my husband?" she said, in wild affright; "sure he will not let me be murdered?" "It was your husband who drove you hither, madam; he is now upon the coach-box." This intelligence was conclusive; all her assurance forsook her; she submitted to be conducted into the house, and sat pale, mute, and trembling, her face and dress exhibiting the most striking contrast. The husband, deeply affected, first spoke. He told her "that he had no other means to save her from ruin, and he trusted the remedy would be effectual; and when she quitted that retreat, she would be worthy of his esteem." She then essayed, by the humblest protestations, by tears and intreaties, to be permitted to return, and vowed that never more whilst she lived would she offend him. "Save me," said she, "the mortification of this punishment, and my future conduct shall prove the sincerity of my reformation." Not to let her off too soon, she was shown her destined apartment and dress, the rules of the house, and the order for her confinement, during six months! She was completely overpowered with terror, and fell senseless on the floor. When she recovered, she found her husband chafing her temples, and expressing the utmost anxiety for her safety. "I have been unworthy of your affection," said the fair penitent, "but spare me this ignominious fate; take me back to your home, and never more shall you have cause to reproach me." Her husband, who loved her with unabated affection, notwithstanding all her levity, at last relented, and the same coach drove her back to her home, where not one of the domestics (a trusty man-servant excepted) had the least suspicion of what had occurred. As soon as her husband led her to her apartment, she dropped on her knees, and implored his pardon; told him the extent of all her debts, begged him to take her to Zutphen for a few weeks, and promised so to reduce her expenditure, as to make good the sums she had so inconsiderately thrown away. Allowing for the excessive terror she felt, when, instead of being driven to ——'s rout, she was proceeding round the ramparts outside the city gates, which she could not wholly overcome, she spent the happiest evening of her life with her husband; and from that day abandoned her former career of dissipated folly, and became all that her husband wished—a good wife and an affectionate mother. —*From a collection of Anecdotes.*

THE EARLY SETTLERS.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

How strange a dream it seems to me,
To me now grey and old,
To ponder over hours, since which
Full fifty years have roll'd!
But busy memory opens yet
Her thickly crowded page,
Whose characters I still can trace
Undimm'd by toil or age.

More vivid far those pictures be
Than scenes more new and nigh,
For youth's warm records, they are stamp'd
With memory's deepest die.
Again I see that far-off land,
And hear the city's din,
And her, the gentle fair-hair'd girl,
Again, in thought, I win!

Our heritage was youth and love,
And hope with fairy wand,
(Ah! princes oft would change for these
Their sceptre, gold, and land.)
But time, which beauty makes or mars,
Hath silver'd her fair hair
And dimm'd her eye, yet still I read
Affection's language there!

Where then primeval forests stood,
The yellow corn now bends,
And with the nearer hum of bees,
Yon mill's harsh music blends!
Our grandchild's children prattle round,
While I muse o'er our lot,
Beneath the shadow of the tree
I planted on this spot!

The giant hills, which only heard
The wild bird's lonely shriek,
Now echo back, on every side,
The language Britons speak!
There's something glorious in such thoughts,
Which banishes regret,
Howe'er it chance that memory now
Forbids me to forget!

And here these aged limbs shall rest
When death's rude grasp shall come;
The founder of a vigorous race
Needs no mausoleum!
'Twill soothe that hour to know I leave
A happy, prosperous band;
My blessing rest upon the soil
That is *their Fatherland!*

ROYAL PREROGATIVE.

The *Athenæum*, in reviewing Bowyer's English Constitution, makes the following remarks on this subject:—"In glancing at the chapters on the royal prerogatives and authority, it has occurred to us, that, with all the constitutional sobriety of our English lawyers, they are not far behind the magnificent flights of oriental nations, in describing the attributes of 'thrones and dominations.' We do not mean to impugn the theoretical veracity of the legal 'idea' of a king or queen of England, but simply to remark, that to add to its sublimity would be scarcely possible. The attributes of the English crown, we are told by Mr Bowyer (who merely follows preceding writers on constitutional law), are, sovereign majesty, imperial power, inviolability, impeccability, absolute perfection, irresponsibility, incorruptibility of blood, ubiquity, and immortality! The queen is not only chief, but, we are told, *sole* magistrate, all other magisterial offices being merely derivative, or deputed. She is the arbitress of peace and war, the generalissimo of the army, and the head and supreme governor of the church. Then she is also described, in the language of the most exalted poetry, as the fountain of justice, the fountain of mercy, the fountain of honour, office, privilege. When all these truly grand conceptions are put together, they form a complex idea of monarchy immeasurably finer and loftier than any that the 'gorgeous east' has ever framed, because, in truth, approaching (peradventure rather too closely) to our idea of the Supreme Being. Omniscience seems to be the only divine quality that is not categorically predicated of the British crown, yet omniscience is evidently implied in the attribute of 'absolute perfection.' On the other hand, if many oriental titles are poetical and sublime, many are turgid and ridiculous, so that the entire *ideal* of the kingly power, where it is most unbounded, is far below the point to which it is exalted by the theoretical system of the nation, where it is most controlled and circumscribed. The king of Arracan, for example, is styled 'the possessor of the white elephant and the two ear-rings;' his majesty of Ava is hailed 'brother to the sun, and king of the four-and-twenty umbrellas!' Some of the titles of the kings of Orchan are, 'a king, spiritual as a ball is round, who, when he rises, shades all his people; from under whose feet is wafted a sweet odour,' &c. The sovereign of Monomotapa is the 'great magician,' and the 'great thief!' The shah of Persia is the 'branch of honour, the mirror of virtue, the rose of delight.' By the by, the 'branch of honour' and 'mirror of virtue' closely resemble our 'fountain of honour' and 'absolute perfection,' and the 'rose' is also the emblem of England; so that we are very Persian in our royal style."

PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND COLLEGE.

What can a father do? A public school is the regular thing—the fitting place for a young man of family and fortune; though your son may not acquire a greater knowledge of the classics for his three years' sojourn there, he may form acquaintances and connexions among the nobility and leading families, which, if he have but the wit to profit by, may ensure his advancement in after life. Nothing like interest and a friend at court, or rather friends. Who would send their children to Eton, Rugby, or any other public school, but for the sake of the connexions they form there? and its being considered a feather in their caps, and marking them as somebodies? "Whitehead! who is he?" inquires some impertinent puppy, with not a hundredth part of this same Whitehead's brains; and the whole party echo the sneering query. "Oh, Whitehead is a capital fellow; he was my chum at Eton," answers Lord Booby; whereupon the sneers are hushed, and the entire circle go the entire figure in Whitehead's favour, because he was Lord Booby's chum at Eton. As for the learning the boys get at public schools, it is, at the best, only like the thin scraping of butter over thick dry bread, such as is given at cheap preparatory schools, where little boys are sent who make too much noise at home. But, then, there are the friends—the acquaintances of which, as I said before, a clever lad can make so much. And as for book learning, how does that help a man on in life? No, no; it is knowledge of the world that helps a man forward; and I am up to this world and all its ways. Some people go about with one eye shut, but I always keep both wide open.—*Miss Pickering's Expectant.*

THOROUGH PERSONATION.

When Garrick was in France, he made a short excursion from the capital with the celebrated Parisian performer Preville. They were on horseback, and Preville took a fancy to act the part of a drunken cavalier. Garrick applauded the imitation, but told him he wanted one thing, which was essential to complete the picture—he did not *make his legs drunk*. "Hold, my friend," said he, "and I will show you an English blood, who, after having dined at a tavern, and swallowed three or four bottles of port, mounts his horse in a summer evening to go to his box in the country." He immediately proceeded to exhibit all the gradations of intoxication. He called to his servant that the sun and the fields were turning round him; whipped and spurred his horse until the animal reared and wheeled in every direction; at length he lost his whip, his feet seemed incapable of resting in the stirrups, the bridle dropt from his hand, and he appeared to have lost the use of all his faculties. Finally, he fell from his horse in such a death-like manner, that Preville gave an involuntary cry of horror, and his terror greatly increased when he found that his friend made no answer to his questions. After wiping the dust from his face, he asked again, with the emotion and anxiety of friendship, whether he was hurt. Garrick, whose eyes were close, half-opened one of them, hiccupped, and, with the most natural tone of intoxication, called for another glass. Preville was astonished; and when Garrick started up, and resumed his usual demeanour, the French actor exclaimed, "My friend, allow the scholar to embrace his master, and thank him for the valuable lesson he has given him!"—*Flowers of Anecdote.*

IGNORANCE AND ERROR.

It is almost as difficult to make a man unlearn his errors as his knowledge. Mal-information is more hopeless than non-information, for error is always more busy than ignorance. Ignorance is a blank sheet on which we may write, but error is a scribbled one on which we must first erase. Ignorance is contented to stand still with her back to the truth, but error is more presumptuous, and proceeds in the same direction. Ignorance has no light, but error follows a false one. The consequence is, that error, when she retraces her footsteps, has farther to go, before she can arrive at the truth, than ignorance. —*Lacon.*

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A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

GENEVA.

THE stranger at Lausanne now finds the same kind of convenient arrangements for carrying him on his journey as he would have in some of our most improved English cities. Omnibuses make the round of the hotels at certain hours, to collect passengers for the steamers on the lake; and in one of these, on the morning after our return from Chillon, we were conveyed, in about a quarter of an hour, by a downhill road, to Ouchy. This is a village close on the shore of Lake Leman, no way remarkable in appearance, and possessing a tolerable inn, *L'Ancre*, opposite the quay, in which Lord Byron, in the space of two days, in 1816, when confined by bad weather, wrote his "Prisoner of Chillon." Little time was left for us to examine the place; the steamer moving up the lake from Villeneuve approached, and, along with a number of other passengers, we were conveyed to it in a row-boat from the shore. In a few minutes, we were on our way towards Geneva.

The sail up Lake Leman is one of the most exhilarating which it is possible to make. Above, we have a vast unclouded firmament of lovely blue; beneath, the beauteous sheet of water, unruffled by winds, and emulating the sky in its wondrous azure colour. On the right is spread out the long stretch of the canton of Vaud, rich in culture, and dotted with white villages; while on the left is Savoy, that dark and stern land, which no man may approach. I have tried to compare the scene in recollection with what one sees in the estuary of the Clyde and in a sail on our Highland lakes; but there is not a sufficiently near resemblance in either case to bear a just comparison. The most picturesque of the Scottish scenery is wild, lonely, and sometimes grand; but the hills are nowhere so stupendous as they are in Savoy, and they rarely bear that evidence of fertility which is the most pleasing feature of the lower Swiss mountains. Nowhere, I believe, in Europe is there any sheet of water equalling in beauty Lochs Lomond and Katrine, with their many bushy islands; but the banks of these lakes, and also arms of the sea in Scotland, are for the most part brown heathy hills, and convey an unpleasing impression of abandonment. Disposed as extensive sheep-walks by their owners, or let in patches to a set of poor and far from active peasantry, it is scarcely in the nature of things they should be otherwise. But placed in the free cantons of Switzerland, though at such altitudes as to afford little superiority in climate, the same mountain ranges would be well cultured and beautified—small fields enclosed, and forced by a diligent course of labour into fertility, fruit trees occupying the place of whin bushes, and the bleating of goats, or the tinkle of cow-bells, being heard instead of the wild cry of the partridge and curlew.

All this richness of scenery is observable on the Vaud side of the lake, which, taken in its whole extent from Chillon to Geneva, is unexampled for rural beauty, as well as for a social condition which has been styled the Paradise of the Swiss. As we advance, the lake widens, affording greater amplitude to the scene; and at the distance of a few miles from Ouchy, we have for the first time a distant view of Mont Blanc, which gives a new and striking feature to the piece. It is seen as a huge mass of jagged peaks, covered with snow, reposing in the midst of a tumultuous ocean of black hills of lower height, at the distance of from fifty to sixty miles inland from the Savoy side of the lake. Both the height and distance, however, of this gigantic mountain, appear nothing like the reality. This is a remarkable deception of the eye; and at a first glance, we should certainly say that the snowy peaks were not more than five or six thousand, in place of fifteen thousand, feet in height. A circumstance soon convinces us of our miscalculation. On the smooth face of the lake, from the vessel to the southern shore, an interval measuring from two to three miles, the stupendous mass is faithfully reflected as in a mirror—the brilliant white of the glaciers comes stealing along the unsullied surface of the lake, till it mingles and is lost among the blue spray, which is dashed aside by the wheels of our fast-proceeding vessel.

This blueness of the waters of Lake Leman is not the least interesting matter for observation in our voyage. The phenomenon has astonished and puzzled every body; and though many have tried to explain its cause, it is to this day one of the mysteries of natural science. The water, when taken up in a glass or the hand, is perfectly pure, like any other clear fresh water of lake or river; but when looked at in the mass, it is a beautiful Prussian blue, as if a liquor of that colour prepared for the operations of the dyer. As the Rhine and all its tributary lakes and streams are green, the blueness of Lake Leman is the more remarkable. The lake is very deep in some parts; so much so, that in winter certain parts of the surface do not freeze. The contents are also moving onward in correspondence with the volume of the Rhone, which enters at Villeneuve, and escapes in an impetuous broad current at Geneva, a mass of water seemingly equivalent to that of the Thames at Hammersmith. The lake is of a semicircular form, between forty and fifty miles in length, and six in breadth at the widest part. Towards Geneva it gradually narrows, being approached by high grounds; and here it has clearly forced a passage through the range of the Jura mountains, which are one entire calcareous mass, easily permeable by water. The country between the Lakes Leman and Neuchatel being flattish, attempts have been made in modern times to unite the two by an artificial canal; but what, by the force of capital, could be done in a few months in England, has never been accomplished in this comparatively primitive region. The French sigh for a water boundary to their country. Why did they not carry out this great undertaking under the empire? Sailing up the Rhine, they might have cut across Switzerland into Lake Leman, and down the Rhone to the Mediterranean. True, the Rhone, some miles below Geneva, dives below a mountain, and comes to light again. But Napoleon accomplished greater things than the removal of a mountain; and this would have added another imperishable exploit to his reputation.

But we must stop our speculations. The steamer is near the termination of its journey. The mass of the lake is left behind; and we have before us, nestling in an awkward gorge of the mountains, partly on a plain on the right and a high knoll on the left, the ancient city of Geneva. The quay is on the left, under the shadow of the older part of the town; in the middle of the Rhone, opposite, is a pretty islet covered with bushes, forming the central point of a long wooden bridge, which is extended to the right bank. The scene, on landing, reminded us of the bustle of a trading English town; and pushing our way onwards, we crossed the bridge to the Hotel des Bergues (meaning, I suppose, the hotel of the islands)—an enormously large and magnificent establishment, which I afterwards regretted having entered, both on account of its distance from the principal quay and the general hauteur of its conductors.

Geneva, as is pretty well known, is one of the most ancient cities in Europe, and has been the scene of many remarkable events in the history of civil and religious liberty. Like the contiguous district of the Pays de Vaud, it was once an heritable tenure of the Dukes of Savoy and a bishop, the citizens, however, possessing certain privileges from the German emperors. Constant disputes about the enjoyment of these rights, at length ended in an open war with the ducal government, which, by the aid of the Swiss, was overcome and expelled (1524); and in a few years afterwards, the bishop's authority was also put aside, by the general spread of the Reformation. The Dukes of Savoy made many efforts to regain possession of the town, but without avail; and in 1603 they abandoned the struggle, when a government by a privileged class of citizens was finally organised. This great reform was in time discovered to be no reform at all; every thing being managed, or rather mismanaged, by an oligarchy more tyrannical than the dukes or bishops, and, in 1781, the people broke into a revolt. The disturbance was quelled by the armed intervention of France in favour of the ruling party, whereupon many of the most industrious families voluntarily emigrated to America and other countries. A day of fearful reckoning arrived. The French Revolution broke out; and spreading to Geneva, scenes of revenge and cruelty were enacted equally horrible with those in Paris. In 1798, the city was incorporated with France, and it remained in this state till the restoration of its independence in 1814; since which period it has, along with a few miles of territory around, formed a distinct canton in the Swiss confederation. The restored government was injudiciously modelled on an oligarchical principle, and has within the last few months been quietly reformed, and a more popular constitution set up in its place, on a plan similar to what has proved so suitable in Berne, Vaud, and other revolutionised cantons.

The reader will now be prepared to understand, that whatever Geneva may have been formerly, it is in the present day a French town as respects language, and partly manners and sentiments, but endowed with that heedful regard for industrial pursuits and rational advancement which gives the place a distinguished name among continental cities. Among the foremost to embrace the Reformation, the inhabitants have ever readily afforded an asylum to the oppressed from all nations;* and now that religious intolerance no longer drives folk from their homes, Geneva remains a place of resort and settlement for intelligent strangers from every quarter. Few towns of its size can boast of having been the residence of so many men eminent in science and literature; and no one can see its orderly state of society, its numerous learned institutions, and its charming environs, so well calculated to be the seat of elegant retirement, without acknowledging that it is deserving of the honour.

Since 1816, when the canton and city were favoured with the management of their own affairs, they have steadily gone upon a course of improvement and prosperity. Like some of our English towns, Geneva is found in the present day to be in a state of transition

* Sismondi said the chief glory of Geneva resulted from its having been the asylum of the oppressed from all parts of Europe. "I can never think without emotion," he continued, "of the band of French Protestants who came here for refuge." His voice was choked; after a moment, he added, "When they reached the summit of the Jura, and saw the lake and city before them, they all, with one accord, fell on their knees and sung a psalm!" His tears again interrupted him, and he apologised for them, saying, "Ce sont les choses qui me meuvent le plus; je ne peux jamais en parler."—(These are the sort of things that most move me; I cannot speak of them.)—*Letters from Abroad, by Miss Sedgwick.*

from the antiquated and mean accommodations of a former age to spaciousness and splendour. Along the quays, on both sides of the Rhone, tall houses of sandstone, in the most handsome style of architecture, have been erected; and a very beautiful street of the same description has been laid out in the western quarter of the ancient city. Within this older part, which is seen towering to a great height, there is as yet little alteration. The dingy and not over-cleanly streets wind in lines to the summit of the eminence, which is conspicuously crowned with the ancient Gothic church of St Peter—the church in which Knox listened to the thunderings of Calvin, and whence he carried that ecclesiastical polity and those doctrines which he planted in Scotland. At a short distance from this aged structure are situated various public buildings, including the college and municipal establishments, but the whole jammed up among courts and alleys on no regular plan, as was generally the case in old walled cities. The principal access to the high town is by a long winding road on the west; and here, on the right, as we ascend, space has been found within the extended fortifications for a botanic garden, laid out in 1816 by Decandolle, and always open to the public. Near its entrance stands the theatre, a handsome modern edifice.

The charm of Geneva is less within than without the town. Towards the south, the open country is limited, in consequence of the abrupt rise of Mount Saleve, a high hill, from which a magnificent prospect is obtained of Mont Blanc and the neighbouring heights of Savoy, also of the lake, and country on its northern shores. Beneath, on the Savoy side, within the Genevese territory, there are some pleasant spots; but on the northern or altogether Swiss side, facing the sun, the eye rests upon a series of pleasure grounds and villas, spreading uninterruptedly for miles. It is not alone the positive rural beauty of such a scene that delights us, but its association in the mind with peaceful industry and security—the industry which realised wealth to establish these retreats, and the consciousness of security from depredation which a condition of civil tranquillity affords.

Writers differ with respect to the changes which have been effected in the religious condition of the Genevese, and as a transient visitant, I am not able to say which is in the right. The day after our arrival was Sunday, and we had at least an opportunity of seeing how it was kept in comparison with other places we had visited. It did not appear that the estimate formed generally of the religious character of that day differed in any material degree from what is observable in most other parts of the continent. The churches were poorly attended, and mostly by women. Coaches and caleches rattled along the streets with parties sallying out of town; steam-boats departed from the quay loaded with passengers, engaged in a holiday excursion to a place somewhere on the lake, at which there was to be a fête; coffee and billiard rooms, and a number of shops for the sale of light articles, were open; and in one of the streets there were congregated some hundreds of rustic labourers, each with a flail over his shoulder, waiting to hire themselves, as in a market. In the evening all was gaiety and life in the public promenades outside the walls; at the same time we saw nothing like disorder, and as night closed in upon a sultry day, crowds of well-dressed men, women, and children, poured homeward through the gateways, apparently pleased with the recreations in which they had been indulging. What Calvin would have thought of this mode of keeping Sunday, it is not easy to say. That reformer, austere as were his views, protested, I believe, against the idea of transferring the formalities of the Jewish Sabbath into the scheme of Christian ordinances; and therefore the Genevese, as far as harmless recreations are concerned, have perhaps, after all, less departed from the customs of their fathers than one might be inclined to suppose. At the same time, it is tolerably evident that, as in other countries which had been swept and kept possession of by French troops, religion has been reduced to a meagre outline of what it formerly was, and is now little better than a formal arrangement supported by the state. Miss Sedgwick, a late tourist, speaks favourably of the moral qualities of the Genevese, particularly the female part of the community. Conversing with her intelligent friend Madame Sismondi (an Englishwoman), that lady informed her of an institution to which much virtue was to be imputed. "This is the *Société des Dimanches* (the Sunday Society). When a girl attains the age of five years, she is made a member of a *Société des Dimanches*, consisting of the children of her mother's friends. They meet every Sunday afternoon, attended only by a nurse or governess, who does not prescribe their amusements, and only interferes in cases of necessity. The first girl of the community who marries gives her name to the society, and as soon as there is a married woman among them, young men are admitted, on application, by vote of the sisterhood. Their meetings continue through life. Madame Sismondi says this association supplies to the lonely the attachments and aids of a family circle; that if a girl falls into misfortune, she is succoured by her companions; if her father's fortunes are ruined, there is no apparent change in her condition. This institution is confined to the native Genevese; of course Madame S. is excluded, and her favourable opinion is the result of her observation of its effects, and not of an *esprit de corps*. Sismondi is a member of three societies, Decandolle of every one in the place."

The account of these arrangements conveys a favourable idea of the morals and simplicity of manners of the Genevese. Nothing of the kind could exist in our highly artificial state of society. Some persons express a fear that the institutions spoken of will not flourish any length of time in Geneva, where society will gradually get into the condition it is in this country; in other words, that the progress of manufacturing industry will probably split society into two unequal portions—wealthy capitalists on the one hand, and a mass of employed artisans on the other. But though there be a tendency this way, it is more than probable that the universal equality of political privileges will prevent the degradation which is painfully observable in the large towns of Britain. Independently of the chance of benefit on this score, it is fortunate that the working classes of Geneva, among whom many able foreigners are included, are remarkable for a prudential economy and foresight, which will save them from descending low in the scale of existence. Dr Bowring, in his Report, presents some agreeable information on this interesting subject. He mentions that a Savings' Bank in the town is well supported; the number of depositors in 1835, out of a general population of 28,000, being 7279. This would show the extraordinary fact, that every fourth person was a depositor; but it is probable that many belonged to the country. The total deposits amounted to 5,136,171 florins (about L.450,000). The working classes also supported a sick-allowance society, an institution useful in its way, but equalled in importance by another, consisting of a union of all classes of operatives for mutual instruction in general literature and science, and the staple arts and manufactures in which they are engaged. Not having the slightest reason for spending time on political grievances, the whole mind is left to be bent on matters of practical and personal concern; and no city in Europe of its size could exhibit a greater amount of artistic labour directed by skill and cultivated taste. The state being in reality the people, holds out every reasonable encouragement to education and social improvement. Although requiring to be lately re-organised to meet popular demands, the cantonal administration of Geneva is allowed to have managed affairs with sound discretion, and at all events kept the canton not only out of debt, but with a surplus revenue to dispose of on public works. According to Bowring, in 1835, when the total population of the canton was 56,655, the annual revenue, on an average of the preceding five years, was 867,000 French francs, showing a surplus over expenditure of 85,000 francs. The chief taxes were light indirect imposts, no way interruptive of a free import trade, with a small personal tax on all householders possessing the elective franchise. Every expense of administration, military defence, police, religious and secular instruction, roads, &c., was liquidated from the above income. Protestant and Catholic clergy are equally stipendaries of the state: the annual cost of the Protestant church was 62,000, and that of the Catholics 44,000 francs: the highest allowance to a Protestant pastor of Geneva was 2800 francs (£111, 13s. 4d).

For a number of years the principal trades of Geneva have referred principally to watches, jewellery, and musical boxes. We had scarcely been seated in our hotel, when a letter was handed in from a jeweller (how he got my address, unless from the Post-office, it was impossible to divine), representing how much he would be obliged by an inspection of his stock of *bijouterie*. The ladies, of course, were delighted with the invitation, and I was not disinclined to get some information on this important branch of traffic. What we saw here and elsewhere was beautiful in the extreme, native taste being incessantly spurred on to compete with foreign markets, and maintain the pre-eminence it has reached. The number of master watchmakers is above 300, and of master jewellers and mechanics nearly 200. I shall not here say any thing of the Genevese watches, of which 10,000 are said to be smuggled into England annually, as the subject may be appropriately united with what I saw and learned of the watchmaking business in the canton of Neuchatel. The manufacture of musical boxes of a delicate kind, is more particularly settled in Geneva, and deservedly commands a most extensive export trade. The art of making these articles has been greatly promoted by attention to the various tones of metal, and education in the science of harmony. Here we have another most pleasing instance of a population, infinitely less favoured in point of situation than the inhabitants of any English or Scotch town, striking out a flourishing handicraft by sheer dint of patience and culture. It would delight any one to see the many exquisitely finished little articles in gold, in value from one to a hundred guineas, fitted up as musical instruments, in the shops of the Genevese jewellers. An object was shown to us resembling a small golden vase on a stand, measuring about six inches in height, which, on being touched at a spring, fell open, and disclosed a bird of elegant plumage, little larger than a bee, that instantly fluttered its tiny wings, and strained its throat with a most melodious tune. The cost of this elegant article was 2000 francs. It may be asked, Who buys such expensive toys? Twenty thousand strangers, with money in their pockets, pass through the town annually, almost every one carrying off something or other that pleases the fancy. A golden bracelet containing a watch the size of a shilling was among the latest inventions, and it would in all likelihood excite the desires of some of the wealthy lady visitants. But the bulk of the articles is exported for foreign consumption. In France, America, England, and most other countries advanced in civilisation, there are at all times hosts of persons enjoying exuberant opulence, and able to gratify their feelings by making expensive presents of affection; and it is to such that the skilful artists of Geneva look for a patronage of their wares.

THE ROMAN SATIRIST, JUVENAL.

Of the life of this poet but few details have reached us, and these few are confused and uncertain. Unlike his communicative predecessors in the province of satire, Horace and Persius, he seldom indulges the reader with a peep into his private history; and nearly all, in consequence, that is known concerning him, is derived from an extraneous source. Decimus Junius Juvenalis was born at Aquirum, a town in Campania, about A. D. 38. His father, or foster-father, was a wealthy freedman. Being bred to the bar, the passionate energy of his pleadings speedily gained for him a high reputation. At a mature age, he began to assay that species of composition of which he is indisputably the greatest master. His first attempt was directed against an actor named Paris, an unworthy favourite of the profligate Domitian, whom he ventured to describe not only as the patron of dramatic literature, but as the all-potent dispenser of military preferment. The attack was resented by the haughty upstart, who chose facetiously to punish the author of the lampoon by procuring his banishment to Egypt, on pretext of a commission in the army. The poet, however, soon returned to Rome, and continued fearlessly his noble task of reforming the public morals. He expired A. D. 119, at the advanced age of eighty, in a fit of coughing.

Juvenal is said to have been tall in person, and seems throughout his life to have possessed a competence. His mental characteristics are inscribed, with such plainness as to preclude mistake, on every page of his writings. A hater he was of *shams*; an earnest, sturdy antagonist of vice; a rough, plain, truth-speaker; an honest, intrepid, straightforward man.

The satires of Juvenal, of which there are sixteen, containing some three thousand six hundred lines, deserve to be ranked with the most valuable remains of antiquity. The following passage from the first, embodies the author's statement of his subject, and may, perhaps, convey a good idea of his style. The version is our own.

> "Dost wish to rise? Dare something that deserves
> The dungeon: probity is praised, and starves.*
> Men owe their mansions in these precious times,
> Their gardens, citron tables, to their crimes.
> In days like ours, when guilt hath dye so deep,
> Whom will unblushing vice permit to sleep?
> Is genius wanting?—rage will rhyme supply
> Such as may Cluvienus scrawl, or I.
> From that far age, when old Deucalion found
> First for his ark undeluged resting-ground,
> Whate'er men do or feel, my verse engage!
> Their likings, joys, discoursings, terrors, rage—
> This be the staple of my motley page!
> And when was richer crop of crimes, or when
> Did avarice spread a bolder sail 'mong men?
> No more with paltry purse to play they go,
> But stake whole fortunes on a single throw.
> The rival gamesters glow with martial fire;
> Each has his steward standing by as squire:
> The monied minister of each attends,
> And each the sinews of the war he lends.
> Besotted idiots! thus a plum to lose,
> And yet your shivering slave a common cloak refuse!
> Our fathers' generous frugality
> No selfish pleasure sought; but now you see
> The costly private feast, while clients wait
> Clamorous for alms before the patron's gate:
> The cautious steward weighs each claim with care,
> Lest some impostor smuggle off a share;
> Then doles their pittance forth to them that joy
> To trace their lordly lineage back to Troy.
> For there, to rob the poor—oh! burning shame—
> Full oft are seen our men of note and name;
> Praetors and tribunes with the herd must share,
> And, candidates for alms, stand begging there!"

From this passage it appears that one of the chief symptoms of Roman degeneracy was the breaking up of the old connexion between patron and client—a sort of civic clanship which knit together, by a reciprocation of good offices, the upper and lower grades, in the best days of the Commonwealth. Luxury and arbitrary power had rendered the nobles supercilious and selfish—dispositions which proved, in the case of their inferiors, the preludes to servility and discontent. No longer, as in the olden time, admitted to the boards of their patrons, the common people were served, like paupers at a soup-kitchen, with a small basket of provisions, or a trifling sum of money in lieu of it, at the gate of the great man. Numbers who could have readily dispensed with this gratuity were

* Compare Massinger—

> "Virtue long ago,
> It was but praised and starved; but now-a-days
> 'Tis far more cold, and has nor love nor praise."

found mean enough to claim it; and the pride of independence was too often divorced from the pride of pedigree.

The seventh satire is a severe rebuke of the niggardly treatment of poets and preceptors. Our author contrasts, with the paltry compensation awarded to distinguished genius and erudition, the lavish expenditure of the Roman grandees when their own vanity or convenience was to be consulted—

> "What! shall *they* tarry till the sky be clear,
> Or splash their mule so sleek? No; rather here—
> Here rather let them ride, for here the beast
> May keep its hoofs unsullied at the least.
> Yet more: on columns of enormous size,
> They bid a spacious eating-room arise,
> Which fronts the east, wide opening to the day,
> Ere yet the sun emit too warm a ray.
> Expensive these; but cost whate'er they will,
> Sewers must be hired, and cooks of taste and skill.
> 'Midst this extravagance that knows no bounds,
> Quintilian gets, and hardly gets, ten pounds
> For all his pains: there's no possession, none,
> That costs a sire so little as a son."
>
> * * * * *

The mean practice of cheapening school fees, and the drudgery of the ill-starred instructor, are thus happily pourtrayed. Both sides of the picture might pass for modern. This and the former version are by Gifford.

> "Courage, Palæmon! be not over nice,
> But suffer some abatement in your price;
> As those who deal in rags will ask you high,
> And sink by pence and halfpence till you buy.
> Yes, suffer this! while *something's* left to pay
> Thy rising hours before the break of day,
> When e'en the labouring poor their slumbers take,
> And not a weaver nor a smith's awake:
> While *something's* left to pay thee for the stench
> Of smouldering lamps, thick hung on every bench;
> Where ropy vapours Virgil's pages soil,
> And Horace looks one blot—all soot and oil:
> Even then the salary thus reduced, thus small,
> Without a law-suit rarely comes at all."

As a sample of our poet's boldness of invective against wickedness in high places, we next translate a portion of the eighth satire. A full recital of the atrocities and follies of Nero is unnecessary to any one who is moderately read in Roman history. Suffice it to state, that this prodigy of crime put to death his mother Agrippina, his two wives, his brother Britannicus, his aunt, and his preceptor, the illustrious Seneca. Orestes, the Hamlet of ancient tragedy, the poet would therefore deem affronted by being named in the same breath with him. His freaks as a public singer are likewise commented on in a fine strain of indignant irony. In this character the emperor made the tour of Greece, challenging and compelling, wherever he went, an open competition, and using paltry arts to secure the prize—a chaplet of parsley, which no one was at all ambitious to carry off from so dangerous a rival. It was respecting his vocal powers that flattery found him most accessible; and the *divine voice*, as it was called, had actually its shrines and sacrifices. Nero, on his part, spared no pains to improve it; and when we think of his lying for hours together with sheets of lead upon his chest, and swallowing with cheerfulness the most nauseous drugs, to strengthen the organs which were naturally unfit for producing aught but shrill and discordant sounds, we might, were we not heart-sick at the enormities of the tyrant, afford to smile at the oddities of the madman.

> "Oh! could the people will who'd hold the sway,
> Which would they have—Nero or Seneca?
> The sage, or matricide whose hideous vice
> To punish, will *one* ape, snake, sack, suffice?
> Will one poor death the monster's guilt atone,
> And must so many lives be paid by one?
> Orestes-like, a mother's murderer he,
> And yet without Orestes' purging plea—
> A father's blood avenging by high heaven's decree.
> Nor took the Argive sad Electra's life,
> Nor callous butcher'd he his Spartan wife;
> Ne'er mixed he aconite, with hellish rage,
> For kith and kin; ne'er sang upon the stage;
> And folly's climax Nero left, who'd fain
> Turn bard, and write the Iliad o'er again!
> Such are his deeds, the prince, the nobly born!
> Who glories, abject! in the public scorn.
> Come, fetch thou now thy pious offering;
> His Grecian garlands let the victor bring!
> Before thy fathers pay thy duteous vows,
> And bind thy parsley round the Cæsar's brows."

An allusion in the preceding verses requires to be explained. By the Roman law, a parricide was condemned to be sewed up in a sack along with an ape, a dog, a serpent, and a cock, and thus cast into the sea. The selection of animals was doubtless significant, though we cannot tell exactly how. Cicero, in a striking though florid passage, considers the main prescription as intimating the general sense of his countrymen that those who had been guilty of such enormities were unworthy, while they yet remained in life, to enjoy its most potent blessings—unworthy to look on the same sun with other men, to touch the same earth, or to breathe the same air.

The tenth satire, which has been imitated by Johnson in his "Vanity of Human Wishes," is, perhaps, morally considered, the noblest production of profane antiquity. The various objects men set their hearts on, irrespective of higher aims, fall successively under review, and the conclusion coincides with that of inspired wisdom—"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!" We give the extracts from this performance in the fine version of Mr Elton. Martial glory is thus anatomised—

> "The spoils of war; a coat of mail, fix'd high
> On trophied trunk, in emblem'd victory;
> A dangling beaver from its helmet cleft,
> A chariot's shiver'd beam; a pendant reft
> From boarded galley; and the captive shown
> On the triumphal arch in imaged stone;—
> Behold the sum of grandeur and of bliss!
> Greek, Roman, and barbarian aim at this!
> Hence the hot toil and hair-breadth peril came,
> For less the thirst of virtue than of fame.
> Who clasps mere naked virtue in his arms?
> Strip off the tinsel, she no longer charms.
> Yet has the glory of some few great names
> Enwrapt our country in destroying flames—
> This thirst of praise, and chisel'd titles, read
> On stones that guard the ashes of the dead."

Alexander the Great is fixed on, along with Hannibal and Xerxes, to illustrate the futility of military fame.

> "Lo! Pella's youth was cabin'd, cribb'd, confined
> Within one world too narrow for his mind:
> Restless he turn'd in feverous discontent,
> As if by Yyaras' rocks or scant Seriphum pent.
> But brick-wall'd Babylon gave ample room;
> Content he stretch'd him in a catacomb:
> Death, death alone, the conscious truth attests,
> What dwarfish frame this swelling soul invests."

The conclusion of the whole matter is thus grandly given:—

> "Shall man, then, nothing wish? Advised by me,
> Let the good gods themselves consult for thee;
> For a sane mind in a sane body pray,
> A soul that looks on death without dismay;
> That firm prepares the course of life to run,
> And thanks kind Nature when the race is done;
> A soul that strenuous toils could never tire;
> From anger calm; superior to desire;
> That rather would the Herculean labours prove,
> Than banquets, beds of down, and melting sloth of love.
> I show thee that which needs not prayer to gain,
> Which of thyself thou surely may'st obtain;
> The path of tranquil life through virtue lies;
> With prudence, thou hast all the deities:
> 'Tis we, O Fortune! who thy power have given;
> Our weak desires have set thy throne in Heaven."

In the next specimen we have a fine exposition of the progress and the tyranny of avarice. As domestic servants in this country have their fixed quantities of sugar, &c., so the Roman slave had his stated allowance of bread-corn, which was dispensed to him monthly; the usual rate was a quart per day. We use Mr Gifford's version.

> "Vice boasts its A B C, like other arts;
> These he* inculcates first; anon imparts
> The paltry tricks of saving; last inspires
> Of endless wealth the insatiable desires.
> Hungry himself, his hungry slaves he cheats,
> With scanty measure and unfaithful weights;
> And sees them lessen, with apparent dread,
> The musty fragments of his vinewed bread.
> In dog-days, when the sun, with fervent power,
> Corrupts the freshest meat from hour to hour,
> He saves the last night's hash; sets by a dish
> Of sodden beans, and scraps of summer fish,
> And half a stinking shad, and a few strings
> Of a chopp'd leek, counted like sacred things,
> And seal'd with caution; though the sight and smell
> Would a starved beggar from the mess repel.
> But why this curst avidity of gain;
> This mass collected with such toil and pain—
> Since 'tis the veriest madness to live poor,
> To die with bags and coffers brimming o'er
> Besides, while thus the streams of affluence roll,
> They nurse the eternal dropsy of the soul;
> For thirst of wealth still grows with wealth increased,
> And they desire it less who have it least."

The reader has now before him, to some extent, the means of forming his own judgment respecting the merits of Juvenal. In his own province he is unmatched. Combining the characteristic excellences of both his illustrious predecessors—Horace's profound knowledge of human nature with the lofty moral tone of Persius—he gives the "very age and body of the time—its form and pressure," while he shows himself untainted by its wide-spread profligacy. When he addresses himself to the task of laying bare

> "All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
> Whatever stirs this mortal frame,"

he is not overrating his own acquaintance with the heart. Nor does he show that his science has been too dearly purchased. If he smile at vice, it is with that sardonic expression which proves hatred to predominate over mirth. But it is his wont to launch at once into fierce, earnest, withering invective. He cannot palter with pass and parry, but deals his blows thick and heavy on the head of the foeman: others may have patience to sap, he must be forward to storm. He does not therefore affect those lighter graces, that assiduous polish, those imaginative flights, which often enfeeble while they adorn composition. If we sometimes liken the lyrist to the lark, caroling far away in the joyous sun-blaze, and the bard of elegy to the nightingale, chanting sadly in the shade, we must remember that the satirist is no singing-bird but a creature of prey. We will err egregiously, however, if we conceive of Juvenal as a clumsy or careless writer. Masters of thought, and he is one of them, are wont to be masters of language; and we find, accordingly, in his works, a diction uniformly masculine and correct, and often exquisitely delicate. His vindication from the charge of occasionally pandering, by the freedom of his descriptions, to the cravings of a prurient fancy, will be best effected in the words of Mr Gifford. "I should resign him in silence," says he, "to the hatred of mankind, if his aim, like that of too many others, whose works are read with delight, had been to render vice amiable, to fling his seducing colours over impurity, and inflame the passions by meretricious hints at what is only innoxious when exposed in native deformity; but when I find that his views are to render depravity loathsome, that every thing which can alarm or disgust is directed at her in his terrible page, I forget the grossness of the execution in the excellence of the design, and pay my involuntary homage to that integrity which, fearlessly calling in strong description to the aid of virtue, attempts to purify the passions at the hazard of wounding our delicacy and offending our taste." Juvenal, in short, felt strongly, and spoke as he felt; and of all his country's poets, to his honour be it said, it is he, beyond all question, who is most grandly Roman.

* The avaricious parent.

ADVENTURE OF A TRAVELLER.

In the year 1836, as a young surgeon of Florence, called Alberto Riquetti, was returning at a late hour to his own house, he stumbled over the body of a person who was lying near his door, and crying feebly for help. Ever anxious to succour the distressed, Riquetti, with the assistance of his servant, lifted the stranger into his surgery, where he dressed several very dangerous wounds which he found about his person; and then, as the night was too far advanced to carry him any where else, he put him to bed.

On the following morning he found the patient so ill, that he entertained very little hopes of his recovery; and as to remove him would have been indisputably fatal, he allowed him to remain where he was. On the second day he was so bad that Riquetti doubted his surviving four-and-twenty hours longer; and having acquainted him with his situation, he proceeded to inquire his name and station, and sought to ascertain if he had any friends or relations whom he would desire to see, or to whom, should his death ensue, he would wish the event to be communicated. The man answered that, with respect to his name, he was called Gasparo; but for the rest, he requested that a confessor might be sent for, to whom he would make known whatever was necessary.

This desire was complied with, and what passed between the patient and the priest, of course, remained unknown. But when the holy man came forth of the stranger's chamber, his whole demeanour denoted awe and terror; his cheeks and lips were bloodless; his hands trembled; and ever and anon he lifted them up to heaven, as if praying for the soul of a great sinner. The only words he uttered were, to desire that, when the man he had confessed was dead, he should be immediately informed.

However, Gasparo did not die. He was in the prime of life; and a good constitution, and the constant care of the surgeon, saved him. As soon as he was well enough to walk away, he left his benefactor's house, expressing the most ardent gratitude for Riquetti's kindness, and calling down blessings on his head for the persevering skill and care which had rescued him from the grave; but he went as he came, unknown; no word had he ever dropped that threw the slightest ray of light on his past history or future whereabout, and in the memory of the young surgeon he lived only as *Gasparo, the wounded stranger*.

In the winter of 1839, Alberto Riquetti was seized with an indisposition, for which, as it had been chiefly induced by too much application to his business, a little recreation was pronounced the best remedy. So with this view he resolved on an excursion to Rome, where he promised himself much pleasure in inspecting the antiquities, more especially the ancient Etruscan tombs, which had lately excited so much interest amongst the learned, and most of which were within a short distance of the city.

For the sake of those who may yet be unacquainted with the history of these curious relics, it may be as well to mention, that the Etrurians were a celebrated people of Italy, anterior to the Romans, and occupying the country west of the Tiber. The extent of territory which they possessed, though not great, was nevertheless divided into twelve different states, each of which was governed by its respective king, or, as they called him, *lucumon*; and in spite of the diminutive space they occupied on the globe, they were, relatively to their neighbours, a very powerful people, wealthy, luxurious, and refined. The taste and proficiency they had attained in the fine arts, as well as much of their manners, customs, and modes of living, have been placed before us in a very extraordinary manner by the discovery of the ancient tombs above alluded to, which are, in fact, small chambers hollowed out of the sides of hills, and which appear to have been the resting-places prepared for the mortal remains of the wealthy and the noble. Although the bodies which reposed in these ancient receptacles have long mouldered into dust, and although the Etrurians, with their kingdoms and their principalities, powers, wars, councils, commerce, luxuries, virtues, superstitions, and vices, have long passed from the earth, and some faint records only remain to tell us of their greatness, yet from their tombs they speak to us again; here, in their "very habits as they lived," they lift up their voices and cry to us, "Behold! thus did we three thousand years ago!"—for the paintings on the walls of these excavations show us this ancient people in almost every condition of life. We see them at their banquets and their diversions, at their marriages and their funerals, engaged in their athletic games, dancing, playing on various instruments, and

even on their deathbeds. Various curious and valuable specimens of their ornaments, vases, and armour, have also been found in these dwellings of the dead, as well as the sarcophagi in which the body had been deposited. The Etrurians were the most powerful and resolute enemies the rising empire of the Romans had to contend with, and were not conquered till after long wars and much effusion of blood and treasure had exhausted their strength.

Having given this little sketch of one of the most interesting specimens of antiquity in Italy, we will now return to our hero.

It was on a fine morning of the early spring that Alberto Riquetti started on his expedition to the Etruscan tombs, the first visit he proposed being to the necropolis of the ancient city of Veii—a city, by the way, which it cost the Romans many a hard battle to win, and which, after holding out a siege of ten years, was at length taken by their famous general, Camillus, about four hundred years before the Christian era.

Veii, or rather the spot where Veii once stood, is situated about twelve miles from Rome, on one of the roads to Florence. For the first nine or ten miles the way lies along the high road, but, at a village called Fossa, it diverges, and for about two miles more leads across some fields, till it terminates at a place called the Isola Farnese, where there is an inn at which travellers put up, and where, although the site of Veii is two miles further still, they are obliged to leave their horses and carriages, as beyond this point there is no practicable road.

The Isola Farnese is a quiet little hamlet, situated on a rising ground, surrounded by cliffs, and streams, and picturesque rocks, and murmuring waterfalls, adorned by a pretty inn and an ancient and venerable fortress. The inhabitants, who are all shepherds and vine-dressers, are extremely civil to travellers, and have an air of innocence and rural simplicity that, to a frequenter of cities like Alberto Riquetti, was quite irresistible.

"Here," thought he, "must the crimes, and vices, and miseries of a great city be unknown, and probably unsuspected. How few of the dwellers in this little Eden have ever extended their travels even as far as Rome! Their vines and their flocks are enough for them. Above want and below ambition, their minds must be pure and their lives happy. It is quite a subject for a poet."

The innkeeper, too, was the most civil and obsequious of innkeepers—quite a pattern of an innkeeper; and Alberto Riquetti was so charmed and fascinated by all he saw, that he resolved to make the Isola Farnese his head quarters, and thence extend his excursions to the different objects of curiosity around.

As the first day was to be devoted to the necropolis of Veii, after refreshing himself with a crust of bread and a glass of wine, he asked for a guide, who, being immediately presented to him, he set forth on his expedition, having informed his host that, as he should be occupied all day in sight-seeing, he should not care to have any dinner, but that he wished a good supper to be provided against his return at night—a request which the worthy Boniface assured him should be strictly attended to. "Indeed," he said, "he was generally in the habit of acting as cook himself, and he thought he might venture to promise his guest a ragout, the like of which he had never tasted—he was particularly famous for his ragouts; indeed," added he, "most travellers who eat them find them so good, that they are never inclined to taste another."

"Except of your making, I suppose?" said Riquetti, smiling.

"Of course—that's understood," answered the host.

"A tolerably conceited fellow," thought our traveller, as he followed his guide in the direction of Veii. The guide seemed to be of the same opinion, for he chuckled and laughed, and appeared greatly diverted with this explosion of the host's self-love.

"I suppose you have a good many travellers here?" said Riquetti.

"Not in the winter," answered the man; "you are the first we have seen for this long time. You come from Florence?"

"Yes, I do," replied Riquetti. "How did you know that?"

"I happened to hear the postilion that drove you tell the innkeeper so, and that you were making a tour for your health."

"That's true, too," said Riquetti, rather wondering how the postilion, whom he had never seen before, should have learnt so much about him.

"It's dull travelling alone," continued the man; "particularly when a person's sick and out of health; but perhaps you are a bachelor, and have nobody to look much after you?"

"I am a bachelor, certainly," said Riquetti, rather amused at the curiosity the man was exhibiting. "Unsophisticated nature," thought he, "savages, and uncivilised people, are always inquisitive;" so, without taking offence at the interrogations, he answered as many as the guide chose to put to him.

In the meantime they advanced slowly on the road to Veii, stopping ever and anon to inspect the different points of view, and examine every thing that appeared to present a vestige of antiquity; when, in rounding a point of rock, they came suddenly upon a little hovel, before the door of which stood a man scraping and tying up in bundles the sticks which, at another period of the year, are used for training the vines. At the sound of the approaching footsteps the man lifted up his head, and as his eye fell upon the surgeon, he started visibly, and an expression of surprise passed over his countenance. He even parted his lips, as if, upon the impulse of the moment, he was about to speak; but suddenly closing them again, after giving one look at the traveller, he stooped forward, and silently resumed his previous attitude and occupation; whilst Riquetti, who had cast but a passing glance at the man, and who attributed his surprise to the suddenness of their appearance, walked on, and thought no more of the matter.

It was drawing towards the afternoon, and our traveller had already spent some hours amongst the tombs, when, on emerging from one of them, he observed the same man sitting on the ground, near the entrance. He seemed to have wounded his foot, and was stanching the blood with a handkerchief. The guide approached him, and asked him what was the matter. "I hurt my foot yesterday," said he; "and being obliged to walk thus far to speak to old Guiseppe, the exercise has set it bleeding again," saying which he bound the handkerchief round his foot and arose. As he spoke, there was something in the voice and the play of the features that struck Riquetti as familiar to him; and that this approach to recognition was legible in his own face, was evident, for the man instantly frowned, and turned away his head. He, however, seemed inclined to join the party, or at least his way lay in the same direction; for he kept near them, lingering rather behind, as if his lameness impeded his activity. Presently, at a moment when the guide was a few yards in advance, and Riquetti between the two, he felt himself slightly touched upon the back, and on looking round he beheld the vine-dresser with the forefinger of one hand placed upon his lip, as if to enjoin silence, whilst in the other he held a piece of linen stained with blood, which he stretched out towards the traveller, shaking his head the while, and frowning in a manner that Riquetti was at a loss to understand, and which, as the injunction to silence was perfectly intelligible, he forbore to ask. His curiosity, however, being vividly awakened, and indeed his fears somewhat aroused, for he thought the gestures of the man seemed designed as a warning against some danger that awaited himself, he endeavoured to keep as near him as he could; whilst he kept his eye pretty constantly fixed upon his guide, whom he imagined must be the enemy he was admonished to distrust. He inquired who he was.

"That is Gasparo, the vine-dresser," was the answer.

Thus no doubt remained; but with the conviction that it was Gasparo came also the conviction that the warning had been well intended, and that the danger was real. But it was not easy to know what to do. He was two miles from the inn, in a lonely place, and the evening was drawing on; there was barely light enough to enable them to see their way back to the Isola Farnese. He saw nobody near him but his guide; but he had himself no weapon, whilst the other might be armed; besides, there might be enemies in ambush that he was not aware of. However, there was nothing to do but to return to the inn as fast as he could, and this he did, taking care to keep the guide in advance of him all the way; and to his surprise he arrived there without any alarm, or without perceiving any thing in the conduct of his companion that could have excited the slightest suspicion.

"Surely," thought he, "I must have mistaken Gasparo's intentions; he must have meant to intreat my silence with respect to himself; and the bloody cloth was for the purpose of recalling to my memory his wounds, and the circumstances under which we formerly met. He is probably, for some reason or other, afraid of being identified. This must be the true interpretation of his gestures. It would be absurd to suppose I can have any thing to fear amongst this virtuous unsophisticated people."

Comforted by this conviction, and resolved, in compliance with Gasparo's wishes, to ask no questions about him, Riquetti, having called for his supper and a bottle of wine, set himself with a good appetite to his fare. The first dish consisted of some fresh-water fish, of which he partook sparingly, reserving his appetite for the ragout, of whose merits the landlord had so confidently spoken. The odour it emitted when the cover was lifted appeared to confirm his predictions; the aroma was very savoury indeed.

"I think," said he to the host, who had placed the dish upon the table—and, as he spoke, he helped himself to an ample portion of the stew—"I think this ragout of yours seems worthy of a bottle of better wine. Have you any good Bordeaux or Florence?"

"I have no Bordeaux," answered the host, "but I have some good Florence in flasks, if you like that."

"Bring me some," said Riquetti, and the host left the room.

No sooner had the door closed upon him, than the movements of the surgeon would have extremely puzzled a spectator. Instead of conveying the savoury mess from his plate to his mouth, as might naturally have been expected, he conveyed it with inconceivable speed to his pocket-handkerchief, which, with equal celerity, he deposited in his pocket, so that, by the time the host returned, the plate was empty. "That is a capital ragout of yours—excellent, indeed!" said he, as he poured out a tumbler of the wine, and tossed it off. A suspicious eye might perhaps have observed that his cheeks and lips were blanched, and that his hand was unsteady; but the wine brought back the blood to his face, and the host perceived nothing extraordinary. The ragout being removed, some bread and cheese were next produced, of which he slightly partook, and then the table was cleared, and the host retired. As soon as he was gone, Riquetti, having set a chair against the door, to prevent his being too abruptly disturbed, took out his handkerchief, and very closely examined its contents, after which he restored the whole to his pocket, and began pacing the small room from end to end, with a countenance in which anxiety and apprehension were visibly depicted. He looked at the window, and appeared to be deliberating on the propriety of getting out of it. The thing was practicable enough; "but then," murmured he, "I could not find my way to Fossa; I should not know which way to turn;" for, as we have observed, it was yet but the early season of the year, and it had already been long dark. "Besides," added he, "who knows whether it would be safe to address myself to any one there, stranger as I am; it might be running from Scylla to Charybdis. Gasparo! Gasparo! where art thou?" These were but thoughts scarcely formed into words, and yet they seemed to be answered, for at that moment his attention was roused by two slight taps on the window. There was nothing before it but a calico curtain; this he drew aside, and then, on the taps being repeated, he gently lifted the sash.

"Go to your bed-room as soon as you can," said a hurried voice; "put out your light, and when you hear the signal, open your window, and, as quietly as you can, descend a ladder you'll find ready for you;" and the speaker, whom the light in the room showed to be Gasparo, turned quickly away, adding, "Shut down the window; be silent and cautious!" "Bravo, Gasparo!" whispered the surgeon to himself, as he obeyed his injunctions by closing the window and replacing the curtain—"Bravo! If you're a villain, you're a grateful one, at all events."

Having removed the chair from the door, and seated himself in an attitude of great ease and nonchalance, he drew a book from his pocket, which he placed before him, and then he rang the bell, and ordered some coffee; "and then," said he to the host, "I shall be glad to have my bed got ready, for I am tired with my day's work, and I mean to be off early in the morning."

The coffee was accordingly brought and drank, and then Riquetti requested to be shown to his bed-room, which proved to be a small apartment up one pair of stairs. As he expected, there was no fastening to the door of any sort; so having placed the dressing-table before it, and inspected the place all round, not forgetting to look under the bed, he took his portmanteau under his arm, put out his light, and with a beating heart sat down to await the promised signal.

He did not wait long. In less than half an hour, a few small pebbles, thrown against the window, summoned him to open it. He could not see the ladder, but he felt it, and stepping out, he carefully descended. As soon as his foot touched the ground, Gasparo, who was there to receive him, took him by the hand, and whispering, "Now, run for your life!" he dragged him forwards; and leading him up hill and down hill, across fields, over hedges and ditches, and through the water, without ever pausing to take breath or to utter a word, he at length, after some hours' flight, suddenly stopped, and Riquetti perceived that they were on the high road. "Now," said Gasparo, "you are within half an hour's walk of the city—you are safe—farewell, and God speed you! I have paid my debt!" And with that he turned, and walked hastily away; and though Riquetti called after him, and begged him to stay and speak to him for a moment, he never so much as turned his head, but departing as rapidly as he could, was soon out of sight.

The surgeon looked after him as long as he could see him, for it was now the dawn of day; and when he could see him no longer, having breathed a prayer for his preserver, with a grateful heart he took his way to Rome, where, before ever seeking the rest and refreshment he so much needed, he requested an interview with the chief officer of the police.

"I have," he said, "most important communications to make; but before I say a word, you must obtain for me a promise, that, whatever discoveries may ensue from my disclosures, the life of one individual shall be spared. He has saved mine, and I cannot endanger his."

This condition being acceded to by the government, Riquetti proceeded to detail his adventures, and to display the contents of his handkerchief; and the consequence of his communication was, that these innocent, virtuous, obliging, and unsophisticated vine-dressers and shepherds were proved, on investigation, to be leagued banditti, of whom the innkeeper was the chief. In the month of March 1839, no fewer than forty of them were brought to Rome and condemned to death or other punishments, according to the amount of crime proved against them. The worthy host, so celebrated for his excellent ragouts, expiated his enormities on the scaffold. Besides the evidence of the surgeon, many circumstances combined to show, that, when short of provisions, he had been in the habit of supplying the deficiency by compounding his dishes of human flesh. Riquetti's apprehensions had been awakened by recognising on his plate part of a hand, which circumstance

furnished the interpretation to Gasparo's warning gestures, and opened his eyes to the danger of his situation. These wretches admitted that they never attacked the English, as the investigations that would have been set on foot by their countrymen, had any of them been missing, would infallibly have led to a discovery of their iniquitous proceedings. It was some satisfaction to the surgeon that Gasparo was not found amongst the troop; he had not been seen at the Isola Farnese since the night they had fled together.

It appears wonderful that within so late a period, and within twelve or fourteen miles of a great city, such a villanous combination could have subsisted; in England, such a nest of scoundrels would be exposed and extirpated in a month.

DOG PERFORMANCES.

A SERIES of instances of the educability of animals, which appeared in a previous number of the Journal, has awakened the recollection of a friend respecting an exhibition that excited no small astonishment, and afforded great satisfaction to the admirers of canine sagacity.

About fifty years ago, a Frenchman brought to London from eighty to a hundred dogs, chiefly poodles, the remainder spaniels, but all nearly of the same size and of the smaller kind. On the education of these animals their proprietor had bestowed an immense deal of pains. From puppyhood upwards, they had been taught to walk on their hind legs, and maintain their footing with surprising ease in that unnatural position. They had likewise been drilled into the best possible behaviour towards each other; no snarling, barking, or indecorous conduct, took place when they were assembled in company. But what was most surprising of all, they were able to perform in various theatrical pieces of the character of pantomimes, representing various transactions in heroic and familiar life with wonderful fidelity. The object of their proprietor was, of course, to make money by their performances, which the public was accordingly invited to witness in one of the minor theatres.

Amongst their histrionic performances was the representation of a siege. On the rising of the curtain, there appeared three ranges of ramparts, one above the other, having salient angles and a moat, like a regularly constructed fortification. In the centre of the fortress arose a tower, on which a flag was flying; while in the distance behind appeared the buildings and steeples of a town. The ramparts were guarded by soldiers in uniform, each armed with a musket or sword, of an appropriate size. All these were dogs, and their duty was to defend the walls from an attacking party, consisting also of dogs, whose movements now commenced the operations of the siege. In the foreground of the stage were some rude buildings and irregular surfaces, from among which there issued a reconnoitring party; the chief, habited as an officer of rank, with great circumspection surveyed the fortification; and his sedate movements, and his consultations with the troops that accompanied him, implied that an attack was determined upon. But these consultations did not pass unobserved by the defenders of the garrison. The party was noticed by a sentinel, and fired upon; and this seemed to be the signal to call every man to his post at the embrasures.

Shortly after, the troops advanced to the escalade; but to cross the moat, and get at the bottom of the walls, it was necessary to bring up some species of pontoon, and accordingly several soldiers were seen engaged in pushing before them wicker-work scaffoldings, which moved on castors towards the fortifications. The drums beat to arms, and the fearful bustle of warfare opened in earnest. Smoke was poured out in volleys from shot-holes; the besieging forces pushed forward in masses, regardless of the fire; the moat was filled with the crowd; and amid much confusion and scrambling, scaling ladders were raised against the walls. Then was the grand tug of war. The leaders of the forlorn hope who first ascended, were opposed with great gallantry by the defenders; and this was perhaps the most interesting part of the exhibition. The chief of the assailants did wonders; he was seen now here, now there, animating his men, and was twice hurled, with ladder and followers, from the second gradation of ramparts; but he was invulnerable, and seemed to receive an accession of courage on every fresh repulse. The scene became of an exciting nature. The rattle of the miniature cannon, the roll of the drums, the sound of trumpets, and the heroism of the actors on both sides, imparted an idea of reality, that for the moment made the spectator forget that he was looking on a performance of dogs. Not a bark was heard in the struggle.

After numerous hairbreadth escapes, the chief surmounted the third line of fortifications, followed by his troops; the enemy's standard was hurled down, and the British flag hoisted in its place; the ramparts were manned by the conquerors; and the smoke cleared away—to the tune of "God Save the King."

It is impossible to convey a just idea of this performance, which altogether reflected great credit on its contriver, as also on the abilities of each individual dog. We must conclude, that the firing from the embrasures, and some other parts of the mechanique, were effected by human agency; but the actions of the dogs were clearly their own, and showed what could be effected with animals by dint of patient culture. By proficients in the military art, the performance was allowed to be as perfectly in conformity with the science of war as it was animated in appearance, and wonderful as an example of the intelligence of the lower animals.

Another specimen of these canine theatricals was quite a contrast to the bustle of the siege. The scene was an assembly room, on the sides and the farther end of which seats were placed; while a music gallery, and a profusion of chandeliers, gave a richness and truth to the general effect. Livery servants were in attendance on a few of the company, who entered and took their seats. Frequent knockings now occurred at the door, followed by the entrance of parties attired in the fashion of the period. These were, of course, the same individuals who had recently been in the deadly breach; but now all was tranquillity, elegance, and ease. Parties were formally introduced to each other with an appearance of the greatest decorum, though sometimes a young dog would show a slight disposition to break through restraint, but only to the increased amusement of the beholders. Some of the dogs that represented ladies, were dressed in silks, gauzes, laces, and gay, tasteful ribbons. Some wore artificial flowers, with the flowing ringlets of youth; others wore the powdered and pomatumed head-dress of riper years, with caps and lappets; in ludicrous contrast to the features of the animals. Doubtless, the whole had been the result of judicious study and correct arrangement, for the most animated were habited as the most youthful. The animals which represented gentlemen were judiciously equipped; some as youthful and others as aged beaux, regulated by their degrees of proficiency, since those most youthfully dressed were most attentive to the ladies. The frequent bow, and return of curtsy, produced great mirth in the audience; but when the noses of the animals neared each other, it produced a shriek of delight from the youthful spectators. On a sudden, the master of the ceremonies appeared. No doubt he was the chief in the battle fray. He was now an elegant fellow, full of animation; he wore a superb court-dress, and his manners were in agreement with his costume. He approached many of the visiters: to some of the gentlemen he gave merely a look of recognition; to the ladies he was generally attentive; to some he projected his paw familiarly; to others he bowed with respect; and introduced one to another with an air of elegance that surprised and delighted the spectators. There was a general feeling of astonishment at some of the nicer features of the scene, as at the various degrees of intimacy which individuals expressed by their nods and bows of recognition. Some considered the exhibition too much a burlesque of human life to be pleasing; but these were greatly outnumbered by those of a different opinion.

As the performance advanced, the interest increased. A little music was heard as from the gallery, but it was soon interrupted by a loud knocking, which announced the arrival of some important visiter, and expectation was raised; several livery-servants entered, and then a sedan-chair was borne in by appropriately dressed dogs; they removed the poles, raised the head, and opened the door of the sedan; forth came a lady, splendidly attired in spangled satin and jewels, and her head decorated with a plume of ostrich feathers! She made a great impression, and appeared as if conscious of her superior attraction; meanwhile, the chair was removed, the master of the ceremonies, in his court-dress, was in readiness to receive the *elegante*, the bow and curtsy were admirably interchanged, and an air of elegance pervaded the deportment of both.

The court of Lilliput was presented to the imaginations of many who witnessed the scene. It was well lighted; there was a diffusion of brilliancy and courtly splendour well calculated to heighten the illusion, and it was impossible to withhold expressions of gratification at the total surrender of all canine propensities on the part of the performers; they appeared absorbed in the execution of their various parts, and all they did was so far beyond expectation, that applause was loud and frequent. It is remarkable that the animals appeared not unconscious of the admiration which these plaudits expressed. The band now struck up an air of the kind to which ball-room companies are accustomed to promenade, and the company immediately quitted their seats and began to walk ceremoniously in pairs round the room. Three of the ladies placed their arms under those of their attendant gentlemen. On seats being resumed, the master of the ceremonies and the lady who came in the sedan-chair arose; he led her to the centre of the room; Foote's minuet struck up; the pair commenced the movements with an attention to time; they performed the crossings and turnings, the advancings, retreatings, and obeisances, during which there was a perfect silence, and they concluded amid thunders of applause.

There were other performances of a domestic nature, the simplicity of which was not so well adapted to the talents of these animals as seeking reputation in the cannon's mouth, or in the refinements of an assembly room. What ultimately became of the ingenious manager with his company, our informant never heard; in time his exhibitions were superseded by fresh novelties, and perhaps he returned to his own country, we hope with some tangible proof of John Bull's generosity.

NOTES OF A RESIDENCE IN THE BUSH.

BY A LADY.

INTRODUCTION.—GOING TO SETTLEMENT.

[THE wilds of Australia present at this time some strange scenes. Persons of all characters, and every variety of previous habits, are there planting themselves as sheep farmers, each family being generally placed in some rude hut in the centre of its "run" or sheep-walk, rarely at less than five miles' distance from another. Thus transferred all at once from parlour life in this country, perhaps from some learned or elegant profession, into a primeval solitude, and left to their own resources, a change of life and occupation is induced such as we have no experience of in civilised climes. Young men who once figured here in quadrille parties, are there seen driving cars and drays, or milking cows; while ladies, who once presided over a refined hospitality in some better part of a British city, are, in "the bush," fain to cook victuals for their husband and his shepherds. Occasional adventures with the savage aborigines streak the homeliness of the picture with something like the hues of romance. But all is not hardship and vexation. Labour and exposure in that country are attended with an excitement which prevents any thing like low spirits, and, joined to the fine climate, tend to keep up a tone of health which few in civilised life ever enjoy. Then there is no eye of fashionable neighbour to look pityingly or quizzingly on the mean details of the mud-house and the life which passes within it. Above all, the star of hope is present, instructing how to bear with the present for the sake of the future. It is readily to be supposed that a picture of this strange kind of life, drawn on the spot, must possess some interest, and such we have now to introduce to the notice of our readers. A married pair of our acquaintance, in the bloom of life, emigrated four years ago to Australia, taking with them their infant daughter, a shepherd, his wife, and a female servant. They were accompanied by two brothers of the lady, who were associated with the husband in his proposed new course of life. They were upwards of two years upon a "run" in the inland parts of the Port Philip settlement, where they realised, without mitigation of any kind, the whole hardships, difficulties, and troubles, and also the whole of the pleasures, of bush life. The lady lately returned to her native country, and has communicated to us a journal, in which we find a remarkably interesting account of this wild kind of existence. In presenting some portions of it to our readers, we only deem it necessary to remark, that the name is, for obvious reasons, fictitious; and that, from our recollections of the amiable writer, we could scarcely suppose any one of her sex less prepared by education and habits for bush life, than she must have been at the time when her husband emigrated.

The family arrived at Hobart Town in October 1838, and her husband and brother soon after proceeded to Port Philip, in order to secure a sheep walk. They obtained one which was considered of a highly advantageous nature, except that it was a hundred and twenty miles back from the settlement. Meanwhile, at a farm near Launceston, Mrs Thomson gained some insight into dairy management and other branches of rural economy. Having purchased at Launceston a dray and bullocks, also some horses, goats, pigs, geese, ducks, hens, rabbits, tubs, buckets, and a number of small tin utensils of various kinds, together with some flour and other provisions, they sailed for Port Philip, which they were eleven days in reaching. It is pleasant to hear of neighbourly kindnesses exercised in that remote part of the world. Mrs Thomson mentions that, at her departure from Launceston, she had presents of poultry from various persons; and one lady, whom she had only seen once, made her several large jars of preserves. While lying off George Town, a lady, hearing that one of her own sex with a young child was on board, sent her a box of eggs for the child—a very useful present. "I was fortunate," says Mrs T., "in meeting with kind friends wherever I went." It may here be mentioned, that Mrs T. left her female servant at Hobart Town, so that the only female now with her was the shepherd's wife.]

We landed [January 1839] at Point Henry, about eight miles from Corio, which is intended to be a town some future day. I did not go on shore the first day, as my husband, as soon as possible, got the mare and bullocks landed, which he took to Mr Fisher's station, near Geelong. The poor bullocks looked miserably thin, but the mare looked very well, and we were glad they were alive. It took a long time to land all the stock in the vessel. Some of the bullocks made a great noise, but no wonder; they were all down in the hold during the voyage, and when about to be

landed, a broad belt was passed round their body, and they were hoisted up high in the air by a pulley, so as to clear the vessel. They were then lowered into the water near a small boat, in which some men were waiting to catch the animal by the horns, and the others rowed quickly to shore, singing as they went. The poor sheep were not so troublesome; they were just thrown overboard, and allowed to make the best of their way to shore. While my husband was away with the large animals, I remained to look after the small stock. Next morning he came back to the vessel, and my brother James with him, also Mr Yuille, who had left home only a few months before us; but, indeed, I scarcely recognised him, he was such a strange figure. He had allowed his beard to grow to a great length; he wore very rough-looking clothes, and a broad black leather belt round his waist, with a brace of pistols stuck in it. I afterwards found out that the settlers pride themselves in dressing and looking as rough as possible. Our vessel could not get nearer the land than a quarter of a mile, consequently we went out in a small boat; but even in that we could not get near the shore, on account of the water being so shallow. I was carried out by my husband, and all our goods had to be brought ashore in the same way; but every one helped, and we seemed rather to like the *ploy*.

When landed, we looked like a party thrown on a desert island, the shore was so barren, and not a trace of human habitation to be seen, or any of the works of man. All was in a state of nature; and I kept looking round, expecting every moment to see some of the dreaded savages rushing upon us. I did not feel comfortable on account of the natives, I had heard such accounts of them in Van Diemen's Land.

When all our luggage and animals were landed, we began to pack our own, and Messrs Donald and Hamilton's dray; this took us a long time. The Messrs Baillie were also with us with their drays, so we made up a strong party. When all were ready to start, I got into a spring cart which Mr Thomson had borrowed from Mr Fisher for me; but indeed my share of it was very small. It was already so well filled that I could scarcely find a seat. Our shepherd's wife, who was no light weight, took up more than her share of the seat; she carried Agnes [the infant] on her knee. I took possession of the other seat. At my feet were four little dogs of Mr Baillie's, also three cats, some cocks and hens, and a pair of rabbits; at our back were three pigs, and some geese and ducks. We were a noisy party, for at times our road was very rough, and some of our animals were rather inclined to be quarrelsome. The spring cart went first, then came the five drays, and all the gentlemen walking alongside, with the dogs running beside them. Most of the gentlemen had either pistols at their sides or a gun in their hands. Little Nanny followed behind, accompanied by old Billy, who had a wonderfully long beard. The country seemed very scrubby and barren, and the trees so dark and ugly, that I was disappointed in the appearance of them. I expected to see beautiful large trees, but I saw none to compare with the trees of my own country. My husband told me to have patience till I went further up the country; but, after being three years in it, I am still of the same opinion.

We got to Mrs Fisher's about seven o'clock; she received us very cordially. We found tea awaiting us, and I there tasted *damper* for the first time. I liked it very much; it is like bread, but closer and heavier. I said to Mrs Fisher that she must think we had taken a great liberty in coming in such force upon her; but she did not at all seem to think so. She said she was quite accustomed to have many gentlemen visiters, but she never had had a lady before. I could not at all fancy how she would manage in regard to giving us beds; however, she soon disposed of us very easily. A bed was made up for me, little Agnes and her maid, on the parlour floor, and all the gentlemen were sent to the wool-shed, to sleep as they best could: fifteen slept in it that night. A few of them had blankets or rugs, but most of them had nothing.

In the morning, I asked my husband how he had slept; he said, never better. We remained a week here. Next day we saw some of the natives; they are very ugly and dirty. Some of them wore skins sewed together and thrown over their shoulders; a few had some old clothes given them by the settlers; and some were naked. They kept peeping in at the windows to see us, and were always hanging about the huts. Mrs Fisher called them *civilised* natives, and said they were always about the place. One day I went out to walk with little Agnes in the bush. I was keeping a good look-out for snakes, and was just stepping over what I fancied, by a slight glance, to be a burnt log of wood, but a second look showed me my mistake; it was a native lying on the grass, grinning in my face with his large white teeth. I was rather afraid, but he looked very good-tempered, and laughed. He seemed too lazy to move, so I gave him a nod, and walked on, well pleased he did not think it necessary to accompany me home. My servant Mary was very much afraid of the natives. She would scarcely move out of the hut, and was always crying and wishing herself at home. She said she was determined to make her husband send her home with the first money he made. She wondered why I did not think as she did. She would take comfort from no one, and was quite sure she would be killed by the wild natives when she got up the country.

The township of Geelong consisted of three buildings, all of them stores, where every thing was sold at a most extravagant profit. On Sunday, we went to church in Mr Fisher's wool-shed, and had a sermon from a Wesleyan missionary. His wife commenced the psalm tunes.

We had fixed to begin our journey up the country, and the gentlemen had gone to Geelong to load the drays. I waited for them in Mr Fisher's hut, when in a moment it got quite dark, and the wind roared most tremendously. It was the most awful sight I ever witnessed; we were afraid to move. The storm passed over in about ten minutes, but many a tree had been torn up by the roots during that time. When the gentlemen came with the drays, they were so covered with dust, that I could scarcely tell one from the other. Some of them had been knocked down by the tornado, and one of the drays blown over. It was now too late for us to begin our journey, so we remained another night at Mr Fisher's, and started early in the morning. On this occasion, we had much difficulty in getting the horses to start; they were ill broken in, and many times they stopped on the road, so that we had often to take some of the bullocks out of the other drays to pull them on again. We travelled the first day thirty miles, quartering for the night at Mr Sutherland's hut, which he kindly gave up for our accommodation. Next day we had to rest the bullocks, so we walked over to Mr Russell's station, about three miles distant, and remained there a night. In the evening we went to see a meeting of the natives, or a *corobery*, as they call it. About a hundred natives were assembled. They had about twenty large fires lighted, around which were seated the women and children. The men had painted themselves, according to their own fancy, with red and white earth. They had bones, and bits of stones, and emu's feathers, tied on their hair, and branches of trees tied on their ankles, which made a rushing noise when they danced. Their appearance was very wild, and, when they danced, their gestures and attitudes were equally so. One old man stood before the dancers, and kept repeating some words very fast in a kind of time, whilst he beat together two sticks. The women never dance; their employment is to keep the fires burning bright, and some of them were beating sticks, and declaiming in concert with the old man. The natives, when done with their corobery, were very anxious that we white people would show them how we coroberied; so we persuaded Mr Yuille to dance for them, which he did, and also recited a piece of poetry, using a great many gestures. The natives watched him most attentively, and seemed highly pleased. After giving the natives some white money, and bidding them good night, we returned to Mr Russell's hut.

Next morning our bullocks were lost—a very common occurrence, it being impossible to tie them, as in that case they would not feed; and unless one has a very good bullock-driver who will watch them, it generally takes several hours to find them in the morning. Numbers of natives came this forenoon to see us; they examined my dress very attentively, and asked the name of every thing, which they tried to repeat after me. They were much amused with my little Agnes, and she was as much pleased with them. I wondered what her grandmamma would have thought, could she have seen her in the midst of a group of savages, and the life of the party. Whenever Agnes spoke, they all laughed loud, and tried to imitate her voice; and the *pickininny lubra's* dress was well examined. I put a little nightcap on a native baby, with which its mother was much pleased, and many a little black head was thrust out for one also.

I now began to be a little disgusted and astonished at the dirty and uncomfortable way in which the settlers lived. They seemed quite at the mercy of their hut-keepers, eating what was placed before them, out of dirty tin plates, and using a knife and fork *if* one could be found. Sometimes the hut-keepers would cook the mutton in no way but as chops; some of them would only boil it, and some roast it, just as they liked; and although the masters were constantly complaining of the sameness, still it never seemed to enter their heads to make their servants change the manner of cooking; but the truth was, they were afraid to speak, in case the hut-keeper would be offended and run away. The principal drink of the settlers is tea, which they take at every meal, and indeed all the day. In many huts the tea-pot is always at the fire; and if a stranger comes in, the first thing he does is to help himself to a panikin of tea. We had neither milk nor butter at any station we were at; nothing but mutton, tea, and damper, three times a-day; every meal was alike from one week to another, and from year's end to year's end. I was so sick of it, I could scarcely eat any thing.

Next day, we had our bullocks ready in good time, as we had a long journey before us; at least we hoped to get on a good way. The heat this day was very intense, and we had no shade. I could scarcely bear it; and before evening we had drunk all the water we brought with us. I thought I should have died of thirst; and we were all suffering alike. Poor little Agnes cried much; at last we got her to sleep and forget her wants. My husband was driving one of the drays, and was so thirsty, that when we came to a muddy hole of water on the path, which the dray had passed through, he lay down on the ground and drank heartily. One of our party, who knew some thing of the roads, told us we were near water holes, which raised our spirits. At last we came to them, and both people and animals took many a long drink, although the water was bad, and quite bitter from the reeds which grew in it. We filled our cask, and continued our journey a few miles farther, to a place where we were to sleep in the bush. When we got out of the dray, one of the little kittens could not be seen; but on a nearer inspection, it was found squeezed flat on the seat where our servant Mary had sat; it looked as if it had gone through a mangle. Poor Mary was much distressed and annoyed by the gentlemen telling her she must be an awful weight.

We had soon lighted a fire at the foot of a tree, and put on a huge pot of water to boil; when it did boil, two or three handfuls of tea were put into it, and some sugar. One of the men made some thick cakes of flour and water, and fried them in grease. We had also some chops cooked, which we all enjoyed, as we had not stopped to eat any thing on the road. The tea was not poured out; every one dipped his panikin into the pot and helped himself. Mary, Agnes, and I, had a bed made with some blankets under the dray, and all the others slept round the fire, taking by turn the duty of watching the bullocks. Before going to rest, the bullock-driver made a large damper, which he fired in the ashes, for our provision next day.

We got up at day-break, had breakfast, and went on again, and travelled through a forest on fire for forty miles. I was often afraid the burning trees would fall upon us; and we had sometimes to make a new path for ourselves, from the old tracks being blocked up by fallen timber. The fires in the bush are often the work of the natives, to frighten away the white men; and sometimes of the shepherds, to make the grass sprout afresh. A conflagration not unfrequently happens from some one shaking out a tobacco pipe (for every one smokes); and at this season the grass is so dry that it soon catches fire.

We rested for two hours and cooked some dinner, chiefly that our bullocks might feed and rest during the heat of the day. Mr Yuille and I made some fritters of flour and water; I thought them the best things I had ever ate. The Scotch clergyman from Melbourne passed us on the road; he rebuked our bullock-driver for swearing at his bullocks; but the man told him that no one ever yet drove bullocks without swearing; it was the only way to make them go. We lost a very fine kangaroo dog by one of the drays falling back upon it.

This night we slept at Mr Anderson's hut; he was from home, but had an old woman as hut-keeper, who made us as comfortable as she could; but it was a cold night, and the wind whistled very keenly through a door made of rushes. This was one of the most neatly kept huts I saw, and the owner of it one of the few gentlemen who kept himself always neat and clean in the bush.

Next day we went over to Mr Yuille's station, where I remained six weeks, until our own hut was put up; the gentlemen kindly gave up their sleeping apartment to me. While at Mr Yuille's station, I gathered a great many mushrooms, the finest I ever saw. I had fortunately a bundle of spices in my trunk, and I made a good supply of ketchup, both for Mr Yuille, and to take to our own station.

I felt distressed to see so much waste and extravagance amongst the servants. Many a large piece of mutton I have seen thrown from the hut door that might have served a large family for dinner; and unfortunately there is no remedy for this: if the masters were to take notice of it, it would only make them worse, or else they would run away, or, as they call it, *bolt*. I saw plainly that there would be neither comfort nor economy to the masters so long as the country was so ill provided with servants; *they* were the masters; they had the impudence always to keep in their own hut the best pieces of the meat, and send into their masters the inferior bits. I was sorry my servant Mary should have so bad an example, but hoped that she had too much good sense to follow it, as she appeared as much shocked at it as myself.

I was glad when my husband came to take us to our own station, which was about thirty miles farther up the country. Part of the country we passed through was the most beautiful I ever saw, while other portions were very cold and bleak. We stopped at one or two huts, and had mutton, tea, and damper, at each of them. We passed an immense salt lake, which is gradually drying up; its circumference is forty miles. Many lakes, both salt and fresh, have dried up lately. The natives say it is the white people coming that drives away the water; they say, "Plenty mobeek long time, combarley white fellow mobeek gigot"—in English, "Plenty water for a long time, but when the white people come, the water goes away." The natives have some strange ideas of death; they think, when they die, they go to Van Diemen's Land, and come back white fellows. I know a young man who receives many a maternal embrace from an old black woman. She fancies he is her son, who died some time before; she saw him come back, and she calls him always by her son's name. They also believe in a good and evil spirit, and that fire will keep away the bad spirit; consequently, at night, when urgent business prompts them to move about, they always carry a fire-stick; but they do not like moving in the dark.

When we passed the salt lake, the country began to improve. I thought we should never come to our

own station, the bullocks travel so very slowly. At last Mr Thomson told me to look forward as far as I could see; we were now at the end of a large plain or marsh. I looked, and saw our pretty little hut peeping through a cluster of trees. I cannot say how it was, but my heart beat with delight the first time I saw that place. I took it for a presentiment of good fortune; and Mary, who had now got over her fear of the natives, seemed to participate in my feelings, for she said, "It's a bonny place, and my heart warms to it."

MRS LOUDON'S YEAR BOOK OF NATURAL HISTORY.*

It must be agreeable to many parents to know, that Mrs Loudon has begun to apply her excellent talents and extensive knowledge of natural history to the service of the young. This volume is the first present she has made to the juvenile world, and it is a very delightful one. Its structure is simple, consisting merely of conversations between herself (under the name of Mrs Merton) and her own daughter Agnes, though the scene of the dialogue is often shifted, and one or two friends are admitted occasionally, as interlocutors. It is beautifully embellished with wood-engravings, and altogether is one of the best books of its class which we have happened to see. A few bits, taken here and there from its pages, will justify our opinion, and perhaps lead some of our young readers to form a more intimate acquaintance with it.

On some British field birds.—"'Now we are talking about birds, mamma; do you remember, when we were in the country last summer, our finding a nest in some reeds that grew near a brook, with the little birds that had crept out of it, clinging with their claws to the reeds, while their parents were feeding them?'

'Yes. These little birds were reed warblers, or, as they are sometimes called, reed wrens (*Sylvia arundinacea*), and it is a peculiarity in that species for the young birds to leave the nest before they can fly. The nest of the reed warbler is very deep, to enable it to retain the eggs, when the reeds on which it is fixed are blown about by the wind; and the poor little birds would be almost smothered, if they did not contrive to crawl out. It is very curious to see the female bird sitting on her eggs with the most perfect confidence, while the reeds which form its support are tossed to and fro by the wind, and sometimes blown down to the level of the water. The nest is very curiously contrived, being formed of moss and dry grass, neatly and very strongly interwoven, like basket-work, round the reeds; and where practicable, round the branch of some neighbouring poplar or willow, as if the bird knew that, by fastening its nest in this manner to a tree, it would be rendered more steady.'

'Can't you tell me any more about it, mamma?

'I can tell you something of another bird that very closely resembles it in appearance and its place of living. This is the sedge warbler (*Sylvia phragenites*), a bird so remarkable for its song, that it has been called the English mocking-bird.'

'What is meant by a mocking-bird?'

'A bird that can hardly be said to have any note of its own, but which imitates every bird it hears. I can tell you a curious tale that I have heard of one of these sedge warblers. A young man, whom I shall call George, a native of Northumberland, happened to be staying with some friends near Stanmore, and having boasted of his skill in catching birds, the young lady of the house asked him to get her a linnet. A few days afterwards, George, while walking with the son of his host, whom I shall call Edward, heard a sedge warbler imitating a linnet. He was delighted, and hastened forward to catch the bird; but before he reached it, the mocking-bird had changed its song to an imitation of the swallow's chatter of self-satisfaction, when one of those birds has been building a nest in a barn. George was rather puzzled, and stood still; but in a few moments, hearing the triumphant *wee-wee-wee*, with which the linnet generally concludes its song, he darted forward and caught at the bird, which, to the great amazement of Edward, flew away, uttering *churr-churr*, and prolonging the sound of the *r*, in which the Northumbrians are so very deficient, as if in ridicule of its enemy.'

'How droll!'

'In this manner the sedge warbler will imitate the songs of perhaps a dozen birds in succession; running from one to another in a gay and lively manner, as though it enjoyed its mimicry; and changing perpetually, as though from caprice.'

They had now returned to the house; and they were ascending the steps which led to the terrace under the veranda, when they saw a robin redbreast hopping along the flags. He did not fly away when he saw them, but turned his little head on one side with such a curious mixture of pertness and simplicity in his bright black eyes, as he looked up in their faces, that he quite delighted Agnes.

'What a little dear he is,' cried she; 'I do really think he would almost let me stroke him.'

'There are some people,' said Mrs Merton, 'who assert, that the tameness and sociability of the robin should be attributed to boldness: but there is something so agreeable and confiding in the habits of this bird that I never could bring myself to think ill of it. Bobby does, it is true, look rather saucily up in one's face, as though he defied us to do him any harm; and people do say that he is terribly given to fighting with other birds of his own kind.'

'Oh, I'm sorry to hear that!'

'A gentleman, wanting to entrap a wild robin, placed a tame robin in a cage, tying it to the bars by its leg. The cage was then placed with the door open on the ledge of a balcony, and only a few minutes elapsed before a wild robin, attracted by the fluttering of the captive, approached the cage, and hopped round it several times, uttering a fierce note of defiance. The imprisoned robin ceased its fluttering, and answered this note with another of the same kind; when the stranger rushed into the cage, and so furious a combat took place between the two birds, that the stranger robin permitted the gentleman to close the door of the cage, and remove it into his room, where he took the two little furies out in his hand, and put them into separate cages.

'I am quite shocked to hear such an account of any robin. But perhaps that happened to be a very quarrelsome bird: you know there are some quarrelsome men.'

'I am sorry to say that the fact of the robin's pugnacity does not rest upon this solitary instance. A friend of mine in Wales had an arbour in his garden, where he and his family were frequently in the habit of taking tea; and whenever they did so, a robin redbreast was sure to perch upon the table, to peck whatever crumbs might be left. The children were very fond of this bird; and it, at last, became so tame, that it would perch on the shoulder of one of them, a little girl of about your age; and when it saw her coming into the arbour, it would hop up the gravel-walk to meet her. This continued several weeks, till one day the gardener caught another robin, which was put into a cage, and hung up in the arbour to see what the children's Bobby would say to it.'

'Well, and what happened?'

'I am quite sorry to tell it. The moment the tame Bobby discovered his rival in the cage, he flew at it with the greatest fury, beating himself against the bars with such violence that he fell down evidently much hurt. The little girl whom he was so fond of, picked him up in her hand, and endeavoured to tempt him to eat, but he would not touch any thing. He was evidently pining with rage and jealousy; and she no sooner let him go than he again flew furiously against the cage, and beat himself against the bars so violently, that in a very short time he fell down dead.'

'And what did the other bird do?'

'He fought as furiously as he could inside the cage; and after Bobby was dead, he pecked so violently at the bars to get through them, that it is supposed he hurt himself also; for he would not eat any of the food that was brought to him, and he died in a few days.'

'What a melancholy history!'

'It is a fearful example of the effects of ungoverned passion, even in a bird.'

Eliza now brought some crumbs of bread and small bits of meat for Agnes to give the robin; and the little girl strewed them on the flag-stones under the veranda, Bobby sitting all the time on a vase close by, and eyeing her proceedings.

'Why does he not fly down, and begin to eat?' cried Agnes, after waiting some time. 'See how he keeps bowing and quivering his tail. Perhaps he is afraid of me;' and the little girl crept close to her mother, as far as possible from the place where the crumbs were.

'I think he is afraid of the cat,' said Mrs Merton; 'and that his bowing is not intended to thank you, but to intimate that he wishes to decline the honour of Sandy's acquaintance.'

Agnes looked round, and saw Sandy sitting behind them, as intently watching the bird as Bobby himself had watched the crumbs of bread. 'Oh, do take Sandy away!' cried she to Eliza.

'I am sure, Miss Agnes,' said Eliza, 'Sandy would never think of touching a robin.' And apparently hurt at the imputation thrown upon her favourite, she called the cat away. Bobby only waited till they were out of sight, before he flew down to his crumbs; and while he was eating them, Agnes asked her mother why Eliza had appeared so indignant at its being supposed that her favourite Sandy would kill a robin.

'There are several strange superstitions respecting the robin current in different parts of the country,' said Mrs Merton, 'that I believe have never been satisfactorily accounted for. For instance, in the county that Eliza comes from, any cat that was detected killing a robin, would be supposed to be a witch in disguise, and would immediately be hanged or drowned without mercy. When I was a child, I have often heard that a cat would never eat a robin, even if it had killed it; and I am sure no boy in the village, however wild or mischievous he might be, would have killed either a robin or a wren.'

'And is no reason known for this?'

'None that ever I heard of, except the fable of two robin redbreasts covering the Children in the Wood with leaves after their death: and the old distich, 'The robin and the wren are God's cock and hen.''

'I am glad that any feeling prevails to save robins: they are such pretty creatures, in spite of their faults. Do they sing sweetly, mamma?'

'The song of the robin is very different at different seasons; in the spring, it is cheerful and mellow; in autumn, it becomes more melancholy, and often stops abruptly; and in winter, it is only a kind of chirp. It has been observed that in summer, after rainy and unsettled weather, if a robin is heard to sing loudly and cheerfully, and to continue his song for a long time, the following day is generally the commencement of a long series of fine and sunny days; and on the contrary, if in dry warm weather the robin be observed to perch low in a hedge, and to sit brooding and chirping mournfully, wet and gloomy weather is sure to be near at hand.

'I wish Bobby would begin to sing now.'

'Robins seldom sing in very cold weather; but I certainly think he might chirp, to thank you for his dinner.'

'Did you ever see the nest of a robin, mamma?'

'Yes; and I know of no other bird that will build in such strange places. When it makes its nest in the open air, it is constructed of moss, dry grass, and dead leaves; and it is generally placed on a bank sheltered by a low hedge, or a thick bush, or in a hole in a wall, covered with ivy. As to the strange places in which it builds sometimes, a pair near Manchester built in a saw-pit, where the female sat and hatched her young, though two men were sawing timber in the pit every day close to her. Another pair built under the horse in a child's cart, which had been hung up against the wall in a lumber room; another in the folds of a curtain; and another under a large Bible in the pulpit of a church. But the strangest of all, was what happened to a friend of ours in Ireland.'

'And what was that, mamma?'

'Our friend had a museum of stuffed birds and beasts, to which it was necessary to admit the air every day; and he was very much annoyed to find, that every time the window was opened, a pair of robins flew into the room, and all about it, as if they were looking for a place to build a nest. The robins were repeatedly driven out; but as they returned as repeatedly, and as our friend could not spare the time to stay all day to watch them, he removed some of the most fearful-looking creatures in his museum to the window, hoping to frighten the robins away. For this purpose he placed an alligator, with open jaws, and frightful rows of teeth, on one side, and an equally terrific-looking shark on the other, while in the middle stared a very fierce-looking tiger. When our friend had completed his barricade, he could not help looking with some satisfaction at his work. The robins will fancy these creatures alive, thought he, and it must be a bold bird indeed that will venture to pass by them. Thus satisfied, our friend left the room with the window open, and did not return to it for several days, and when he did, what do you think he saw? The female robin's bright eyes peeping at him through the spaces between the alligator's teeth; for she had built her nest in the fearful creature's mouth. Our friend, though very much provoked, could not help laughing; and he was so amused with the ingenious manner in which the robin had contrived to obtain her end, that he suffered her to hatch her eggs and rear her young, without attempting to disturb her.'"

* The Year Book of Natural History for Young Persons. By Mrs Loudon. John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1842. Small square 8vo., pp. 264.

JUVENILE LABOUR.

There is much truth in the following observations on the employment of young persons in factories. We quote from an article on the manufacturing population in a new periodical, to which we wish every success—"The North of England Magazine" (Manchester: Simms and Dinham):—

"'Juvenile labour is a grievance;' we confess it, but there is one thing worse, and that is juvenile starvation. We have seen with some pain the little piecers and cleaners employed in their monotonous routine, when the sun was high in heaven, when the skies looked smilingly upon the earth, and earth answered with its own smile of loveliness and fertility; we thought how much more delightful would have been the gambol of the free limbs on the hill side, the inhaling of the fresh breeze, the sight of the green mead, with its spangles of butter-cups and daisies, the song of the bird, and the humming of the bee. We could give as much sentimentality on the subject as would serve three generations of boarding-schools. But we have seen other sights; we have seen children perishing from sheer hunger in the mud hovel, or in the ditch by the wayside, where a few sods and withered boughs had formed a hut, compared to which a human wigwam were a palace. We have seen the juvenile mendicant, and the juvenile vagrant, with famine in their cheeks and despair in their hearts; we have seen the juvenile delinquent, his conscience seared by misery, his moral nature destroyed by suffering, his intellectual powers trained to perversity by the irresistible force of the circumstances that surrounded him. It is a sad confession to make, but, owing perhaps to some peculiar obliquity of intellect or hardness of heart, we would rather see boys and girls earning the means of support in the mill than starving by the roadside, shivering on the pavement, or even conveyed in an omnibus to Bridewell.

Most worshipful and compassionate philanthropists, to whom such a declaration will probably appear the very consummation of cruelty, and perhaps of iniquity, we pray of you to reflect upon the simple words, 'earning the means of their support.' It is a physiological fact, of which you probably are not aware, that these young people have mouths and stomachs; it is absolutely true that they require to be fed as well as your lap-dogs and fox-hounds. It is probable, also, that they may require some few articles of clothing, if not for the sake of keeping them warm at least for the protection of delicate nerves; complete nakedness might shock fastidious people. Far be it from us to blame your sympathies for the over-worked children, we only ask you to extend some share of such honourable feelings to their more miserable parents.

The question of juvenile labour is one that concerns the parents infinitely more than the employers of the children. Manufacturers have not created the system; it has been forced upon them. There never was such a thing as a levying of children by conscription for the service of the mill-owners; there is not one recorded instance of a piecer or cleaner being kidnapped in Manchester by any wholesale dealer in human flesh; negroes have been stolen and purchased to cultivate the estates bequeathed to religious societies in the West Indies, but no such system has ever been adopted in recruiting for the factories. The children are sent to work with the full knowledge and approbation of their parents. It may be said,

'Their poverty and not their will consents;'

and when this is said, we have got to the very pith and marrow of the question. The operative labours to procure food for himself and his family; if his toil does not bring in a sufficiency for their maintenance, the other branches of the family must give additional labour, in order to increase the common stock, or they must starve. It is sufficiently easy to join in the senseless howl against philosophy and political economy, but there is no getting over the plain fact, that neither man nor boy, woman nor girl, can eat, unless they have food. * * *

Every body has laughed at the French princess, who,

hearing that the poor had an insufficiency of bread, proposed to feed them with plum-cake; but her proposition was absolute wisdom, when compared with the schemes broached by the humanity-mongers of the present day. They tell us to abolish juvenile labour; they reflect not that labour brings wages, and that wages bring bread; their charity is starvation; their humanity a sentence of extermination.

It is offensive to fine sensibilities that children should work at factories, but is it equally offensive to such delicate feelings that these children should be in existence? There they are, and fed they must be. The mode is to be settled, not with the manufacturer, but with the father and mother. We should gladly see our precious philanthropists setting about it. Suppose one of these humanity-mongers going into the cottage or lodging of a working family, and gravely proposing that the boys and girls should be prevented from going to the mill for the future. The father declares, that already their united wages are barely sufficient for decent support, and that, in the present state of trade, a reduction of wages is far more probable than a rise. If he could procure food at a cheaper rate, if taxation did not indirectly sweep away more than half of his earnings, he might be able to afford his children more leisure for instruction and amusement; but to propose as a remedy for a poor man's sufferings the increase of his outgoings, accompanied by the diminution of his incomings, is sheer mockery and insult on the part of a man in his senses, and worse than the drivellings of idiocy when proposed by anybody else."

ANATOMICAL STUDY.

Persons who imagine that medical men might be sufficiently instructed for all useful purposes without a knowledge of anatomy gained in the dissecting room, will perceive the fallacy of such an opinion on perusal of the following passages from a lecture by Dr M. S. Buchanan, lately delivered to the students of Anderson's University, Glasgow:—

"I shall shortly state the case of a man of the name of Stewart, who was admitted into our infirmary on the 19th of April, 1830. While superintending some boiling solution at the Hurlet Alum-works, he had fallen by the side of the vat, by which his arm had been so destroyed, that, shortly after his admission, notwithstanding all the means which were adopted to arrest the progress of the mortification, amputation of the arm, immediately below the shoulder-joint, was obliged to be had recourse to. The operation was ably performed by my friend Dr Weir; and though the wound was in a sloughy condition for some days after, still, when I took the charge (according to the regulations of the house), on the 30th of April, there was no cause for serious alarm. On the morning of the 1st of May, however, profuse arterial hemorrhage took place from the surface of the stump; and after consultation, it was unanimously decided that I should place a ligature on the subclavian artery above the clavicle, on the distal side of the *scalenus anticus* muscle. The operation did not occupy more than ten minutes—scarcely a table-spoonful of blood was lost during its performance—and I may add, that the patient was by this means secured from further hemorrhage.

Now, this was an operation which I was almost daily in the habit of performing in the dissecting room, and in consequence, knew well the relative position of the parts; but in the case narrated, I experienced that it is one thing to perform an operation on the dead, and a very different matter to handle the knife on the living subject; more especially where inflammation had been present, where mortification and suppuration had caused so much displacement: and, above all, where the movements of the patient exposed him, at every step of my progress, to fresh hemorrhage; but, gentlemen, if such were my feelings with all my previous knowledge of the parts, what would they have been had I been groping in the dark? And so you will all soon find, that, unless your eye and hand are accustomed to trace accurately the connexions and relations of such parts on the dead, you will never be able to operate with confidence or success on the living. Some of you may say, however, 'Oh! we shall never need to perform any such dangerous or difficult operation as that now adverted to, as we do not intend to become hospital surgeons.' But how do you know at present what situations in life you may be called on to occupy? You go to the Highlands of your own country, to India, or to Canada, it may be, and how do you know but that, on your very first entrance on practice, as happened to myself in the case alluded to—for it was my very first hospital operation—some poor unfortunate may get himself injured in the thigh or arm, and bleed so profusely that no time may be left you for consultation. You apply your tourniquet, but this fails to arrest the arterial current; you try compression and stiptics of various kinds, but all will not do; and sad must be your state of mind, if, in such a case, from ignorance of anatomy, you allow a valuable life to be lost; and blasted for ever must be your professional reputation, if you do not by ligature arrest the progress of that hemorrhage, an operation which a knowledge of anatomy alone can enable you to accomplish.

How frequently is it the case, that the student of divinity is obliged to labour either in remote parts of his own country, or, as a missionary, is called on to migrate to foreign climes, where, besides unfurling the banner of the cross, and prosecuting his godlike labours, he may give medical advice, and thus many a valuable life may be saved. Indeed, so indispensable do I think a knowledge of anatomy to the divine, that, instead of enforcing an attendance on natural history, as is now the case, the time, I sincerely trust, is at hand when anatomy will take its place; and nothing will afford me more satisfaction than in affording every facility in my power to accomplish so very desirable an object.

To lawyers of every grade, how necessary and important is a knowledge of anatomy, all of you must have remarked who have ever been present at a coroner's inquest in either of the sister kingdoms (for no such court, to the disgrace of Scotland, exists in our own country), and in our justiciary courts; more especially in all cases of murder or homicide how superior does the advocate appear, who, having a knowledge of this important science, elicits all that information so necessary to the elucidation of his case, and so important to the life of his client! To every reflecting mind, indeed, the wonderful mechanism of the human body must ever be a subject of the most interesting contemplation. What curiosity can be more natural, what can more nearly concern us, than to be intimately acquainted with that framework which is the organ of mind, the instrument by which it acquires all its ideas, which it employs in all its operations, and on the order or derangement of which so much of our happiness depends? To those among you—and I hope there are not a few who take pleasure in contemplating the Deity in his works—what study can be more gratifying and pleasing than the investigation of the structure and functions of the animal machine, which everywhere exhibits so many proofs of divine wisdom and benevolence? So convinced, indeed, have been the virtuous and talented in all ages of the aid which natural theology derives from anatomy, that this has been of all arguments the most convincing in proof of the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Almighty; and has produced, of late years, one of the most able of the Bridgewater treatises on this interesting theme—I allude to that one by Sir Charles Bell, on the Structure and Functions of the Hand of Man—a fractional part only of that wonderful machine which we are about to contemplate."

THE DULCIMER.

A short time ago, the Edinburgh public was delighted with the music of a rare and ancient species of instrument, the dulcimer. Two brothers, Messrs Nelson, were performers, each playing on an instrument placed before him, and the charming sounds they produced were not less gratifying than the extraordinary dexterity of their execution. A newspaper, *The Observer*, describes the dulcimer as follows:—"It consists of a flat box about three feet long, nearly the same in breadth, and four inches in depth; and in shape it somewhat resembles the cushion of an ordinary chair, the front, or side next the performer, being wider than the opposite or farther side. The top or *belly* of the instrument is of thin wood, perforated with two sounding holes. On the belly, and respectively parallel to the ends of the instrument, there are fixed two rows of wooden pins, about a dozen in each row, each pin being about two inches high, with a space of about half an inch between every two. Each row stands about one-third of the whole length of the instrument from its contiguous end, the two rows thus dividing the belly into three compartments. These pins being bevelled, or brought to an edge at the top, serve as bridges to elevate and support the strings. The strings are of thin metallic wire, four to each note, tuned, of course, to the same pitch. The wires are fastened at one end of the instrument by means of small brass jaggs, and at the other by iron pegs, which can be turned round by a key to tune the instrument, as is done in the pianoforte. Although there are two rows of bridges, the strings composing one note do not pass over two pins, for the pins are so placed, that one stands opposite the space between two on the other side, thus giving room to the strings upon it to run, without interruption, the whole length of the instrument from the bridge to the opposite end. By this arrangement, the several notes present a surface of alternate elevations and depressions similar to the appearance of the warp threads in a loom, when moved by the treadles to receive the woof. The compass of the instrument extends to two octaves and a half, tuned in the chromatic scale. When played upon, it is placed on a table, and is slightly inclined to face the performer, who sits opposite to it, and beats upon it with both hands by means of slight slips of cane, about six inches long, and curved at one end. The strings are struck with the curved end, which is muffled by a thread being twisted round it. The Messrs Nelson play on two instruments, the one playing the subject, and the other the accompaniment."

PUNISHMENT OF DRUNKARDS.

The laws against intoxication are enforced with great rigour in Sweden. Whoever is seen drunk is fined, for the first offence, three dollars; for the second, six; for the third and fourth, a still larger sum, and is also deprived of the right of voting at elections, and of being appointed a representative. He is, besides, publicly exposed in the parish church on the following Sunday. If the same individual is found committing a like offence a fifth time, he is shut up in a house of correction, and condemned to six months' hard labour; and if he is again guilty, to a twelvemonth's punishment of a similar description. If the offence has been committed in public, such as at a fair, an auction, &c., the fine is doubled; and if the offender has made his appearance in a church, the punishment is still more severe. Whoever is convicted of having induced another to intoxicate himself, is fined three dollars, which sum is doubled if the drunken person is a minor. An ecclesiastic who falls into this offence loses his benefice; if it is a layman who occupies any considerable post, his functions are suspended, and perhaps he is dismissed. Drunkenness is never admitted as an excuse for any crime; and whoever dies while drunk, is buried ignominiously, and deprived of the prayers of the church. It is forbidden to give, and more explicitly to sell, any spirituous liquor to students, workmen, servants, apprentices, and private soldiers. Whoever is observed drunk in the streets, or making a noise in a tavern, is sure to be taken to prison, and detained until sober, without, however, being on that account exempted from the fines. Half of these fines go to the informers (who are generally police officers), the other half to the poor. If the delinquent has no money, he is kept in prison until some one pays for him, or until he has worked out his enlargement. Twice a-year these ordinances are read aloud from the pulpit by the clergy; and every tavern-keeper is bound, under the penalty of a heavy fine, to have a copy of them hung up in the principal rooms of his house.—*Flowers of Anecdote.*

CHANGE OF TIMES.

When the late Mr John Newberry, of St Paul's Churchyard, projected the publication of a weekly newspaper in 1758, now about 80 years ago, to be called *The Universal Chronicle*, he employed the celebrated Dr Johnson to furnish a short essay on such subjects of a general or temporary kind as might suit the taste of newspaper readers, and distinguish the new paper from its contemporaries. The reason assigned for printing this essay is not only extremely curious to the caterers of public news of the present day, but is a remarkable fact in the history of newspapers. The printer stated that *the occurrences of the week were not sufficient to fill its columns.* Those who now publish weekly newspapers find it not only difficult but impossible to insert half the articles which have entertained other readers during the intervals of publication, and which, from the common impulses of domestic or public curiosity, their readers think they have a right to expect. It is also worth mentioning, that the essays written for the purpose of filling a vacant column in the above-mentioned paper by Dr Johnson, were afterwards collected into a volume, and form the well-known work called *The Idler.—Flowers of Anecdote.*

OIL OF COD'S LIVER IN SCROFULA.

Dr Roesch (a medical writer in Germany) adopts as his grand hypothesis, the fact that scrofulous humours show a predominance of acid, and recommends, after the practice of the ancients, the use of absorbents, alkalies, and greasy substances. He declares that, in countries where fat bacon is used, scrofula is rare, and recommends strongly the use of cod's oil, which, having a chemically neutralising action, is stimulating, strengthening, and nutritious.—*Medical Times.*

[We know nothing of the correctness of the above theory, but seeing that it issues from a respectable quarter, we should think it well worthy the attention of medical practitioners, and also of those afflicted with the disease mentioned. The eating of fat bacon or the incorporation of cod oil with food, is so simple a remedy that it could do no harm to try it.]

TO RELIEVE CHOKED CATTLE.

A neighbour of mine called on me one morning, a few years since, to assist him in relieving an ox of his that was choked some time since during the night, in consequence of breaking into an orchard. The ox was much bloated and in great distress, and, it appeared, could not live many minutes. While making active preparations in order to relieve him, an elderly lady belonging to the family emptied part of the contents of a small snuff-box into her hand, and applied it to the nose of the ox. The relief was almost instantaneous. The bloat rapidly diminished, and the ox in five minutes after ate some hay laid before it. I never heard of the remedy before, nor have I known it tried since; but in that case it was effectual.—*From a Correspondent of the American Silk-grower's and Farmer's Manual.*

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THE BEAUTIFUL.

MOST minds above the rudest condition are sensible of beauty in certain objects and trains of ideas. They see with one consent the loveliness of flowers, of elegant buildings, and of the best productions of their native literature. A beautiful young woman, ushered into society, never fails to command general admiration. Thus, there seems to be no room for doubt that such a thing as beauty exists, or at least that there is something which the human mind recognises as such. Yet, strange to say, this is not only doubted, but, in the philosophical world, the predominant theory at present is, that there is no such thing as beauty. Perhaps we should not say that this is strange; for philosophers, as we have hitherto known them, are a race remarkably ill to satisfy about any thing that appears tolerably obvious. When a thing looks clear, plain, and above board, they suspect it only all the more of being not as it seems. It is only when they have got it wrapped up in an immense mist of abstruse inquiry and speculation, that they feel quite at their ease about it. At length, when they have made it pretty nearly unintelligible to simple minds, they pronounce the question as settled, and then set about mistifying or mystifying something else. One would almost suppose them to have the same opinion about philosophical truths as the old woman had about tooth-drawing, namely, that unless the ascertainment of them is attended by a vast deal of trouble, difficulty, and pain (analogous to the said old woman being dragged an hour round the farrier's shop), there is no philosophy in the matter.

Accordingly, they have endeavoured to find the sources of our notions of beauty just as far from the place where they lie as possible. They hold our feeling of beauty to be something entirely reflective in and through the mind of the beholder. A pretty girl is not really pretty. We only *associate* with her fine mixture of red and white, and her well-chiselled features, ideas of the innocence and loveableness of her character at that period of her life; and it is these notions of her innocence and loveableness which make us call her beautiful. Take, again, a choice piece of landscape, such as is to be found in Wales, where we have "lofty mountains and rocky and lonely recesses—tufted woods hung over precipices—lakes intersected with castled promontories—ample solitudes of unploughed and untrodden valleys—nameless and gigantic ruins—and mountain echoes repeating the scream of the eagle and the roar of the cataract." Be on your guard, my friends, against supposing this to be beautiful. "It is sympathy with the present or the past, or the imaginary inhabitants of such a region, that alone gives it either interest or beauty. The leading impressions here are those of romantic seclusion and primeval simplicity; lovers sequestered in these blissful solitudes, 'from towns and toils remote;' and rustic poets and philosophers, at a distance from the low pursuits and selfish malignity of ordinary mortals." There are also "images connected with the monuments of ancient magnificence and extinguished hostility—the feuds, the combats, and the triumphs of its wild and primitive inhabitants, contrasted with the stillness and desolation of the scenes where they lie interred—and the romantic ideas attached to their ancient traditions, and the peculiarities of their present life; their wild and enthusiastic poetry—their gloomy superstitions—their attachment to their chiefs—the dangers, and the hardships, and enjoyments of their lonely huntings and fishings—their pastoral shielings on the mountains in summer—and the tales and the sports that amuse the little groups that are frozen into their vast and trackless valleys in winter. Add to this the traces of vast and obscure antiquity that are impressed on the language and habits of the people, and on the cliffs, and caves, and gulfy torrents of the land—and the solemn and touching reflection perpetually recurring, of the weakness and insignificance of perishable man, whose generations thus pass away into oblivion, with all their toils and ambition, while nature holds on her unvarying course, and pours out her streams, and renews her forests, with undecaying activity, regardless of the fate of her proud and perishable sovereign." It requires all these things, we are told by Lord Jeffrey,* to make us think a show-place in Wales pretty. "The mere forms and colours that compose its visible appearance, are," says he, "no more capable of exciting any emotion in the mind, than the forms and colours of a Turkey carpet!"

Now, did no man ever see beauty where there was neither innocence nor loveableness? Let the ladies painted by Sir Peter Lely at Windsor, or any street in the west end of London, answer the question. Have pretty women a monopoly of any of those moral qualities which our authority would represent as the causes of our sense of their beauty? Are not women possessed of "youth and health," of "innocence, gaiety, sensibility, intelligence, delicacy, and vivacity" (the detailed range of qualities presented by Lord Jeffrey), without the least regard to the comparatively rare accident of their possessing beauty? Was any ordinary human being ever conscious of going through a train of associations as to youth, health, &c., before making up his mind to think this or that a pretty girl? The question as to the piece of Welsh scenery is even a clearer case. Wales has a romantic history, tales, traditions, harpers, and so forth; the lake scenery of Cumberland has not. Yet did any one ever refuse admiration to the latter on account of this want? Or was any one (not a philosopher) ever sensible, in looking at either, of any thing but a pleasing impression from the landscape before him? There are parts of the world which never were inhabited, yet which exhibit equal beauty to the finest of these scenes. Suppose any man above the condition of a savage to be brought into these parts of the earth, can we imagine that he would think them tame and ugly, because there was no romance associated with them? Would he not, in such a district, be as fully alive to the difference between a wood-bordered lake, with its adjacent rocks and waterfalls, and a common moor or tame hill-side, as he would be in his own country? It may be said, he has been accustomed in his own country to associate romantic ideas with such scenery; and it would therefore be from the habit of such associations, that he would pronounce the fine scene in the new country to be beautiful. But could any unprejudiced person seriously allow weight to this objection? The fine scenery of our own country, with which romantic ideas are associated, is not extensive, or much under observation. Most persons acquire their ideas of beautiful scenery from places which, like the knife-grinder, have no story to tell; and many have no means of becoming acquainted with beauty of scenery from actual observation. Can it be for a moment supposed, that only those who have visited Wales or Perthshire, would be capable of appreciating the beauty of the Llangollens and Loch Katrines of an American wilderness?

The latest, and, we would hope, the *last*, supporter of this theory, is Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, in a new edition of Sir Uvedale Price's *Essay on the Picturesque*. He brings forward Mr Crabbe's tale of the *Lover's Journey* as an illustration irresistible. "The poet," he says, "describes a youth mounting his steed gaily in a fine summer morning, to ride to a neighbouring town, and meet, by appointment, the lady of his love. He travels over a barren heath, through lanes of burning sand, over a common, through fens and solitary salt marshes; in short, through a wretched country, remarkable for its tedium and monotony, devoid of trees, meagrely covered with herbage of the worst description, and thinly animated with figures in themselves any thing but agreeable. Full of joyful anticipation, he sees nothing but beauty and exhilaration in all he looks upon. He reaches the town, and arrives at the house of his fair one, where, instead of finding her, he receives a note informing him that she had been carried off by a friend on an excursion to her country house. Her note bids him follow her. Again he mounts, though in very bad humour; and, accordingly, while he now rides through a range of scenery which is naturally as rich and beautiful as the former was poor and ugly, and although all the accidental circumstances connected with it are of the most pleasing and enlivening description, his eye, jaundiced by his unlooked-for disappointment, turns all he beholds into gall, and he sees nothing but deformity, both physical and moral, in the scenes through which he passes. He meets his charmer at her friend's house, and returns with her through the same lovely scenes to the town where she lives. They gave him actual pain before, but now he is too much occupied with her conversation, and delighted with her smiles, to notice them at all, more than if he were passing through them blindfolded. On the morning of the ensuing day, he returns home through the same dull scenery he had previously traversed on his way to visit the lady, but having now left his imagination behind with her who has his heart in keeping, he passes by all its monotonous and naturally disagreeable features, as if the shades of night veiled them from his view. I think that a happier illustration than this tale affords of the fact, that our emotions of beauty are altogether dependent on the imagination, cannot be produced. To use the poet's own words:

> 'It is the soul that sees; the outward eyes
> Present the object, but the mind descries;
> And thence delight, disgust, or cool indifference rise.
> When minds are joyful, then we look around,
> And what is seen is all on fairy ground;
> Again they sicken, and on every view
> Cast their own dull and melancholy hue;
> Or if absorbed by their peculiar cares,
> The vacant eye on viewless matter glares,
> Our feelings still upon our views attend,
> And their own natures to the objects lend.'"

Now, there is no doubt that we think well or ill of things just as we may be agreeably or disagreeably affected by them, or as our minds may be agreeably or disagreeably affected by other things at the moment; but what has this to do with the question of beauty? The lover—Mr Crabbe himself, we think his son tells us in his life—passed over the moor and fen without being conscious of their ugliness; or grant that he even thought them beautiful. He afterwards passed over a fine piece of country without being conscious of its charms, or perhaps condemning it as uninteresting. But will any man seriously pretend that the character of a piece of scenery is to depend on such accidents as the mood of the person passing over it? We appeal from Mr Crabbe in love to Mr Crabbe not in love, and ask him, with a steady mind and judgment, to say if he thinks the fen a paradise, and the fine district a desert. What will be his answer? Why, that, to tell the plain truth, he thinks the fen a fen, and the fine district a beautiful piece of country; but on that agitating day when he made his journey, he

* Article *Beauty*, in the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

was not in a condition to judge rightly. His poem, he will add, was only designed to show that things appear to us very much as the mental medium through which we see them may be at the time; but he was not writing a treatise on the beautiful.

Sir George Mackenzie has lately published an essay, designed to show the baselessness of the association theory; and that there is an absolute character in things, and in the way in which things exist, which a faculty of our mind, specially devoted to the purpose, recognises as beautiful.* Some of the propositions by which Mr Alison, in his essay on Taste, has supported that theory, are very ably met and refuted by Sir George. Mr Alison says, that the forms of warlike implements and furnishings are in general sublime, in consequence of the ideas of danger and power which we associate with them. Sir George Mackenzie points out that, on this ground, we should see greater sublimity in the stumpy mortar than in the elegant thirty-two pounder; and asks, "What can make us consider the form of a grain of gunpowder, a piece of rope-match, or a drumstick [he might have added, the sound of a drum], as sublime or beautiful?" "If the theory of association be correct," says Sir George, "every thing should be felt to be sublime as soon as we can attach to it scenes, events, or circumstances, which are said to be calculated to raise emotions of sublimity. No one, however, can prevail on himself to consider the stump of a pen as a sublime object. Nevertheless, we can associate it with certain circumstances, the whole sublime force of which is most sensibly felt. In a goose-quill, Bacon found means to teach us the genuine method of pursuing science, and Shakspeare to raise every emotion of which the mind is capable."

Mr Alison, in the opinion of his followers, has completely refuted the idea of men of artistic taste, that there is any thing intrinsically beautiful in Grecian architecture. "While," says Lord Jeffrey, "he admits, in the most ample terms, the beauty of the objects in question, he has shown, in the clearest manner, that it arises entirely from the combination of the following associations:—1st, The association of utility, convenience, or fitness, for the purposes of building; 2d, Of security and stability, with a view to the nature of the materials; 3d, Of the skill and power requisite to mould such materials into forms so commodious; 4th, Of magnificence, and splendour, and expense; 5th, Of antiquity; and, 6th, Of Roman and Grecian greatness." On this subject, Sir George Mackenzie's remarks are extremely acute, and quite conclusive:—"As men unacquainted with the theories of philosophers have been appealed to in support of the theory of association, I propose to take a person of that description to a proper point, within view of a building presenting all the elegance of the Grecian architecture, but of the existence of which he had no previous knowledge, nor of the rules and proportions followed. Will this person admire the structure, or will he not? Will he instantly feel an emotion? Or will he take time, before he utters a word, or allows himself to be moved, to find out for what purpose it was erected; and whether, according to his own ideas, it be adapted for that purpose? Does he suspend his feelings till he has examined the kind of stone, and learned its qualities; till he has probed the thickness of the walls, and dug down to the foundation to ascertain whether it be rock or sand? Will he pause to consider whether much skill and much power were exerted in the erection? Will he hesitate till he calculates the expense? Will he approach the portal till he searches for the date? Will he sit down to meditate quietly on the greatness of Rome and of Greece? If he did all this, no one would be astonished at his being called little better than insane. So far from such an operose process being consequent, we should find the effect instantaneous—and although it should be discovered, after a painful search, that, in its interior arrangement, this fine building was ill adapted to its purpose—that it was constructed of a stone far from durable, and on an unstable foundation—that it cost but little money, and was but a month old—the only feeling which such circumstances are likely to excite, is regret that so imposing an exterior had not been formed of more durable materials, and that the accommodations were ill contrived; it would never be said that the elevation was ugly. * * To prove that association has little connexion with the admiration which architecture excites—that there is something in our minds which directs us to prefer certain forms, and certain proportions in one form relatively to another—I have only to go back to the individual who invented any of the orders belonging to Greece, or to him who invented the Gothic style, or to any one who has improved on the first idea of them; and to ask, what could have led an individual to construct what he had never seen or heard of? What could have induced him to fix on certain proportions for one part of a building to bear to another? Nothing, surely, but his own innate powers. He must have felt certain forms to be more pleasing than others; certain arrangements of these forms to be more satisfactory than others. To him certain proportions in columns were irresistible, and he reduced them to practice. Subsequent ages have felt that they cannot be altered without giving offence."

Sir George brings up other arguments of equal cogency; but we are tired already of quoting from a refutation of what is self-evidently absurd. We remember reading a theory as to sucking in children, making it out to be, not the result of an instinct, as it obviously is—an instinct created because it was needed—but the effect of an irritation of the gums, by which the child was induced to grasp the nipple that he might allay the pain. This luminous idea is much like the association theory. Both seem to have been the effect of that peculiarity in some minds which leads them to reject all ready, accessible, and simple solutions, and take up with those only which no common mind would light upon or can well understand. The theory has given rise to much beautiful and ingenious writing; and for the name of him who may be called its author, the late Mr Alison, there can be but one feeling of something more than respect amongst all who set a value on high intellectual and moral qualities. But the theory is error, for all that; and, like all other errors, deserves nothing but ridicule and condemnation.

We have no hesitation in giving in our adhesion to the rational views advocated by Sir George Mackenzie, which regard the beautiful as an absolute character in things, and in the mode of their existence, recognised and delighted in by a special faculty of the mind. The great argument of the association party against this hypothesis is, that if there were a special faculty of the mind to cognise the beautiful, all human beings would think the same things beautiful; whereas, it is notorious that some see beauty in objects which to others are disgusting. But it does not necessarily follow, that, where there is a special faculty of the mind, all are to possess and manifest it alike. Reason is an attribute of man, and one of his faculties; but we know very well that some individuals of the race, and even whole nations, show very obscure traces of judgment. So do some individuals and races show very obscure and doubtful traces of the faculty for the perception and appreciation of the beautiful. The taste of the Moor in favour of women who are monsters of fat, is a fact precisely analogous to the notion of a boor or savage, that a piece of stick or stone will cure a disease, if hung round the neck of the patient. The faculty is there rude and undeveloped; and we require to have undergone some general mental cultivation before we can manifest its full power. Strictly speaking, the value which these low natures are found to put upon ungraceful objects, is not an exercise of this faculty at all, but an emotion of some other feeling, perhaps, which has nothing to do with it, or possibly a mere caprice, or eccentricity; the sense of the beautiful all the while lying dormant within them. So, also, we believe, it is with many of the so-called contrarieties of taste amongst educated men. About fifty years ago, a plain country girl arrived in Edinburgh, and became house-maid to a gentleman, who soon after rose to be a judge of the supreme civil court. Black and uncomely, and possessed of no mental attraction above her compeers, she somehow impressed her master so favourably, that, to the great distress of his relations, he made her his wife. Left a widow, this woman obtained a second husband, also of respectable condition in life, a wealthy West India planter. The world would say, that both of these gentlemen had seen some beauty in the woman which other people could not see; and the association gentlemen would hold the case to be a capital illustration of the non-existence of absolute beauty. But we rather say that this woman was in reality plain—an object possessing no beauty—and that it must have been owing to some peculiarity entirely independent of that quality that she was so highly preferred. The preferences which men show with regard to the opposite sex, or articles of food, styles of music, or forms in art, appearances in natural scenery, and in a thousand other matters, are said to be their taste; but taste does not refer to beauty alone. The preferences of all the various feelings of the mind are included in taste; and the sense of the beautiful is only one of these. Association also comes in to add some perplexity to the subject. A Scotchman will be found seriously preferring one of his simple native airs to the finest pieces of Mozart, Haydn, and Rossini: the native melody is, indeed, beautiful; but the judgment of Europe at large says, that the works of the great modern masters are more beautiful; and no Scotchman who, like us, prefers truth to Scotland, can doubt that Europe is right. Here the preference must mainly be owing to the many pleasing recollections and affections which are associated with the native melody. But, then, this is not the sense of the beautiful which is judging; it is association. And it is because few things are presented to us which are not more or less connected with associations, that the idea of association being the sole cause of the feeling of beauty, has arisen. It is altogether a delusive mistake of one thing for another.

It is almost melancholy to think of the great misexpenditure of talent and eloquence upon this subject, and the great extent to which the original delusion has affected the judgments of the higher class of reflecting intellects during the two last generations. Even yet, the theory of association is that which would pass current in a university or any other authoritative quarter; while the true explanation would be regarded as a most unscholarly heresy. But, fortunately, error is necessarily of a transient nature, and truth ever tends to a mastery. While the men who were brought up in this delusion continue to live, the prestige of their names will probably keep it more or less in vigour; but it will perhaps be their fate, even before they leave the stage, to see their favourite doctrines beginning to be generally condemned and forsaken; and very surely, ere they have long been withdrawn from the scene of life, all the elegant writings by which the delusion has been supported, will be swept aside as only so much rubbish, though rubbish sparkling with the fragments of fine thought.

* The Theory of Taste founded on Association, Tested by an Appeal to Facts. By Sir George Stewart Mackenzie, Bart., F.R.S.S.L. and E., &c. Edinburgh: Maclauchlan and Stewart. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

BURNES ON CABOOL.

The late Sir Alexander Burnes had sent home, it would appear, previous to his unfortunate decease, an account of his "Journey to, and Residence in, the City of Cabool, in the years 1836, 1837, and 1838."* His general object in this expedition was to examine the capabilities of the river Indus for commercial voyaging, and, with the like ulterior views, to conciliate the chiefs of Sinde, Cabool, and other districts on the line of that great stream and its feeders. The journey was undertaken at a period considerably antecedent to the commencement of the struggle yet going on in Cabool; but Sir Alexander's description of that region and its inhabitants cannot fail, notwithstanding, to possess much interest under present circumstances.

It may be observed, by way of introduction, that the modern province of Cabool—otherwise called Affghanistan, throughout the greatest part, at least, of its extent—forms only a petty remnant of the vast kingdom of the same name, which once extended from Meshid to Delhi, and from the ocean to Cashmere. It lies on the western side of the upper half of the Indus, having Persia on the west, Beloochistan and Sinde on the south, on the east the territory of the Punjaub, and on the north the country of the Tartars and the deserts of Bokhara. The whole extent of the existing Affghan empire is estimated, by a late author, to amount to 18,000 square miles, and its population to one million; but this is probably below the mark in both instances. The country is elevated and mountainous, the average height of its plains above the sea being betwixt five and six thousand feet. This elevated position renders the cold extreme in winter; while, lying little more than thirty degrees north from the equator, the defiles of the region are also pervaded in summer by heat to an equally oppressive extent. Affghanistan, moreover, is most peculiarly situated as regards natural strength, being only accessible by passes of great length and the most rugged character.

With the city of Cabool, the capital of this region, Candahar, and various other places of consequence, Affghanistan fell a number of years ago under the sway of Dost Mahomed Khan, one of those able adventurers who, as in the case of Hyder Ali and others, have so often wrested from the hands of the imbecile legitimate princes of India their abused place and authority. The legitimate prince of Cabool, Shah Shoojah ool Moolk, applied to the British for aid to reinstate him in power; and, partly to support an ally, and partly to punish some aggressions on the part of Dost Mahomed, Sir John (Lord) Keane took the field, and reduced him to submission. But a short tranquillity only followed. Though Dost Mahomed remained quiet, his son raised the Affghans against Shah Shoojah and the British, and Cabool seems destined to become the scene of a new, lengthened, and dangerous contention.

The principal towns whose names have from this cause become interesting, are Cabool, Jellalabad, Ghuznee, and Candahar. Cabool lies about six thousand feet above the sea, in a triangular gorge of the mountains, and on a feeder of the Indus, called the Cabool River. It contains one or two good streets and bazaars; and the houses are high, flat-roofed, brick erections. A mud wall, of trifling strength, encompasses the city. The population, according to Burnes, amount to 60,000 persons, and the whole of them depend greatly on commerce for subsistence. The shawls of Cashmere pass through Cabool to Persia and Turkey, and English goods come to the city, to be sent into Bokhara and other internal places. Jellalabad is an insignificant village, consisting of about four hundred houses, and lying at no great distance to the east of Cabool. But in the intermediate space is a frightful pass, where 13,000 British bodies already lie bleaching in the sun. Ghuznee is a town and fort, situated a short way to the south-west of Cabool, and contains about 16,000 persons. The fort is held by a small British force, but the town is hostile. Candahar, again, is a city of some antiquity and considerable strength, lying still farther to the south-west of Cabool. It contains a population of about 25,000 souls.

This notice of Cabool has kept us too long from Sir Alexander Burnes. He describes the Affghan territory as containing various races of men, mixed and unmixed, from the Toork, the genuine Hindoo, and the Affghan mountaineer, to the Kaffir, or infidel, the Tartar, and the Persian Kuzzilbash. The Affghans have an idea that they are of Jewish descent. Dost Mahomed himself said to our author, "Why, we marry a brother's wife, and give a daughter no inheritance; are we not, therefore, of the children of Israel?" Some hazy fancy about the ten lost tribes seems to have found its way among them; but it is

* London: John Murray.

certainly true that they have many customs similar to those of the Jews, and have even genealogical trees directly tracing their affinity to that nation. Before he reached Cabool, Sir Alexander Burnes had to make his way from the Indus through the Khyber Pass, a close and frightful defile, not less than *ninety miles* in length, and which, in present circumstances, is a spot of no common interest. A battle between the Affghans and the Sikhs had recently taken place at the mouth of the pass, and the effluvia from the unburied dead was revolting. However, depending on the friendliness of Dost Mahomed, and having written to the chiefs of the pass, Sir Alexander Burnes ventured among the numerous robbers of the defile, attended by a small escort of a dozen Arabs. "Our march was not without a degree of anxious excitement: we were moving among a savage tribe, who set the Sikhs at defiance, and who paid but an unwilling allegiance to Cabool; we had no guard of our own, except about a dozen Arabs, and we had considerable property with us. We were also stopped at every by-road and defile, as we came among the different subdivisions of the tribe. At Jubugee, they, in conclave, requested us to halt for the night, and pointed out the rock near which Nadir Shah had slept on his advance to India; but not even the historical association attached to the sleeping place of that 'Persian robber,' as Gibbon calls him, could convince me of the propriety of halting there; and, after a good deal of parleying, we were allowed to advance, and reached Ali Musjid about eleven o'clock, all our baggage preceding us—a very necessary precaution in journeying among Khyberees. By the road they showed to us many small mounds, built to mark the spots where they had planted the heads of the Sikhs whom they had decapitated after the late victory: on some of these mounds locks of hair were yet to be seen.

We had scarcely pitched our camp in the confined ground below Ali Musjid, and in the dry bed of the river, when the rolling thunder gave notice of rain; and it soon came down in such torrents as must have washed us back to Jumrood, had it not been for the great activity of our own people and the assistance afforded us by the Khyberees. Tents, boxes, and every thing, were dragged by main force up the steep sides of the defile, on which we were constrained to remain, drenched to the skin, and totally without shelter; and by no means in that placid state of mind which would enable us to have enjoyed the sublimity of the scene; for sublime it certainly was—the water rolling in a torrent down the bed of the pass, driving bushes and every thing before it, whilst water-falls, in all directions, and of all hues, came rushing down around us, some of them in an unbroken fall of more than three hundred feet—all of these bursting out, one after another, from unseen crevices in the towering rocks by which we were surrounded. In all this confusion, and, indeed, throughout our previous march, we had a good opportunity of studying the Khyber Pass, which must always be formidable, and more especially so in rainy and boisterous weather. We had found the road as good as it had been represented; and the people, lawless as their habits undoubtedly are, had been more friendly than we could have hoped for. Next morning we were joined by Agha Jan, the governor of Jellalabad—the Momund chief, Sadut Khan—and a *shahghassee*, or officer of the court, who came with about five thousand men; and the hills rang with shouts and noise of men and arms, during all which din and tumult we remained looking on as patiently as we could, but heartily wishing ourselves fairly out of the defile. This we effected on the following morning by a march of twenty miles to Duka, and at length cleared the far-famed pass of Khyber without an accident. The last half of the pass is the most formidable; but even there it is pervious to heavy artillery. The formation is black slate and limestone rock, with deep beds of conglomerate, in which are rounded pebbles. At Ali Musjid, the water jets beautifully out of the rock, and flows towards Jumrood; but for some distance between these two places it has a subterraneous course. There is something in this water which renders Khyber extremely unhealthy in the hot weather; and we were told that after standing for a night, it is covered with an oily substance.

In the last part of the road, at Lundee Khanu, a village composed of thirty or forty small forts, and built where the pass opens, we saw a 'tope' in good preservation, and in a commanding position. Farther on, and before reaching a place named 'Huft Chah,' or the seven wells, we passed to our left a hill crowned by a long fort, and called by the inhabitants the 'Kaffir Killa,' or Infidel's Fort, to which tradition assigns a very ancient date. There is a ruin of a similar kind north of the Cabool river; and my inquiries led me to the conviction that there are many such remains in Affghanistan. They are, doubtless, the relics of former kings, whether the word 'infidel' has reference to a Bactrian, a Greek, or a Hindoo.

At Duka the whole of the chiefs of Khyber visited us; there are four principal and several petty ones. They asserted, that in the time of the kings of Cabool they received a lac and 32,000 rupees as pay for guarding the pass, besides the transit-duties; and they offered, on a renewal of this, again to open the road to commerce. I found, however, that it was at this time actually open, and that Dost Mahomed had satisfied all their demands by the payment of some 15,000 or 20,000 rupees a-year; but their religious animosity towards the Sikhs was the best safeguard against an advance of that nation on Cabool in this direction. There are, besides, more obstacles to commerce in the Punjaub than in the mountains of Khyber. The easy terms on which we were enabled to satisfy the Khyberees for the friendly and really important services which they had rendered us, did credit to their moderation. A few coarse gun-locks, some still coarser loongees and pelisses (choghas), with 375 rupees in cash, making the total value of the payment about 500 rupees, satisfied all parties."

The long and terrible pass which Burnes thus traversed, and which is flanked with immense precipices throughout, while in parts the level road-way measures but a few feet in width, must be forced ere the British in Cabool can be relieved directly from the *east*, or from Calcutta, and the difficulty of doing so can scarcely be over-estimated. The wild Affghan occupants, sashed, belted, and loosely robed, lie secure among the rocks, and either pick off the passers-by with their long matchlocks, or send them to inevitable death by hurling down stones upon their defenceless heads.

Dost Mahomed was in power, and friendly to Britain, when Sir A. Burnes reached Cabool on this occasion. "On the 20th of September we entered Cabool, and were received with great pomp and splendour by a fine body of Affghan cavalry, led by the ameer's son, Akbar Khan. He did me the honour to place me on the same elephant upon which he himself rode, and conducted us to his father's court, whose reception of us was most cordial. A spacious garden, close by the palace and inside the Bala-Hissar of Cabool, was allotted to the mission as their place of residence. On the 21st of September, we were admitted to a formal audience by Ameer Dost Mahomed Khan, and I then delivered to him my credentials from the governor-general of India. His reception of them was all that could be desired. I informed him that I had brought with me, as presents to his highness, some of the rarities of Europe; he promptly replied that we ourselves were the rarities the sight of which best pleased him. Seeing our draughtsman, Mr Gonsalvez, he asked of what country he was, and, upon being told that he was a Portuguese, made many inquiries as to the present power and prospects of that nation. When he heard that the Portuguese had intermarried with Indians, he observed, that their spell as Europeans was broken, and their fall certain. From the ameer's audience-chamber, we proceeded to the Nawab Jubar Khan, who received us in his bath, and invited us to breakfast. As we passed through the city, some of the people cried out, 'Take care of Cabool!' 'Do not destroy Cabool!'—and wherever we went, in this fine bustling place, we were saluted with a cordial welcome. Our visits were soon returned, both by the ameer and his brother the nawab. Power frequently spoils men, but with Dost Mahomed neither the increase of it, nor his new title of ameer, seems to have done him any harm. He seemed even more alert and full of intelligence than when I last saw him." From the portrait of Dost Mahomed given in the work before us, we derive a favourable idea of the ameer's character. He is a long-bearded man of advanced years, with a Roman nose, and mild expression of face; and his brow is fine, particularly in the under region, where great rounded projections above the eyes speak of acute perceptions and well-exercised faculties.

Dost Mahomed, through necessity, ruled the Affghan tribes with sternness, yet could not tame their fierce passions, as the following observations on the sub-tribe of Tajiks will show:—"It is a source of deep regret that this beautiful country should be inhabited by a race of men so turbulent and vindictive as the Tajiks have here proved themselves to be; and yet, throughout Affghanistan generally, these same Tajiks form the most peaceful classes of the population. Here, however, their blood-feuds are endless: a week never passes without strife or assassination; and I have been assured, on the best authority, that a man frequently remains immured in his own tower for two or three years from a fear of his enemies, leaving his wife to take care of his property and discharge his duties; nay, that in some instances this durance has lasted for eight and ten years. It is rare to see a man go to bathe, hunt, or even ride out, without a part of his clan attending him as a guard. Lately, a strong government has in some respects softened down these asperities; but the retribution of blood, which the Mahomedan law allows, fatally perpetuates these sanguinary habits. 'Blood for blood' is their motto and their rule; and as they still rigidly follow it up, every fresh act of violence increases the number of feuds, and extends the misery resulting from them still more widely. In time of need, as many as twenty thousand of them have taken the field, well armed with flint-lock muskets." These Affghans are indeed a fearless race; and if our soldiers have found a degree of difficulty in combating them unknown in the wars of Clive, it must be remembered that his opponents, the Hindoos, were no more like these hill-men, than the blacks of the Niger are like the Arabs of northern Africa.

We have not attempted to form any connected sketch out of a work consisting, in a great measure, of loose notes, as the present does. Yet the information which it contains is very valuable, and will add to the high estimation in which the name of Burnes is already held. War found him in the regions he has described, and there he closed his unfortunate career.

NOTES OF A RESIDENCE IN THE BUSH.

BY A LADY.

SECOND ARTICLE.

COMMENCEMENT OF BUSH LIFE—JAUNT TO MELBOURNE.

[THE first of this series of papers brought the lady, with her husband and family (including her two brothers), to their hut, a hundred and twenty miles *back* from Melbourne. We are now to see them settled in their run.]

I now hoped that my travels were ended for some time. As we approached the hut, my brother Robert came running to meet us, to my great joy, for I had not seen him for nearly two months. When we arrived, we found my other brother busy making himself a bed-stead. Our house was not nearly finished, as it had neither doors nor windows, nor could we get these luxuries for some months, as many things more immediately necessary were yet to be done; but I did not mind it much—I was getting inured to these little inconveniences. We had plenty of daylight in our hut, as it was built of slabs, or split boards, and every slab was about an inch apart from the next. We passed the winter in this way; but it was never very cold except in the mornings and evenings: we were more annoyed by the rain coming down the chimney and putting out our fire than by any thing else. Our hut consisted of three apartments—a sitting-room, our bed-room, and a store in the middle, which was afterwards converted into a bed-room for my brother; at first he slept in the sitting-room, until we built a detached store. Mary and her husband had a little turf hut, built a short way behind our hut, which was also used as a kitchen.

It may seem strange, but I now felt very happy and contented. Although we had not many luxuries, we all enjoyed good health, and had plenty to keep us employed; we had no time to weary; the gentlemen were always busy building huts or fences. The first two years of a settler's life are very busy ones, so much is to be done in settling on a spot where the foot of a white man had never been before. I was the first white woman who had ever been so far up the country. I found Mary very ignorant in cooking; however, in a short time, she managed pretty well: she was always delighted when I taught her any new dish out of "Meg Dods." I did not know much of cooking myself, but necessity makes one learn many things. We had many visiters, who seemed often to enjoy any little new dish we had; it was a change from that everlasting mutton and damper, and many a receipt I gave away; and to my great delight, I got Mary to do as *I* liked, not as *she* liked. Sandy, our shepherd, generally came home in the evening loaded with wild ducks; they were exceedingly good. We also sometimes got wild geese, turkeys, and swans—all good eating; they were a great saving to us as well as very delightful food. In Melbourne, wild ducks sell at twenty shillings a-pair, and we sometimes had thirty in a week. We had no milk or butter, which I missed at first, but we hoped some time soon to have a few cows: it is very difficult to drive cattle so far up, and we could get none near us. Our nearest neighbours were Messrs Donalds and Hamilton; they were within four miles, and were pleasant neighbours—we often saw them. The Baillies were eight miles on our other side; we also saw them often, and liked them much.

When we had been in our hut about a week, a number of settlers happened to come from different parts of the country. Before it was dark eight had assembled, with the determination of remaining all night of course. I felt much anxiety about giving them beds; but that was impossible, as we had only one spare mattress. I think they guessed my thoughts, for they told me never to think of giving them any thing to sleep on; that no one in this country ever thought of beds for visiters, and that they would manage for themselves. However, I collected all the blankets, pea-jackets, and cloaks, I could find, and they all slept on the floor; I heard them very merry while making up their beds. Every settler, when riding through the bush, carries either a kangaroo rug or a blanket fastened before him on his horse, so that, wherever he goes, he is provided with his bed; and as it is not an uncommon circumstance for one to lose himself in the bush, and be obliged to sleep at the root of a tree, he then finds his rug or blanket very useful. William Hamilton lost himself in the bush one night. It became dark, and he gave up hopes of reaching any station that night, as he had not the least idea where he was. He fastened his horse, and lay down at the root of a tree, far from being comfortable, as he had unfortunately no blanket, and still worse, no tobacco, or the means of lighting a fire. It was a very cold night, and when daylight came, he got up covered with frost; he heard some dogs bark, and soon found out that he was not more than half a mile from Mr Baillie's hut, where he might have passed a much more comfortable night; but he was glad he had not to look long for a breakfast and a fire: no one seems ever to catch cold from sleeping out at night.

We were rather unfortunate in frequently losing our bullocks, which kept back all the buildings. Our bullock-driver was very careless; his only work seemed

to be finding his bullocks one day, and losing them the next; he was a melancholy-looking little man, and went by the name of "Dismal Jamie." Mary told me she was sure he had been a great man at home, he read so beautifully, and knew so much; but certainly he knew little about bullock-driving. At this time our dray was often a month away upon a journey to and from the settlement. "Dismal Jamie" broke the neck of a beautiful bullock when he was yoking it up, and next trip he drowned another in a water-hole; but new settlers always meet with a few such accidents. Although bullocks often disappear, and wander far from home, I never heard of any one losing a bullock entirely: they are always found some time, though it may be months after they are missed, having in general gone back to the run they were first put upon.

Buying and selling are favourite amusements in the bush, more particularly if a new settler arrives: every one wants to buy something of him; and, in general, all bring so many more clothes, &c., than they require, that they are glad to dispose of them. I have seen some rather amusing scenes in this way. No one keeps any money in the bush; so a bill is generally given on some store in town for whatever is bought. The old settlers would give an enormous price for good fire-arms; indeed, I used to think they would buy any thing.

It is a beautiful sight to see a number of emus running across a plain; they run so quickly that a horse can scarcely overtake them. I saw seven one day run across our marsh; but we could get none of them, as we had no horse at hand. Sometimes the natives run like the emu to deceive the white people; and they imitate them so well, that it is difficult, at a distance, to know them from a flock of emus. Occasionally they take a fancy to stand in such an attitude that you cannot, at a little distance, tell them from the burnt stump of a tree: I used often, when walking in the bush, to fancy a burnt stump was a native, and made myself believe I saw him move. Mr Neven came one evening to our station; he was in search of a new run, his old one at Boning-yong being too small for his increasing stock; he had his dray along with him, carrying provisions, so we gladly exchanged with him mutton for beef; it was a mutual benefit, as we had always mutton and he had always beef. His bullock-driver always took his little son with him, as he was as good as a native in finding the bullocks for him in the morning. The little boy was about seven years old; little Agnes was in the servants' hut when he arrived, and she came running to tell me to "come and see the *wee wee man* in Mary's hut;" she had been so long separated from children, that I suppose she thought there were none but herself in the world. The little boy was very ill pleased with Agnes, as she kept walking round him to examine him, asking him many questions, to which he made no reply, till at last she said, "Can no' peak any?" when he answered, "Yes," and then sat down to take his supper, accompanied by his tormentor, who was most hospitable in pressing the *wee man* to eat heartily. I got a present of a quart-potful of butter from Mr Neven, which was a great treat to us, as we had seen none since we came up the country; it made us long to have some cows. We had now enclosed a little garden, and Mr Thomson and James tasked themselves to dig up a little bit every day. The ground was very hard, being dug for the first time. We put in many seeds which we had brought from home, also some from Van Diemen's Land, as we were told the home seeds seldom grew.

In the month of September I had to proceed to Melbourne, as I expected to be confined, and we were too far up to ask a medical man to come. I was much grieved at leaving my little girl; but Mary promised faithfully to take great care of her. The weather was very unsettled and rainy, and the roads very bad. I was in a dray, covered by a tarpauline, which made it very comfortable; it was like a covered waggon; and when we could not get to a station at which to sleep, I slept in the dray. My husband was with me, and read to me very often; but we had often to come out of the dray, to allow it to be pulled out of a hole. I have seen the bullocks pull it through a marsh when they were sinking to the knees every moment; we were often in dread of the pole breaking. We received much kindness at every station we were at. We remained at Mr Reid's hut two days, as both I and the bullocks required rest. We always met with much kindness from Mr Reid: he is a most hospitable person; and as he is much liked, his hut is generally well filled, although off the main track. At this time his hut was full of company; but one room was prepared for us, and about twelve gentlemen slept in the other.

I here met our friend Mr William Hamilton. As he came from the settlement, he brought all the news; but he gave us a sad account of the state of the rivers. He said he was sure we could not cross them —it was difficult for him to cross them three days before, and it had rained ever since. Mr Reid sent off a man on horseback to see the river: he did not bring back a favourable account; but I was determined to try it. Mr Reid and several gentlemen went with us to help us over our difficulty. We crossed one river without much difficulty, though the water was so deep that both bullocks and horses had to swim; but when we came to the next river, the "Marable," it was so deep, that we were at a loss how to get over. It was thought decidedly dangerous for me to remain in the dray while it was crossing. Many plans were talked of: at last it was fixed to fell a tree and lay it across, that I might walk over; but in looking about for one of a proper size and position, one was found lying across, which, from appearance, seemed to have been there for years; it was covered with green moss; it stood about twenty feet above the water; notches were cut in it for me to climb up and give me a firm footing, and I walked over, holding Mr Reid's hand. On landing, I received three cheers. Many thanks to Mr Reid and others for their kindness to me on that journey. My husband was too nervous to help me across—he thought his foot might slip. The gentlemen then went to see the dray across, while little Robert Scott and I lighted a fire at the root of a large tree, which we had in a cheerful blaze before the gentlemen came. We then had tea in the usual bush fashion, in a large kettle: it did not rain, and we had a very merry tea-party. I retired to the dray soon after tea; the gentlemen continued chatting round the fire for some time, and then laid themselves down to sleep, with their saddles at their heads, and their feet to the fire.

We breakfasted at daybreak, and started again after taking leave of the gentlemen, except Mr Anderson, who was going to Melbourne: he rode on before to the settlement, to tell Mrs Scott (who expected us at her house) that we were coming. Mrs Scott was a particular friend of my husband at home; she came out to meet us, and I really felt delighted to see her. I had not seen a lady for eight months. Mrs Scott was exceedingly kind to me, and would not allow me to go to lodgings, as I had intended. Next day being Sunday, I went to church—at least to the room where the congregation met, as no church was yet built in Melbourne. The ladies in Melbourne seemed to consider me a kind of curiosity, from living so far up the country, and all seemed to have a great dread of leading such a life, and were surprised when I said I liked it. I spent Monday evening at Mrs Denny's, a Glasgow lady; but I really felt at a loss upon what subjects to converse with ladies, as I had been so long accustomed only to gentlemen's society; and in the bush, had heard little spoken of but sheep or cattle, horses, or of building huts.

My little boy was born four days after I came to Melbourne; but my husband did not get down from the station for two months, as it was sheep-shearing time—a very busy time for the settlers. He came down with the wool in our own and Mr Scott's dray. Mr Clow christened our baby out of a basin which at one time belonged to the Barony church in Glasgow: it belonged to Mr Scott, whose grandfather had been minister of that church, and he had got the old basin when the church was repaired and a new one substituted. I met with much kindness and attention from the people in Melbourne, particularly Mrs Clow. Our dray was again covered with saplings and tarpauline, and Mrs Scott and her family went along with us as far as their own station. I could not persuade Mrs Scott to go on to our station to remain with us till her own hut was put up; she lived for many months in a tent. We were again much detained on the roads on account of rain, which had rendered them extremely soft; but we got well over the rivers. We had to remain for two days and nights in the bush, for it rained so heavy that the bullocks could not travel; but by this time our party was increased by two drays belonging to another settler, and we had often to join all the bullocks to pull each dray through the marshes and up the hilly ground. We had, at one time, ten pairs of bullocks in the heavy dray with luggage and provisions, and we were in constant dread of the poles breaking. At last one of Mr Elm's drays broke down, and had to be left in the bush, with a man to watch it, till a new pole could be got. I believe the man did not watch it long; he ran off to Melbourne, and left it to its fate. Mrs Scott, her little daughter and servant, myself and baby, always slept in the dray, and Mr Scott and my husband under it. One morning I got into a little hut with the roof half off; it was empty, and I thought I could wash and dress my baby more comfortably than in the dray. I had not been long in the hut when we were surrounded by natives, all anxious to see what we were about. One or two of the women came into the hut, and touched the *pickaninny cooley*, as they called it; they seemed much amused at his different pieces of dress, and all the little black pickaninnies tried to cry like him. I seldom ever heard a black baby cry, and when it does so, the mother has little patience with it, but gives it a good blow with her elbow to make it quiet. The women carry their children at their backs in a basket or bag; and when they suckle them, they generally put their breast under their arm, and I have seen them put it over their shoulder. The natives whom we met here knew me; they said they had seen me before, when I went up the country with a *pickaninny leubra*, though I did not recollect any of their faces. When a black woman has a second child before the first can run about and take care of itself, it is said they eat the second one. I have been told this several times, but am not certain if it is really the case, it is so very unnatural; but it is well known they are cannibals, and I know they will not submit to any thing that troubles them. They are very lazy, particularly the men; they make their leubras go about all day to dig for maranong, or find other kinds of food for them, while they amuse themselves by hanging about idle. In the evening they meet at their *mi-mi*; the men eat first, and whatever they choose to leave, the leubras and pickaninnies may eat afterwards; sometimes a very affectionate cooley may now and then, while he is eating, throw a bit to his leubra, as we should do to a dog, for which kindness she is very grateful. Maranong is a root found in the ground; it is white, and shaped like a carrot, but the taste is more like a turnip; the leubras dig for it with long pointed sticks, which they always carry in their hands. I have often eaten maranong; it is very good; and I have put it in soup for want of better vegetables, before we had a garden. Vegetables of all kinds now grow here most luxuriantly; we could have peas all the year round, except in June.

When we were within six miles of Mr Scott's station, our pole broke; we got a dray from Mr Neven's station, a few miles off, and went in it to Mr Scott's station, where my husband and I remained two days; we then took our leave, and went on to Mr Baillie's station. Five miles from his hut, our dray broke down again in crossing a creek; I had no alternative but to walk to Mr Baillie's, which I did not much like, as I was far from being strong; we left the dray in charge of our bullock-driver. My husband took out the bullocks, and drove them on to bring back Mr Baillie's dray to carry our goods and drag the dray; I carried the baby, and the way did not seem so long as I expected. We could see Mr Baillie's huts for nearly a mile before we came to them; so I begged my husband to go on quickly, to send the bullocks for our dray before it got quite dark. I felt myself quite safe when in sight of the huts; but before I got to them I had a sad fright: four or five great kangaroo dogs attacked me, almost pulled my baby out of my arms, and tore my dress to pieces; my cries were heard at the hut, and my husband and two or three others soon came to my assistance. I was told the dogs were only in fun, and would not bite; that they seldom saw a woman, which made them tear my clothes. I thought it was rather rough fun; but I received no harm from them except a torn dress. My long walk had given me an appetite, and I enjoyed my supper very much, and was amused by some of Mr G. Yuille's eccentricities. We got home to our own station next day, after being eleven days on the road. My baby and myself were both very delicate when we left the settlement, and I dreaded much either of us being ill on the road; but we never had a complaint from the day we entered the dray, although the weather was very bad, and our dray sometimes wet through. Such a journey in Scotland would, I am sure, almost kill a strong person; but in Port Philip, so far from killing one, a little delicate baby of two months old could stand it, and gained more strength during that rough journey than he did during a month before with every comfort. I often thought of the words of Sterne—"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." I found little Agnes at the hut in high health. Mary, in her over-zeal, had fed her and made her so fat that I scarcely knew her. I suppose she thought the fatter Agnes was the more I should be pleased.

THE AMISTAD CAPTIVES.

A YEAR or two ago, the case of the "Amistad Captives," as they were termed, created considerable sensation in the United States; and as little or nothing is known respecting them in England, we offer the following account, which we have collected from materials in the lately published work of Mr Sturge.

During the month of August, 1839, public attention was excited by several reports, stating that a vessel of suspicious and piratical character had been seen near the coast of the United States, in the vicinity of New York. This vessel was represented as a long, low, black schooner, and manned by blacks. Government interfered, and the steamer Fulton and several revenue cutters were dispatched after her, and notice was given to the collectors at various sea-ports.

The suspicious-looking schooner proved to be the Amistad, and it was eventually captured off Culloden Point, by Lieutenant Gedney, of the brig Washington. On being taken possession of, it was found that the schooner was a Spanish vessel, in the hands of about forty Africans,* one of whom, named Cinque, acted as commander. They described themselves, with truth and consistency, to be persons who had been originally carried off from their own country as slaves, and taken to Havana to be sold; bought there by two Spaniards, Jose Ruiz and Pedro Montez, who shipped them on board the Amistad, to be conveyed to a distant part of Cuba, at which was Ruiz's estate; and that, when at sea, they overpowered their oppressors, killing the captain and part of the crew in the effort to regain their liberty, and now wished to navigate the vessel homeward to Africa. Ruiz and Montez they had not injured, but only placed in confinement, till an opportunity occurred for liberating them. Lieutenant Gedney at once secured the whole as prisoners, and sent them to Newhaven county jail, where they were detained by Ruiz and Montez, who claimed them as their property, and caused them to be indicted for piracy and murder. This was almost immediately disposed of, on the ground that the charges, if true, were not cognisable in the American courts; the alleged

* The exact number is not clearly stated by Sturge; he speaks first of forty-four, and afterwards of thirty-five; as it appears there were several children, perhaps thirty-five was the number of individuals who took a share in the fray.

offences having been perpetrated on board a Spanish vessel. The whole were, however, still kept in confinement; the question remaining to be determined, whether they should be handed over to the Spanish authorities of Cuba, who loudly demanded them, or transmitted to the coast of Africa.

It may be supposed that these proceedings excited a lively sensation among all friends of the blacks in America; and every proper means were adopted to procure the liberation of the unhappy Africans. The American government finally came to the resolution of delivering them up either as property or assassins; and Van Buren, the President, issued an order, January 7, 1840, to that effect. But, after all, the order did not avail. The district judge, contrary to all anticipations of the executive, decided that the negroes were freemen; that they had been kidnapped in Africa, and fully entitled to their liberty. They were, accordingly, set free, and allowed to go where they pleased. This event gave great satisfaction to the anti-slavery societies throughout the States; and many persons kindly volunteered to assist the late captives in their homeless and utterly penniless condition. Lewis Tappan, a member of a committee of benevolent individuals, took a warm interest in their fate, and was deputed by his brethren to make an excursion with some of the Africans to different towns, in order to raise funds. In this he was aided by Mr Deming, and one or two others; and by their united efforts, several highly interesting public exhibitions were accomplished, and some money collected. The Africans, it appears, were natives of Mendi, and possessed no small degree of intelligence. Ten were selected from among the number as being considered the best singers, and most able to address an audience in English. These were named Cinque, Banna, Si-si, Su-ma, Fuli, Ya-bo-i, So-ko-ma, Kinna, Kali, and Mar-gru. Taken to Boston, they made a deep impression on the large audiences who came to hear them sing and tell the story of their capture. In a narrative written by Mr Tappan, we find the following account of what occurred at one of these exhibitions. After some preliminary statements, "three of the best readers were called upon to read a passage in the New Testament. One of the Africans next related, in 'Merica language,' their condition in their own country, their being kidnapped, the sufferings of the middle passage, their stay at Havana, the transactions on board the Amistad, &c. The story was intelligible to the audience, with occasional explanations. They were next requested to sing two or three of their native songs. This performance afforded great delight to the audience. As a pleasing contrast, however, they sang immediately after one of the songs of Zion. This produced a deep impression upon the audience; and while these late Pagans were singing so correctly and impressively a hymn, in a Christian church, many weeping eyes bore testimony that the act and its associations touched a chord that vibrated in many hearts. Cinque was then introduced to the audience, and addressed them in his native tongue. It is impossible to describe the novel and deeply interesting manner in which he acquitted himself. The subject of his speech was similar to that of his countryman who had addressed the audience in English; but he related more minutely and graphically the occurrences on board the Amistad. The easy manner of Cinque, his natural, graceful, and energetic action, the rapidity of his utterance, and the remarkable and various expressions of his countenance, excited the admiration and applause of the audience. He was pronounced a powerful natural orator, and one born to sway the minds of his fellow men.

The amount of the statements made by Kinna, Fu-li, and Cinque, and the facts in the case, are as follows:—These Mendians belong to six different tribes, although their dialects are not so dissimilar as to prevent them from conversing together very readily. Most of them belong to a country which they call Mendi, but which is known to geographers and travellers as Kos-sa, and lies south-east of Sierra Leone, as we suppose, from sixty to one hundred and twenty miles. With one or two exceptions, these Mendians are not related to each other; nor did they know each other until they met at the slave factory of Pedro Blanco, the wholesale trafficker in men, at Lomboko, on the coast of Africa. They were stolen separately, many of them by black men, some of whom were accompanied by Spaniards, as they were going from one village to another, or were at a distance from their abodes. The whole came to Havana in the same ship, a Portuguese vessel named Tecora, except the four children, whom they saw, for the first time, on board the Amistad. It seems that they remained at Lomboko several weeks, until six or seven hundred were collected, when they were put in irons, and placed in the hold of a ship, which soon put to sea. Being chased by a British cruiser, she returned, landed the cargo of human beings, and the vessel was seized and taken to Sierra Leone for adjudication. After some time, the Africans were put on board the Tecora. After suffering the horrors of the middle passage, they arrived at Havana. Here they were put into a barracoon for ten days—one of the oblong enclosures without a roof, where human beings are kept, as they keep sheep and oxen near the cattle markets in the vicinity of our large cities, until purchasers are found—when they were sold to Jose Ruiz, and shipped on board the Amistad, together with the three girls, and a little boy who came on board with Pedro Montez. The Amistad was a coaster, bound to Principe, in Cuba, distant some two or three hundred miles.

The Africans were kept in chains and fetters, and were supplied with but a small quantity of food or water. A single banana, they say, was served out as food for a day or two, and only a small cup of water for each daily. When any of them took a little water from the cask, they were severely flogged. The Spaniards took Antonio, the cabin-boy, and slave to Captain Ferrer, and stamped him on the shoulder with a hot iron, then put powder, palm-oil, &c., upon the wound, so that they 'could know him for their slave.' The cook, a coloured Spaniard, told them that, on their arrival at Principe, in three days they would have their throats cut, be chopped in pieces, and salted down for meat for the Spaniards. He pointed to some barrels of beef on the deck, then to an empty barrel, and by significant gestures—as the Mendians say, by 'talking with his fingers,'—he made them understand that they were to be slain, &c. At four o'clock that day, when they were called on deck to eat, Cinque found a nail, which he secreted under his arm. In the night they held a counsel as to what was best to be done. 'We feel bad,' said Kinna, 'and we ask Cinque what we had best do.' Cinque say, 'Me think, and by and by I tell you.' He then said, 'If we do nothing, we be killed. We may as well die in trying to be free, as to be killed and eaten.' Cinque afterwards told them what he would do. With the aid of the nail, and the assistance of another, he freed himself from the irons on his wrists and ankles, and from the chain on his neck. He then, with his own hands, wrested the irons from the limbs and necks of his countrymen.

It is not in my power to give an adequate description of Cinque when he showed how he did this, and led his comrades to the conflict, and achieved their freedom. In my younger years I saw Kemble and Siddons, and the representation of Othello, at Covent Garden; but no acting that I ever witnessed came near that to which I allude. When delivered from their irons, the Mendians, with the exception of the children, who were asleep, about four or five o'clock in the morning, armed with cane-knives, some boxes of which they found in the hold, leaped upon the deck. Cinque killed the cook. The captain fought desperately. He inflicted wounds on two of the Africans, who soon after died, and cut severely one or two of those who now survive. Two sailors leaped over the side of the vessel. The Mendians say, 'They could not catch land—they must have swum to the bottom of the sea,' but Ruiz and Montez supposed they reached the island in a boat. Cinque now took command of the vessel, placed Si-si at the rudder, and gave his people plenty to eat and drink. Ruiz and Montez had fled to the hold. They were dragged out, and Cinque ordered them to be put in irons. They cried, and begged not to be put in chains, but Cinque replied, 'You say fetters good for negro; if good for negro, good for Spanish man too; you try them two days, and see how you feel.' The Spaniards asked for water, and it was dealt out to them in the same little cup with which they had dealt it out to the Africans. They complained bitterly of being thirsty. Cinque said, 'You say little water enough for nigger; if little water do for him, a little do for you too.' Cinque said the Spaniards cried a great deal; he felt very sorry; only meant to let them see how good it was to be treated like the poor slaves. In two days, the irons were removed, and then, said Cinque, we gave them plenty water and food, and treat them very well. Kinna stated, that as the water fell short, Cinque would not drink any, nor allow any of the rest to drink any thing but salt water, but dealt out daily a little to each of the four children, and the same quantity to each of the two Spaniards! In a day or two, Ruiz and Montez wrote a letter, and told Cinque that, when they spoke a vessel, if he would give it to them, the people would take them to Sierra Leone. Cinque took the letter, and said, 'Very well,' but afterwards told his brethren, 'We have no letter in Mendi. I don't know what is in the letter—there may be death in it. So we will take some iron and a string, bind them about the letter, and send it to the bottom of the sea.'

At the conclusion of the meeting, some linen and cotton table-cloths and napkins, manufactured by the Africans, were exhibited, and eagerly purchased of them by persons present, at liberal prices. They are in the habit of purchasing linen and cotton at the shops, unravelling the edges about six to ten inches, and making, with their fingers, net-fringes, in imitation, they say, of 'Mendi fashion.' Large numbers of the audience advanced, and took Cinque and the rest by the hand. The transactions of this meeting have thus been stated at length, and the account will serve to show how the subsequent meetings were conducted, as the services in other places were similar.

These Africans, while in prison (which was the greater part of the time they have been in this country), learned but little comparatively; but since they have been liberated, they are anxious to learn, as they said 'it would be good for us in our own country.' Many of them write well, read, spell, and sing well, and have attended to arithmetic. The younger ones have made great progress in study. Most of them have much fondness for arithmetic. They have also cultivated, as a garden, fifteen acres of land, and have raised a large quantity of corn, potatoes, onions, beets, &c., which will be useful to them at sea. In some places we visited, the audience were astonished at the performance of Kali, who is only eleven years of age. He could not only spell any word in either of the Gospels, but spell sentences, without any mistake; such sentences as, 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth,' naming each letter and syllable, and recapitulating as he went along, until he pronounced the whole sentence. Two hundred and seven dollars were received at this meeting."

Mr Tappan concludes as follows:—"On Wednesday, there is to be a large farewell meeting at Farmington; and in a few days the Mendians will embark from New York. May the Lord preserve them, and carry them safely to their native land, to their kindred and homes. Su-ma, the eldest, has a wife and five children; Cinque has a wife and three children. They all have parents or wives, or brothers and sisters. What a meeting it will be with these relations and friends, when they are descried on the hills of Mendi! We were invited to visit other places, but time did not allow of longer absence. I must not forget to mention, that the whole band of these Mendians are teetotallers. At a tavern where we stopped, Ban-na took me aside, and with a sorrowful countenance, said, 'This bad house—bar house—no good.' But the steam-boat is at the wharf, and I must close. The collections in money, on this excursion of twelve days, is about a thousand dollars, after deducting travelling expenses. More money is needed to defray the expenses of the Mendians to their native land, and to sustain their religious teachers."

Being unanimous in the desire to return to their native country, the Mendian negroes, thirty-five in number, embarked from New York for Sierra Leone, November 27, 1841, on board the barque "Gentleman," Captain Morris, accompanied by five missionaries and teachers; their stay in the United States, as Mr Sturge observes, having been of immense service to the anti-slavery cause; and there was reason to hope, that, under their auspices, Christianity and civilisation may be introduced into their native country.

A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

COPPET—FERNEY—FRIBURG.

One of the days which we devoted to Geneva and its environs was spent in an excursion to Coppet and Ferney, both lying within the compass of that villa-clad region on the northern borders of the lake to which I alluded in the previous article. As we designed also to visit the source of the small river Versoix, the walk was too long for the ladies; and a caleche, hired for the jaunt, carried us along, in cheerful mood, through scenes well calculated to amuse and refresh the mind. The weather was clear, and permitted us, at openings in the trees, to catch glimpses of the whitened peaks of Mont Blanc; while, on our left, the country, rising by easy gradations to the base of the Jura range of mountains, was observed to be laid out in trimly kept fields, in which an industrious peasantry were busily at work.

Coppet is a neat but rather old-fashioned village, situated close upon the lake, at a few miles from Geneva, and is visited by tourists for no other purpose than to see the house which had once been inhabited by M. Necker, and afterwards by his daughter, Madame de Staël. It is a plain mansion, of large size, quite in the style of a French chateau, standing behind the village, and environed on the north and west by some fine pleasure-grounds, suitable to the retirement of a meditative mind. We were admitted to view the grounds; but the house being at the time occupied by the family of the Duke de Broglie, was of course not open to the inspection of strangers. Within the park in front, and near the pathway in driving from Geneva, is a walled enclosure thickly planted with trees; and in this spot repose the remains of Necker and his daughter. It was pointed out to us with no small solemnity by a gossiping attendant, who prided herself on having, for the last forty years, been a domestic in the family.

And, so, here has mouldered into dust the hand which kindled the flame of revolution in France, and produced such wide-spread changes. Necker, however, neither anticipated nor desired that extraordinary political conflagration. Born at Geneva, in 1734, he rose, by diligence in commercial pursuits, to considerable local eminence as a banker and financier; and, about the year 1770, was appointed resident for the Genevese republic at the court of France. Here he distinguished himself by his writings, and was appointed controller-general. He did not possess sufficient duplicity to disguise the true state of affairs from the king or the nation; and for the freedom with which he canvassed measures, he received permission to retire from the country (1781). Necker now proceeded to Switzerland, where he purchased Coppet. The mismanagement of his successors ren-

dered it necessary to recall him to the helm of financial affairs; and returning, he advised (1788) the convocation of the states-general. This move, as is well known, accelerated the universal upbreak. In the midst of the civil commotions, he projected various plans for saving the national credit; but the moderateness of his views, and the accusation of being favourable to aristocracy, made it necessary for him to leave France to its fate, and he retired to Coppet: his death took place at Geneva in 1804. Necker appears to have been an active and acute, but not a profound, man; and he was unfortunate in falling on evil times. His wife, Susanna, a Bernese lady, possessed, it is said, a much stronger mind; she was the authoress of several able works of local importance, and figured in the best literary circles of Paris prior to the Revolution. Under the auspices of so accomplished a mother, Anna Louisa Necker, who was born at Paris in 1766, was carefully educated and introduced to the great world; and it was at the urgent request of her mother that the young lady consented to unite herself with the Baron de Staël-Holstein, Swedish ambassador at the court of Louis XVI., and with whom she never lived happily. I need here say nothing of the literary career of Madame de Staël, for no one who reads these pages can be unacquainted with it. She was warmly attached to her father, and, holding his memory in the highest veneration, she was fond of Coppet, where he had spent the latter years of his life; and at her death, in 1817, her body was removed hither, and placed in an adjoining tomb. Her daughter, the Duchess de Broglie, and her family, now inherit the property.

The country in the neighbourhood of Coppet is divided in a somewhat confused manner, undistinguishable in the map, between France and Switzerland, several projecting and detached pieces of the former country coming downward from the Jura range and approaching the circumscribed Genevese territory. Coppet is Swiss; but in driving round from it, we had occasion to cross the French lines, which are here quite arbitrary and loosely guarded, the grand barriers being judiciously placed some miles distant among the mountain passes. At the village of D'Ivoune, lying within the French territory, we had the pleasure of stopping a few hours, for the purpose of dining and walking to the source of the small river Versoix, which forms a sight of some interest to strangers. Conducted by a little lively French girl as guide, along some pleasant rural byways, and across a pretty green field, we arrived at a secluded spot shaded with trees; and here, from among the small stones on a sloping bank, the mass of water gurgled out, which immediately assumed the character of a mountain stream, and ran off to drive a mill at a short distance beneath. By the good taste of the proprietor of the domain, the scene has been much beautified by art, and pathways are cut to afford a full view of the phenomenon. Such copious springs, however, are by no means rare in the neighbourhood of the Jura, which, being a mass of calcareous stone, intermixed with softer materials easily washed away, it is not difficult for the water of mountain lakes to work for itself an outlet at a distance of many miles and a lower level. That the stream of the Versoix, which is tributary to Lake Leman, originates in this way, there cannot be a doubt.

A few miles farther on, and nearer Geneva, is the far-famed Ferney, once the abode of Voltaire, which, as a matter of course, we took in our way to the town. The house, situated at the head of an avenue of trees, and on the face of a slope commanding a noble view of the lake, is of the old villa fashion, with a dash of theatrical ornament that marks it as French. The upper floor is inhabited, and kept private; but the lower, containing three or four apartments, is public, and, in fact, is a show-place in the hands of a couple of greedy domestics. The antiquated and partly gilt furniture, faded silk hangings on the walls, the emblematic pictures, and some other fanciful objects, all remind us of the artificialities of a taste now passed away. The main object of curiosity is the bed-room of Voltaire, which is entered from the adjoining public apartment. The bed is one of the small French sort, and had been shaded by silk hangings depending from the roof; but all have been cut away, piece by piece, by relic-hunters, till only the upper part of the festooning is left. Against the wall is erected an object resembling a tall stove, of the shabbiest possible taste, designed to form a sarcophagus to hold the heart of the philosopher, and bearing the inscription—"Mes manes sont consolés, puisque mon cœur est au milieu de vous." (My manes are consoled, since my heart is in the midst of you.) Underneath is another inscription—"Son esprit est partout, et son cœur est ici." (His spirit is everywhere, and his heart is here.) Alas, for the vanity of all such balderdash! A few prints in common frames hang about on the walls, that of Franklin being the only one in which an English visiter could take any interest—the others being mostly of persons who, after fretting their hour, have passed into general oblivion.

The windows of these apartments are towards the west; and stepping out by one which opens to the ground, we find ourselves in a plantation of firs, bounded by a covered or berceau walk of elms, which had formed a favourite promenade of Voltaire, and where he composed some of his works. Openings in the closely shaven trees disclose fine glimpses of the country beneath, and the lake in the distance. On the other side of the mansion, at the head of the avenue by which we approach, is a dismal-looking edifice, shut up and falling to decay, which Voltaire erected as a church: the inscription "Deo erexit Voltaire" (Erected to God by Voltaire), which once figured upon it, is altogether gone, having disappeared in the uproar of the Revolution. Opposite the church stood a theatre, which has been completely removed.* Entertaining little respect for the being who had planned these crudities, we left Ferney without regret, and proceeded on our way to Geneva. Near the foot of the avenue, we passed through the village of Ferney, and a short way farther on crossed the boundary into Switzerland.

When the time arrived for our departure from Geneva, our arrangements were frustrated in a way we had not foreseen, but which will not be without its use if the circumstance affords a warning to others. Our intention originally was to have proceeded through Savoy into the Austrian territories, and our passport had been carefully *visé* for that purpose at Frankfort. Now, we found, by the shortening of the days, that the season was too far advanced to extend our trip in that direction, and we settled upon returning homeward through France, taking Lyons in our route. But, alas! our unfortunate passport had not the signature of the French ambassador, and that could only be obtained at Berne. This was somewhat provoking, no doubt; but in continental excursions one must submit to these annoyances, which, in the present instance, amounted to travelling nearly a hundred miles to go through a piece of mere official formality. As we were determined to be amused, whichever route we adopted, the circumstance was in the main of little moment; but the reader can easily imagine what must be the obstacles to commercial intercourse which such arrangements respecting passports present!

I need not enter into an account of our journey back to Lausanne, or of our progress thence to Berne, further than to mention, that, for the sake of variety, we adopted a route through the canton of Friburg, one of the most beautiful and fertile portions of Switzerland. The country here, as usual, consists of irregular slopes and winding valleys, overhung by lofty hills; but, as in the adjoining canton of Vaud, the land is cultivated, and as well enclosed as some of the best parts of England. Dairy-husbandry is a principal pursuit of the inhabitants of some of the more pastoral hills and vales; and although few farmers have more than three or four cows, the cheese produced—ordinarily called *Gruyere*—is reckoned as excellent in quality as that made in the largest Dutch or English dairies. This arises, I understand, from a common practice among the small farmers of clubbing and mixing their stock of milk, and each receiving a proportionate quantity of cheese at the end of the season—an ingenious plan, by which a set of comparatively poor cow-keepers can compete with wealthy capitalists, and that might not be unworthy the attention of English cottage farmers.

It is customary for tourists in Switzerland to observe, that in the Roman Catholic cantons things are conducted in a more slovenly and backward scale than in those professing the Reformed faith. I cannot say we saw any remarkable difference in these respects. One thing particularly struck us—that if the Protestant states are the most industrious and wealthy, the Roman Catholic are the most devout, and at the same time the most merry. Friburg is Roman Catholic, perhaps more intensely so than Lucerne, and this we noticed immediately on our entering it from Vaud. In different places the peasantry, who had just finished their harvests, were enjoying themselves, dancing to well-performed instrumental music. In one small village which we passed through, the scene was one of great gaiety. Along the road men were hastening to the dance, dressed in their best attire, and generally with ribbons twined round their hats; while the women were coming up in bands, decked in white or parti-coloured gowns, and singing with glee some of the songs of the country. In other quarters, preparations were making out of doors for dancing on an extensive scale. Platforms, about a foot in height, and of large dimensions, were in the course of erection, with awnings overhead to shelter the performers from the glare of the mid-day sun; and the musicians, as we passed, were busily preparing their instruments for the coming contest.

That the popular merriment, of which these were the tokens, has no great effect in impoverishing the country, was tolerably evident on our arrival in the town of Friburg, the capital of the canton. This ancient city, containing about 10,000 inhabitants, is built chiefly on an elevated ridge overhanging the left bank of the Saane, or Sarine, and partly in the hollow through which that river winds in a serpentine direction; a portion is also on the opposite or right bank. A more awkward situation for a town could scarcely be conceived; but it was chosen for its defensible position in days of feudal strife, and is still bounded on one side by walls and turrets of defence. Irregular as are the streets, and antique as are many of the buildings, there is a great air of substantiality throughout. The place swarms with ecclesiastics, belonging to different monasteries and churches; and here and there are seen a few aged nuns, in their dark dresses and white coifs, creeping about on their vocations of charity and mercy.

It was market day, and the town was literally crammed like a fair by country folk and their cars, waggons, and live stock for sale; likewise a vast array of travelling merchants with their booths for the disposal of all sorts of goods. I feel very certain there could not be fewer than six thousand strangers in the town; and among the whole—for we pushed our way hither and thither for hours, making divers inquiries and examinations—we saw nothing in the slightest degree indicative of misery or poverty of circumstances. The men were plainly but substantially dressed in the ordinary home-made-looking cloths of Switzerland; and the women, attired with great spruceness in lighter materials, were, with few exceptions, provided with large chip gipsy hats, which stuck out all round the head. The ladies were of opinion that each of these bonnets, which were finer than any thing they had ever before seen, would have sold for at least £2 in England. A considerable number of the stalls in the fair were for the sale of jewellery, lace, ribbons, and fine articles of female apparel, mostly, as far as we could judge, of native manufacture. The prices sought were in all cases higher than they would be in England; but then, the articles were substantial and worth the money. The scamping way in which many of the printed goods of England are now got up—for sale, not for use—must doubtless be sorely against them in such markets as that of Friburg. A Swiss girl knows too well the value of money to lay it out on a gown which the first visit to the tub will probably rob of its colours.

In walking about the fair, we were interested in seeing the venerable remains of a lime-tree growing in the market-place, opposite the Hotel de Ville, and whose history is associated with that of Swiss independence. According to tradition, a young native of Friburg, who had been engaged in the famous battle of Morat (June 22, 1476), keenly desirous of being the first to carry home tidings of the victory, ran the whole way, a distance of from ten to twelve miles, and with such overhaste, that, on his arrival at the market-place, he dropped with fatigue, and, barely able to shout that the Swiss were victorious, immediately expired. A twig of lime-tree, which he carried in his hand, was planted on the spot, in commemoration of the event; and there, as the story goes, is the tree into which it afterwards grew. Whatever truth there may be in the tradition, it is certain that the lime-tree bears marks of great antiquity, and has been of immense size. From a stem of nearly twenty feet in diameter, there shoot out several thick branches, very much decayed, but still in leaf; and such is the anxiety to preserve them from ruin, that they are supported by stone pillars. Around the massive trunk is an ample seat, which, on the occasion of our visit, was crowded by aged and youthful peasants in full holiday conversationé.

As a change of scene from the hilarity and bustle of the fair, we paid a visit to several churches, all of which were as usual open for the accommodation of whoever chose to enter. The most attractive of these edifices is the church of St Nicholas, a Gothic building, of apparently five or six centuries old, and adorned with some remarkably fine sculptures over the grand entrance. This church is celebrated all over Europe for its organ, which exceeds in magnitude that of Haarlem, and is not surpassed for the compass and delicacy of its tones. It is of modern construction, by Aloyse Mooser, a native of Friburg, having been erected in the place of one which was damaged by lightning in 1818. To listen to this splendid instrument a crowd of strangers is daily collected at a certain hour; and taking our place among others, we had the satisfaction of hearing some grand pieces played by the organist Voght, designed to bring out all the various qualities, from the sublime to the most tender and pathetic. We were first favoured by an imitation of a storm—thunder rolling, winds blowing and whistling, and the dashing of rain: then a softer piece, a touching melody, which combined an echo as if from a distance: now there was a mass, including the jingling of a bell: next followed an anthem full of the most glorious harmony, and interspersed, at certain pauses, with the semblance of a hymn sung by human voices. This latter performance on the *vox humana* pipes was indescribably exquisite, and showed, in a striking manner, the skill of the ingenious artist who formed the

* A French work of recent date, full of gossip about dramatists, written by a M. Fleury, affords some insight into the private theatricals of Ferney and the personal appearance of its proprietor. "Voltaire attended our rehearsals, as well as our performances, at Ferney. I can fancy I see him now, in his every-day dress, consisting of grey stockings and grey shoes—a large waistcoat of *bazin*, descending nearly to his knees—a large wig, squeezed into a little black velvet cap, turned up in front—the whole completed by a *robe-de-chambre*, likewise of *bazin*, the corners of which he would sometimes tuck into the waist-band of his small-clothes. Arrayed in this costume, any other person would have looked like a caricature; but the appearance of Voltaire, so far from suggesting any idea of the ridiculous, was calculated to command respect and interest. On ordinary occasions, when he happened to enter into conversation with any of the members of our theatrical troop, his manner was marked by good-humoured familiarity. But when he superintended our rehearsals, there was a truce with pleasantry; then he was all in all the dramatic poet; and one, too, whose correct judgment and refined taste were not to be easily satisfied. He required that every actor should enter heart and soul into his part; this earnestness of feeling he used to call dramatic probity. The observations which I heard from the lips of Voltaire, first gave me an idea of the importance which belongs to the accurate conception of a character."

structure, as well as of the performer. Reader, if you ever go to Friburg, do not on any account miss the organ; if it do not charm and leave a deep impression on your feelings, you are beyond the influence of sweet sounds.*

The grand curiosity of Friburg is its suspension-bridge, the largest and highest of the kind in the world. I wish I could convey a proper idea of this stupendous erection. The town, as I have said, is chiefly built on a ridge of ground on the left or west side of the Saane, divided from the opposite bank by a broad gulf of great depth, and at the bottom of which the river is seen winding among clusters of antique buildings, and beneath three bridges, covered as usual with brown-tiled roofs. Except by these ancient bridges, there was formerly no access to the town from the eastern bank, and the passage up or down the steep streets was a work of extreme difficulty for carriages of every description. In certain states of the weather, as much as an hour was occupied by a coach in first descending on one side and then ascending the other. I can compare the bed of the Saane at this point only to that of the Esk near Hawthornden; and the cause of deepening is in both cases the same. The banks are a soft sandstone, which in the course of ages have been worn down by the action of the water, leaving high and romantic cliffs and shelving braes, now covered with vegetation, unless where fashioned by the hand of art into pathways and commodious sites for buildings. To throw a suspension-bridge across this romantic but very inconvenient gulf, was an act of daring temerity; for the width to be spanned was nearly 300 metres, or upwards of 900 English feet, with a depth fully half as great. Many projects for the erection of stone or wooden bridges were devised, but none being suitable to the resources of the canton, they were respectively abandoned, and the design of a wood and iron suspension-bridge was finally agreed upon in 1830, and the work commenced in 1832. The person to whom the undertaking was assigned was M. Chaley, a French engineer, who agreed to complete the bridge, in all its details, for the sum of 300,000 francs, with the right of exacting a small toll upon it for the term of forty years.† The work was completed in 1834; and on the 15th of October of that year, previous to opening by the authorities of the town and canton, its powers were put to a severe test. Fifteen pieces of cannon, drawn by fifty horses, along with nearly 300 people, proceeded across it at one time, and the whole fluctuating mass afterwards separated and united at different points, in order to try it in every possible way. On the 19th, the official inauguration took place, and then about 2000 persons crossed it in grand procession, accompanied by military music. The depression and oscillation of the fabric on each of these occasions were very trifling. Since this period till the present time it has been constantly in use, in every respect answering the expectations formed of it.

The bridge is entirely of one span, and perfectly level. The roadway, which is of wood, is supported not by solid iron rods, as is usual with such fabrics, but by four cables of small iron wires, each cable being composed of 1056 wires, bound in close union by bands of wires at regular distances; the thickness of each cable may be about ten inches. At each extremity, the cables are conducted over a handsome stone pier, and thence, in a sloping direction, down into excavations in the rock, where they are fastened by blocks of masonry. The total length of the roadway is 905 feet, its elevation above the bed of the Saane 174 feet, and its breadth 28 feet; dimensions which may be compared with those of the famed Menai bridge, whose length is only 580 feet, its elevation 130 feet, and its breadth 25 feet. The whole of the operations on the bridge of Friburg were performed by Swiss artisans, and all the materials were of Swiss produce, except the wires for the suspending cables, which were imported from England.

Since the erection of this stupendous structure, another bridge of a similar character has been thrown across the Saane, about a quarter of a mile farther up the river, at a point where the cliffs are exceedingly steep, and beautifully clothed with shrubbery from the summit to the green vale below. This bridge, called the Pont de Gotteron, is suspended by only two cables, both from one side, and extends a length of 700 feet, with an elevation of 285 feet. The view from it down into the romantic and solitary glen on the one side, and towards the town and Grand Pont on the other, is exceedingly striking. The interest of the spectacle is not diminished by the consideration, that we are upon the boundary between German and French Switzerland. On the eastern side of the river, or that towards Berne, the language is altogether German, while on the west it is French. And so exact is the distinction, that each portion of population in the town, separated by this small river, speaks a language generally unknown to the other.

* The organist, I believe, does not play without receiving a fee of ten or twelve francs. On the occasion of our visit, a charge of a franc each was made by the keeper of our hotel from all who attended the performance from his house—a convenient and lucrative mode of collecting the fees from strangers. The hotel at which we resided was the Zahringer Hof, close by the Grand Pont, and I feel great pleasure in recommending it as one of the best houses in Switzerland. The landlord is a most obliging young man, who speaks English fluently.

† I gather these particulars from an account written by M. Chaley, published at Paris in 1839, under the title "Pont Suspendu de Fribourg (Suisse)." A small toll is exacted from passengers, and for the passage of carriages.

THE DIRECTOR.

The theatrical vacations are important seasons to the managers, or, as the French say, *directors*, of theatres, as well as to all who may have attached themselves to that profession. Then it is that managers run about in search of performers to be employed, and performers in quest of employing managers. To the metropolis, in general, all parties fly on such occasions, eager to have an early chance for success in their speculations. There are usually rendezvouses where transactions of this nature are completed—places which the histrionic profession hold sacred to themselves and their affairs. It is rather curious, that in Paris the gardens of the Palais-Royal should have been a spot devoted to such purposes by the continued practice of many years. Perhaps the case is altered somewhat of late years; but, in the days to which the anecdote now to be related refers, the gardens of the Palais-Royal were the meeting-place of the whole theatrical profession, and there engagements without number have been entered into by its members.

One day, in the times of the great Revolution, a young lady, of elegant figure and captivating air, was walking backwards and forwards in the Palais gardens. She was an object of observation to many of the numerous loungers around, and, among others, to a gentleman in the prime of life, of distinguished appearance, and attired with much attention to neatness. Considering the freedom of French manners, at that time in particular, it is nothing wonderful that this gentleman should have made an endeavour to enter into conversation with the lady whose figure had caught his admiring glance. She, however, drew back immediately on being accosted by him, and with a "You are in a mistake, sir," walked away from the spot. But this repulse seemed to the gentleman to be uttered in a tone not so very forbidding as to render all chance of making the fair one's acquaintance hopeless, and he was about to follow in her footsteps, when a hand was laid upon his arm. "A thousand pardons, sir," said the intermeddler; "you will excuse me for interfering in this affair; but the truth is, that it is partly my affair also."

The personage who made this remark was a man of sixty, of round figure, healthy complexion, and dressed in mournings which had seen some little service. "Pardon me, sir," continued he, "but really I am interested in this matter, and I believe my claim is the preferable one." The gentleman thus accosted made a hasty answer. "I do not understand you, sir," said he; "explain yourself, and tell me how this claim entitles you to take me by the arm, and interrupt me in any movements I choose to make." "I have been a little rude, I confess," said the elderly stranger, "but my interest is here concerned. I have observed your intentions. You wish to carry off Madame Lucile." "Is the lady who has now left us named Madame Lucile?" asked the gentleman. "Lucile Desrosiers is her name," said the other; "but why this feint? Do you imagine I have not detected you? You are a brother in trade." "Ay, how do you make that out?" answered the gentleman. "Why, it is easily enough seen," was the reply; "it was plain to me at the first glance that you were a *director*." "What!" cried the gentleman, with an air of surprise; "you found out this without knowing me? And you call me brother and colleague?" "Yes, I am Monsieur Florville, director of the theatre at Carcassone. You are a director, also; may I ask of what theatre?" "What theatre!" returned the other; "you ask of what theatre?" "Yes," said M. Florville; "why be mysterious with me? You know the gardens are full of our people just now, and your reserve would be of little avail, as I might learn in one moment who you are by making inquiries. You are new, I think, to business?" "Yes—I have just entered upon my present position," said the gentleman. "Ah! that is the reason I have never met you at our reunions," answered M. Florville; "may I inquire your name?" "Nicolas," was the reply. "Nicolas!" said the provincial director; "that is very like the name of my friend Nicolet. And what establishment have you taken in charge?" "My theatre is in Paris," answered the other. "In Paris!" cried M. Florville; "that is a serious place for your debut in directorship. And your theatre?" "I have undertaken the management of *La Republic*," said the gentleman. "Oh! that is the place once called the *Theatre Français?*" returned M. Florville; "and you will, no doubt, play there the high pieces—Corneille, Moliere, and so on. Well, there may be money to be gained there, but it is a serious undertaking for an inexperienced man. I, who now speak to you, have been thirty-six years a theatrical director, and yet I should shrink from trying such a place; though, truly, I know all the resources of a director as well as most people."

The gentlemanly stranger evidently began to like his frank companion, and the feeling was reciprocal. "I should be happy if my counsels could be of any service to you," said M. Florville. "I shall accept them with gratitude," answered the other. "It is said to be an easy matter to direct a theatre," said the provincial manager in continuation; "but I can tell any one that it requires as much talent and address as it does to manage a kingdom. The thing, indeed, is the same; there are the same factions, the same intrigues, the same difficulties every way; the scale only is different. Permit me, sir, to ask you a question. That gentleman who bowed just now to you was"——"M. Cambaceres," answered the other. "Ah! I need not ask you if he is a comedian," continued the self-satisfied Florville, after this little interruption; "it is easy to see that from his look, manner, and gait. Is he of your establishment?" "He was," answered the gentleman, "but he is not attached to us at present. He is not without talent, but he had pretensions of too high an order." "Ah! I see," said M. Florville; "but one is sometimes obliged to bow to these people. The public—the public—takes a fancy to them, and what can a director do? For example, sir, this Madame Lucile Desrosiers, whom we are both anxious about"—— "I yield her to you willingly," said the stranger. "Thank you, thank you," answered the Carcassone director; "she would not suit you at any rate. Her forte lies in the comic opera and vaudeville. In these departments she made an immense impression on the people of Carcassone some time since, and I have been compelled to make advances to her. Our engagement is not yet completed, but nearly so. I have had to make sacrifices to her, sir, great sacrifices, for she knows my position, and is most exacting; but I have only to make the best of it now; and he is a poor director who cannot turn such sacrifices to account. A concession of this kind, sir, whether in a theatre or in a state, may be made much of. The expensive engagement of Madame Lucile will give me an answer to all malcontents for the whole season to come. A dozen of other performers may be necessary to carry on well; but if I am blamed for not employing them, the answer is, 'Madame Lucile.' Improvements in scenery may be called for; I do not make them, and my apology is, 'Madame Lucile.' You see, sir, a concession of this kind may be made a most useful thing by a little address. And then, when I really wish to get rid of her, the press will do it for me when I choose."

"Ah!" said the auditor of M. Florville, "the press is a serious thing for us directors."

"All as matters are managed," said the provincial director of Carcassone; "I have but one journal at Carcassone, and I turn it any way I wish by a little adroitness. I make the managing journalist my confidant, or appear to do so. I appeal to his judgment on all occasions but those of importance, and half make him believe he is director of the theatre. Why, sir, he will do any thing for me under these circumstances. He would feel any blame cast upon me as blame to himself."

"Ay, but the public," said the other, "the public! severe judge—obstinate in its fancies, capricious, and never satisfied, let one do what they will!"

"I agree with you," said the Carcassone director; "the public is all that you say. But it has one great quality—*it pays*."

"Yes, it certainly is the paymaster, and that is something."

"That is all in all," said M. Florville; "there can neither be theatre nor government of any kind without it. Since the public pays, therefore, it is necessary, not to give them value for their money, but to give them just so much as to make them believe that one is not getting their money for nothing. Human language is so rich in words of a doubtful and double sense, that it is not difficult so to shape all your addresses to the public as to give the most magnificent anticipations, while the reality may be far below it, yet not a word of absolute untruth be discoverable in the promises made. Of course, this must not often be carried too far."

"No, certainly," said the gentleman, "else the public may be apt to make disturbances."

"Sometimes they do so, even at Carcassone," answered M. Florville; "and as you are new to the profession, I shall point out to you what I think the best mode of proceeding under such circumstances. Always have a deputy, a sub-manager, who may serve as a scape-goat to you; who may front the public ire, and bear off all the blame. This is easily managed, and will usually prove perfectly successful as regards the acquittance of yourself."

"But if the public will not be so satisfied?" asked the gentleman.

"Call in the police or the military at once," said M. Florville, with great coolness.

At this part of the discourse, M. Florville beheld Madame Lucile Desrosiers enter the gardens. "Ah! pardon me," cried he to his new acquaintance, "I see Madame Lucile, and must endeavour to complete our treaty."

"I am afraid that you are deceiving me, M. Florville," said the other, "and that your treaty with the lady is one in which the heart is concerned."

"Ah! young man," said the manager of Carcassone, "if you were as old in the profession as I am, you would not suspect me of making favourites amongst my company. Look on all alike; let all partake of your affections."

"What! all!" cried the other, "that would be too much." "Then your theatre is very large, and your company numerous," said M. Florville. "Larger than you can imagine," was the answer. "Yet I have seen the Opera before the Revolution," said the Carcassone director. "The Opera is nothing in com-

parison with the scene which I direct." "Truly! I should like to see this wonderful establishment of yours," said M. Florville.

"I shall with pleasure give you a ticket," said the stranger, "because I think I owe you something for the admirable counsels and lessons which you have given me in the art of *directing*. I shall profit, citizen Florville, by them; and I hope to have an opportunity of testifying my gratitude to you. Come to see me to-morrow morning."

"Where do you reside?" said Florville.

"At the Luxembourg," was the reply.

"Shall I ask for citizen Nicolas?" said the Carcassone director.

"Yes, for Nicolas—Nicolas Barras," returned the stranger.

"What!" cried M. Florville, "you are" ——

"Barras, THE DIRECTOR!"

[This little feuilleton affords a curious exemplification of the fact that the maxim, "All the world's a stage," is not only directly but conversely true.]

NO INQUIRY WITHOUT ITS USE.

It seems to be a necessary condition of human science, that we should learn many (apparently) useless things, in order to become acquainted with those which are of service; and as it is impossible, antecedently to experience, to know the value of our acquisitions, the only way in which mankind can secure all the advantages of knowledge is to prosecute their inquiries in every possible direction. There can be no greater impediment to the progress of science than a perpetual and anxious reference at every step to *palpable* utility. Assured that the general result will be beneficial, it is not wise to be too solicitous as to the immediate value of every individual effort. Nor is it to be forgotten, that trivial and apparently useless acquisitions are often the necessary *preparatives* to important discoveries. The labours of the antiquary, the verbal critic, the collator of mouldering manuscripts, the describer of microscopic objects (labours which may appear to many out of all proportion to the value of the result), may be preparing the way for the achievements of some splendid genius, who may combine their minute details into a magnificent system, or evolve from a multitude of particulars collected with painful toil, some general principle destined to illuminate the career of future ages. To no one, perhaps, are the labours of his predecessors, even when they are apparently trifling or unsuccessful, of more service than to the metaphysician; and he who is well acquainted with the science, can scarcely fail to perceive that many of *its inquiries are gradually converging to important results*. Unallied as they may appear to present utility, it is not hazarding much to assert, that the world must hereafter be indebted to them for the extirpation of many mischievous errors, and the correction of a great part of those loose and ill-founded opinions by which society is now pervaded.—*Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions.*

LORD BROUGHAM ON "GOOD BREEDING."

The same observations which were made on the arts are applicable to a certain refinement of manners, which is common to all highly-civilised states, but which, perhaps, arises in despotic countries at an earlier stage of society. This refinement is in itself of little merit or value, if, indeed, it is not rather to be accounted a defect. Its chief characteristic is luxurious indulgences of various kinds, and a politeness which consists so much in suppression of the natural feelings that it is nearly akin to falsehood. Never to say any thing that may give pain, unless where our duty requires it, is a rule of sound morals as well as good manners. But never to say any thing which those present may dislike, nay, from which they may dissent, is the rule of refined and courtly breeding. Absolute command of countenance and figure, calm, placid deportment, unbroken ease, sustained dignity, habitual smiles, indiscriminate respect, nay, the semblance of esteem or even love for every thing that approaches, and the taking a ready interest in whatever concerns every one, but showing none at all in what regards ourselves merely—these are the constituents of highly-refined and courtly manners; and these imply such an unnatural suppression of feelings, such an habitual restraint upon the emotions of every kind, such a false position of the mind at all times, as is most easily learnt under the sway and the dread of a despotic prince or his provincial representative. Accordingly, the manners of the orientals are known to be polite in an extravagant degree; while there is a want of polish in the subjects of free states which has made the roughness of a republican almost proverbial.

STEAM NAVIGATION ON THE THAMES.

There are now sixteen steam-vessels working daily between Gravesend and London; the same number to Woolwich; twenty to Greenwich; numerous small steamers, the boats of the Waterman's Company, and of the Old Woolwich Company, between Greenwich and Blackwall; there are eight steam-vessels constantly going up and down the river on their way to and from Dover, Ramsgate, Margate, Herne Bay, Southend, and Sheerness. The General Steam Navigation Company muster forty-nine first-class steamers, all sailing from London, a fleet superior to the steam fleet of any of the continental powers, and which carry merchandise and property to the amount of a million sterling weekly, and whose consumption of coal exceeds in value L.50,000 per annum. There are not less than fifty other large steamers trading between London and various parts in Great Britain and Ireland; twenty-three steam-tugs, varying from 30 to 100 horse-power each, exclusively engaged in towing ships between Gravesend and the Pool; twenty iron and wooden steamers navigating the river above bridge between London-bridge and Chelsea; two constantly running between the Adelphi pier and Putney; and five to Richmond. This is a vast amount of steam power, unequalled upon any river in the world. There is never less at any one time than 5000 persons afloat in the steamers during the summer season on the river Thames. Among the novelties lately introduced in steam navigation, is a vessel with locomotive engines similar to those on a railway, working at high pressure; and the Waterman No. 7, with Stevens's patent paddles, which enter the water at an angle of 35 degrees, produce very little swell, avoid the back water thrown up by the ordinary paddles, and produce little vibration. With two or three exceptions, the steam-engines in our river vessels are worked at a low pressure, hence explosions are never heard of.—*Times newspaper.*

LINES TO HER GRANDAUGHTER.

[SOPHIA JOANNA BAILLIE.]

Beautiful baby, where art thou?
What is thy little pastime now?
Who at this moment is caressing
The fondly-loved, the first-born blessing?

Is it papa, with vigorous dancing,
Thine eyes with timid pleasure glancing,
While added bloom adorns thy cheek,
And seems of "fearful joy to speak?"
Ah! soon with pain is pleasure bought,
And early is the lesson taught!

Or seated on thy mother's knee,
Dost thou some new discovery see—
Some sight thou'st never seen before,
Some object glitt'ring on the floor,
Some little scrap of gaudy hue,
Some toy just placed within thy view?
Or do sweet sounds attract thine ear,
Some words of fondness whispered near,
Some pretty song of ancient story,
Some tale of pussy and her glory,
While thou display'st thy little store
Of knowledge and of learned lore?

Or does some latent power within
Its influence now first begin,
Excite thee with a glad surprise,
And animate thy soft blue eyes,
Urge thee to efforts strange and new,
And bring some fresh exploit to view?
Gifts from on high bestow'd on thee,
Thou heir of immortality!

Oh ye, to whom the task is given
To guide the little feet to Heaven,
Check the first step that goes astray,
And early teach them virtue's way!
Rugged sometimes may be the road
That leads to her divine abode,
And sometimes clouds may intervene,
And darken the surrounding scene,
And for a moment hope may fail,
And terrors may the soul assail:
Fear not! the haven kept in view,
And love divine will help us through;
Help us when most we see to fear,
When most we think that danger's near;
Help us when most we seem alone,
Help us with power beyond our own!

—*From a Collection of Pieces.*

WILDMAN, THE BEE-TAMER.

In the "Scots Magazine" for November 1766, the following remarkable incidents are mentioned:—

"One Mr Wildman, of Plymouth, has lately made himself famous for his command over bees. Having come to London in August last, he gave notice to Dr Templeman, secretary to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c., that he would pay him a visit on Wednesday, August 27, in the afternoon, in his bee-dress. Several ladies and gentlemen, who had heard of this intended visit, were assembled at the doctor's. About five o'clock Mr Wildman came, brought through the city in a chair, his head and face almost covered with bees, and a most venerable beard of them hanging down from his chin, which rendered his appearance truly reverend. The gentlemen and ladies were soon convinced that they need not be afraid of the bees, and therefore went up familiarly to Mr Wildman, and conversed with him. After having stayed a considerable time, he gave orders to the bees to retire to their hive that was brought for them, which they immediately obeyed with the greatest precipitation.

One thing said of him is amazing, which is, that Mr Wildman, armed with his friendly bees, thinks himself defensible against the fiercest mastiffs; and actually did, at Salisbury, encounter three yard-dogs one after the other. The conditions of engagement were, that he should have notice of the dog being set at him. Accordingly, the first mastiff was let loose; and as he approached the man, two bees were detached, who immediately stung him, the one on the nose, the other on the flank: upon receiving the wounds, the dog retired very much daunted. After this, the second dog entered the lists, and was foiled with the same expedition as the first. The third dog was at last brought against the champion; but the animal, observing the ill success of his brethren, would not attempt to sustain a combat; so, in a cowardly manner, he retired with his tail between his legs. This extraordinary gentleman can tame wasps and hornets with almost the same ease as he does bees.

On an invitation from Earl Spenser, he went to his lordship's seat at Wimbleton, in Surrey, September 17, where several persons of distinction were assembled. The countess had provided three stocks of bees. The first of Mr Wildman's performances was with one hive of bees hanging on his hat, which he carried in his hand, and the hive which they came out of in the other hand; which was to convince the earl and countess that he could take honey and wax without destroying the bees. Then he returned into the room, and came out again with them hanging on his chin, with a very venerable beard. After showing them to the company, he took them out upon the grass-walk facing his lordship's window, where a table and table-cloth were immediately brought out, and he set the hive upon the table, and made the bees hive therein; then he made the bees come out again, and warm in the air, the ladies and nobility standing amongst them, and no person stung by them; he made them go on the table, and took them up by handfuls and tossed them up and down like so many peas, handling them, however, very tenderly; then made them go into their hive at the word of command. Near five o'clock in the afternoon, he exhibited again with the three swarms of bees, one on his head, one on his breast, and the other on his arm; and then went in to his lordship, who was too much indisposed to see the former experiments; the hives which the bees were taken from were carried by one of the servants. He went into the room again, and came out with them all over his head, face, and eyes, and was led blind before his lordship's window. He then begged of his lordship that he would lend him one of his horses, which was granted. He then mounted the horse, with the bees all over his head and face (except his eyes), and breast, and left arm, with a whip in his right hand; the groom then led the horse backwards and forwards by his lordship's window for some time. Mr Wildman then took the reins in his hand, and rode round the house. He then dismounted, and made the bees march upon a table, and commanded them to retire to their hive, which they accordingly did; and gave great satisfaction to the earl, the countess, and the spectators.

Mr Barnes, a gentleman near Staines, in Middlesex, having a nest of hornets at the top of the inside of a high barn, sent to Mr Wildman, and desired his assistance to destroy them. Mr Wildman went upon the business, and took a hive with him up the ladder; and upon his approach to the nest, was stung by two of the insects. But he soon qualified their resentment, and put them into a hive, and afterwards drowned them."

A BACKWOODS EDITOR.

About twenty-five years ago, when a certain western state (which we shall not name) was a territory, and with few inhabitants, a young lawyer from one of the old states emigrated thither, and settled in the town of K——. He succeeded admirably in his profession, and rose rapidly in popular favour. He had been there nearly two years, when he induced a printer to print a weekly paper, of which he was editor and proprietor. Squire S. was much pleased for a while with editing a paper. He was a man of very low stature, but he used the editorial "WE" as frequently as if there were a dozen of him, and each as big as Daniel Lambert.

Strange to say, there were at that time men in office who were not a particle more honest than they should be; a thing which probably never happened before, and never will again. Squire S. felt all the patriotism of a son of '76, and poured out grape and canister against public abuses. This soon stirred a hornet's nest about his ears; but as there was no other paper in the territory, there was no reply, and he enjoyed his warlike propensities in security.

At length, he published an article more severe and cutting, against malfeasance in office, than any that had preceded it. In fact, though pointed at no one individual in particular, it was a "scorcher."

Some three or four days afterwards, he was sitting alone in his editorial office, which was about a quarter of a mile from the printing establishment; his pen was busy with a paragraph, when his door opened without much ceremony, and in stalked a man about six feet in his stockings. He asked, "Are you S., the proprietor of this paper?" Thinking he had found a new patron, the little man, with one of his blandest smiles, answered in the affirmative. The stranger deliberately drew the last number of the paper from his pocket, and pointing to the article against rogues in office, told the affrighted editor that it was intended for "him." It was in vain that S. protested he had never heard of him before. The wrath of the visiter rose to fever heat, and from being so long restrained, boiled over with double fury. He gave the editor his choice, either to publish a humble, a *very* humble recantation, or *take a flogging on the spot*. Either alternative was wormwood; but what could he do? The enraged office-holder was twice his size, and at one blow would qualify him for an obituary notice. He agreed to retract; and as the visiter insisted upon writing the retractation himself, he sat down to his task. Squire S. made an excuse to walk to the printing office, with a promise that he would be back in season to sign it as soon as it was finished.

S. had hardly gone fifty rods, when he encountered a man who inquired where Squire S.'s office was, and if he was at home. Suspecting that he, too, was on the same errand as the other visiter, he pointed to the office, and told him he would find the editor within, writing a most abusive article against office-holders. This was enough. The eyes of the new comer flashing fire, he rushed into the office, and assailed the stranger with the epithets, "liar, scoundrel, coward;" and told him he would teach him how to write. The gentleman, supposing it was some bully sent there by the editor, sprang to his feet, and a fight ensued. The table was upset and smashed into fire-wood, the contents of a large jug of ink stood in puddles on the floor, the chairs had their legs and backs broken beyond the skill of surgery to cure them. This seemed only to inspire the combatants with still greater fury. Blow followed blow with the rapidity of lightning. First one was kicking on the floor, then the other, each taking it in turn pretty equally. The ink on the floor found its way to their faces, till both of them cut the most ludicrous figure imaginable. The noise and uproar were tremendous. The neighbours ran to the door, and exclaimed with astonishment, that two negroes were fighting in Squire S.'s office. None dared separate them. At length, completely exhausted, they ceased fighting. The circumstances of the case became known, and the next day, hardly able to sit on horseback, their heads bound up, they started homeward, convinced that they had attained very little satisfaction from their attempt. —*Louisville Advertiser.*

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THE EASILY CONVINCED.

ALTHOUGH the present age is, to say the least, not less remarkable than any preceding one for caution in investigating truths, whether in science or matters of fact, there is nevertheless a class of men who are far more easily satisfied about evidence, and who more readily take up with new ideas, than their neighbours. Not a newspaper do we read but there is in it some splendid discovery, in science itself or in its applications; the patent list shows how many serious attempts are made to turn these to account: all of them get patrons more or less numerous *at first* —but time passes on, and of the very small number of such things which continue to engage attention, we need scarcely speak. Most of these things look extremely well when first hit upon. They show capitally in model. The closest investigation fails to detect a source of fallacy or failure; but somehow it always turns out that, when the thing is brought to practical experiment, there is some plaguy obstruction or difficulty, not formerly dreamt of, which upsets all, and then we hear no more of the matter. The successful applications of science to economic purposes during the last age, thought to be so fertile in them, can, after all, be enumerated in a breath—steam, gas, Mackintosh, and the electrotype. We have also got one or two new sciences, as chemistry and geology; and great, no doubt, are these additions to our knowledge. But even here we have our hasty theorisers also—let the single doctrine of "scratches"* bear witness. There is, indeed, a class of minds so constituted that every novelty calculated to excite wonder, or to raise hope, is sure to catch them. These minds are not necessarily to be supposed of a weak kind, or to have a decided tendency to delusion. They are only disposed, from wishing a thing to be true, to allow it to be so upon insufficient evidence. In many cases, it would seem to them ungenerous to doubt, and therefore, being benevolent persons, they believe. Or it is that they cannot bear to spoil a thing which tells so well, by meeting it with doubts. Or, perhaps, it fulfils and makes good some vague notions long cherished by themselves. Or a good theory, or project, or new doctrine, may be a good deal like vice in Pope's well-known couplet: we grow familiar, we pity, we embrace. It was probably the same class of minds which created and gave currency to all the wondrous monkish tales of the middle ages—easiness of conception and reception of strange things being the common features of both.

The class of philosophic and scientific inquirers has only its credulous members; but the whole race of antiquaries seems marked, and to have been marked in all time, with the fatal facility of taking in new and wonderful things. No class of investigators has furnished so many warnings against rash conclusions. It was upon a real event that Scott founded the story of his Oldbuck. A worthy old gentleman, a Sir John Clerk of Penicuik, was demonstrating the features of a Roman camp, in the neighbourhood of Moffat, to an admiring circle of friends, among whom was the young novelist. "And this," said he, pointing to a mound in the centre, "was of course the *prætorium*." "Prætorium here, prætorium there," said a shepherd standing by, "I made it wi' a flaughter spade."† An anecdote to much the same purpose has recently been told. "General St Clair, about forty years since, when governor of the North-Western Territory, received a present of a strange-looking copper coin, said to have been found in a spring near Cincinnati. General St Clair was not merely a man of the world, but he was also a highly educated, accomplished gentleman, and as little liable as any other we have known to be deceived under such circumstances. But so it was; the copper coin became at once a precious medal, the work of an extinct people, and its crooked-looking characters a key to unlock the great secret of their origin and fate. We saw this treasure-trove in the possession of General St Clair at Marietta, and we were allowed, like some others, to take an impression of it in pewter, never doubting, any more than our elders in knowledge and years, that, if it was a post-diluvian work, it was at any rate contemporaneous with the renewal or discovery of the arts immediately after the dispersion. But alas for the vanity of human expectation! The original, or a copy, fell into the hands of the late Colonel Duane, who had spent a portion of his life in India, and he detected at once that it was a Hindostanee coin, worth one cent. The buffalo was transformed, without any magic wand, into a cow, and the Manitous into Vishnu and Brahma."* As another example, take the following story from Mr Laing's Tour in Sweden:—"The antiquarian world has suffered a severe shock on the subject of Runic lore the other day. At a place called Hoby, between Carshamn and Runamo, in the province of Bleking, there is a Runic inscription on a rock, noticed by Saxo Grammaticus, who tells us his contemporary, Waldimar I. of Denmark, who lived in 1160, had sent learned people to decipher it in vain. It remained 500 years unthought-of and undeciphered, when Olaus Wormius, and after him many zealous Runic antiquaries, again attempted the task; but time had not made it more intelligible, and nothing could be made of it. At last, in 1805, a Danish antiquary, M. Arendt, made a pilgrimage on foot to this enigmatical inscription; and not being able to read it, he declared it was only a *lusus naturæ*—accidental marks and scratches in the rock. This was intolerable. For nearly thirty years the antiquarian body brooded in silence over this dictum of their recreant brother. At last, in July 1833, the Royal Society of Sciences at Copenhagen sent a solemn deputation of three of its members, Professors Molbech, Magnuson, and Forchammer, to the spot; the rock was carefully examined, was found to be a mass of granite-gneiss, intersected by a vein of whinstone (or black trap), in which the marks adverted to occur; and, to the joy of all genuine antiquarian spirit, the inscription was declared to be an inscription, blended, indeed, here and there with accidental cracks and fissures, but an inscription of artificial characters; and the artist who accompanied the commission made an accurate drawing of the whole vein, and the characters traced upon it. Nothing was wanting to complete the joy of all true antiquaries, but that these characters should be deciphered. For ten long months no progress was made. Professor Magnuson, to whom the task was intrusted, could bend them into no form of intelligibility. At last, in bed, on the 22d of May, 1834, the idea struck him to try to read the inscription backwards, from right to left. The thing was done—the thing was clear—the inscription was deciphered in two hours. It is in the old northern or Icelandic tongue, and in regular alliterative verse, and must have been cut in the rock shortly previous to the battle of Braavalle, which took place in the year 680, between Harald Hildetand and Ring, kings of certain portions of Sweden:—'Hildetand received the kingdom—Gard hewed out—Ole took the oath—Oden consecrate these runes,' &c. &c. Could any thing be more satisfactory, or better established, or more clearly explained? And now, to the dismay of the antiquarian world, out steps a man of acids and alkalies, a chemist, a philosopher—in short, the great Berzelius—coolly proving beyond all doubt, in a paper in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Sciences of Stockholm, that our inscription is, after all, but a *lusus naturæ*, or natural marks or stains on the rock! Is not this provoking?"

Archaiological inquirers often show their besetting foible in the assigning of over-recondite origins for things, and suggesting explanations that go far beyond the mark. The reading of a Rosetta stone, to the discovery of a new language and a thousand years of heretofore unknown history, is a lucky hit, as rare as the adaptation of steam or carbureted hydrogen to common purposes. When we turn from the contemplation of the one solitary prize to the multitude of blanks, what a sad spectacle is presented! At present, it is the ancient tumuli and ruins of Central America which form the favourite problem. Some time ago, it was the round towers of Ireland. These last have been assigned to all sorts of strange, mysterious, and remote origins. A large octavo volume was written to prove them connected with Budhism. Lately, it has been stated that they are of comparatively modern date, and the accounts of the expense of building one of them have been discovered. Thus it is that the wonderers are now and then disappointed. We have seen a serious speculation tracing the leek worn by Welshmen on St David's Day to the ancient Egyptian worship. Formerly, there was a practice of carrying a buck's head in procession at St Paul's Cathedral, on the day of the commemoration of St Paul. It was fixed on a pole, and carried in front of the cross, out at the west door. This was a very remarkable-looking ceremony, and suggested the idea of an ancient Pagan custom continued by the Christian priesthood. It has been spoken of again and again in books, as a relic of the customs which obtained on the same spot, when a Roman temple stood there. The English editor of Dupré's work on the Conformity between Modern and Ancient Ceremonies, takes this view with a great deal of gravity. Now, so old a writer as Stow has clearly shown that the practice originated in no extraordinary way at a comparatively recent period. He quotes the actual deed of 1274, wherein the dean and chapter of St Paul's grant a piece of land in Essex to a Sir William Baad, on the condition of having a doe and buck brought to them annually, the latter to be produced at the time of the procession, as above described. Thus, what was thought a curious vestige of British paganism, turns out to have been only one of the quaint tenures of the middle ages. Pennant, in his Tour in Scotland, has fallen into a mistake nearly similar. He there delineates on copper, and describes in his letter-press, what he calls a small ivory image, which was found near the castle of Dunstaffnage in the Highlands. As Dunstaffnage was a palace of the early kings of Scotland, and this image represented a crowned and throned monarch, Pennant made out the latter to be a deportraiture of some Caledonian prince of a thousand years ago, and a surprising specimen of early art. Behold, however, about twenty years ago, there was found, near the ruins of an old nunnery in the Isle of Skye, a number of such images, some of which resembled that figured by Pennant, while others represented knights, castles, and other objects; in short,

* It is our misfortune to be under the necessity of marring much that we say—we will not call it wit—by explaining. We here allude to the *striæ* found upon the surfaces of rocks—of late a favourite subject of speculation amongst the geologists.

† A spade used for digging turf.

* North American Review, li. 404.

they were simply a set of chessmen, albeit of early workmanship, and made, not of ivory, but of the tooth of the sea-horse. There could therefore be no doubt that Pennant had set forth as the picture of a particular king what was neither more nor less than a chessman, and no more a particular portraiture than the figures of kings and knaves on a pack of cards.

The happy inductions of Cuvier from a single fossil bone as to the general character of the animal to which it belonged, may be said to rank with the steam-engine and the Rosetta stone — the one good hit amongst many misses. It would appear that even this eminent man was not incapable of being led too far by a wish to account for appearances. The writer of the paper in the *North American Review*, which has already been quoted, tells the following anecdote :— A learned professor, well known some years since in New York, "devoted himself with great ardour to scientific pursuits, particularly to investigations into the animal kingdom, and was singularly curious in his inquiries into all circumstances presenting any unusual features. This trait of character rendered him sometimes liable to be deceived ; but he filled his position worthily, and contributed to the progress of his favourite sciences. In one of our western excursions, we found ourselves in the country of the *gophers*, small animals which dwell principally in the earth, and which are known to naturalists under the name of *pseudostoma bursarium*. Their natural habits lead them to burrow in the ground, and they are furnished with two pouches, formed by prolongation and indentation of the skin of the cheek, by which the pouch, while it opens outwards, is contained within the jaws. The object of this strange apparatus is said to be to enable the little animal to excavate his dwelling in the sandy ground by filling his pouches with sand, and then carrying the burden to the entrance of his hole, and there depositing it by pressing his fore-paws upon his cheeks. * * At this time the animal was not much known, and we succeeded in procuring one, and gave directions that the skin should be carefully prepared for preservation. It was in the month of July, and it became necessary to turn the skin of the pouches inside out, in order that it might be effectually dried. In this position, they presented the appearance of two strange-looking projections, pushed out from the cheeks, and whose object it would have been difficult to divine. We saved these exuviæ of our *gopher*, and afterwards sent them to the naturalist to whom we have already alluded. We did not replace the inverted pouches in their proper position, never supposing for a moment that any mistake could exist respecting their natural arrangement. But so it was : the stuffed specimen was sent to Europe with the projecting appendages ; and the animal formed the subject of a memoir, we think, of Cuvier himself, to the Academy of Natural Sciences, in which this zoological stranger was described as belonging to a new species of quadrupeds, and some speculations were indulged upon his proper position and his habits of life. Soon after the journal of the scientific body, which contained this memoir, reached the United States, we met the same gentleman, who was the correspondent of Cuvier, and he informed us of the high rank which the new animal had attained, and favoured us with an inspection of the memoir in which it was described. We immediately saw and pointed out the mistake of which we had most unconsciously been the cause. The circumstances were subsequently explained, and the error corrected in the history of the proceedings of the learned naturalists of Paris. But the incident has remained impressed upon our memory, warning us that the highest acquirements may be at fault, and that we must not always surrender our confidence to the highest names."

Let us not, however, press the matter too severely against the men who give their thoughts to scientific or even to archaiological inquiry. If we search deeply into the philosophy of these mistakes, we shall find that they in many instances proceed from causes rather reflecting credit than discredit on the human mind. In all such cases, it must be observed, there is the vagueness inseparable from a want of clear knowledge. From what *is* known, perhaps only a few fragmentary and disconnected particulars, it is amazing how plausible a hypothesis is sometimes formed—perfect in itself, tallying perfectly with every ascertained particular, every thing that could be wished—except the truth. The case of the Swedish rock is at first sight ludicrous, but I, for my own part, can easily understand how such a thing might occur, without necessarily throwing ridicule on either antiquarianism or these men in particular. Let me be candid, and state a case where I was myself, though with very humble pretensions, the investigating archaiologist. The subject was a three-fourths obliterated Latin inscription in the Gothic character, which had puzzled every body. I made out a reading of it, which appeared tolerably good sense, and appropriate to the situation ; but on a second and more careful inspection of the stone, it was found that some features of the lettering were not rightly accounted for. Setting to the task again, I found reason to give up almost every part of the first reading, and adopt a second quite different in its general sense, but in which scarcely a single feature of the legend was left without a proper significance. Here were two conjectural readings, one extremely plausible, another nearly as much so, *but different*, excogitated from one inscription. This I cannot help thinking a curious mental process, somewhat analogous, perhaps, to the more dexterous and felicitous efforts at anagram-making. Of a similar character are the many various hypotheses which have been formed as to who was Junius, two or three of which have been so perfect in all respects when taken separately, that no one could well doubt—till he saw the second and the third. Some of the more mystic parts of Scripture have given a like exercise to the ingenuity of commentators. There are passages in the Apocalypse which have been explained six or eight ways by different men, and all the explanations equally plausible considered apart from the rest. There are some minds which delight in such exercises. I have heard a learned and ingenious person detail a theory which he had formed from a number of far-detached texts, showing the most unexpected typical relations amongst them, and the whole bearing most luminously upon human destiny ; which yet one could not but feel to be merely a surprising product of human cogitation, from data out of which another person would probably have made as good and plausible a result, but totally different. The making up of such imaginative textures, with the few clear points all so nicely pieced in, may not be a directly useful, yet neither is it a mean exercise of intellect. Any where but in a paper on credulity, I might have been tempted to suggest it as a new and interesting kind of proof of the power of mind over matter. How almost creative does mind appear in such a power of fashioning and accommodating dead things to its own notions !

This ductility of obscure matters, or plasticity of mind over them, shows two things—first, that the hoaxing of men of learned investigation is far less of a good joke than is generally supposed. Such hoaxes are thus shown to be easy matters, for there is evidently no phenomenon so odd and irrelative but what the vagueness of all knowledge will admit of its being brought by human ingenuity into some relation, and explained accordingly. Hoaxing in such circumstances is like tempting a child into a criminal act. It is no triumph, because it is so easy. The second thing is, that investigators can scarcely be too cautious in yielding complete conviction where exact proof is wanting. When we reflect on the great theories which have been formed respecting doubtful matters, all self-consistent, all of them weaving in and accounting for the stray facts, yet all ultimately proved to be groundless, we are almost led to doubt of every thing not mathematical. But this is not right. Belief upon the testimony readily to be had is essential to our condition here, since it is quite impossible for every one to investigate every thing for himself. Therefore, indeed, it is that there is belief.

Caution as to final approval is all that is really required. "Try all things," is, within certain limits, a good maxim in the affairs of learning. And here it is that I think the present tone of the philosophical mind in our country and age is at fault. The constant cry is, give us facts and leave hypotheses alone. But it is not possible for any human being to go on constantly collecting dry unconnected facts. We require to be allowed a little generalisation by way of *bon-bons*, to encourage us in our tasks. And is not imagination often a means of leading on to fact ? We conjecture, we seek evidence in support, and ultimately our guess becomes a truth. Therefore, I say, the forming of hypotheses is, to a certain extent, not only allowable but laudable. And thus there is a utility and a final cause for even that mocked thing, credulity. The credulous are the nurses appointed for ideas in their nonage—which, if left to the tender feelings of the cautious alone, would for certain perish of cold and hunger, before ever they had shown their first teeth. The credulous catch them and foster them, and look out for their parishes, and get them comfortably brought on to their apprenticeships. By and by, they begin to kick about for themselves, and settle into respectable and useful members of society—but no thanks to the awful doctors who never have any thing to do with the intellectual bantlings that don't come into the world properly-stamped and labelled.

POPULAR ENGLISH FESTIVALS.

MIDSUMMER DAY—THE NATIVITY OF ST JOHN THE BAPTIST.

CONSIDERING the part borne by the Baptist in the transactions on which Christianity is founded, it is not wonderful that the day set apart for the observance of his nativity (June 24) should be, in all ages and most parts of Europe, one of the most popular of religious festivals. It enjoys the greater distinction that it is considered as Midsummer Day, and therefore has inherited a number of observances from heathen times. These are now curiously mixed with those springing from Christian feelings, insomuch that it is not easy to distinguish them from the other. It is only clear, from their superstitious character, that they have been originally Pagan. To use the quaint phrase of an old translator of Scaliger, they "form the foote steps of auncient gentility ;" that is, gentilism, or heathenism.

The observances connected with the Nativity of St John commenced on the previous evening, called, as usual, the eve or vigil of the festival, or Midsummer Eve. On that evening the people were accustomed to go into the woods and break down branches of trees, which they brought to their homes, and planted over their doors, amidst great demonstrations of joy, to make good the Scripture prophecy respecting the Baptist, that many should rejoice in his birth. This custom was universal in England till the recent change in manners. In Oxford there was a speciality in the observance, of a curious nature. Within the first court of Magdalen College, from a stone pulpit at one corner, a sermon was always preached on St John's Day ; at the same time, the court was embowered with green boughs, "that the preaching might resemble that of the Baptist in the wilderness."

Towards night, materials for a fire were collected in a public place and kindled. To this the name of bonfire was given, a term of which the most rational explanation seems to be, that it was composed of contributions collected as *boons*, or gifts of social and charitable feeling. Around this fire the people danced with almost frantic mirth, the men and boys occasionally jumping through it, not to show their agility, but as a compliance with ancient custom. There can be no doubt that this leaping through the fire is one of the most ancient of all known superstitions, and is identical with that followed by Manasseh. We learn that, till a late period, the practice was followed in Ireland on St John's Eve.

It was customary in towns to keep a watch walking about during the Midsummer Night, although no such practice might prevail at the place from motives of precaution. This was done at Nottingham till the reign of Charles I. Every citizen either went himself or sent a substitute ; and an oath for the preservation of peace was duly administered to the company at their first meeting at sunset. They paraded the town in parties during the night, every person wearing a garland of flowers upon his head, additionally embellished in some instances with ribbons and jewels. In London, during the middle ages, this watch, consisting of not less than two thousand men, paraded both on this night and on the eves of St Paul's and St Peter's days. The watchmen were provided with cressets, or torches, carried in barred pots on the tops of long poles, which, added to the bonfires on the streets, must have given the town a striking appearance in an age when there was no regular street-lighting. The great came to give their countenance to this marching watch, and made it quite a pageant. A London poet, looking back from 1616, thus alludes to the scene :—

"The goodly buildings that till then did hide
Their rich array, open'd their windows wide,
Where kings, great peers, and many a noble dame,
Whose bright pearl-glittering robes did mock the flame
Of the night's burning lights, did sit to see
How every senator in his degree,
Adorn'd with shining gold and purple weeds,
And stately mounted on rich-trapped steeds,
Their guard attending, through the streets did ride,
Before their foot-bands, graced with glittering pride
Of rich-gilt arms, whose glory did present
A sunshine to the eye, as if it meant,
Among the cresset lights shot up on high,
To chase dark night for ever from the sky ;
While in the streets the sticklers to and fro,
To keep decorum, still did come and go,
Where tables set were plentifully spread,
And at each door neighbour with neighbour fed."

King Henry VIII., hearing of the marching watch, came privately, in 1510, to see it ; and was so much pleased with what he saw, that he came with Queen Catherine and a noble train to attend openly that of St Peter's Eve a few nights after. But this king, in

the latter part of his reign, thought proper to abolish the ancient custom, probably from a dread of so great a muster of armed citizens.

Some of the superstitious notions connected with St John's Eve are of a highly fanciful nature. The Irish believe that the souls of all people on this night leave their bodies, and wander to the place, by land or sea, where death shall finally separate them from the tenement of clay. It is not improbable that this notion was originally universal, and was the cause of the wide-spread custom of watching or sitting up awake on St John's night, for we may well believe that there would be a general wish to prevent the soul from going upon that somewhat dismal ramble. In England, and perhaps in other countries also, it was believed that, if any one sat up fasting all night in the church porch, he would see the spirits of those who were to die in the parish during the ensuing twelvemonths come and knock at the church door, in the order and succession in which they were to die. We can easily perceive a possible connexion between this dreary fancy and that of the soul's midnight ramble. The civic vigils just described were no doubt a result, though a more remote one, of the same idea. There is a Low Dutch proverb used by those who have been kept awake all night by troubles of any kind—"We have passed St John Baptist's night." In a book written in the seventeenth century for the instruction of a young nobleman, the author warns his pupil against certain "fearful superstitions, as to watch upon St John's evening, and the first Tuesday in the month of March, to conjure the moon, to lie upon your back, having your ears stopped with laurel leaves, and to fall asleep not thinking of God, and such like follies, all forged by the infernal Cyclops and Pluto's servants." A circumstance mentioned by Grose supports our conjecture—that to sleep on St John's Eve was thought to ensure a wandering of the spirit, while watching was regarded as conferring the power of seeing the vagrant spirits of those who slept. Amongst a company who sat up in a church porch, one fell so deeply asleep that he could not be waked. His companions afterwards averred that, whilst he was in this state, they beheld his spirit go and knock at the church door.

The same notion of a temporary liberation of the soul is perhaps at the bottom of a number of superstitious practices resembling those appropriate to Hallow-eve. It was supposed, for example, that if an unmarried woman, fasting, laid a cloth at midnight with bread and cheese, and sat down as if to eat, leaving the street-door open, the person whom she was to marry would come into the room and drink to her by bowing, after which, setting down the glass, with another bow he would retire. It was customary on this eve to gather certain plants which were supposed to have a supernatural character. The fern is one of those herbs which have their seed on the back of the leaf, so small as to escape the sight. It was concluded, according to the strange irrelative reasoning of former times, that to possess this seed not easily visible, was a means of rendering one's self invisible. Young men would go out at midnight of St John's Eve, and endeavour to catch some in a plate, but without touching the plant—an attempt rather trying to patience, and which often failed. Our Elizabethan dramatists and poets, including Shakspeare and Jonson, have many allusions to the invisibility-conferring powers of fern seed. The people also gathered on this night the rose, St John's wort, vervain, trefoil, and rue, all of which were thought to have magical properties. They set the orpine in clay upon pieces of slate or potsherd in their houses, calling it a Midsummer Man. As the stalk was found next morning to incline to the right or left, the anxious maiden knew whether her lover would prove true to her or not. Young women likewise sought for what they called pieces of coal, but in reality, certain hard, black, dead roots, often found under the living mugwort, designing to place these under their pillows, that they might dream of their lovers. Some of these foolish fancies are pleasantly strung together in the "Connoisseur," a periodical paper of the middle of the last century. "I and my two sisters tried the dumb cake together: you must know two must make it, two bake it, two break it, and the third put it under each of their pillows (but you must not speak a word all the time), and then you will dream of the man you are to have. This we did; and, to be sure, I did nothing all night but dream of Mr Blossom. The same night, exactly at twelve o'clock, I sowed hemp-seed in our backyard, and said to myself—'Hemp-seed I sow, hempseed hoe, and he that is my true love come after me and mow.' Will you believe me? I looked back and saw him as plain as eyes could see him. After that I took a clean shift and wetted it, and turned it wrong side out, and hung it to the fire upon the back of a chair; and very likely my sweetheart would have come and turned it right again (for I heard his step), but I was frightened, and could not help speaking, which broke the charm. I likewise stuck up two *Midsummer Men*, one for myself and one for him. Now, if his had died away, we should never have come together; but I assure you his blowed and turned to mine. Our maid Betty tells me, if I go backwards, without speaking a word, into the garden upon Midsummer Eve, and gather a rose, and keep it in a clean sheet of paper, without looking at it till Christmas-day, it will be as fresh as in June; and if I then stick it in my bosom, he that is to be my husband will come and take it out." So also, in a poem entitled the "Cottage Girl," published in 1786:—

> "The moss-rose that, at fall of dew,
> Ere eve its duskier curtain drew,
> Was freshly gather'd from its stem,
> She values as the ruby gem;
> And, guarded from the piercing air,
> With all an anxious lover's care,
> She bids it, for her shepherd's sake,
> Await the new-year's frolic wake,
> When, faded in its alter'd hue,
> She reads—the rustic is untrue!
> But, if it leaves the crimson paint,
> Her sickening hopes no longer faint;
> The rose upon her bosom worn,
> She meets him at the peep of morn,
> And lo! her lips with kisses prest,
> He plucks it from her panting breast."

We may suppose, from the following version of a German poem, entitled "The St. John's Wort," that precisely the same notions prevail amongst the peasant youth of that country:—

> "The young maid stole through the cottage door,
> And blush'd as she sought the plant of power:
> 'Thou silver glow-worm, oh, lend me thy light,
> I must gather the mystic St. John's wort to-night—
> The wonderful herb, whose leaf will decide
> If the coming year shall make me a bride.'
> And the glow-worm came
> With its silvery flame,
> And sparkled and shone
> Through the night of St. John,
> And soon has the young maid her love-knot tied.
>
> With noiseless tread,
> To her chamber she sped,
> Where the spectral moon her white beams shed:
> 'Bloom here, bloom here, thou plant of power,
> To deck the young bride in her bridal hour!'
> But it droop'd its head, that plant of power,
> And died the mute death of the voiceless flower;
> And a wither'd wreath on the ground it lay,
> More meet for a burial than bridal day.
>
> And when a year was past away,
> All pale on her bier the young maid lay;
> And the glow-worm came
> With its silvery flame,
> And sparkled and shone
> Through the night of St. John,
> As they closed the cold grave o'er the maid's cold clay."

Some years ago, there was exhibited before the Society of Antiquaries a ring which had been found in a ploughed field near Cawood in Yorkshire, and which appeared, from the style of its inscriptions, to be of the fifteenth century. It bore for a device *two orpine plants* joined by a true-love knot, with this motto above, "*Ma fiancée velt*," that is, My sweetheart wills, or is desirous. The stalks of the plants were bent towards each other, in token, no doubt, that the parties represented by them were to come together in marriage. The motto under the ring was "*Joye l'amour feu.*" So universal, in time as in place, are these popular notions.

The observance of St John's Day seems to have been, by a practical bull, confined mainly to the previous evening. On the day itself, we only find that the people kept their doors and beds embowered in the branches set up the night before, upon the understanding that these had a virtue in averting thunder, tempest, and all kinds of noxious physical agencies.

A SIMPLE STORY.

It is a sufficiently old saying, that the life of man rests largely on trifles, and that its serenity is more frequently interrupted by slight causes than by things which, to appearance, possess a much greater degree of importance. A look, a word, or a supposed tincture of asperity even in the tone of utterance, will sometimes produce consequences alike painful and permanent in their effects. The whole current of a life may be altered by the misinterpretation or misrepresentation of a sentence; nay, the most serious results have followed from the misplacing of a letter or a misspelt word. Of the truth of these reflections, the following little story may serve as an illustration:—

I am now a man advanced in years; and although the feelings are said to become deadened and blunted by the tear and wear of the world and its cares, yet does my mind recall, with the freshness of yesterday, events which occurred at the distance of more than a quarter of a century. In youth, I was endowed with a lively fancy and a peculiar sensitiveness of disposition, which caused me to feel keenly alive to any thing in the shape of insult or ill usage; but withal, unless I err greatly, I possessed a frank and good disposition, which led me to forgive injuries as soon as confessed.

My father was engaged in an extensive mercantile concern, requiring vigilant attention on the part of its conductor; and, in order that he might surround himself with assistants in whom he could place implicit confidence, he took my brothers and myself, in early youth, into the counting-house. Here we did our best to please, and agreed well together. We had but one sister, a gay warm-hearted girl, to whom we were all devotedly attached; and it was a pleasant thing for us on Sundays to walk to church one on each side of her, while the rest acted as a sort of body-guard behind.

At the time to which I more immediately refer, I was between eighteen and nineteen—a most susceptible period of life, when the heart overflows with affectionate impulses, attaching itself to every thing fair and good, regardless or fearless of consequences. From the tendencies of this most *impressible* age, when every new face attracts, and every kind look is taken as an indication of especial favour, serious sorrows might more often flow, were it not that nature neutralises them in part by planting in the youthful breast such a love of variety that our admiration of the beautiful is temporary and transient, shifting from object to object with ease and rapidity. A *lasting* degree of love or regard is commonly reserved for a more advanced season of life, when the passions, subservient to the maturer dictates of judgment, allow reason and prudence to have a say in matters in which their interference is of the utmost importance. This is a general truth, though my own case in some measure ran counter to it.

I have said that Sunday was a bright day for us all. It was particularly so to me; for besides enjoying the happiness of accompanying my sister to church, I found then and there attractions of a more thrilling kind; and I well remember, in my youthful ardour and enthusiasm, how I used to count the days of the week, and rejoice to think that every succeeding day brought me nearer to *the* day which "comes betwixt the Saturday and Monday." I loved the day for good and grave reasons, but for other ones also, I confess. Immediately opposite to our pew in church sat the family of an eminent merchant, whose riches, in my estimation, consisted not so much in this world's wealth, as in the possession of two beautiful daughters, distinguished, above all the other girls of the place, for elegance of person and beauty of face. Besides these natural advantages, their father's circumstances enabled them to enjoy all the aids of dress and ornament, and they were in all respects the belles of the town.

My sister was acquainted with these young ladies; and it might have been amusing to any one skilled in scrutinising causes and effects, to have watched the blush which always accompanied *my* recognition of the youngest of these provincial beauties, who did not seem altogether unconscious of the emotions she excited in her devoted but humble admirer. My sister tried often to rally me out of my partiality for Cecilia, saying that a boy like me had little to hope from the condescension of the rich merchant's daughter. But when did a *boy* ever *reflect*, while under the influence of a first love? And though girls of seventeen choose to deem young men of eighteen or nineteen mere lads, I was, in reality, older than Cecilia. Besides, I fancied the fair object of my adoration looked encouragingly on her admirer; at all events, I was willing to think so; and looking through the bright medium of Hope, and Love, and Faith (for I had dependance on all the graces), I saw nothing to disturb the happiness of the blissful present, while, for the future, I had no anticipations that partook not of the same bright hue.

At this stage of my affairs, Valentine's Day occurred. This was too favourable an opportunity to let slip, and I set myself down to compose a poetical address to Cecilia. After many efforts, and many a sleepless hour, I at length managed to compose a few verses, expressive of my admiration. My sister, I well remember, sat opposite to me at a small table while I wrote; but although I knew that she guessed the purport of my letter, I did not think fit to show it to her. I dispatched my epistle; and next morning I fancied, in the simplicity of my heart, that every one knew what I had done, and my heart throbbed with an undefinable feeling of alarm when any one addressed me. Oh! the inexpressible anxiety I experienced as to the result of my letter! Would it elicit a reply?—and of what nature would this be? At length, on the following day—an age to me—an answer came; but eager as I had been to possess myself of this important document, I could scarcely summon courage enough to break the seal. I stole away to a place where I hoped I should be unobserved, and, rallying myself on my foolish trepidation, I opened the precious billet. Who can imagine my feelings of disappointment, anguish, and shame, when I read four lines to this effect:—

> "He who aspires at writing well
> Must learn beforehand how to spell.
> Ere you again give rhymes to light,
> Go, blundering goose, and learn to write."

This severe reply came on me like a thunderbolt. My misery was fearfully complete. The idea of being told that I *could not spell*, and by Cecilia, was maddening. I could have borne any reproach *but that*. I imagined there was something inexpressibly humiliating in being told, and by *her*, that I could not *spell* the words I had used to express my passion. But it is needless to attempt to describe the overpowering weight of my affliction. I dragged myself home a saddened and broken-spirited creature, with only one idea possessing my mind, namely, an utter abhorrence of all womankind. My despair showed how deeply, boy as I was, I had loved. As I stole to my room, I caught a sight of my sister's face, wearing, as I fancied, an expression of intense roguishness; but as I had some vague notion of every one being aware of the slight I had received, this did not strike me as at all peculiar. I passed a miserable sleepless night, and rose next morning full of strong resolves, which, on the first opportunity, I determined to put in practice. 'Twas in vain I tried to recall every word I had written in my ill-fated valentine, that I might satisfy myself where the error lay which had thus exposed me to the ridicule of Cecilia. I could make nothing of it. I wrote and re-wrote my lines again and again, hoping that my eye would detect the appearance of every distinct word, but it

would not do. The words, *as words*, were perfect; the spelling was faultless; so I had nothing for it but to smother my chagrin in the best way I could.

During the day, I mentioned to my father, as if it had been long occupying my mind, that I thought it would be for my advantage to go to London for a time, in order that my knowledge of business might be extended. This idea did not seem at first to meet with my father's approbation; but he promised to give some consideration to the subject, and that was as much as I had hoped for on a first application.

Next day there were consultations amongst my brothers, and at last my father's consent was obtained. Thus sanctioned, I made all haste to get my arrangements completed for departing from the scene of my disgrace. In a few days I was on my way to London, accompanied by the regrets and affectionate adieus of my relations, and stocked with recommendations from my good father to a house in London with whom he had an extensive connexion.

I need not describe my feelings during my journey; but I remember I detected myself several times wondering why I was not more happy. Silly youth! the plague was in my own heart! But I flattered myself, I recollect, with the idea that my sudden departure would inflict a blow on the vain Cecilia; and, under that impression, I thought I had so far triumphed.

I was received with the most flattering attention by the gentleman to whose notice I had been consigned. He made arrangements without delay to receive me into his warehouse; but, as he was a single man, he apologised for not being able to accommodate me in his own house. I had, therefore, to look about me for a lodging, and, *domestically* speaking, was for the first time thrown upon my own resources. I engaged a lodging at no great distance from my employer's office; and when, on the first evening after my arrival, I found myself sitting in my little humble parlour, and thought of home with all its delightful associations, of its happy inmates, of the cheerful evening *they* would be enjoying, and of Cecilia, I *doubted if my triumph* was as complete as I had allowed myself to imagine. Strange to say, Cecilia was still the leading object of my thoughts. I had truly loved with all the ardour of a boy's first love.

Next day, I was installed in my new office; and the overwhelming extent of the business in which I was soon immersed partly dissipated my own sorrow. It was in the evenings, when, exhausted by the day's exertions, I sat down to recruit in my dark parlour, that I had time to think. Sometimes I accused myself of great folly in casting from me all those minor comforts which are never appreciated until withdrawn, and I longed for the familiar intercourse of my old friends. Acquaintances I might have had by the hundred in London, but there a stranger youth can seldom boast of many disinterested friends. At other times, while musing bitterly on the valentine, I felt a revival of all the feelings which had produced it. About a year after my arrival in London, I learnt, by a letter from my sister, that Cecilia's father had died suddenly of apoplexy; and that, on examination, his affairs were found to be in a state of bankruptcy! It was supposed that there would be nothing left available for his daughters, who were thus brought all at once from a position of affluence to poverty and destitution. Deeply and sincerely did I regret this sudden change of fortune on Cecilia's account; a change the more distressing, as she was ill calculated to bear up against such a calamity. I soon after heard that the two fatherless girls had left the town, and that no one knew whither they had gone. Although my heart had ceased to throb so violently as it once did at the mention of Cecilia's name, I often wished I could discover her retreat, and add to her comforts in some way or other, without allowing her to discover from whom the relief flowed. But my secret inquiries were fruitless in this respect; and all that regarded my once gay and beautiful mistress remained a mystery.

I must now pass over a few years, during which I continued, by steadily persevering in an honourable and upright course of conduct, to gain the esteem and friendship of my employer, who ultimately offered me a partnership in the concern. But I had the wish to return home, that I might give my father's establishment the benefit of the increased knowledge and experience resulting from my residence in London. London had had its usual salutary effect upon me. In the intense struggle in which every one is sure to be involved who there applies himself to business, a vain *self-esteem* cannot exist. The circumstance of being exposed to the rubs of hundreds of young fellows of proved ability, as regarded all that appeared necessary for them to know, had brought me down in my own estimation. I had found my stilts knocked from under me, and had made the desirable discovery, that I formerly knew "nothing." I had applied myself diligently to remedy these defects, devoting my leisure hours to study; and the more information I acquired, I found I had yet the more to learn.

I had been some time at home, when a friend proposed one day that I should accompany him a little way into the country to see a cousin of his, a young lady, who was on a visit to some relations, who were also his near friends. When we arrived at the place, a charming country residence, we were met, in the garden in front of the house, by the young lady alluded to. Her appearance struck me, although my fine susceptibilities had been long gone, never, I thought, to return. She was extremely slender in form, and seemed in delicate health, but there was something peculiarly interesting in her fair and even pale countenance. She appeared a fragile being, formed to cling to man for shelter and support. Her conversation pleased me much, and her mind proved to be of superior order. My friends had for some time pressed me to marry; but, although I should have felt reluctant to own that the influence of a first love still affected me, I had certainly felt very indifferent upon the subject. At the close of the evening party, however, I found myself internally concluding, that if a partner for life was to be taken, the young lady in question would form a pleasing and fitting one. It is unnecessary to dwell on this point. Though far from being an ardent lover, I felt such an attachment spring up in a short time, as led me to offer my hand to my friend's cousin. It was accepted, and we were married.

Several years of calm wedded happiness passed away after this event. My wife brought me several children; but, at last, a change came over the placid course of our existence. By degrees my wife's health gave way. I tried every possible means for restoring her, for she had proved wise, good, and affectionate; but she continued still slowly to decline in strength. It was at this time that I had occasion to visit a manufacturing town at some distance, and, for their amusement, I took my two eldest children with me. Having gone and completed my business, I prepared to return home, and was waiting for my vehicle at the door of the town inn, when a poor-looking woman passed, dressed in a faded cloak, and a miserable-looking silk bonnet. I got a glimpse of the face, and a thought struck me that it was in some way familiar to me. The woman, too, had apparently had some similar idea regarding my features, as she turned to look again, when I was almost paralysed with horror on recognising in the faded dejected being before me the once gay and beautiful Cecilia! Our recognition was simultaneous; and on my uttering her name, a deep blush passed over the sunken features, recalling something of the brilliancy of former days. She held out her hand timidly, as if doubtful whether her advances would be received. I immediately tried to recover myself, lest she should think that my astonishment arose more from her altered appearance than from simple surprise at meeting her; and having asked her to walk into the inn with me, I was soon put in possession of the particulars of her sad history.

Necessity overcame the delicacy which might otherwise have kept her silent on this occasion. Sorrow and want had subdued the once proud girl, and she wept before me. I did not then think of *my triumph*, as I was once ignorant enough to call *my own pride;* this was no time for any feeling but that of sympathy, and this I could fully bestow.

Cecilia told me that, on the death of her father, she and her sister had left the town, in the hope of finding a home with an old aunt; but they soon found that this lady could not provide for them both, as she had just enough to support herself. They therefore determined to do something for themselves. Her sister entered a house of business; but the close confinement to which she was subjected soon undermined her health, and she died. Cecilia obtained a situation as lady's maid in a family of rank, and continued to fill it for a time with comparative comfort. But her health, also, became unsettled. She had, for this cause, to leave in succession several places, until matters grew worse and worse with her. At length she was forced again to think of her old aunt; and when I saw her, she was on her way thither, unwell, and almost penniless. My heart bled to see her sad condition. I prevailed on her to take some little money, and parted with her, resolving to do yet more in behalf of one once so dear.

I had no secrets from my poor suffering wife, and narrated to her all that had occurred, on my return home, telling her of the past as well as the present. She, with her accustomed benevolence, revolved a thousand plans in her mind for assisting "my first love." I even thought that my wife took a strange care in planning out modes of help for Cecilia. I can now divine what were her kind and pure-minded feelings in doing so. About a fortnight afterwards, my wife made me pay a visit to the aunt of Cecilia, who lived at no very distant spot, and to see what could be done in the way of assistance. On being admitted to the poor lodging of the aunt and niece, I found the latter employed in sewing.

In the course of conversation, she said she had been that very morning looking through some old papers which she had preserved; and, rising up as she spoke, she took from a drawer an old worn-looking letter, and coming forward, she said, smilingly, "*This* was amongst them; do you remember it?" I opened the letter, and found it was the *identical valentine* that had at one time cost me so many bitter pangs. I replied, "Yes, I remember it;" and added, in a half jocular manner, "Ah! Cecilia, had it not been for the saucy answer you made to this very epistle, you might now have been very differently placed."

"Answer? What answer? I never replied to this letter," she said.

"Ah! you must not tell me that," said I; "you must have forgotten; you wrote me an answer, and a very severe one it was, too."

"Never!" she exclaimed, with some energy. "I can assure you that I never in my life wrote to you either good or bad, and it pains me to think that you doubt what I now state as being strictly true."

I now explained that my impression had been so strong that the reply to my unlucky valentine came from her, that she must pardon me for having felt disposed to look incredulously upon her first denial; but of course I now must acquit her of any share in the transaction, as her word was sufficient to convince me that I had been in error. I repeated the biting lines about my inability to spell; and I then, with some degree of confusion, looked over my boyish effusion, and discovered that, in spelling the word *heart*, I had left out the letter *a*, making it *hart*.

I then said, "Yet who could know of this *but you*, or some one to whom you had shown it, and who took advantage of the error to quiz me."

"No," she replied; "it was never shown by me to a human being. My own sister did not even know that I had received it."

Then it occurred to me, all at once, that *my sister* might have been the person who sent it, for I recollected that she sat opposite to me at the little table while I wrote, and as my hand was round and large, and as I did not spare the ink, she might have had no difficulty in deciphering every word. Cecilia thought this not improbable; but it was vain to say more about it then. I made some inquiries about her health and her views for her future support, and mentioned my generous wife's ideas on the subject. She heard of this kindness with gratitude and tears, but resolved to take some time to reflect on her proceedings. On my way home, the valentine affair, so unexpectedly started, recurred to my mind, and I could not help musing on the deep influence which the harsh answer had exerted on my career in life. I had been sent from home by it for a long period; it had cost me many bitter days, months, ay, even years; I had lost by it, perhaps, the woman who had gained the ardent love of my youth; and, in short, it had been one of the moving springs of my past course in life. Reflecting on these things with mingled feelings, I reached home, and, to my inexpressible grief, found my dear wife much worse—dying. She was anxiously waiting for me. I went hurriedly to her side. "Dearest Henry," said she, "I have but a short time to speak to you, and I have one important thing to say. I have thought of it long; and circumstances have lately occurred which make me hopeful of seeing my wish in the way to fulfilment ere I die. For our sweet children's sake marry again, and marry one who will be a mother to them. There *is* one who will be so. Pardon me for making secret inquiries about that person; she is gentle and good, and has known misfortune too well not to pity the motherless child. You have ever loved her. Dear Henry, it is Cecilia. Make her your wife. It is the dying request of one whom you have striven to make happy, and who would, if possible, ensure your happiness till our final reunion takes place in another world." Such, in broken language, was the wish uttered by my noble and disinterested wife. She died very soon afterwards.

Years have passed away since that period; and Cecilia sits by my side, the mother of children of her own, yet a mother, also, to those that are motherless. When applied to on the subject, my sister, now a grave matron, confessed that she had been the writer of the severe letter, having noticed my letter to be a valentine, and chanced to catch the misspelt word. Guessing my removal to London to be the result of her act, she had never dared to confess it. It is needless to draw any moral at length from this simple story. The gross impropriety of my sister's conduct is rendered obvious by its consequences. A wise over-ruling power, however, modified all in the end for the happiness of those concerned.

NOTES OF A RESIDENCE IN THE BUSH.

THIRD ARTICLE. BY A LADY.

RETURN TO THE STATION — DAIRY MANAGEMENT — ANECDOTES OF THE COUNTRY.

During my absence at Melbourne, every thing had gone on well at the station; but I soon found that Mary had been managing as she chose too long to like being again under my control. I found her almost totally changed; no one dared to find fault with her; and so far from being of any assistance to me, she became a great torment. The first act of rebellion was her refusal to wash my baby's clothes, on the plea that she was not engaged to do it, so I had to do it myself: the next was, she would not wash any one's clothes unless I cooked for two days. I wondered what her next demand would be; but what could I do?—it would have been very difficult to get another woman-servant. I had so far to humour her, that I cooked one day in the week when she had to wash. She never helped me at all with the children, although, as we had lately got a herd of cattle, I had taken the management of the dairy upon myself—except, of course, milking the cows, which is done by men; but my time was fully employed, and I often envied Mary sitting quietly in her own hut and sewing her own work. I knew well why she behaved in this manner; she wanted me to retain her as a nursery-maid only, and get a man as hut-keeper; but wages were too high for us to do that at this time. We could not get a man under L.40 a-year and his rations besides; and provisions were now exorbitant in price. Flour could not be purchased under L.80 per ton (formerly we got it for L.25), and every other thing was in proportion. This advance of prices pressed very hard upon the settlers, so that we determined to have no unnecessary expense at the station; and I really liked managing the dairy, although it was sometimes too much for me. If my baby would not sleep when I wanted him, I sometimes laid him on the grass and let him roll about while I was in the dairy; and when he tired of that, I put him in a basket and hung him at my side, as I had seen the native women do.

We were now milking twenty cows, and we sent a great deal both of butter and cheese to market; for the butter we got 2s. 2d. per lb., and for cheese 1s. 8d. Our cheese was the best that had gone to market, but there was no great demand for it; but if so, a cheese dairy would pay very well, even at a shilling per pound; and I should suppose, that as the population increases there will be a greater demand. We had a ready sale for butter, and contracted with a person to give him butter all the year at 2s. 2d. per lb. With much persuasion I got my brother to bring home some

pigs; he seemed to have a great dislike to them, but I could not bear to pour out so much skim milk on the ground every day. Our pigs got on well, and fattened on the milk and whey, and made an agreeable change in our diet. In very hot weather I made cheese when I could get rennet, as the milk did not keep well; our dairy was too small, and not cool enough. In thundery weather, I had occasionally to give all to the pigs. I have seen, when a sheep was killed in thundery weather, the whole carcass get quite black in a few hours, and become useless; we found it very difficult to keep meat in any way in summer. We had it killed always after sunset, and then cut up and salted early next morning, and put into a cask underground. I had made a good supply of mutton hams, which were found useful in hot weather; and our dairy was a great comfort and saving to us, as we could use the milk, prepared in many ways, instead of meat. The shepherds were also fond of it. We gave them no butter except on the churning day, on which occasion I sent them some for tea, which was a great treat.

Bad servants were now our chief annoyance; and it seemed of no use being at the expense of bringing good ones from home, for they soon get corrupted; but I must make an exception in favour of Mrs Clerk, the servant of Messrs Donald and Hamilton, who was the best servant I ever saw; she was always neat herself, and kept every thing neat and comfortable about the hut, and never grudged hard work; she was invaluable to her masters. We all went over one day to dine at Messrs Donald and Hamilton's; it was the only visit I ever paid in the bush, although I had many invitations. I of course took the children with me; we enjoyed ourselves very much, and remained all next day. Mrs Clerk joined her persuasions for us to do so, and told us we had not seen half the good things she could make; she spared no pains to make us comfortable, and went through her work both quickly and well, besides nursing my little boy. After this visit, I had many invitations to visit the neighbours round, which I should have liked very well, but I had too much to detain me at home.

At this time we had a very troublesome old shepherd, who was continually letting his sheep go astray. One morning, when my brother was counting them over, ninety-two were missing; the shepherd could give no account of them, but that the day before the flock had divided, but he fancied he had collected them all again. My brother James took a hurried breakfast, and went with two of our men on horseback to endeavour to track them; they returned in the evening without having seen anything of them; but James determined to go off again early next morning, and, if necessary, remain out several days. One of the men returned in two days, and brought us intelligence that they had found the sheep-track beyond Mr Campbell's station, which was fifteen miles distant; the man returned to try and get a fresh horse from some of the neighbours, but we could not get one for two days; he brought home an emu across his horse, which he had run down. He told us that my brother was out with several gentlemen, and they had a native boy with them who was famous for tracking, but who seemed sadly afraid of going among a hostile tribe of natives, and therefore was of little use. Our own man Sandy, whom we had brought from home, was a good tracker, and could see a mark when no one else could; he had tracked the sheep for nearly a mile on his hands and knees, the marks being too faint to be seen when walking or riding. Mr Alexander and Mr Colin Campbell were exceedingly kind in their assistance to my brother, and were out with him for several days. At last, after fourteen days' riding, the sheep were found a hundred and forty miles from our station. My brother and his friends had almost given up thoughts of looking any longer for them; but they rode on about a mile farther, when they saw them in a hollow, surrounded by about a hundred natives; the men had all hid themselves, having seen the party coming, and left the women and children, who ran about chattering and hiding behind the rocks. The party rode down among them, and a singular scene met their view: the ground was strewed with heads of sheep and bits of mutton, and some of the sheep were as well cut up as if done by an English butcher; the skins were pegged out on the ground, and the fat collected in little twine bags, which the women make of the bark of a tree. Fifty live sheep were enclosed within a brush fence (James said it was the best brush fence he had seen in the country), but they were very thin, the natives being too lazy to take them out to feed; they were killing and eating them up as fast as they could. The gentlemen lighted a good fire by which to watch the sheep all night; but they durst not sit within the glare of it, for fear of the natives taking aim at them, as they knew they were among the rocks, and very likely watching them, although they did not show themselves. The party slept little that night; they cooked and ate some of the mutton, and the little native boy they had to track for them, although in great fear of the other natives, devoured nearly a whole leg. They started early next morning, driving the sheep before them, and loaded with spears, tomahawks, waddies, and baskets, which they had taken from the natives. The native boy mounted a horse, saying he would not walk a step; but as he mounted, he slipped off again, and the horse started on; the little fellow caught hold of the tail, and allowed himself to be dragged on till he got a good firm hold, and then sprung on the horse's back. James said he never saw a cleverer piece of agility in a circus. On their way home they killed an emu, but they could not carry it with them, being already well loaded. When James and our shepherd Sandy came near our hut, they fired off their pistols to let us know they had found the sheep; but we did not understand the signal, and I was very much frightened. We at home had been living in great anxiety while my brother was away. I was at the station with only Mary and the children through the day, and our comfort was not much increased at night by knowing that the two old shepherds were at home; we had seen, two days before, seven wild natives run past our hut at a little distance, all naked, which gave us a great fright; I thought Mary was going into a fit. I got my pistol, which I had hanging in my room, loaded; Mary then went for hers, and we walked up and down before the hut for about an hour. My husband was at the settlement during all the anxious time we had had at the station, and he heard nothing of our loss of sheep until his return home.

Besides the occasional frights of this kind from natives, with whom it was no easy matter to be on good terms, we were at times troubled with wild dogs, which proved a very serious annoyance. These animals generally discovered themselves when they came by setting up a most piteous howl, which was the signal for sallying out in pursuit of them; for, if let alone, they would make no small havoc with the live stock. They seldom escaped. One of our sheep dogs had a most inveterate hatred to them, and he always tracked them, and often killed one of them without assistance, although they are very tenacious of life. They are more like a fox than a dog; are of a reddish-brown, and have a very thick bushy tail. When one is killed, the tail is cut off as a trophy, and hung up in the hut; the shepherds generally get five shillings from their master for every wild dog they kill. My husband saw a wild dog which was supposed to be dead; its tail was cut off, and in a few minutes it got up and began to fight again with the dogs, but it was soon overcome.

Australia, as is well known, possesses many beautiful birds, and of these we seldom wanted visiters, particularly parrots and cockatoos; but I never heard any sweet-singing bird, such as the larks and blackbirds of Scotland, and this I thought a great drawback on their elegance of plumage. Some of the birds uttered very strange sounds, as if speaking. I heard one every morning say—"Eight o'clock," and "Get up, get up;" another used to call out—"All fat, all fat;" and another was continually saying—"Potato, potato," which always put us in mind of our loss in having none, nor any other vegetables at all. Parrots are very good eating; many a parrot-pie we had; the white parrots are, I think, the best; next, the white cockatoo.

I now come to the year 1840. Provisions at this time became very high in price. Flour, as I have mentioned, was L.80 a ton, and it was scarcely to be had in a good condition; tea L.16 a chest; sugar 6d. a lb.; meat, butter, and cheese, were, unfortunately for the farmers, the only things which fell in price. We could now get only 1s. 10d. for butter, and 1s. for cheese.

Our station had now a great look of comfort about it. We had plastered the outside of our hut with mud, which made it quite close; we had windows and good doors, and a little flower garden enclosed in front; we had built a good hut for our servants, a new store, a large dairy under ground, a new woolshed, and had two large paddocks for wheat, potatoes, &c., and we had now plenty of vegetables. We had also put up a larger stack-yard, as our cattle were increasing, and a large covered shed for the calves at night; also to milk in. About five miles from the home station, we had formed an out-station for the sheep, which secured to us a large tract of land, as no new settler can come within three miles of a station. Every one thought highly of our station; and we were well off for water, having several large *water holes* (as they are always called here, but at home we should call them lakes or large ponds); and when the rains come on, these ponds are joined together in a river, which comes down very rapidly. We often had a river running past our huts, where a few minutes before I had walked over on dry land. An immense number of ducks and geese came down with the water; I have seen our man Sandy kill seven or eight at a shot just opposite the huts. We had had a good many visits from the natives lately; they were much encouraged at Mr Baillie's station, and we began not to turn them away so quickly as we used to do; but we never allowed them to sleep at the station, except one big boy, "Tom," whom we had determined to keep if he would remain, thinking he might be useful in finding stray cattle or sheep. Tom was very lazy, but he was always obliged to chop wood or do some work, else he got nothing to eat; which we found to be the only way to make the natives active.

In some of the fresh-water ponds there are found immense quantities of mussels, which the native women dive for. We often saw numbers of shells lying in heaps where the blacks had been eating them. They are also fond of a large grub found generally in the cherry and honeysuckle tree; they can tell, by knocking the tree with a stick, if any grubs are in it. When they knock the tree, they put their ear close to listen, and they open it with a tomahawk at the very spot the grubs are to be found. It is a large white grub with a black head. I know a gentleman who was tempted to taste them from seeing the natives enjoy them so much, and he said they were very good, and often ate them again. Manna falls very abundantly from the gum trees at certain seasons of the year; I think it was in March I gathered some. It is very good, and tastes like almond biscuits; it is only to be procured early in the morning, as it disappears soon after sunrise. We sometimes got some skins of the opossum and flying-squirrel, or tuan, from the natives. It was a good excuse for them to come to the station. I paid them with a piece of dress, and they were very fond of getting a red pocket-handkerchief to tie round their necks.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE PENNY POSTAGE.

When the plan of a universal penny postage was proposed, we hailed it as a great boon to the country, but were very doubtful if it could be carried conveniently into execution. The experience of a year and a half has proved that it is perfectly suitable in every respect, and it may now be said to be irrevocably fixed in the affections of the people. Only on one point has it failed: the increase in the number of letters is not so great as was anticipated, and the revenue has materially suffered. But it may very properly be asked—have the Post-office authorities shown any thing like zeal in adopting those measures which would promote a larger intercourse by letters? We decidedly think not, and the public at large are of the same opinion. It seems to be a principle in Post-office economy to send as few mail bags as possible—once a-day to most places, and twice a-day to places of greater importance, being the ordinary allowance. Now, who could expect a marked increase of epistolary correspondence under such circumstances? The arrangement is quite behind the age. Society in all departments is shooting ahead; while the Post-office is in a complacent dream, as if such things as stage-coaches, steam-boats, and railways, were scarcely in existence. A railway train leaves London for the Liverpool side of the country half a dozen times a-day—how many of these carry mails? Or, take the railway from Glasgow to Edinburgh. A train leaves each end at 5, 6, 7, and 9, in the morning; 11 in the forenoon; 3 and 5 afternoon; and 7 evening. And how often is the mail taken by these eight trains? Once, at 11 forenoon; and to carry out the farce, another mail is dispatched by a coach between 9 and 10 at night. Both these times are virtually no better than one, for they are so widely asunder as nearly to meet: in point of fact, a letter cannot, without great inconvenience, be answered in any case sooner than next day. Is this common sense, or what the country has a right to expect? Is it at all reasonable that a letter should be of more difficult transmission than a human being or a parcel of goods? Yet such is actually the case. You may send a parcel several times a-day to a distant town by means of coaches, steam-boats, or railways, but seldom can you send a letter oftener than once. This is not the place to go into the question of Post-office management; but we may be excused for expressing a belief that the system in the particular referred to is extremely defective, and that until it be effectually remedied, it is needless to expect any decided increase in the quantity of letters carried, or any addition to the revenue of the country.

LOSS OF SHIPS BY BURNING.

The frequent loss of valuable ships at sea by fire originating in the hold, is deeply lamentable on the score of humanity, and an evil of serious importance to general commerce. The latest of these disasters was the total destruction of the fine ship *Georgia*, of Newcastle, an Indiaman, Captain Mitchell, on her passage from England to Calcutta. The unfortunate event took place in the early part of last April, while the vessel was in the Indian Ocean. Early in the morning, the officer of the watch noticed something burning about the ship, and supposed that one of the crew had left his candle burning, and had fallen asleep. The officer went into the forecastle to ascertain if such was the case, but found the interior apparently safe, and the lights all extinguished. On returning to the deck, he observed that the stench increased, which excited his suspicions; and he ultimately aroused the commander, Captain Mitchell, and the rest of the ship's crew, when a strict search was determined upon. On the boats being removed, and the main hatches taken off, the burning was found to proceed from the cargo, when orders were given to remove some portion of it, so as to get at the fire; the crew, however, had not proceeded far before a volume of smoke burst upon them, and shortly afterwards it became so intense, accompanied with excessive heat, that they were forced to

desist, and leave the hold, notwithstanding large quantities of water had been thrown down amongst the cargo. Captain Mitchell then had the hatches replaced, and blocked up every aperture in the ship, including the cabins, in the hope of stifling the fire; but this proved unavailing, for in about two hours the flames broke through the cabin windows, and likewise from the hatchway over the forecastle, to the terror and dismay of all on board. Captain Mitchell, who was a young man, acted with surprising fortitude. Perceiving that the destruction of the vessel was inevitable, he directed the crew to prepare themselves to leave the ship, which they immediately commenced doing, by lowering the boats, two in number, over the vessel's side. It was a most trying moment, for the sea was extremely rough, with a heavy gale of wind, and with the knowledge of their being 800 or 900 miles from land; every soul expected to meet with a watery grave.

About eight o'clock, the chief mate, with nine of the crew, left the burning vessel in the jolly-boat, and they were directly followed by Captain Mitchell and the rest of the ship's company, four in number, in the small boat. In the course of a quarter of an hour afterwards, the work of devastation had reached the masts, and she appeared embodied in one mass of flame, forming a terrible though magnificent appearance. At this critical period a vessel was observed at a distance bearing towards the ill-fated ship, and the chief mate turned round to make known the joyful intelligence to Captain Mitchell and the rest of the crew. He was horror-struck on finding that the boat had foundered, and none of them were to be seen. They rowed about in hopes of picking them up, but unfortunately none of the poor fellows ever rose after. The ship *Thomas Sparks*, which proved to be the vessel they saw bearing down to their assistance, came up alongside soon afterwards, and took the chief officer and the rest of the Georgia's crew on board, and they remained within a short distance of the burning ship until she went down, which event took place at a late hour in the afternoon. According to the newspaper accounts, the survivors were brought safely to England in May.

We have noticed this very melancholy case of conflagration at sea, in order to suggest that men of practical science should, if possible, invent some means of averting such calamities. It is evident, in every case, that the commander possesses no method of knowing the condition of the hold without actual inspection, which is either inconvenient or dangerous. Might a means not be discovered for ascertaining daily the temperature of the hold of the vessel, by lowering a thermometer through a tube at different parts of its area? Were some precaution of this nature adopted, the slightest tendency to overheating and conflagrating would certainly be discovered, and as speedily checked. We throw out this hint, however, for wiser heads than ours, trusting that the subject will meet the attention it deserves.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

THE REV. JOHN CAMPBELL.

Mr Thomas Campbell sometimes relates the following anecdote. He had bought a book from a stall in one of the suburbs of London, and, on mentioning his address, that it might be sent home, the man repeated the name, and then said, "Are you the *great* Mr Campbell?" The poet took a cautious course, and asked, "Whom do you mean by the *great* Mr Campbell?" "Oh, to be sure, the Mr Campbell that travelled in South Africa!" It is a good joke to those who know no Mr Campbell of much notoriety besides the author of the "Pleasures of Hope;" but the bookseller was nevertheless not far wrong in the estimate he put upon the South African missionary. Mr John Campbell was a man who never ceased to benefit his fellow-creatures throughout the whole of a long life; he was one of a few who contributed to give a good direction to a considerable portion of the public mind at a very remarkable crisis; and his productions still exert no small beneficial influence in society. What made all this the more remarkable, he possessed no high qualities of intellect, nor external advantages of any kind—he only used uncommonly well the moderate means which he did possess. In his life we have a most encouraging proof of how much good may be done with endowments of an ordinary kind, or little above ordinary, when these are entirely and conscientiously devoted to sound and right objects.

Mr Campbell was the son of a grocer in the Cowgate of Edinburgh, where he was born in 1766. His father, who was a native of Killin in Perthshire, died when he was a child, as did his mother soon after. He and two elder brothers were left, with a moderate provision, under the care of a Mr Bower, who was a manufacturer on a small scale, and the husband of his mother's sister. The young men received a classical education at the High School. From his earliest boyhood, John Campbell was fond of travelling. In the memoir of his life by Mr Philip, recently published, we are presented with some curious memoranda of his first rambles a little beyond the suburbs of Edinburgh, and the feelings which new scenes engendered in him—rambles which by and by were prolonged into little tours with his brothers to towns at the distance of forty miles, and to the Highland village which had been his father's birth-place. On Sundays, the family used to attend public worship twice, in a chapel of which Mr Bower, their uncle, was an elder, and to spend the remainder of the day in that strictly pious manner which was customary in former times in Scotland. In due time, our hero was apprenticed to a jeweller. His brothers, several years his seniors, were at that time in business for themselves—the one as a solicitor or writer, the other as an ironmonger. After the death of their uncle, they all continued to live together with Mrs Bower, and they constituted a very happy family. The simple piety of old Scottish life was the presiding spirit of the domestic scene. The two elder brothers died early, and John Campbell succeeded to the business of the ironmonger, which was carried on in a small shop at the east end of the Grassmarket. For some years he pursued this calling with diligence, devoting, however, much of his time to the perusal of pious treatises and to philanthropic objects. His religious sentiments all took the tendency of *practical good*, and therefore he engaged earnestly in the establishment of Sunday evening schools, and the communication, at all convenient opportunities, of religious instruction to those who appeared to require it. Others united in the cause; and about the year 1790, their effervescence originated a system of itinerant preaching, which greatly annoyed the established clergy, and even alarmed politicians for the tranquillity of the public mind. Mr Campbell took a part in the movement, though constitutionally a lover of quiet, and anxious to give his best attention to various religious and benevolent societies which he had originated or supported in Edinburgh. One of these was a Magdalen asylum, of which he was in a great measure the author, and which he caused to be followed up by a similar institution in Glasgow. At the same time, "he was extending his business, and multiplying his correspondence at home and abroad, and originating Sabbath schools, by letters and tracts, all over Scotland. Soldiers and sailors wrote to him for advice; the needy and greedy for money; reclaimed outcasts for prayers and counsel; dark villages for itinerants, and chapel builders for help; besides the hundreds who ordered their Missionary Magazines, books, and Scott's Commentary, and paid their accounts, through him."

"As may be supposed, Mr Campbell could not thus take the lead in new schemes of doing good without incurring censure or suspicion from some quarter. Calumny, however, never dared to breathe upon him. Nothing but his *preaching* to prisoners and the poor gave offence; and that did shock some orderly Presbyterians not a little." He was indefatigable in private efforts for the relief of distress of all kinds. As a visiter of the Destitute Sick Society, he became acquainted with a couple in reduced circumstances, who died nearly about the same time, leaving an orphan boy totally unprovided for. Mr Campbell took home the lad, and kept him for a year, when at length he succeeded in procuring for him admission to the Orphan Hospital. Kenneth Duncan there proved so good a youth, that the governors would have kept him a year longer than the usual time, for the sake of the example he set to his companions. Having served an apprenticeship to a clothier in Edinburgh, he was recommended into a counting-house in London, and there conducted himself so well, that in time he was sent out to take charge of a branch of the business at the Cape of Good Hope. Mr Campbell now lost sight of him; but, many years after, when he himself went to South Africa as a missionary, Mr Kenneth Duncan was the first person that met his eyes in approaching Cape Town, having come out in a boat to meet the vessel, the cargo of which was in reality assigned to his care. He was now an eminent merchant, married to the daughter of the chief magistrate, and living in his house. He was delighted to meet his old benefactor, whom he invited to stay with him during his residence in Cape Town. Mr Campbell did so, and enjoyed very much the effects of the grateful feelings of the poor Edinburgh boy. Many, besides Mr Duncan, had owed their support for a time to Mr Campbell. We are told that when, in 1797, Mr Newton advised him to marry, "he counted *his orphans* upon his fingers, till he proved that his family was large enough already."

When the Missionary Society was formed in London, a similar one arose in Edinburgh, of which Mr Campbell was one of the first directors. He projected, and after many difficulties effected, the bringing of a number of African boys and girls to be educated in England, in order to go back as missionaries to their own country. This led him several times to London, and his biographer gives some interesting anecdotes of the conversations which he held with his fellow-passengers in the mail-coach, with a view to their spiritual improvement—for he was one who never omitted any opportunity of, as he thought, doing good. To support the cause of missions, he originated the "Missionary Magazine" in Edinburgh, and was only prevented from undertaking the editorship by finding a better substitute. It may now be mentioned, that he was one of the first to give an impulse to the present system of addressing books specially to children, and of this class of books he was himself a successful writer. His "Worlds Displayed" is a small tome which has gone through editions numberless, and done a vast amount of good. Many similar books, written with a Franklin-like clearness and simplicity, followed the "Worlds Displayed." Throughout the whole of his life he was a great distributor of little books amongst children. According to his biographer—"The exclamation, 'Now we shall have some more nice little books, for here is Mr Campbell at the door!' is well remembered throughout all the circle of his calls. It was often heard, too, in the streets and lanes around this neighbourhood from the children at play. He was not, however, an indiscriminate or lavish distributor any where, but required some account of the contents as well as the names of what he had last given to his greedy groups, whether within doors or without."

About 1798, Mr Campbell made up his mind to abandon business, and devote himself entirely to the duty of a preacher. He had, before this time, given up a connexion with the established church, which for some years must have been sustained with difficulty. His friend Mr Haldane, who possessed a fortune which he was willing to spend in behalf of religion, had laid the foundation of an independent system, or what at first seemed such; and, for the training of young preachers to work out the scheme, a theological school had been formed at Glasgow under the charge of Mr Greville Ewing. Here Mr Campbell went through a course of study, though, from his previous accomplishments, we should suppose this to have been little necessary. Mr Haldane wished to send him as a missionary to Bengal; but he preferred labouring at home, where he thought the need for his exertions was equally great. He now began a system of itinerating over Scotland, sometimes by himself, and sometimes in company with Mr James Haldane or Mr Aikman. The brethren were looked on with great jealousy by the fixed clergy, as well as by a large portion of the public. It was a time when every novel and exciting thing was deprecated, for fear it should favour the views of anarchists, and not for years were the objects of these simply zealous preachers properly appreciated. Mr Campbell, in some of his excursions, encountered considerable personal risk, as when he crossed Loch-Fine in a disused boat, with a hole in its bottom stuffed with straw, in order to get to Greenock in time to preach there on a Sunday, all the ministers of the town being absent. The little drudging, black-complexioned man, with so much shrewdness in his head and such unction on his tongue, in time became known over the whole of Scotland, not excepting the Orkney Islands. His ready and fertile mind took advantage of every thing. Sailing once in a packet from London to Leith, he "warned the crew against the influence of bad example, by directing their attention to a vessel in the Thames, from which a herd of young bulls were all following the example of one which had leaped overboard, although it seemed drowning." "He did not," says his biographer, "acquire much science whilst a student in Glasgow, but he made a good use of what he got, and was for ever on the outlook for more. Indeed, next to the holy unction which rested upon his spirit, his habit of observing man and nature was the secret of his charm as a preacher. He had always something new to say in his own way, and fresh from the works of God. There was also a witchery in his mode of telling old and familiar things which made them seem new. In fact, he was not comfortable in the pulpit unless something hit his fancy, which he had looked at on all sides with his own eyes, and for himself. Accordingly, his preaching at Kingsland, if it never rose far above its first standard, never sunk below it, long as he was there. It was full of vivacity and originality from first to last. Every sermon might not be interesting as a whole (and none were profound, except in unction and experience), but each had something in it which could hardly be forgotten, and which all admired, and yet no one ever felt that Mr Campbell was trying to be ingenious, or that he had prepared to give effect to certain points. Indeed, no one felt that he was conscious of his finest strokes, except so far as they rebounded upon himself, and made him spring up into the 'third heaven' of devotional feeling. His oldest and constant hearers just thought and spoke of him to the last as they had done at first, and as all the neighbourhood did—that he was an *original* in the pulpit. But this never meant oddity, extravagance, or wit, in the sense of levity or rashness. It was impossible not to smile at times; but it was equally impossible to laugh at all. No one ever repeated, as a joke or a pun, any of Mr Campbell's odd sayings. During fifteen years' residence in this district, I never heard a laugh raised at his expense as a preacher, nor of any one who went to be amused by his sermons. Not one of his strange sayings is proverbial in the neighbourhood—they are either forgotten in, or associated with, the remembrance of his seriousness, spirituality, and prudence."

From January 1804, Mr Campbell was the pastor of a fixed congregation at Kingsland, near London; but, unable to rest satisfied with such duty, he every year made a tour of a few weeks or months in the country, sometimes extending his travels to the very northern extremity of Scotland. We are told that in Caithness, on one occasion, he preached once or twice every day, and three or four times on the Sabbath, his conveyances varying from a family chariot to a Shetland pony, and his residences from a laird's mansion to a hovel "in which there were, in the same apartment, three calves, one sow, some ducks, a hen and chickens, an old woman, and himself." Amongst his home duties was that of teaching a school—which was imposed upon him by necessity, his salary being

small, and all that he had ever realised by trade having been spent in works of religion and charity. In London, he took an active share in the business of the evangelical societies, and in the dissemination of religious knowledge. He started a penny religious monthly magazine for children, entitled the "Teachers' Offering," of which, in a short time, between forty and fifty thousand were sold. "This astonishing circulation the publisher rather boastingly announced on the cover. On reading it," says Mr Campbell, "I went to him, and pointing to the advertisement, said, 'There is a stick you have made to break your own head (for he was proprietor—I was only editor); and notice what I say—before six months elapse there will be six new penny magazines for children.' Exactly that number started before the six months expired. So many competitors coming into the market, of course clipped our wings considerably; but a very respectable number of subscribers continued for years."

In 1812, the London Missionary Society found it necessary to send a person of experience and high character to superintend their mission in South Africa, in place of Dr Vanderkemp, recently deceased. The society pitched upon Mr Campbell, who was now arrived at a mature period of life, but still possessed of all his early activity. With the concurrence of his flock, he proceeded to the Cape of Good Hope, and entered upon an arduous range of duties, in the course of which he traversed vast and pathless regions, where no European had ever been before; often in danger from wild beasts, savages, and lack of physical necessaries, yet never for a moment losing spirit, or slackening in his efforts to accomplish the ends of his mission. It is impossible to read even an outline of the doings and sufferings of John Campbell in Africa, without feeling, with great force, how wretched is all the greatness achieved in the ordinary ways of the world, compared with that which arises from pure well-doing towards God and man. His exertions to extend the gospel in this region were attended with a success which must be immediately traced to his singular sagacity and energy. After a stay of about eighteen months, he returned home; but in 1818, he was sent a second time to the same country, on which occasion he was also absent about two years. The volumes in which he afterwards detailed his proceedings in Africa made a deep impression on the public mind; and he was ever after, to use a common phrase, a *lion* at all public meetings for religious objects, and wherever he pleased to preach. His biographer mentions, that the African sun had added considerably to the natural darkness of his complexion. In the course of a speech at Liverpool, "he acted as well as told the surprise of the Hottentots when they first saw in him a *white* man! The joke was irresistible. We all laughed outright, and he joined us heartily, turning it off by saying, 'I have long dwelt in tents of Kedar.'"

It was not till this latter part of his life that Mr Campbell thought of taking to himself a wife: it is pleasant to record, that the step added to his happiness. As old age drew on, he itinerated less; but still, wherever he went, he was the delight of all who met him in private, and an unfailing attraction to the multitude.

After a brief period of decline, Mr Campbell died tranquilly on the 4th of April 1840, aged seventy-four, leaving behind him a name as free from reproach, and as deserving of honour, as that of any man, we seriously believe, who lived in his own time.*

CHRISTOPHER SNUB.

[From Douglas Jerrold's "Cakes and Ale."]

CHRISTOPHER was an unlucky varlet who got into all sorts of mischief, and at length was taken up on a false charge of duck-stealing, the real perpetrator being a companion, who had fled.

"It was particularly fortunate for Christopher that the assizes were near at hand: we say fortunate, for he was spared a dull, heavy season of doubt; and as he was charged with an atrocious offence, with a crime rendered more iniquitous by the late frequency of its commission, Snub was in that post of danger occupied at times by a culprit who is to be manufactured into an example. To steal a certain number of ducks is, it must be allowed, a wrong done to society; but to commit the theft after many other like robberies by other folks, is, it would seem, a still greater wrong: hence, when six pickers and stealers of ducks are merely transported, the seventh robber of the like domestic fowl shall be hanged. If it be asked, wherefore, the philosophy of the law answers —Because the thief came late into the field: had he been only the sixth robber, he had been a transported felon; being the seventh, he must be a throttled example. Now, Christopher Snub was at least the seventh. It was clear that he was born to be hanged—that is, born for an example.

Still, Christopher had a chance of escape. The great point of danger to be considered by himself and friends, was, not the wickedness of the culprit, but the judge who was to try him. If Justice Butter, a short imprisonment and whipping might be the worst; if, on the other hand, Mr Baron Sus-per-coll, then was Christopher Snub no better than an example—that is, a dead thief.

Luckless Christopher! To be sure thou wilt but fulfil thy destiny; thou wert born to be hanged, and thy execution is as good as ordered; for already, hear the trumpets! Hark! how they bray forth the dread approach of Baron Sus-per-coll!

The Baron, unlike many men of worldly fame, deserved his reputation. To hang was with him not so much a duty as a passion. Early in life he had been possessed with the solemn impulse: when at school, all his pocket-money was expended to purchase dogs and cats, to be treated according to his early principles of justice; in familiar phrase, hanged. His tree of social liberty was the tree that grew at Tyburn; the Gordian knot of policy, a nice new hempen halter. The black cap was the cap he would have always worn; he never felt so easy, warm, and truly comfortable, as when it graced his head. He could have gone to bed in it. Strange it was, that the cap, like the hidden spring in some garden statues, no sooner touched the Baron, than it drew water down his cheeks: though seemingly only a piece of stone before, Baron Sus-per-coll played from the bench on the prisoner in the dock a very fountain of sympathy. He never hanged but he cried; and, as he never lost an opportunity of hanging, we may conclude that, like ladies in hysterics, crying did him a world of good. The end of poor Baron Sus-per-coll—for he died (for a judge) at the untimely age of eighty-four, and really in the full possession of all the faculties left him—was hastened by his aqueous feelings. He had passed sentence on a miscreant, a famishing weaver, who had stolen a dish of giblets from a poulterer's, and the Baron had wept exceedingly. Unfortunately, he had come on the circuit with a new servant, and the domestic had failed to dry his lordship's ermine for the next day's business. The robe was, as usual, drenched with tears; it was the winter circuit, and the damp struck to the Baron's chest. It was plain that he was about to depart for a world which he had done all in his judicial power to render populous. Still, he rallied nobly; but happening, in the same circuit, to have a maiden assize, the unexpected blow concluded the work. With a sickly, mortal smile, Baron Sus-per-coll received the white gloves, and immediately took to his bed. For an hour or two before his death, his senses wandered; for he insisted upon having the black cap brought to his bedside, then put it upon his head, sat bolt upright, and commenced, in the most pathetic terms, passing sentence upon himself. He first began by condemning himself as an old and hardened offender; congratulated himself that he had been tried by an inflexible and enlightened jury; congratulated the country that he himself would be hanged, for he was a pest, a blot, an ulcer to society; and then conjured himself to make the most of the time that remained to him, forbidding himself to hope for the least mercy in this world, but to trust only to the mercy of the next. He then, wiping his eyes very often with the sheet, said, that nothing more remained to himself but to pass sentence upon himself; that the sentence was, that he should be taken to whence he came, and hanged by the neck until he was dead. 'And Mr Baron Sus-per-coll,' these were the Baron's last delirious words, 'may the Lord have mercy on your soul!' Saying this, the judge laid himself upon his pillow, and, the black cap still upon his head, died! To our story.

The stolen ducks, or rather the heads of some of them, had been found in the possession of Christopher Snub; the owners of the birds could swear to the property; Baron Sus-per-coll was to try the prisoner; and the prophecy of the good folks of Hempenfield was about to be fulfilled.

The trial of the prisoner approached. Kit was placed at the bar, and, confident of his innocence, looked, in the opinion of his Hempenfield neighbours, a brazen, guilty varlet. He ought to have been bent, weighed down, crushed by a sense of his iniquity, and he stood upright as a wand, and gazed about him very tranquilly. The case was opened, and very early in the trial, Mr Baron Sus-per-coll felt a certain moisture at the eyes, indicative of the coming torrent. The waters were rising—it was clear that Kit Snub was born to be hanged. The owner of the ducks was examined, to quote the report in the county paper, at 'considerable length.' The bodies of the ducks had been consumed; their fragmentary bones were found strewn on the green sward, but two heads were found entire. The witness had not the slightest doubt that such heads were the property of his late ducks; he would no more hesitate at swearing to his ducks than to his children. An outhouse had been forcibly entered, and four of the ducks carried off; the heads produced in court belonged to two of them—one to the drake, *that* he would swear. It was impossible for him to be mistaken; he had reared the ducks from the shell, had fed them every day, and would pick them out from a thousand; witness was fully aware of the solemnity of an oath, and was perfectly ready to swear to *all that*.

Mr Baron Sus-per-coll, among other antipathies, could not endure a pragmatic witness. As the owner of the ducks proceeded in his testimony, the judge felt more than ordinarily annoyed and twitted by the impudent confidence of the vulgar fellow; hence, by a sudden reversion of feeling, the baron's sympathies were quickened for the prisoner at the bar. The witness continued to speak with indecorous glibness, Baron Sus-per-coll exclaiming to himself, and sufficiently loud to be heard all over the court, 'pooh, pooh!' 'pshaw!' 'tut, tut!' 'foolish fellow!' 'how *can* he swear it?' One drake's head is like another drake's head, as one duck's egg is like another duck's egg.'

The counsel for the prosecution had finished the task, when the prisoner's counsel, who sat immediately under the bench, and had heard every syllable uttered by the judge, jumped to his feet with great alacrity. 'Stay, my good man,' said the counsel; 'let me put to you this simple question. Remember, you are upon your oath; and on your oath answer me—if one drake's head isn't like another's drake's head, as one duck's egg is like another duck's egg?'

The pen fell from the hand of Baron Sus-per-coll; his face assumed the most solemn aspect; and the silent witness, scratching his head the while, the baron slowly rose from his seat, and leaning over his desk, said to the prisoner's counsel, 'Mr Mantrap, I see the finger of heaven in this trial: the question you have so admirably, so pithily put to the witness, was at the very moment passing through my brain.' Still, the witness scratched his head: when the judge, turning from him with something like a contemptuous glance, said to the jury, 'Gentlemen, the prisoner must be discharged: there is no case.' The late prisoner readily taking the judge at his word, was for running out of the dock, when he was solemnly addressed by Mr Baron Sus-per-coll. 'Christopher Snub, you have had a most fortunate escape: whether or not you stole this good man's ducks, is the inscrutable secret of your own breast. However this may be, you owe the deepest debt of obligation to the wisdom, the forethought, the admirable sagacity of your counsel. It might have gone far otherwise with you: and when I consider the frequency of these attacks upon the sanctity of private property—when I feel the imperative call of society for some example, it becomes my painful duty'—and at these words Baron Sus-per-coll, by the mere force of custom, began to weep—'to implore you to make the most of the time allotted to you; to intreat you to lay aside all earthly hope, and to trust only for—eh?—oh! —ha! bless me, I'd forgot!'—and the baron hastily dried his streaming eyes, remembering that Christopher was not to be executed, but discharged. In an instant, all the native terrors of the judge returned, and, in a voice of thunder, Baron Sus-per-coll exclaimed to Snub, 'Fellow you have had a narrow escape; don't come here again!'"

Christopher, as the writer observes, was dismissed "with the bloom of the county jail on his name;" and, like other unhappy beings in like circumstances, was rendered an outcast of society.

LITERARY FUND DINNER.

THIS festival, which, according to annual custom, took place on the 11th of May, is described in an interesting manner in the following column from the *Inverness Courier*:—"We had yesterday a great *field day* with nobles and authors, poets and their patrons, and all that numerous class of titled and illustrious personages who court distinction among the admirers of genius. Prince Albert had consented to preside at the annual festival of the Literary Fund Society, and great was the stir in Freemason's Tavern. The attendance was nearly four hundred. The room in which the dinner took place is large and splendid, finely lighted with chandeliers, and on this occasion its galleries were graced with a number of ladies. Before six o'clock, most of the company had taken their seats. Campbell, the poet, and Sergeant Talfourd, were among the first of the stewards that joined the party, and they kept together during the evening. The former, though enjoying general good health, is evidently much touched by time and infirmity: his eye retains traces of that keen sensibility and mental energy characteristic of the poet; but his step and frame speak plainly of the ravages of threescore and four years. Talfourd is an active bustling man. About half-past six, Prince Albert, accompanied by a party of friends, entered the room. The individual next in popularity to the Prince seemed to be Tom Moore; and the moment that his bald and shining head and sparkling features were recognised, the cheers burst forth from all parts of the hall. He is an exceedingly little man, grey haired but fresh-coloured and lively, enjoying, apparently, like Falstaff, a latter spring. He has an appearance of restless and inexhaustible vivacity; and when, in the course of the evening, one of his own beautiful melodies was sung, the following verse was so like the man, and might be applied to him with such felicity and truth, that every person turned towards him with a glow of satisfaction and pleasure:—

> 'Though haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,
> The snow-fall of time may be stealing, what then?
> Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,
> We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again.'

Hallam, the historian, and Washington Irving, the American writer, were also greeted with a cordial welcome. Both are simple unaffected-looking men, the accomplished American being not unlike a respectable farmer or a plain 'stout gentleman,' in a brown wig, averse to all parade and display. When the great business of dining was over, the prince gave the health of the queen, adding a few words as to the interest her majesty took in the institution. Then followed an appropriate air from the band, after which was the national anthem. The speechifying was on the whole but so-so. Many of the orators were indifferently heard, and when they did reach the ear, their observations were often commonplace, and destitute of all appearance of preparation. The following is a *verbatim* report of the terms in which Prince Albert gave the toast of the evening:—

'The toast I am now to propose is 'prosperity to this institution.' It stands unrivalled in any country, and ought to command our warmest sympathies in providing for the exigencies of those who, feeling only the promptings of genius, and forgetting every other consideration, pursue the grand career of the cultivation of the human mind, and the promotion of the arts and sciences. It is surely proper gratefully to remember the benefits we have derived from the disinterested exertions of these great and good men, and cheerfully to contribute to their want and aid their necessity. I conclude with a warm wish that the object, for the promotion of which we have met, may be answered in the most ample and generous manner. I propose, 'Prosperity to the Literary Fund.' (Cheers.)

This little speech was well delivered: the prince had plucked up courage; his manner seems always calm and subdued, but his voice was now bold and clear, and singularly harmonious. Campbell proposed the health of Henry Hallam and the historians in a *liberal* and manly little speech, in which he said that Hallam stood at the head of English historical literature. In returning thanks, the historian was inaudible to all but about a dozen people around him. Moore was rather better heard: his health was proposed by Lord Mahon in a flowery yet

* In the compilation of the above memoir, we have been chiefly indebted to the Rev. Mr Philip's "Life, Times, and Missionary Enterprises of the Rev. John Campbell" (London: Snow—1841), a book of lively interest, far beyond what would be expected by ordinary readers.

effective address. The poet's reply was short, and as his back was turned to the great body of the audience, it lost much of its effect. There were traces of his brilliant fancy in the few observations he offered; and the following passage is as completely *Moore-ish* as any of the Irish Melodies:—

'There is one reflection which cannot but arise on such an occasion, and that is, how few have been the instances, in all times and climes, of that *rara avis in terris*, a rich poet. 'Poet and rich! 'tis solecism extreme!' So sung Shenstone, the bard of the Leasowes, who was yet himself more opulent than most of his fellows; who could boast of his 'hills white over with sheep,' and his 'banks all furnished with bees;' while bards in general have quite as little to do with banks of bees as they have, God help them, with any sort of banks whatever. Of course, under the head of 'poets' I rank all great workers in the world of imagination, whether the medium through which their wonders shine upon us be prose or verse; and we have had, in our own time, one illustrious instance, where wealth seemed to spring up under the steps of the enchanter as rapidly as the successive miracles of his own matchless genius. But, alas! not even here has there been exemption from the common lot. The works themselves are for all time; but that structure of wealth which they called up, and which seemed to rise higher and higher at each new spell of the magician, has even already, I fear, vanished; adding one more to the many fulfilments of that beautiful but melancholy presage, that 'Where such fairies once have danced, no grass will ever grow.''

How true, and at the same time touching, is this allusion to the fate of Sir Walter Scott! Moore himself has been all his life a hard-working *litterateur*. Like Dogberry, he has 'had *his losses*' and his full share of the cares of the world; but his happy temperament has enabled him to bear them all with equanimity, and his poetical fancy still flows on in light and sunshine. Sergeant Talfourd spoke at some length on the subject of the drama; but it was so rapidly, and in so high a tone, that few understood what he said, and the reporters, I see, have made no attempt to transfer his 'golden thoughts' to their folio of four pages. The Marquis of Lansdowne was the most rhetorical and distinct of the speakers; and the feeling manner in which he alluded to the distresses of authors and the calamities incident to genius, was loudly applauded. Two of the *queerest* speeches were delivered by Chevalier Bunsen, the Prussian ambassador, and Baron Brunow, the Russian ambassador. The sentiments they delivered were just and liberal, but their broken English, their foreign manner and gesticulation, were so different from those around them, that it was scarcely possible not to feel ludicrous associations, or to preserve a becoming gravity. The only other person to whom the anxiety of the meeting was much turned was Washington Irving. So popular are the writings of this gentleman, and so admirably has he drawn the traits of old English character and feelings in his Sketch-book, that he is regarded by most readers with a sort of affectionate attachment, as if he were personally identified with all that is amiable, interesting, and venerable, in our national character and rural tastes. He revived the style of Addison—its higher graces, sportive gaiety, and tenderness; but added a dash of romantic feeling, derived from sympathy with the rude but eloquent tribes of Indians, the huge primeval forests, and wild traditions of his native country. When Mr Irving rose, there was an immense clapping of hands and waving of handkerchiefs. He simply, in a few words, returned thanks. There is little else to record excepting that about eleven hundred pounds were subscribed to the funds of the society, including a donation of a hundred pounds each from Prince Albert and the King of Prussia. The poor decayed authors may now rejoice in the *eclat* which has attended the anniversary of the society, since it will tend to mitigate some of those numerous ills to which they are peculiarly subject from the caprice of the public or the unavoidable reverses of fortune. The various subscriptions were read aloud by the secretary; and there was a titter round the room when he announced that the Archbishop of Dublin had assigned to them a per centage on the profits of his works. As the reverend author's calculations of these anticipated profits might be like Parson Adams's estimate of the value of his sermons (of which he reckoned every parish in England would buy a copy), the bequest was considered a very doubtful one. The archbishop, however, is an able philosophical writer, and his works are of high value. He is a fine jolly-looking churchman, and on this occasion he returned thanks for the Church in a plain and sensible speech. About half-past eleven o'clock Prince Albert took his leave, and immediately the whole party broke up, and a scrambling for hats, great-coats, &c., took place in the ante-room, in the midst of which the bustling anxiety and shrill tone of Mr Moore—half hid among big crowding men, and faithfully attended by his friend, Washington Irving, who had no American scruples as to the 'right of search'—were ludicrously conspicuous. The poet was about the last to quit the place; and then, to use his own words, 'the banquet hall was deserted.' The glittering pageant had melted into thin air, but its effects will be felt not only, as Mr Campbell eloquently remarked, 'as a token of amity between the sceptre and the free press of England,' but in soothing the distresses of those literary veterans who may be struggling with difficulty and distress."

[We observe, from an advertisement, that the committee of the Literary Fund Society has, up till the present time, distributed the sum of L.27,828 in 1985 grants to distressed authors, their widows and orphans.]

THE MANSIONS OF PARIS.

It was common in those times for many of the best and most splendid mansions in Paris to be divided amongst all the classes of society, though the arrangement of the tenants, indeed, was very different from that which existed in the social world. Lowest of all, we are told, except the rats and bottles that occupied the cellars, generally lived the proprietor of the house. He might be some avaricious or some decayed nobleman, whose health, purse, or inclination, rendered him unwilling to climb even a single flight of stairs. Then came the gay, the luxurious, the fashionable, the man of the court and of society, inhabiting the wide and lofty rooms of the first floor. The *entresol* above gave accommodation to the smart young secretary of some public office, some foreign baron, or some of the numerous counts and princes that swarm in Germany and Italian courts. The second floor received the respectable merchant, or banker, who had his offices and business in another part of the city; the widow lady, possessing affluence but not riches; and all that numerous class, by no means the least happy or the least estimable, who are known by the name of very respectable persons. Above that, again, on the third, came the highest grade of men of letters, the academician, the celebrated professor, the philosopher in vogue, the great artist. On the fourth, for there was a fourth, ay, reader, and a fifth and a sixth also—were people still at ease, and possessing all the necessaries of life, but possessing them not only with the slight inconvenience of daily climbing up long flights of stairs, but often with serious anxiety of providing for children for whom fortune had assigned no fund but the labour of a parent. Above these, again, came the poor artist, struggling forward with zeal and industry to make his merit known. The deep-thinking man of science, the result of whose investigations made or saved the fortunes of thousands, without giving him a *sous*; the moralist, the teacher, the man of letters, who disdained to pander to the bad taste of a licentious public, or to employ the arts of the quack to gain fame, or wealth, or honours. Above these, again, was want, misery, and destitution, the never-ceasing toil of all the various artists and artisans, the productions of whose hands ornamented the palace, the church, and the saloon—such men, in short, as our filigree-worker—who were brought too closely in contact with the dwellings of wealth, luxury, and vice, not to feel an additional pang amidst all the miseries of their own station, and to murmur at that social arrangement which allotted to them the whole of the dark side of life, and gave to beings often less worthy all that was bright and sunshiny. The vices of the higher class of the Parisian people, their intemperance, their debauchery, their infidelity, their contemptible frivolity, were all indulged, enacted, and displayed under the very same roofs where dwelt misery, penury, and labour; and yet they wondered that there came a revolution!—*The Ancient Regime, by G. P. R. James.*

FOSSIL PLANTS.

Fossil wood, fossil leaves, fossil bones, and fossil *infusoria*—all these things we have long heard about; but M. Goeppert, who, being a botanist, naturally seeks for flowers, has had the rare good fortune to detect the blossoms of the world before the flood. This is true to the very letter; he has gathered him a bouquet of these more than patriarchal flowers; he has seen their buds, their corollas, their propagation; nay, he has gone near to perceive their perfumes. And much more than all this: M. Goeppert has set himself to detect the mode in which nature has so wrought as to turn these most delicate of all substances into stone; thus perpetuating that which a breath of wind is sufficient to destroy, and moulding into a geological specimen what a finger's touch will fade. So patient, so sagacious is he, that he has caught the secret of this mechanism, and thus enables us to discern the transformation of the temporal to the eternal, and the metamorphosis of what is fragile into what is durable; he has actually made fossil plants! This is the man who might be expected to enter a drawing-room wearing a fossil rose like a badge in his buttonhole; and if ever such an *order of savans* be instituted, M. Goeppert is the person to be made its president. Let us cast a glance on the apartment where our Breslau professor passes many hours in meditation. There are 236 fragments of transition rocks, such as we tread upon in the Ardennes and on the banks of the Meuse; 1548 pieces of coal, similar to what you would burn any day and perceive nothing remarkable in; 35 blocks of variegated freestone, of the same kind as served to build the cathedral of Strasburg, and those churches in Mayence where M. Victor Hugo could see nothing but plaster-of-Paris monuments; 122 specimens of lias from the coasts of Britain, in which English ladies have detected real antediluvian monsters; 242 heaps of green sandstone and of chalk; 742 portions of lignite and of turf; and 259 of those small flat slabs which, on the banks of the Rhine, are employed for the purpose, when put into the hogsheads, of giving fresh spirit to wine which is a century old. Such is M. Goeppert's museum. In the coal of Silesia and of other countries, M. Goeppert has discovered and obtained several plants still flexible, and which admitted of his dissecting their epidermis and organs of evaporation; and he has thus been enabled to ascertain how subterranean combustion has destroyed the tissue in other plants found in the same formation. He detected, in the Keuper formation, the branches of a tree analogous to the birch, on which the flowers and pollen were still perfectly preserved; and some fir-trees presented him with a similar phenomena. It is well known that in the north of Europe there occasionally falls from the skies an enormous quantity of a yellow powder, which was once supposed to be sulphur, but which savans have pronounced to be the pollen of the fir-blossom. Now, in Westerwald, Finland, Bohemia, and even in New York, this floral substance has been discovered in such great quantities deposited between layers of earth, and mingled with fossil infusoria, that M. Goeppert is enabled to pronounce that the antediluvian world must have also possessed its enormous forests of gigantic pines, whose yellow dust could not but obscure in its fall the light of day, since the masses of it are so thick and close pressed as even to raise the soil many feet. We have already said that M. Goeppert makes fossil plants; and to prove how fossilisation has actually taken place, this ingenious man so works with clay, fire, and water, on a given plant (and chiefly with the ferns, those vegetables of which the geological productions of our globe present the most perfect specimens), that he produces in the course of one year, by this moist process, such samples, and so admirably imitated, that even a connoisseur, if not forewarned of the deception, might mistake them for genuine fossils. Antiquaries, we know, will sometimes manufacture fictitious medals; at Baiæ, the poorest blacksmith sells his yesterday's productions for Roman antiquities; art may imitate art, but imitation must have reached its utmost perfection when it can simulate antediluvian nature. In the cabinets of the curious we often see flies and other insects enclosed in amber. M. Goeppert has examined the amber of various lands, and has detected not only animals, but mosses, fungi, hepaticæ, ferns, flowers, and fruit, imbedded in it; and on these flowers the minutest organ is preserved, as in a mummy balm; nay, he has actually discerned those microscopic hairs which adorn the velvety substance of flowers similar to those of our heartsease.—*French Newspaper.*

CITIZENS ENNOBLED, &c.

The following notice of citizens who have been ennobled will probably be considered interesting at the present moment. John Coventry was an opulent mercer of the city of London, and mayor in 1425. From him is descended the present Earl of Coventry. Sir Stephen Brown, mayor in 1438, and again in 1448, was a grocer, and gave to us another peer, in the person of Sir Anthony Brown, created Viscount Montague by Philip and Mary in 1554. The Legges rose to be Earls of Dartmouth. The gallant sea officer George Legge was the first who was nobilitated, created Earl of Dartmouth in 1682. He was descended from one who was Lord Mayor of London in 1347, and in 1354 having, by his industry as a skinner, attained to great wealth. Sir Geoffrey Bullen, mayor in 1458, was grandfather to Thomas, Earl of Wiltshire, father of Anne Bullen, and grandfather to Queen Elizabeth, the highest genealogical honour the city ever possessed. Sir Baptist Hicks was created Viscount Campden; he was a mercer. The Capels, Earls of Essex, are descended from Sir William Capel, draper; he was Lord Mayor in 1503. Edward Osborne, cloth-worker, was Lord Mayor in 1502; he gave origin to the Dukes of Leeds. From Sir William Craven, merchant tailor, Mayor in 1661, sprung the Earl Craven. Lord Viscount Dudley and Ward is descended from William Ward, a wealthy goldsmith of London, and jeweller to Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

NOBLE BANKERS.

Apropos of Coutts and the Duchess of St Albans, it should be added, that, a short time ago, two of the richest bankers in London were peeresses; the Duchess, namely, and the Countess of Jersey, who, as the heiress of Josiah, is still the principal partner at Child's. Both ladies were at one time said to be in the habit of paying periodical visits to their respective establishments, and to have been distinguished by the affability and good sense with which they sustained their positions, inspected the books, and entered into general details. But this report was true, and that in part only, of the late Duchess of St Albans. Her grace was certainly fond of showing herself at the bank in the Strand, and peering questions at the partners and clerks, with whom she was no favourite, being, in truth, somewhat of a bore. Lady Jersey, as the representative of Sir Josiah Child's interest, only attends the bank once a-year, when the accounts are balanced and the profits struck. On this occasion the partners dine together at the bank, and the countess, as the principal partner, takes the head of the table.—*Hardcastle's Banks and Bankers.*

LENGTH OF DAYS.

At Berlin and London, the longest day has sixteen and a half hours. At Stockholm and Upsal, the longest has eighteen and a-half hours, and the shortest five and a-half. At Hamburg, Dantzic, and Stettin, the longest day has seventeen hours, and the shortest seven. At St Petersburg and Tobolsk, the longest has nineteen, and the shortest five hours. At Torneo in Finland, the longest day has twenty-one hours and a-half, and the shortest two and a half. At Waudorbus, in Norway, the day lasts from the 21st of May to the 22d of July, without interruption; and in Spitzbergen, the longest lasts three months and a half.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

SPIRIT DRINKING.

Notwithstanding the progress of Temperance Societies, spirit drinking is not diminished, but on the increase in England. This painful fact is established by the Parliamentary Paper 238, May 6th, 1842, showing the number of gallons of British and Irish spirits that have paid duty for home consumption, in the years respectively ending October 10, 1840 and 1841. The return is as follows:—

	England.	Scotland.	Ireland.
1840, - -	8,219,657	6,124,909	8,311,634
1841, - -	8,267,891	6,000,562	6,537,364

It appears from this statement, that there is a slight decrease in Scotland, but still leaving at the rate of two gallons a-head for the whole population. We are glad to observe that the decrease is considerable in Ireland. The inference from such a document would be, that Scotland was decidedly the most intemperate of the three kingdoms; however, no just conclusion of this nature could be drawn without taking into account the number of gallons of porter and beer which was drunk in England.

TO THE READERS OF "CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL."

To prevent misconception, Messrs Chambers think it necessary to state that they are no way connected with, or responsible for, the matter of any JOURNAL except that which bears the word EDINBURGH in the title. The possibility of some persons being imposed on by an imitation renders this notice necessary.

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APPROBATION.

To obtain praise, distinction, eclat, in some of their many forms, is unquestionably one of the most prevalent motives of human action, although, in the judgment of the moralist, a secondary one. Undoubtedly, while the value of higher motives may be fully acknowledged, this one has not been created without a wise and good purpose. At least, we may see very clearly that it daily and hourly acts beneficially, where, apparently, no higher motive would operate at all. It is, besides, one of the strongest of the social impulses, helping to make men mutually dependent, and to excite their affections towards each other. I am afraid it would be rather an unamiable world, albeit a virtuous one, where no one courted or cared for the good opinion of his neighbour.

It is necessary, however, to discriminate, by nice and rigid limits, the legitimate sphere of praise in the social scene. To be animated in all doings and sayings, all outgoings and incomings, merely by a calculation of the effect which each movement will have in securing the approbation of mortal men, would be deplorable. The conduct of any one so animated would be utter hollowness and imitation; and in the garden of his mind the hardy plants of sterling integrity and honour, to speak of nothing else, would find not one particle of congenial soil. It is even necessary to be able to act, not only without any view to the praise of men, but with the deliberate expectation of exciting their suspicion and disapprobation—for many occasions arise in life where we only can act well incurring these disadvantages. The difficulty is to know when, and how far, acting under the influence of love of approbation is allowable, and to distinguish the proper occasions when higher principle demands that that object be thrown aside. We often see individuals acting in such a way as to excite derision and blame, in matters perfectly indifferent — martyring themselves, in short, for a caprice or a chimera. Or they are so anxious to avoid the appearance of caring for the good opinion of their fellow-creatures, that they habitually, in all things, important and unimportant, take some absurd way of their own, merely because it is their own. These are follies which the considerate man holds at a distance from him. On the other hand, those who act too exclusively for praise are equally liable to both censure and ridicule. There is, in the first place, the fawning and fussy manner, the too much bowing, and smiling, and wringing of the hands, the over-eagerness to give satisfaction—all conveying the impression of a want of manliness, natural dignity, and independence. Then there is the utter inability of such a person to face any matter of principle that is unpopular, or perhaps that has *popular* support only. The perfection of conduct in this respect would be to entertain a moderate wish to stand well with the world, and to act generally with a regard to its opinion, particularly in all minor matters, and where no important principle is concerned; but to be ready, when any occasion arose, to act independently of a regard to the immediate approbation of the world.

Some persons have, from nature or the conditions in which they live, so active a love of approbation that it may almost be said to amount to a torment. It will scarcely be believed, yet I know it to be strictly true, that a man high in function and public respect was liable to be disconcerted for a day, if by chance any stranger whom he met cast what he thought a discourteous or supercilious look at him. This individual shrunk from society, for no other reason that could be observed than that he did not in general obtain that flattering attention which was necessary to put him at ease with himself. He was mistaken by half of his fellow-townsmen for a proud and distant man, when his misfortune was only the want of a self-sustaining pride. There are professions peculiarly calculated to nourish this slavish dependence on praise and admiration, particularly those which may be called artistic, as that of the painter, the literary man, and, more than all, of the actor. Love of approbation is unquestionably a powerful prompter towards these professions, so that it may be presumed of most men who adopt them, that they begin with a stock of the feeling above the average. To this the actual dependence of their status and bread on popular applause, and their constantly acting with a view to obtain it, give an unusual degree of exercise. It is thus brought to be the master-feeling of their character. They gloat upon laudatory criticisms, and sicken at a paragraph insinuating the least censure. A hiss goes to the player's heart like a death-blow; and the poet's soul, that fiery particle, is, strange to say, "snuffed out by an article." Hence that irritability of poets which has become proverbial, but which might be extended to all kinds of men who present fine intellectual productions to the public, with a view to obtaining praise. Worst of all, the excessive keenness of each man for praise to himself is very apt to raise a jealousy as to the praises bestowed on his brethren in art. Hence the dreadful wars which sometimes take place amongst musicians, the quarrels of authors, and so forth. It is painful to think of the bad feelings which have been called forth, first and last, amongst men of the highest intellectual attainments, through this cause. It is a cause which may be received as some apology to the rest of mankind for the horrible contentions of the ingenious; but the ingenious should also be aware that talents may be exerted for reasons superior even to a generous love of praise. The practice of the art itself—the high privilege of being able to excogitate fine thoughts and beautiful forms that may hap to live for ever—the sense of being able to contribute in some small degree to the improvement of mankind, or to the alleviation of the sick and weary days which many are destined to endure—may be mentioned amongst these reasons. Akenside has expressed the love of the artist (using this word in an extensive sense) for glory, in two stanzas shot like bolts straight from the heart, on hearing a sermon against that favourite object of human wishes:—

> "Come, then, tell me, sage divine,
> Is it an offence to own
> That our feelings e'er incline
> Toward immortal Glory's throne?
> For with me nor pomp nor pleasure,
> Bourbon's might, Braganza's treasure,
> So can Fancy's dream rejoice,
> To conciliate Reason's choice,
> As one approving word of her delightful voice.
>
> If to spurn at noble praise
> Be the passport to thy heaven,
> Follow thou those gloomy ways—
> No such thought to me was given;
> Nor, I trust, shall I deplore me,
> Faring like my friends before me,
> Nor a better place desire
> Than Timoleon's arms require,
> Or Tully's curule chair, or Milton's golden lyre!"

Here speaks the true poet. Such earnest and such natural feeling must everywhere meet sympathy. Yet if the divine only placed this said love of the "approving word" below some higher motives, we cannot but acknowledge, in sober reason, that he was right.

It is almost as nice a matter to know how, when, and in what measure to give praise, as to act upon the just medium with respect to looking for and receiving it. Some never give any praise: that is unamiable. Others give a great deal too much: that may be something as bad. The characters of both the party who is in the way of praising and the party who is in the way of being praised, call for consideration before we judge of either. The habit of never or rarely giving praise, even where it is due, and might do good, may proceed from a coldness of nature, and will then be justly censurable; but it may be only the result of reserved and diffident habits, in which case it is to be excused; or it may be the effect of a deliberate conviction that all praise does harm, when, of course, we must set it down as only an error in judgment. The opposite extreme of too much and too frequent praise—in short, flattery, detested as the word is—is also not to be at once and conclusively condemned. When it arises from directly interested views, or aims only at playing on a weak point in the character of a fellow creature, there is not a word to be said in arrest of judgment; but flattery sometimes proceeds from a benevolent, although it may be injudicious, wish to give pleasure; sometimes it is the genuine result of a venerative over-estimation of its object, or an exaggerated notion of the merits to which it refers. Here there may be error, but there is not ill intention; and flattery given under such circumstances is obviously a very different thing from the flattery which aims at betraying or turning into ridicule. There is also a flattery which persons of a social disposition, and who themselves love praise, give to others, in order to be on good terms with them, and obtain a good opinion and effusion of friendly sentiment in return. Here the motive is not so good, but still it is far short of the depravity of a treacherous and derisive flattery. When we are, then, the objects of flattery, or witness its being administered to others, we would require to examine and consider well the character and circumstances of the person offering it, in order to judge if the act be an offence against good morals; and if so, how far it is so. If it appear to proceed from base motives, let it be treated with open contempt; if from the wish for a return, pass it as a weakness; if from good nature or excessive veneration, excuse it for the sake of its amiable source.

But to praise or not to praise, when praise is deserved, there is the great question. It has of late been the favourite doctrine not to praise, or to praise little, as presuming that all, young and old, should be left to the approving voices of their own consciences, or the reward which good acts and performed duties are to themselves. Good-breeding also forbids all approach to direct compliment, probably because it is so apt to pass for flattery, which is so bad a thing. It is rather startling that these maxims are not consistent with much of the practice of the world. Every day we see knighthoods and peerages given for good state service. Successful authors are treated to sheets of incense in the reviews, and to public dinners at which praises are poured on their meek heads like the oil on Aaron's beard. If a policeman shows unusual cleverness in tracking out a culprit, or a preventive service boat in capturing a smuggler, or a post-captain in seizing a slaver, the virtue of the case is not left to be its own reward. Medals, prizes, and terms of honour abound in our schools; and even divines are not unwilling to receive a title to certain mystic initials showing degrees of proficiency in their sacred science. When all these things are so open and palpable, when, indeed, it is so clear that most public affairs are moved by considerations of honour to individuals, it seems a strange thing, little better, I fear, than a piece of affectation, to declare against all use of praise in private life. There is always something calling for suspicion in maxims or systems which altogether condemn

and put aside some great and conspicuous feature of human nature. This maxim as to praise bears strong marks of being of that character. Praise is confessedly a universal object, and has been so from the beginning of the world. Why should it be considered wrong to give that which every body is more or less anxious to receive? There may be something in the manner, no doubt; and yet what can be grosser in point of taste, when it is seriously reflected on, than to bring a man to a public dinner, plant him beside the chairman, open out a cascade of flattery upon him, and expect him then to rise up and task his ingenuity in at once explaining away the attributed merits, and seeming sufficiently grateful for the compliment which has been paid to him?

The true rationale of the question seems to be this: With the generality of natures, a moderate use of praise, as an incentive to duty and reward for its performance, appears to be quite proper. There is a vast class of acts and duties which, though good, are not to be accomplished and attended to without laborious exertion and some degree of self-denial. To sustain and carry out one's self in these matters, one's own approving conscience is all very well; but though a good, it is a solitary and unsocial feeling. Man dearly loves to find that he is of some consequence to man. He likes to take men along with him in his own approbation. He feels in their praise the bond of a common nature press delightfully upon his heart. How, otherwise, should we see persons in independent circumstances "shun delights and live laborious days," only, perhaps, that they may produce some literary work which will have its little hour of eclat, or possibly only a paper to be read at a meeting of twenty persons calling themselves a philosophical society? This cheap means of causing people to do what it is desirable that they should do, surely has its legitimate place in the arrangements of human society, and is capable of being used without necessarily producing harm. Perhaps there is not any one feeling of our nature which more effectually binds us together, or figures more largely in the hourly familiar pleasures of life. It is necessary, however, to study character very carefully, in order to give due praise without doing harm, and even to know how to use it for the production of positive good. A proud person requires little or none at any time. Sufficient for him is his own self-satisfaction. There are many whom praise would easily corrupt, and to whom it should therefore be sparingly administered, even when their acts are most laudable. Others, again, whose confidence in themselves is infirm, may need the administration of an occasional word of approbation to encourage them in their duties, and even to maintain the equable flow of their spirits. There is a class of such persons, who have the ability and inclination to do all that is good, but are liable to become dispirited if they do not now and then receive an encouraging word from those about them. For such persons, an occasional compliment is an aliment as necessary as daily bread. The world would to them be totally cheerless without it. Here it would evidently be as fatal to withhold praise altogether, as in other cases it would be to give it.

NORTHERN COLLIERIES.

FIRST ARTICLE.*

THE coal-field of Northumberland and Durham commences near the mouth of the river Coquet on the north, and extends nearly to the Tees on the south. As far as Shields, the sea is its boundary on the east; from that point it leaves a margin of a few miles between it and the sea, and extends about ten miles west from Newcastle. Its greatest length is fifty-eight miles, and its greatest breadth about twenty-four. Geologically speaking, the coal measures of this field repose upon the series of strata called millstone grit and shale, and in the southern portion, under the magnesian limestone, the northernmost point of which is near the mouth of the river Tyne. The beds of these measures dip towards the east, and crop out towards the west, the deposit thus assuming the form of a basin. In consequence of this disposition, the coal is in some places near the surface, while in the neighbourhood of the centre of the basin it lies at great depths. In one colliery, Jarrow, situated about five miles from the mouth of the river Tyne, one of the thickest and most valuable seams, called the High Main, is 960 feet from the surface.

The beds of these coal-measures are eighty-two in number, and consist of alternations of coal, sandstone, and slate clay, forming an aggregate thickness of 1620 feet. There are numerous obstacles in the way of a determination of the exact number of beds, or seams of coal, but it would seem that the number of workable seams is seventeen; and four or five seams are the chief sources of the best coal. The actual quantity of coal in the Newcastle coal-field does not amount to more than 4 per cent. of the whole mass of strata, of which mass various kinds of sandstone form about 36 per cent., and strata in which siliceous earth predominates about 44 per cent. It is probable that more accurate knowledge and investigation would establish the identity of several seams now differently denominated. After suitable deductions, it does not appear that the available beds exceed thirty feet in thickness at the utmost, while the principal workable seams have been averaged, by a competent authority, at twelve feet thick.

The extent of the whole surface of this coal-field it is not easy to determine; but, according to the best approximation, that of Northumberland contains 243 square miles, and that of Durham 594 square miles, making 837 square miles for the two counties. Of this, the portion already excavated is computed at 105 square miles; and from a lengthened calculation, it has been deduced, that, according to the present issue of coal from the chief ports in this field, there remains enough to satisfy our posterity for 1700 years to come. Professor Buckland, however, in 1830, limited the supply, at the existing rate of consumption and waste, to 400 years.

The "dykes," or "faults," which traverse the field are very numerous. The most important is called the Great Ninety Fathom Dyke, since the beds on the north side of it have been thrown down 90 fathoms by its intrusion, and in some instances even 170 fathoms. Your non-geological readers may not be aware of the nature of a dyke, and it will be desirable for their information to explain, that it is a considerable dislocation or interruption of the continuity of the seams of coal, sometimes caused by the intrusive interference of foreign matter, as basalt. I do not know that a better illustration of its effects can be given than by supposing some of the printed lines, in which these sentences are exhibited, to be broken and thrown up or down in the page. By an unlucky crease in the paper, we sometimes observe in the leaf of a book, that when this crease is unfolded, a white space of blank paper provokingly intervenes, vertically or obliquely, across the printed lines, and thus destroys their continuity and regularity. Now, this white space may very well represent the contents of a dyke, and the dislocation of the printed lines will indicate the up and down throw of the strata. If we suppose a dozen long consecutive lines of a broad page in a quarto book broken in half a dozen places, and so thrown up and down that a part of the fifth and sixth lines, for example, shall be thrown into juxtaposition with a part of the second and third, and so on, we shall have some idea of a series of "faults" presented by a section of the strata commencing at Sheriff Hill near Newcastle, where they are intersected by five dykes, or faults, elevating and lowering the strata, in various degrees, from ten to twenty-five fathoms. There are several kinds of dykes—as whin-dykes and basaltic-dykes. The marks of fusion near the latter are presumed to be clearly indicative of their volcanic origin. The dislocations resulting from dykes are frequently very trifling, and appropriate and significant names, chiefly local, exist for these interruptions in proportion to their extent. "Dykes" and "faults" are the terms used as expressive of the greater dislocations, and "troubles," "hitches," "slips," "baulks," &c., are the technical denominations of the different degrees of lesser, though often considerable, interruptions. The word "dyke" is radically the same as ditch, and is more correctly employed to signify the intrusion of some heterogeneous matter into the coal, sometimes without an elevation or depression of the seams. The expression "slip dyke" would be more properly used to designate such dykes as actually dislocate and raise or lower the strata; the terms dyke and fault appear to be frequently used as synonymous. These disturbers of the order of coal-seams are very important in two opposite points of view. They sometimes defeat the hopes of the capitalists who engage in sinking for coal, by throwing it down to an enormous depth; and they also sometimes confirm those hopes, by bringing within reach beds of coal which could not otherwise have been worked without a largely increased expenditure. They act, moreover, as coffer dams in stopping the passage of water, and they separate the coal into districts. They have been the preservers of many valuable seams of coal, by depressing them below the action of those causes of waste which have worn away so many outcropping strata, and denuded to so great an extent the surface of our globe.

The alteration of level occasioned by these intruders is by no means the same at all points of intersection; on the contrary, it is extremely irregular. Many of them commence with a simple crack in the roof, and progressively increase until their "throw" amounts to many fathoms, so that the producing cause appears to have acted upon particular points. In mining occupations, the contact of a fault, or dyke, is carefully avoided, as the penetration of this natural barrier would often admit the rush of waters from the other side, and cause the inundation of the mine. At Gosforth colliery, two or three miles from Newcastle, while standing nearly over the Ninety Fathom Dyke, the manager informed me, that, about the year 1825, a winning was attempted on what turned out to be the wet side of this great dyke, but was speedily abandoned in consequence of the inundations. They then crossed the dyke, and sank the present shaft but a few yards from the former one, and were compelled to descend nearly 200 fathoms to reach the coal; which they succeeded in doing, without any impediment from water.

To sink to the seams of coal is called "winning" a colliery; and after having bored and satisfactorily ascertained the presence and depth of coal, the first object of the adventurers is so to dispose the shafts as to make the natural inclination of the strata subservient to their purposes—namely, so that mining operations may be carried on towards a higher level, and facility be thus afforded for the descent of water, and the ready transit of the coal in the working of the mine. It is always desirable, for the perfection of ventilation, to sink two shafts, one for the entrance, and another for the exit, of the air—the former called a "downcast," and the latter an "upcast," shaft. But although extremely desirable, it is not always practicable, to open two shafts; for where the coal lies deep, or difficulties are rife, the sinking of one shaft is an affair of such magnitude, in point of expense, that few persons enter into it alone: hence, a colliery is commonly the property of a company, or of several partners or shareholders. The capital required for the establishment of a first-rate sea-sale colliery, including winning, machinery, houses, waggons, &c., is very large, varying from L.40,000 to L.150,000. The expense of sinking a single shaft, including outfits and machinery, varies from L.10,000 to L,40,000. The expense of opening a colliery upon a scale to work 100,000 Newcastle chaldrons annually, from two seams of coal, one lying at forty and the other at seventy fathoms below the surface, inclusive of the machinery, colliery-houses, &c., has been estimated at L.50,000. When, however, mining difficulties occur, the expenses are fearfully increased. The arch-enemy of coal-winning is *water*, and there are some mines from which a much larger quantity of water is raised than of coal. One chief use of the large assemblages of steam-power in several of the northern collieries is for pumping water. The occupation assigned, according to ancient mythology, to the fifty truculent daughters of Danaüs, was scarcely more interminable than that of many pumping engines at collieries. In the sinkings at the Great Hetton colliery, there were three principal feeders met with; the first issuing 2000 gallons of water per minute, the second 1000 gallons, and the third 1600 gallons per minute. It is generally supposed that this water is originally derived from the surface, inasmuch as at great depths the "feeders" are much less abundant and much less formidable, and the main body of water issues at not more than forty or fifty fathoms from the surface. It is not, however, by percolation that much of the water penetrates to the mine; for although the "posts," or sandstones, are porous, and admit the passage of water, yet the shales are compact and impervious to it. The numerous cavities and fissures in the strata become extensive reservoirs for the accumulation either of water or inflammable gases, and these are often let out unwittingly by a single blow of a pick.

The water of the coal-pits is frequently much purer than might be imagined, although it usually holds some foreign ingredients in solution, such as sulphate of iron. It is a very remarkable fact that some of these waters are salt, and, what is still more remarkable, salter than sea-water. This is sensibly demonstrated, not only by the taste, but by the smarting occasioned upon the falling of any of this water upon any part of the body where the skin is rubbed. At one pit, a feeder was pumped not long since which was estimated to be three times salter than the sea. The abundant supply, indeed, of these "brine springs" at three contiguous places, suggested the erection of salt works.

It has happened in sinking a shaft, where all had proceeded favourably for many fathoms, that, on coming to the next fathom, the privacy of some too fertile feeder has been intruded upon; and, to complete the successful passage through that one enemy's domains, a pumping engine has been necessary, which, upon advancing to the next fathom, could be dispensed with. It is generally found essential to line the shafts; and formerly wooden casing, or "tubbing," as it is called, was employed, but of late years a great and necessary improvement has been introduced by the adoption of cast-iron tubbing.

The concentration of steam-power for pumping is enormous at some of the pits; as at those of the new winning of the South Hetton Company at Datton, which is affirmed to be nearly the largest now existing in so small a space. During the progress of the attempted winning of a pit at Haswell, through the sand beneath the magnesian limestone, the engine-power erected pumped feeders to the amount of 26,700 tons per diem. At Friar's Goose colliery, near Gateshead, the feeders require three columns of pumps, each 16¼ inches in diameter, raising upwards of 1000 gallons per minute, or above 6000 tons per day, whilst the weight of coals drawn varies from 250 to 300 tons per day. Thus it will be seen, that it is not merely during the sinking of the pits, but also very frequently during their future existence as working mines, that pumping power must be employed. Upon the pulsations and vibrations of those ever-beating engines depend the freedom of the mine and the security of the miners. Engines of 200 horse-power are not unusual for this purpose. At the Percy Main pits, which produce that valuable coal known in the market by the name of Bewicke and Crastor's, of the 586 horse-power in operation for various purposes, 440 are working for pumping, one of these engines rating at 250 horse-power. At the Eppleton Jane pit, of the Hetton Company likewise, the pumping engine is of 250 horse-power. At the new winnings at Seaton Delaval, too, are two or three very powerful engines, of beautiful workmanship, which, as far as water is concerned, are perhaps not likely to be "out of work" for some time to come.

* The writer of these articles has to acknowledge himself considerably indebted to the Report on the Newcastle Coal-Mines, &c., by J. R. Leifchild, Esq., lately presented to both Houses of Parliament.

In addition to steam-engines for pumping water, there are those for "winding" or raising the coals, which also serve for lowering or raising the men and boys; occasionally small steam-engines are erected under ground for the working of inclined planes, and above ground, for saw-mills and other similar purposes. At the collieries of the Great Hetton Coal Company there are eight shafts and eight winding engines, four of which are each of 100 horse-power. In the Hetton pit there is a subterranean steam-engine in use of 60 horse-power, calculated to draw a load of 7 tons 4 cwt. up a bank of 570 yards in length. At the Eppleton pit, which I descended, I was informed that they drew or raised, upon an average, 50 score of tubs of coals per diem, or 333 tons 18 cwt., the winding engine being of 100 horse-power. At the Ellemore pits, again, they raise 80 score of tubs, each weighing 8 cwt. 1 qr. 14 lbs. per diem from each of the two pits. At another pit it is reckoned that they raise in twenty-four hours 5040 corves up 100 fathoms. The technical mode of estimating the power or duty of these engines, is to calculate the number of pounds lifted one foot high by the expenditure of one ton of coal in the fire-box of the engine; and at Hetton, this number of pounds was found to be 40,642,560 lbs.

The steam-engines for coal-pits are generally manufactured at some of the large engine foundries in Newcastle and its neighbourhood. In a few instances, at the largest collieries, they are made on the premises of the company. In these cases there is a large establishment of smiths, wrights, and carpenters kept up; and a large piece of ground, denominated a "raff-yard," is appropriated to the different species of work in operation. The raff-yards at Hetton and Seaton Delaval collieries are fitted up with every convenience for the manufacture and repair of all that is needed for these extensive concerns, and of themselves resemble engineering establishments. Such is the amount of wear and tear constantly occurring at the large pits, when in full work, that these raff-yards are generally scenes of active business.

GOSSIP RESPECTING SELF-EDUCATED POETS.

The French have latterly come to have their self-educated poets of humble life as well as ourselves. The fame is great of both Reboul, of Nimes, who is a *baker*, and of Jasmin, of Agen, who is a *hair-dresser*. It is remarkable of both of these men, and very much to their credit—perhaps also saying something for the good sense of the people amongst whom they dwell—that they continue contentedly to pursue their respective vocations, each in his original situation, as if it were never presumed that their literary powers formed any reason for their being drawn into a sphere of life for which, perhaps, they would be unfitted. Somewhat different are the ideas entertained of humble men of genius in this country, where no sooner does any thing unusual in letters appear than the question is asked, "What will be made by it?" Here, the literary talent takes its place amongst the ordinary money-making energies: there, it seems more reserved as a grace to an ordinary and useful course of existence.

Jean Reboul is the son of a poor man, and was reared in poverty by a widowed mother. He enjoyed no regular education. The death of a wife, to whom he had been only married a few months, first awakened poetry in his breast. His verses were all of a tender and elevated cast, strikingly different from the style of his ordinary conversation. He first drew public attention in 1828 by the publication, in the *Quotidienne* (now the well-known Carlist newspaper), of a short piece entitled "The Angel and the Child," of which our esteemed contemporary, *The Athenæum*, lately gave a translation so just and beautiful, that we gladly spare ourselves the trouble of attempting a version ourselves:—

An angel form, with brow of light,
Watch'd o'er a sleeping infant's dream,
And gazed as though his visage bright
He there beheld as in a stream.

"Fair child, whose face is like to mine,
Oh, come," he said, "and fly with me;
Come forth to happiness divine,
For earth is all unworthy thee.

Here perfect bliss thou canst not know;
The soul amidst its pleasures sighs;
All sounds of joy are full of woe;
Enjoyments are but miseries.

Fear stalks amidst the gorgeous shows;
And, though serene the day may rise,
It lasts not brilliant to its close,
And tempests sleep in calmest skies.

Alas! shall sorrow, doubts, and fears,
Deform a brow so pure as this?
And shall the bitterness of tears
Dim those blue eyes that speak of bliss?

No, no!—along the realms of space,
Far from all care let us begone;
Kind Providence shall give thee grace
For those few years thou might'st live on.

No mourning weeds, no sound of wail,
Thy chainless spirit shall annoy;
Thy kindred shall thy absence hail
Even as thy coming gave them joy.

No cloud on any brow shall rest,
Nought speak of tombs or sadness there;
Of beings like thee, pure and blest,
The latest hour shall be *most* fair."

The angel shook his snowy wings,
And through the fields of ether sped,
Where heaven's eternal music rings—
Mother, alas! thy son is dead!

Lamartine was so much moved by the beauty of this poem as to seek out and celebrate the author. Other literary men of note paid him flattering attentions, and the press poured forth speculations on the incongruity between the condition of the man and the strain of his verses. Some of the most eminent poets of France, including Chateaubriand, have since visited Reboul at his humble abode in Nimes, and Reboul has himself appeared as a lion in the Parisian salons. Still, he is quite unspoilt, and yet bakes as he has ever baked. The dramatist, Alexander Dumas, has described, in a very interesting way, an interview he had with the poet-baker at Nimes, in 1836:—

"My first thought on arriving at Nimes was—Reboul. A young man conducted me to his shop, at the corner of a narrow street. I knew that I was to meet one whom I may call a distinguished poet; but I did not know whether I should find him simple and natural, or the reverse. I went in. 'Is it M. Reboul whom I have the honour of addressing?' 'Himself.' 'A letter from M. Taylor.' 'Oh! how is he?' 'Perfectly well;' and he began to read. In the meantime, I examined him. He is a man from thirty to thirty-seven years of age [in reality, he was then forty], rather above the middle height, with a dark African complexion, black shining hair, and beautiful white teeth. When he read my name, he looked at me once more, and bowed a second time. This look was rapid and profound; and I only then perceived that he had a splendid pair of eyes, with that oriental expression at once powerful and soft, made to express love and anger. 'Sir,' said he, 'I have indeed many obligations to M. Taylor, and I don't know how I shall ever acquit myself of them.' I bowed in my turn. 'But will you permit me,' continued he, 'to act towards you with perfect frankness?' 'I beg you will.' 'Well, you are coming to see the poet, and not the baker, are you not? Know, then, that from five in the morning to four in the afternoon, I am baker; from four in the afternoon till midnight, I am poet. If you want small loaves, remain; if you want poetry, come back at five.' While I promised to come back at the appointed hour, some customers came in; and as he served them, he remarked to me, 'You see we could not have a moment.' A man then appeared and said, 'Master, the oven is ready.' And the author of '*L'Ange et l' Enfant*' went away to work at his dough and his oven.

When I returned at five, Reboul met me at a door in a lane, adjacent to his shop, which was still open, but confided to the care of others. He had changed his working-clothes for a suit of great neatness but rigid simplicity. Mounting a stair, and passing through amongst some sacks of wheat, we came to the door of a room, where nothing, he said, but prayer and poetry ever entered. It was a neat small apartment, furnished with a bed, a writing table, a few wicker chairs, a crucifix, and a library consisting of the Bible and Corneille. 'I now see,' said I, 'that yours is a double life.' He explained that it was well to make the limbs work while the brain rested, and the limbs again rest while the brain worked. 'But what made you a poet?' 'In one word, *misfortune*.' From my look round his neat and cheerful apartment, he saw that I was puzzled. '*Have you never*,' said he, '*passed over a grave without knowing it?*' A tear came into his eye, and I held out my hand to him. 'When a great sorrow befell me,' he said, 'the commonplace though well-meaning people around me endeavoured to give me consolation. This only turned the stream of grief back into my heart. I could find no vent for it but in addressing God; and when I did this, I found that I was creating poetry. Afterwards came the desolation of the throne and the fall of political and religious principles, in which I found new matter for lamentation and for verse. So I may say that my own and the public misfortunes together have been my inspiration.'" It will from this be readily inferred, that Reboul is a friend of the exiled royal family. M. Dumas goes on to state that he caused Reboul to read his poems, which were then unpublished, and that he thus spent the whole evening in a most delightful manner.

The compositions of the baker-poet have since been presented in a small volume, which has already gone through five editions. It is remarkable of them that they show no trace of the personal circumstances of the author. The whole are conceived in a strain of exalted and beautiful sentiment, which would give delight from whomsoever it might be supposed to proceed. Neither is there any false taste to be excused on account of the poet's occupations and deficient education. The only thing that strikes us unfavourably on a perusal of the volume, is the resemblance of one or two of the pieces to well-known productions of the British muse—a fact not very easily accounted for, if it be true, as given out, that Reboul does not read English. We must content ourselves with attempting a version of one further specimen:—

THE CASTLE OF THE MENDICANT.

A dun and barren mount there is, upon whose sloping base
Lie heaps of ruins over which thorns only meet the gaze,
Where venomous adders ever creep, and vultures hunt for prey.
A shepherd told me of the place a story yesterday,
With so much earnestness that he compell'd me to believe;
And now, my friend, shall you from me the narrative receive.

Within that castle lived of yore an avaricious lord,
Who to the beggar's pressing wants would no relief afford,
Refusing ev'n the petty boon of one poor crust of bread;
And holy friars to those gates accursed never sped,
To beg, for blessed charity, the smallest coin or mite,
Wherewith to aid the poor on whom had sunk misfortune's blight.

When the long watch of those within, upon tempestuous nights,
Brighten'd the cloister'd windows with the blaze of many lights,
If some poor wanderer from afar, attracted by the glare,
Hoped fondly from his panting toil to rest and cheer him there,
No sound came e'er in answer to his supplicating cry,
Save from the court-yard, where fierce ban-dogs howl'd incessantly.

One eve, a being wild and strange came thither, it is said,
A down whose drooping back a mass of trailing locks was spread,
Like torrent in the winter time from high Mont Blanc outpour'd;
His forehead, ample, bald, and with full many a wrinkle scored,
Appeared to bear on it the marks of age on age impress'd,
Like those huge monuments that on the sands of Egypt rest.

"O, Castellane! be merciful," the hoary wanderer said;
"Open, for I am aged, and the night is one of dread.
Beneath the weight of ice and snow the forest groans afar,
And fiercely doth the north-wind breathe from out his rapid car;
The lake lies sunken gloomily in silence sad and deep,
And o'er my feeble body chill and mortal shiverings creep."

A voice of thunder gave reply—"At such an hour as this,
Who rashly dares to trouble thus my mansion's peacefulness?
If from these castle-bounds afar thou be not quickly gone,
One of my serfs, with hammer arm'd, shall be with thee anon,
And I shall make him nail, because thou prowlest here so late,
Thy rascal carcass to the wall beside my castle-gate."

"Forgive me, if my prayer be rude," then answer'd the unknown;
"But long ere I could reach the skirts of yonder nearest town,
I should sustain a living death deep in the drifting snow,
And my beloved family no more my face should know.
Oh, grant me but a corner in your sheds till break of day—
Or in your kennel!" "No! thou wouldst defile the place; away!"

Then all at once the mendicant erectly raised his head,
From which a beam of wrath divine was by reflection shed:
"Thou deemest me a beggar—Ho! I am a Mighty Lord!
And spite of these refusals, I will seat me at thy board."
"A mighty lord! whence comes so vain a fantasy as this?
What thy estate?" "The Earth!" "Thy name?" "My name Misfortune is!"

And as the screech-owl stretches out its dark and ominous wings,
That it may scatter far and wide the news of fatal things,
So with his hands the stranger spread abroad his ragged cloak,
And smote with iron foot the earth, which open'd with the stroke,
And yawningly a fearful cloud of mist gave forth to view,
Amid the gloomy whirls of which away the spirit flew.

Not long thereafter did the lord of that cold lonely tower
Behold one child dishonour'd fall within a villain's power
Again, he saw his only son in single combat fall;
And, passing by, the Jacquerie at length made end of all,
By butchering each living thing within that castle found,
And razing all its lofty walls and turrets to the ground.

And ever since, before these dark memorials of the past,
Pale grows each cruel lord whene'er his eye is thither cast;
Nor can the lapse of time efface the horrors of the scene;
The shrinking kid declines to browse where these old walls have been;
And oft belated shepherds see shades bleeding, grim, and gaunt,
And still they name the place the Castle of the Mendicant.

Jasmin, the hair-dresser of Agen, resembles Reboul in history, circumstances, and personal character. A friend of ours paid him a visit two years ago in the course of a tour of the south of France, and found him living contentedly, like Reboul, in his little shop, although almost daily visited by distinguished persons, who are attracted by the fame of his works. He is a simple and unpretending man of genius, respecting himself too much, we presume, to be affected for the worse by the flatteries of those who are his superiors in worldly rank. Our friend purchased several volumes of his poetry, and submitted them to us; but they are composed in a patois so different from classic French, that we were baffled in an attempt to read them. We have been furnished, however, with a version of one piece, which may serve as a specimen:—

FIDELITY.

Now nature all lies free from care,
And all is calm beneath the heaven;
The hawk is calling through the air,
The owl succeeds the bird of even.
Alas! I drain the cup of woe,
I smile no more beneath the sky,
My friend is lost to me below—
Now I must droop and die!

Oh! moon of love, droop down the sky,
Thou givest me too great a sorrow;
No gleams of peace from thy fair eye,
No calmness from thy look, I borrow.
Thy gentle smile, so pale and dim,
Recalls to me my misery;
Oh! moon of love, far, far from him,
My friend, I die, I die!

The nightingale, the flowers, the air,
Announce no more that spring advances;

The daisy shining soft and fair
No more my heart of hearts entrances;
No more around me Earth has thrown
Her chain—Death is my remedy;
My friend has left me all alone—
I pine, I faint, I die!

Our readers will remember an article which appeared in the Journal last autumn, entitled, "A Chapter in the Life of a Poor Man," being, in fact, a passage in the actual history of William Thom, an Aberdeenshire weaver, who had attracted some notice by a few poetical effusions of merit. Any who felt interested in the unfictitious sorrows of this worthy individual, will be glad to learn that he is once more settled in comparative comfort at Inverury, in his original profession as a country weaver. From a batch of his late compositions which he has sent to us, we select the following as containing, we think, some fine strokes of natural feeling.

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

When a' ither bairnies are hush'd to their hame,
By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand dame,
Wha' stan's last an' lonely, an' naebody carin'?
'Tis the puir doited loonie—the mitherless bairn!

The mitherless bairn gangs till his lane bed,
Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head,
His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
An' litheless* the lair o' the mitherless bairn!

Aneath his cauld brow sican dreams tremble there
O' hands that wont kindly to kaime his dark hair!
But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,
That lo'e na' the locks o' the mitherless bairn!

Her spirit that pass'd in yon hour of his birth,
Still watches his lone lorn wand'rings on earth,
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn,
Wha couthilie† deal wi' the mitherless bairn!

Oh! speak him na' harshly—he trembles the while,
He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile!
In their dark hour o' anguish, the heartless shall learn
That God strikes the blow for the mitherless bairn!

Under this head, it may not be amiss to advert to a notice which has appeared with respect to a surviving sister of Burns. It appears in the form of an extract of a letter from Mr R. Chambers to Mr Thomas Carlyle—as follows:—

"A sister of Burns, the last survivor of his father's family, still lives. She is now a widow at an advanced age, and resides at the village of Tranent, in Haddingtonshire, with two unmarried daughters, who endeavour to support her by the exercise of their needles. I lately paid her a visit, and found her a decent-looking old person, with a good deal of the poet's physiognomy, and particularly his fine dark eyes. The youngest of William Burns's children, she was twelve years old at the time when he died at Lochlea, a broken-spirited man. She was one of the household at Mossgiel during its occupancy by Robert and Gilbert Burns in succession, and she afterwards married a person named Begg, who, for ten years, conducted the business of Gilbert's farm of Dunning, on the estate of Sir Charles S. Monteith of Closeburn. Since the death of her husband, her sons being all removed from her, and unable to assist her, she has been dependent on her two daughters, who, though active and most respectable young women, are barely able to keep house for themselves and their venerable parent. In short, the Sister of Burns has fallen in the course of Providence into poverty, and her last years are threatened with those distresses, the dread of which is the theme of so many of her brother's verses. I was much affected on hearing her say that, having in her earliest years been witness of the troubles which lowered over her father's house, having afterwards partaken of the hardships at Mossgiel, having passed through a long married life in circumstances at no time easy, and being now reduced to absolute indigence, she felt as if she had walked side by side with Grief from her very childhood. One only alleviation of her fate has sprung from the fame of her brother, in the shape of the most trifling annual pittance from the Scottish Exchequer. She was lately a candidate for the benefit of a fund called the Craig-Crook Mortification [*Anglice*, endowment]; but her application, for the mean time, failed. I am satisfied, from rigid inquiries, that Mrs Begg and her two daughters are perfectly worthy persons, and that complaint would never have been heard from them, if the most self-devoting industry on the part of the young women were sufficient to keep their mother in comfort. The public is doubtless much taxed; but, on the other hand, some claims are sacred. The poems of Burns daily give delight to thousands, and will continue to do so for ages. His productions wax yearly in public esteem, as time passes on and brings no second Burns. The name of the Ayrshire bard has even been associated by some living writers with those of which England is proudest. While HE soars so high, to think of one so near and dear to him as a sister sinking into penury—hearing from a cold ingle-cheek the echoes of a nation's acclaim at every mention of the name she bears—she, the last of the real members of that group which, as a poetical picture, must live for ever in the 'Cotter's Saturday Night'—in short, the SISTER OF BURNS—to think of all this, I say, is more than I can suppose the public patiently enduring, burdened as it is."

Our readers will be glad to learn, that in consequence of this notice, Sir Charles S. Monteath, Mr Carlyle, and Mr John Wilson, 41 Regent Square, London, have undertaken to act as a committee to superintend the collection and disposal of a fund for the benefit of Mrs Begg, and that already some handsome tributes have been paid in, affording ground of hope that a sufficiency will be obtained to procure her a small annuity.

* Comfortless. † Kindly.

A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

NEUCHATEL.

FROM Friburg to Berne was a pleasant afternoon's ride; and procuring the proper signature to our passport, we set off in the morning for the most accessible part of the French frontiers, by way of Neuchatel. This is a route little pursued by tourists; and, indeed, such is the discomfort which one is apt to encounter in travelling through France, that not one in a thousand among English tourists in Switzerland returns home by any other path than that by which he reached it—the Rhine, a water-way ever open, commodious, and agreeable.

Having proceeded formerly from Berne to Morat, and thence to Neuchatel, we now, for the sake of variety, adopted the somewhat circuitous route by Aarberg and Bienne, which, however, affords little scope for description. In this north-western quarter of Switzerland the scenery is on the whole dreary and tame; but everywhere we see the same orderly industry and neatness of arrangement which have distinguished more highly favoured districts. As we approach the Jura, much of the land is observed to be little better than an extensive morass, spreading between the lakes of Neuchatel and Bienne, which, in former times, had evidently been in much closer union. On the eastern shore of the Lake of Bienne, a sheet of water ten or twelve miles in length, the land is well enclosed and sectioned into the usual small agricultural possessions, while, on the western bank, the Jura rises from the edge of the water in one long line of vine gardens, rising one above another to a height of several hundred feet. Lately, a road has been cut along the base of the mountain; and by this, after paying a short visit to the town of Bienne, we proceeded onward to Neuchatel. No steamer is employed on the lake; but a number of boats, impelled by oars or sails, seem to be employed both for fishing and general intercourse. The principal feature of interest and beauty of the lake—at least that which has attracted the chief attention of tourists—is the Isle of St Pierre, or, as it is often named, Rousseau's Island, from having for a short time (1765) been a place of retreat for that remarkable enthusiast, who clung to it with passionate fondness. In the present day it is prettily wooded, with some open and cultured fields, and may be readily reached from a small port on the western shore of the lake, at which there appears to be a respectable inn for the accommodation of visitants.

The town and Lake of Bienne, with the neighbouring country, are within the canton of Berne, and consequently form part of German Switzerland; but on reaching the southern extremity of the lake, we pass into the canton, or, properly speaking, the principality of Neuchatel, whose population uses the French tongue. A few miles farther on we arrive at the town of Neuchatel, which occupies a pleasant situation on a flattish piece of ground at the foot of the Jura, and close upon the lake to which it has imparted its name. Basking in the full blaze of the summer sun, with such a lake in front, and backed by the lofty range of the Jura, extending a length of at least forty miles in one uninterrupted series of vineyards, Neuchatel enjoys one of the finest situations in Switzerland, and is the capital of one of its most thriving districts—albeit that that district is, to a certain extent, under the thraldom of a monarchy. On entering the town, which numbers about 6000 inhabitants, we perceive a striking difference of appearance from other Swiss cities. Many of the houses are large and princely in aspect, and the French style of architecture prevails throughout. Near the lake there are some handsome new streets, the structures being of fine whitish sandstone; and here is situated the college, an educational institution of no mean reputation, and to which M. Agassis, the zealous geological inquirer, is attached as a professor. The Hotel de Ville, the seat of the civic and cantonal government, is a large and handsome edifice in the Grecian style, at a short distance from this newer portion of the town. The structures in this quarter, however, are less interesting than those in the higher part of the city. On a prominent knoll, which commands an extensive view of the lake and the town beneath, is perched the ancient castle, the acropolis to which the population, in days of feudal strife, crowded for protection. It consists of a few old edifices of great strength, including a chapel, and the whole is surrounded with a wall. One of the houses is the residence of the governor of the province. We saw only one or two soldiers, and the general air of the place was that of desertion, impressing the visiter with the happy idea that the art military was in small request in the district.

The meaner parts of the town of Neuchatel, behind the main thoroughfares, approached nearer in point of squalor and dinginess to what one is accustomed to in some of the large cities in Great Britain than any thing we had seen in Switzerland; but we observed no tokens of destitution, and I understand that the number of paupers is decreasing with the increasing trade of the city and canton, and as time effaces the social injuries produced by French domination. In the town there are some large beneficiary institutions, handsomely endowed, which provide relief, on a judicious scale, for those whom misfortune has reduced to poverty. Both from the town and neighbourhood there are considerable exports of wine of a good quality, printed cottons, and lace, all which, independently of the export of watches, yield considerable profit, and help largely to support the population.

The political position of the canton of Neuchatel is somewhat peculiar. Although a member of the Swiss republican confederacy, it is at the same time a province under the sovereign rule and protection of the king of Prussia. Formerly, it was a kind of feudal fief or principality belonging to the old French family of Longueville, which, becoming extinct in 1707, the king of Prussia, as nearest heir, was acknowledged as its superior, and his title was confirmed by the peace of Utrecht. Except for an interval, during which it was absorbed and half ruined by France under Napoleon, it has continued till the present day a principality of the king of Prussia, who does not appear to have been a hard master. In 1814, the reigning monarch gave it a constitutional charter, reserving his own sovereignty and the privilege of appointing the governor, the mayor, and 45 out of the 75 members composing the grand administrative council. Under the title of civil list, he also draws £3862 per annum, or nearly a fourth part of the revenue of the state; but, as some equivalent, the trade of the canton with Prussia is placed upon a liberal footing. In all other respects than those mentioned the canton of Neuchatel is politically independent; and since 1814, it has been a member of the Swiss confederacy.*

With a population of about 60,000 souls, this mountain principality may be said to form a little world in itself—a perfect model of ingenious industry, prosperity, and good management. The greater part of the people are farmers of their own small possessions, tradesmen, and mechanics; and here, as elsewhere in Switzerland, the grand object, ever alluring industry onward, is the realising sufficient wealth to purchase a small piece of ground and cottage. This universal taste scatters the population in all directions among the recesses of the Jura, and consequently prevents that pernicious clustering together in towns which undermines public health and morals. With an unsophisticated state of society, in which all are equally concerned in preserving individual and general independence, the system of public finance and administration is on a footing so primitive as almost to appear Utopian. The state revenue, drawn principally from rents of domains, small quit-rents, tithes, forests, post-office, and turnpikes, amounted, in 1834, to L.16,679. This mighty sum was distributed as follows:—Entire expenses of administration, L.1966; pensions, L.224; justice, L.2394; war department, L.202; religion, L.836; education, L.445; public works, roads, police, expenses of confederation, &c., L.2400; and civil list of the king of Prussia, as already stated, L.3862; leaving a surplus in the exchequer of L.3500. Some things here are very deserving of remark. The people are governed without any thing like personal taxation; and supposing them to directly contribute what forms the state revenue, the exaction would amount to no more than 4s. 8d. for each individual yearly, or about a tenth of the rate per head in Great Britain. Justice is administered on a scale of rational economy which would astonish the frequenters of Westminister Hall. A judge of the higher class is paid at the rate of 1s. 10d. for a four hours' sitting; a summons is 7d.; and the expense of a litigation is something under 6s. So far is the cheap and quick administration of justice from promoting litigiousness, that the judges are often seen sitting unoccupied for a whole day. There are no stamps or patents.† Protestant and Roman Catholic clergy are alike paid by the state, the highest salary of a clergyman being L.121; but they also depend on voluntary contributions, and some have small glebes. Religious instruction is well attended to, and the state of public morals is considered to be good. With respect to secular education, it is obligatory on parents to send their children to school, and no person of middle age is found who cannot both read and write.

Let us now take a view of the country, and the nature of the people's employment and mode of living. Having sufficiently satisfied our curiosity in the town, we set off on our journey towards the French frontier, by a route which conducted us in a southerly slanting direction, up the face of the Jura, and through a

* I believe that the majority of the inhabitants are not favourable to the Prussian connexion, their political principles having a strong leaning to republicanism; and there is little doubt that, but for the military power of Prussia, ready to be called in if necessary, the canton would speedily dismonarchise itself. An effort at rebellion in 1830-31, was quelled by General Pfuel, with the assistance of the more aristocratic portion of the community. With whatever hereditary claims on the territory, it does seem hard that the fourth part of all the taxes raised should be handed over to a foreign prince.

† I gather the greater part of these particulars from the Report of Dr Bowring to Parliament. He observes, with respect to the administration of justice—"While, on the one hand, the cost to suitors is small, the cost to the public is no less so. In the district of Valangin, consisting of 6104 souls, the expenses for the administration of civil justice for 1834 amounted to 1121 francs of Neuchatel, or less than five-sixths of a farthing per individual; yet there are 122 trusteeships of minors, lunatics, &c., committed to the charge of civil tribunals. There are, on an average, 70 cases per annum, the average cost of which to the suitors was 47 batzen, being little more than 4s. 6d. per suit.'

gorge among the mountains named the Val Travers. It was a fine autumnal morning as our vehicle slowly ascended this romantic path; and at every bend round the vine-clad knolls, we had an opportunity of catching glimpses of the Lake of Neuchatel and a great extent of country beyond, the horizon being bounded by the rugged line of the Bernese alps burying their white tops in a huge canopy of clouds. At length, the sight of this glorious scene was shut out; we had taken the last look of Switzerland, and our attention was called to the picturesque valley into which we had now advanced.

The Val Travers, as it opened upon us, came with unexpected beauty and grandeur; so much so, that it was agreed to be one of the finest sights we had seen in our excursion. Let the reader conceive a green and romantic valley, winding miles in length, and of great depth, between the bounding mountain steeps; while on its northern side, and at least five hundred feet from the bottom, a road, which we are now traversing, is cut out of the side of the hill. On the one hand are lofty crags, occasionally overhanging the pathway, as if about to fall; and on the other is a profound valley, down to the bottom of which we look with dizzy and wondering eyes. The lower parts of the vale are green, and beautifully dotted with trees, bushes, and here and there a cottage or hamlet with its mill, turned by a brook, which is seen sparkling in the sun's rays. Goats are feeding in patches on the hill sides, tended by children from the hamlet; and in a slip of meadow, by the side of the stream, the scene is enlivened by a cow or a few sheep. The day is fine, and all is impressed with the tranquillity of Nature in her mildest mood.

We are now in the heart of the mountains, but still rising in our course. The scene is gradually shifting as it were in a panorama. The country is becoming more bleak and pastoral. Still there is no lack of inhabitants. Detached cottages are seen at lesser or greater distances on the hill sides, and we pass through a small town with its inn, church, and other tokens of local consequence. At this town we stopped to dine and rest the horses, afterwards proceeding with all the leisure which the nature of the ascent demanded. Passing the village of Motiers Travers on our left, in the bottom of the vale, we make a curve to the right, into what may be called an upper valley with still more precipitous sides, and in which the road at one part goes through a tunnel in the enormous overhanging rock. Deep in the bottom of the defile, quietly reposes the ancient village of St Sulpice; and a little way above it is a very picturesque mill-house, whose wheel is observed to be turned by a stream issuing at a few yards' distance from the side of the mountain.

On emerging from the summit of the pass above St Sulpice, the highest point of the road is attained, and we are now in an open tract of country brown and dismal, but still, as before, in the possession of a people who live, thrive, and are apparently happy, at the height of three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and in the midst of what seems little better than a wilderness. Throughout our whole day's journey to this point, we saw on all sides evidences of that untiring industry which is the most remarkable feature in the character of the Swiss. At nearly every window in the humble cots by the wayside, or in the villages, are observed men working at their trade of watchmaking, or women busily engaged in the making of lace. In fact, we are now in the chief watchmaking district of Neuchatel, which extends from Verviers to Locle and La Chaux de Fonds—all places near the frontier of France, and therefore very well suited, in point of situation, for supplying materials for an active contraband traffic.

The existence of a great manufacture in cottages scattered over fifty miles of mountains, covered four or five months of the year with snows so deep as to imprison the inhabitants in their dwellings, is, I consider, a singular fact in social economy, and well worthy of our notice. M. Houriet, of Locle, presented Dr Bowring with an interesting account of the birth and growth of the watchmaking trade, from which I draw the following passages:—

"As early as the seventeenth century, some workmen had constructed wooden clocks with weights, after the model of the parish clock, which was placed in the church of Locle in the year 1630. But no idea had as yet been conceived of making clocks with springs. It was only about the latter end of the same century that an inhabitant of these mountains, having returned from a long voyage, brought back with him a watch, an object which was till that time unknown in the country. Being obliged to have his watch repaired, he carried it to a mechanic named Richard, who had the reputation of being a skilful workman.

Richard succeeded in repairing the watch; and having attentively examined its mechanism, conceived the idea of constructing a similar article. By dint of labour and perseverance he at length succeeded, though not without having had great difficulties to surmount; and he was compelled to construct all the different movements of the watch, and even to manufacture some ill-finished tools in order to assist him in his labours. When this undertaking was completed, it created a great sensation in the country, and excited the emulation of several men of genius to imitate the example of their fellow citizen; and thus, very fortunately, watchmaking was gradually introduced among our mountains, the inhabitants of which had hitherto exercised no other trade or profession than those which were strictly necessary to their daily wants, their time being principally employed in cultivating an ungrateful and unproductive soil. Our mountaineers were frequently compelled, before the introduction of the above-named industry, to seek for work during the summer months among the people of the surrounding country. They rejoined their families in the winter, being enabled, from their economical savings, the moderateness of their wants, and the produce of a small portion of land, to supply themselves with the necessaries of life. And it must be remarked, also, that the entire liberty which they enjoyed, united to the absence of any description of taxation, greatly tended to relieve the hardships of their lot.

For a number of years, those who betook themselves to watchmaking were placed at a great disadvantage, by having to import their tools; but these they in time learned to make and greatly to improve upon. In proportion as men embraced the profession of watchmaking, the art became more developed; several returned from Paris, where they had gone to perfect themselves, and contributed by their knowledge to advance the general skill. It is not more than eighty or ninety years since a few merchants began to collect together small parcels of watches, in order to sell them in foreign markets. The success which attended these speculations induced and encouraged the population of these countries to devote themselves still more to the production of articles of ready sale; so much so, that very nearly the whole population has, with a very few exceptions, embraced the watchmaking trade. Meanwhile the population has increased threefold, independently of the great number of workmen who are established in almost all the towns of Europe, in the United States of America, and even in the East Indies and China. It is from this period, also, that dates the change which has taken place in the country of Neuchatel, where, notwithstanding the barrenness of the soil and the severity of the climate, beautiful and well-built villages are everywhere to be seen, connected by easy communications, together with a very considerable and industrious population, in the enjoyment, if not of great fortunes, at least of a happy and easy independence.

Thus, in defiance of the difficulties which it was necessary to overcome, in spite of the obstacles which were opposed to the introduction of the produce of our industry into other countries, and notwithstanding the prohibitions which enfeebled its development, it has at length attained a prodigious extension. It may be further remarked, that, from the upper valleys of Neuchatel, where it originated, it has spread from east to west into the valleys of the Jura, and into the cantons of Berne and Vaud; and, further, that all these populations form at present a single and united manufactory, whose centre and principal focus is in the mountains of Neuchatel.

If our watches have attained a certain reputation of superiority, it is in a great measure to be attributed to the independence of our workmen, and to the advantage which they have derived from a careful and studied execution of the several articles intrusted to their respective and particular talents. Indeed, on the one hand, each artisan working at home, and for whomsoever pays him the best price, and, on the other, the merchant having an interest to encourage by paying the best prices to those who furnish him with the best materials and work, a kind of emulation is naturally excited among the workmen to obtain a preference and an advantage. Perhaps, also, the spirit which is generally diffused among the inhabitants of mountainous countries, added to the habits and customs of our workmen, who are at the same time landed proprietors, have not a little contributed to the development of talent amongst our population. Living simply, and in the bosom of their families, occupied entirely (with the exception of a few agricultural cases) in the labours of their art, and not being exposed to those temptations which exist in corrupt large societies, it is very natural that they should be more assiduous and more desirous of attaining perfection in their art; and the more so still, as they derive a greater benefit from it; their reputation and their interest are equally engaged."

It is very pleasing to know that the watchmaking trade of Neuchatel continues to prosper, in spite of all the restrictions of surrounding states. In 1834, the number of watches manufactured annually in the canton was about 120,000, of which 35,000 were of gold, and the rest of silver. When to this we add the watches manufactured in the adjoining canton of Geneva, an idea may be obtained of the magnitude of this flourishing branch of trade. It is extremely probable that not fewer than 300,000 watches are exported annually from Geneva and Neuchatel. The greater proportion are necessarily smuggled out of the country, in consequence of the heavy duties or positive prohibitions of France, Austria, and other nations, through which they must go to find an outlet to America, England, Turkey, and countries still more remote. All attempts to stop this underhand traffic have signally failed. At one time, when the French authorities fell upon the plan of seizing every Genevese watch they found in the shops of Paris, the manufacturers at Geneva simply eluded their rapacity by smuggling a part of each watch to Paris to be stamped, then smuggling them back again, and finally smuggling them a second time into France completed and in a condition for sale. At present, Genevese watches will be insured to be delivered in Paris at an advance of 5 per cent., and in London at 10 per cent. As formerly noticed, it is calculated that 10,000 watches are thus smuggled yearly from Geneva into England. And why do they come by this indirect and discreditable channel? Because England has hitherto imposed a custom-house duty of 25 per cent., which, being 15 per cent. above the smuggler's premium of insurance, has been paid only to a very limited extent. The late proposition in Parliament to reduce the duty to 10 per cent., will in all likelihood open the trade to fair dealers, and serve the important ends of increasing the manufacture, benefiting the revenue, and serving the British public with an article which they require. The question here naturally arises, How far the increased introduction of Swiss watches will injure the home trade? As is well known, the Swiss watches are small, delicate, and not by any means durable, and they are purchased only from their great neatness and cheapness. They will, therefore, as long as they continue of that character, not supersede the manufacture and use of the higher class of English watches. Should the fabricants of Geneva and Neuchatel, however, commence the making of a substantial species of goods at a correspondingly cheap rate, there can be little doubt of their soon having the whole watchmaking trade to themselves. They are untaxed, live in a simple manner, possess a finer taste, and, from their temperateness of living, have a greater delicacy of hand than the generality of English workmen; all which advantages give them a pre-eminence in a craft depending much on personal qualifications.

All this time our caleche has been moving over a high moorish district, passing every few minutes the cottage of a watchmaker, whose nimble fingers are seen plying his vocation. Jean, our driver, suddenly draws up; we are in front of the French custom-house, and what takes place will furnish material for the beginning of our next article.

AN EAST INDIAN ANECDOTE.

It may be necessary to inform the reader that the drink called *toddy*, one of the strongest and most intoxicating liquors in India, consists of the sap of the cocoa-tree. The process of obtaining the liquor is simple. The toddy-collector leaves his dwelling after sunset; and seeking the thickest cocoa woods, climbs up, and cuts notches in the bark of such trees as seem likely to yield the most juice. Under each notch he affixes a small jar to receive the liquid, which, if drank instantly, is one of the mildest beverages possible, but if left during a few days to ferment in the sun, becomes the most ardent spirit known.

An incident connected with a person who followed the profession of a toddy-collector happened whilst I was in the country, the details of which are shortly as follows:—The individual in question had left his cottage, which was situated in a cinnamon grove in the island of Ceylon, little more than half an hour, when a native pedlar called there to exhibit his tempting wares, and to solicit a lodging for the night. The collector's wife, whose whole soul was wrapped up in the idea of finery, was delighted to let him in. Her *baugles* and *joiys*, which had hitherto been the pride of her life, were now eclipsed, and she sighed with envy as she saw all her former notions of grandeur fade before the contents of the wanderer's pack. Not daring, however, to purchase without her husband's approval, she was glad to allow the pedlar to rest himself on the bench beneath the door-porch—an ornament common to Ceylon cottages—in the hope of her husband's return by the morning.

After depositing his valuable knapsack beneath his head, the pedlar fell into a slumber, from which he was aroused by hearing a door creak—his sleep being, like that of most of his tribe, so light, that the slightest noise was calculated to disturb it. On opening his eyes, he beheld his hostess with her head protruding through the cottage door, attentively watching her guest. On seeing him stir, she made a short apology for thus awaking him, and retired. The itinerant vender took it into his head, however, that all was not right; so, after a short time, he again affected to sleep, indulging in one of those dozes when outward objects are visible, though indistinctly seen, by the weary watcher. In about an hour after, by the strong shadow afforded from an unclouded moon, the poor man saw some object approaching cautiously from the opposite direction. He supposed it to be the collector returning to his home; but, on looking up, to his dismay he perceived the woman stealthily drawing near with a long cocoa-knife in her hand. In an instant he was on his legs to confront her. She appeared somewhat startled, but declared that she had been in the woods seeking her husband, and that the knife she held was for the purpose of cutting down some jars left by him in the vicinity. The suspecting pedlar much doubted her story, but affecting to believe it, he saw her quietly re-enter the cottage and shut the door. No sooner was she within, however, than the traveller instantly climbed a tall tree, and took up his abode amidst the branches. Here he had been seated for some time, when he beheld the toddy-collector calmly returning home laden with his utensils, which he carried in a small sack over his shoulder. Worn out apparently with his exertions, and tempted by the beauty of the night, when he came to his door he paused for a short time; and sitting down on the bench lately occupied by the native merchant, he

seemed to fall into a train of deep thought. Presently, as if disinclined to enter the house, he made a sort of pillow of his well-filled bag, and covering his face, as is usual throughout the East, with his cummerbund, he fell fast asleep.

In less than another hour the door of the cottage was noiselessly opened, and the woman again appeared. She approached her husband, listened for a few moments to ascertain that he slept, and then stepping back a pace, raised her arm, and with her whole force, at one blow drove the knife right through her wretched partner's heart. For an instant only she seemed shocked at what she had done; then recovering herself, she attempted to withdraw the knife, which, having gone completely through her victim, had buried its sharp and fine point in the bench. After a severe exertion, she succeeded, but not without breaking off the point of the cocoa-splitter, which remained fixed in the wood. The woman's anxiety now to obtain the spoil, for which she had thus periled soul and body, appeared almost infernal. She seemed to grin in ecstacy at the deed she had done, and pant for the ill-gotten gain she had thus made her own. Exultingly she dragged what she conceived to be the pack of jewels from beneath the head of the corpse, when the movement drew from her victim's face the cloth that had covered it, and the savage murderess beheld the well-known lineaments of her own husband's countenance. She gave a sudden scream, and threw down the sack; then, with frantic cries, rushed from the cottage, and sought a shelter in the neighbouring woods.

The horror-stricken witness feared to move. If he descended, he might meet the murderess, who would doubtless revenge her dreadful mistake on the unarmed man, or, by possibility, he might become mixed up in the business; so he determined not to leave his place of refuge until morning. He therefore kept his position, staring, in spite of himself, at the dreadful object beneath him, in a sort of waking dream, till he was suddenly aroused by seeing the woman, accompanied by several persons (evidently officers of justice), approach the hut.

They examined the corpse; they searched the house, and began to take down their notes in writing, when the pedlar, anxious to seek their protection, by a sudden stir of the branches succeeded in attracting their attention.

In an instant a gun was pointed at him, and he was commanded to descend. The poor man willingly clambered down, when, to his horror and surprise, he was instantly seized and bound, at the instigation of the woman, who, with frantic gestures, declared that she recognised in him the assassin of her adored husband.

The wretched prisoner was immediately brought to trial, and, despite of his declarations of innocence, condemned to death, the woman's statement being clear and probable. She affirmed that the pedlar had come to their house and sought shelter for the night—a boon her husband had unhesitatingly accorded; that the two men had a severe dispute about the price of some trinkets, when her husband, in a fit of passion, thrust the itinerant merchant out of his house, who, it seemed, had not gone far, for soon after, the toddy-collector feeling warm and uncomfortable from the debate he had held and the liquor he had drunk, had gone to lie down. A slight noise, however, awoke his wife, who distinctly *saw* the wicked traveller stab her husband through the heart; that she then, without uttering any cry, from fear of instant annihilation herself, stole from the back-door, and rushed into the town for assistance, and had happily succeeded in arresting the assassin before he had time to escape.

This account seemed so plausible, that scarcely any one in the court doubted the prisoner's guilt. In the first place, what motive could the wretched widow, who was well known to have been warmly attached to her husband, have to invent a falsehood? In a word, a thousand arguments were brought forward to satisfy the jury of the guilt of the unhappy prisoner.

Only one person present doubted the whole story; and that, fortunately for the innocent man, was the enlightened judge before whom the case was tried. He felt assured of the truth of the defendant's statement, yet he had no means of upsetting the strong testimony of the woman. The jury returned a verdict of "guilty" without a moment's hesitation; but still the judge was not satisfied, and afterwards declared, that one of the most awful moments of his life was that when he found himself compelled to pass sentence of death on the unhappy prisoner. He, however, had one power, that of reprieve, and he exercised it, by delaying the execution of the culprit for fifteen days.

The very instant that he left the court, a sudden thought struck him. He directly sent for the bench on which the murder was said to have taken place, had it closely examined, and discovered that the point of a sharp instrument was lodged in it. This he had carefully extracted, and found it to be the end of a cocoa-nut knife, which of course further strengthened the judge's suspicions, and he sent a fresh reprieve to the prisoner. He then caused the road leading from the cottage of the deceased to the town to be closely searched and ransacked. His efforts happily succeeded. Close to the edge of a half-dried tank, the weapon was found: it was rusted with blood, had lost its point, and bore on its handle the name of the murdered man.

The woman, without receiving any previous notice, was seized, and the knife suddenly produced before her. The sight at once turned the current of her feelings: she fell upon her knees; confessed the whole; declaring that the temptation had been too great for her, but that God had determined she should not escape, since he had brought up the knife from the bottom of a tank into which she had thrown it; and all she now prayed for was instant death.

Two days afterwards she underwent her just sentence, while the poor pedlar was released from his ignominious confinement.

NOTES OF A RESIDENCE IN THE BUSH.

FOURTH ARTICLE. BY A LADY.

ANECDOTES OF THE COUNTRY—MODE OF LIVING—REMOVAL TO MELBOURNE.

We were visited one day by a very large party of natives; I am sure there were a hundred of them. I happened to be alone in the hut. Some of the men came into it and examined all they saw very attentively, especially the pictures we had hanging on the walls. They were much taken with a likeness of my mother, and laughed heartily at some black profiles; they said they were "black leubras." I told them to leave the hut, but they would not; and one, a very tall fellow, took the liberty of sitting down beside me on the sofa. I did not much like being alone with these gentry, so I rose to go to the door to call some one, but my tall friend took hold of my arm and made me sit down again; on which I cried out sufficiently loud to alarm my husband, who was building a hut behind. He came in and turned them all out, but they still kept hanging about the station for some time. My husband took his gun and shot some white parrots, which were flying in an immense flock overhead. Some of the natives ran and picked them up, and thrust them into some hot ashes, where they had lighted a fire, without even taking the feathers off. They were soon cooked in this way, and I believe ate very well. I had often seen black Tom cook parrots and cockatoos in this manner. The natives will eat any thing that comes in their way. I saw a woman take a piece of sheep-skin, singe the wool off, and then begin to eat it, giving her baby a piece of it also; much to my surprise, they actually ate a large piece of the skin. All these natives left us before sundown, and went to Mr Baillie's, where they were always allowed to remain as long as they chose. He was too kind to them, and gave them great encouragement in his own hut. We always expected to hear of some mischief there. At last one of them threw a spear at the groom, which stuck in his arm; it gave him great pain, and he went to the settlement to consult a doctor. In many instances, the undue severities of the settlers lead to reprisals from the natives, who are apt to inflict vengeance in a very indiscriminate manner.

At this time I had a pleasant visit from Mrs Gibson and her brother; they were on their way to a new station about fifteen miles beyond us. I was delighted to have the privilege of talking to a lady again; it was more than a year since I had seen one; and my little girl had not words to express her delight and astonishment. The sight of a "white leubra," as she called her, seemed for a time to take away her speech; but she soon began to question her very closely as to where she came from, and whether there were any more like her in her country. I am sure Agnes dreamed of her all night, for she often spoke of the beautiful lady in her sleep; and the moment she was dressed in the morning, she went to look again at her. Mrs Gibson was much amused at Agnes's admiration. I did all I could to persuade her to remain some time with us, and allow her brother to go on, and have some place comfortable for her to go to, but she would not. Some time after this, Mrs Gibson's courage was well tried. She had occasion to go a journey on horseback, and not knowing the road, she took a native with her as guide. When they were at some distance from home, the man wanted her to dismount, and, indeed, tried to pull her off her horse. He did not know she had a pistol with her; but she pulled one out and presented it at him, telling him that unless he walked on before the horse and showed her the proper way to go, she would shoot him. Had she appeared at all afraid, most likely he would have killed her; but her courage saved her, and she arrived safely at her journey's end.

When all the gentlemen were from home, one of the shepherds came to my hut door to tell me that in counting over his sheep, as they came out of the yard, he missed twenty-five. He was a stupid old man; so I asked the stock-keeper to get his horse and ride over the run; but he proposed driving the sheep over the same ground they had gone the previous day, in hope that the lost ones might join the flock. This was done; and when the sheep were again put into the yard, they were found all right. We had many alarms about losing sheep; but, except the time they were taken by the natives, we always found them. One night it had become dark, and there was no appearance of the sheep coming home. At last the shepherd arrived in a great fright, and said he had lost all the sheep—he could tell nothing about them. Every one, except Agnes and I, went out immediately to look for them in different directions. It came on a dreadful night of rain, thunder, and lightning, and was very dark; the men returned one by one, and no sheep were to be seen. I was sitting in no very comfortable state in the hut, and taking a look at the door every five minutes, although it was so dark that I could not see a yard before me. Little Agnes was in bed, as I thought fast asleep, but she called to me, and said, if I would allow her to stand at the window she would tell me when they were coming. I put her on a seat at the window, where she had not stood long, listening very attentively, till she told me they would soon be here, for she heard them far away. I thought she was talking nonsense, as I could hear nothing, neither could any of the men; but Agnes still said she heard them coming, and she was right, for in a few minutes my husband sent to tell me they were all safe in the yards. He and one of the men had found them in a hollow about a mile from home; but our next alarm was for James, who was still absent. My husband fired off several pistols, that he might know all were found if he was still looking for them; and we put a light in the window to guide him. He came in about twelve o'clock, but would scarcely own he had lost himself, although we knew very well he had; however, we all enjoyed our supper and a good blazing log fire, and were very thankful we had the sheep safe.

We often killed kangaroos; they are very palatable, particularly the tail, which makes excellent soup, much like what is called hare soup. My friend Willy Hamilton declared he never ate better soup at any dinner party at home. I sometimes made cakes, which were much admired by the visiters at our hut; and it was a fixed rule always to have a large pudding on Sunday, as we were sure to have some of our neighbours with us to dinner. We had an old man who made so good a pudding that we had it every Sunday for six months; and many came to eat of this mess, the fame of which had spread far and wide. We often gave the receipt for it, but no one made it so well as old Williams.

My husband or my brother read a sermon on Sunday; indeed, we kept up the form of a religious service as near as we could. Generally all our servants joined us; but if they did not feel inclined of themselves to come, it was in vain to try to persuade them. I have sometimes seen our neighbours' servants come in also. We had many letters from home, which were a great pleasure to us. We had also received a large box, containing a spinning-wheel and many very useful things, from my mother. She would, certainly, have been pleased had she seen us unpacking it, and examining every thing in it; it made me think of days gone by, when we were children at the opening of a New-Year's box. I am sure we were quite as happy. We received soon after this a box of preserves, and some other articles, from the same kind hand, and they were highly valued, as we could get nothing of that kind at Port Philip. Little or no fruit was yet to be met with in the colony; but in our garden we had some young gooseberry, currant, and raspberry bushes, from which we hoped soon to have some produce. We had also a row or two of strawberry plants.

On New-Year's Day 1841, some of our neighbours came to dine with us. I was very anxious to have either a wild goose or turkey, but none of the shepherds could see one to shoot for me, so I had determined to have a parrot-pie instead; but on New-Year's morning, while we were at breakfast, two turkeys were seen flying over our hut, one of which was immediately brought down. I must describe our New-Year's dinner, to show what good things we had in the bush. We had kangaroo soup, roasted turkey well stuffed, a boiled leg of mutton, a parrot-pie, potatoes, and green peas; next, a plum-pudding and strawberry-tart, with plenty of cream. We dined at two o'clock, a late dinner for us, as twelve is the general hour; and at supper or tea, we had currant-bun, and a large bowl of curds and cream. We spent a very happy day, although it was exceedingly hot; the thermometer was nearly 100 in the shade. Our friends rode home to their own stations that evening; it is very pleasant riding at night after a hot day.

All the stations near us commenced their poultry-yards from our stock. We got 12s. and 15s. a-pair for hens, which was the Melbourne price. Had we been nearer town, we might have made a great deal by our poultry. Eggs are also very dear in town, sometimes 8s. and 10s. a-dozen. I was much annoyed by the hawks carrying off the young chickens. We lost a great many in this way, as we had not a proper house to put them into; but the gentlemen always promised to build one when they had nothing of more importance to do. They rather slighted the poultry, although they were very glad to get the eggs to breakfast, as well as a nice fat fowl to dinner. We never fed the poultry; they picked up for themselves, except when I now and then threw them a little corn to keep them about the huts. They roosted on a large tree behind our hut. I was astonished to see how soon the hen begins to teach her chickens to roost. I have seen one take her chickens up to roost in the tree when they were little bigger than sparrows, and scarcely a feather in their wings. I used often to admire the hen's patience in teaching her family to mount the tree; it took her a long time

every evening to get them all up, for many a tumble they had, and many times she flew up and down for their instruction; but she seemed very happy and satisfied when she got them all under her on the branch.

A melancholy accident happened at a station near us. A young gentleman who had lately arrived in the colony, went to pay a visit there. He jumped into a water hole to bathe; the hole was small but deep. He was well warned of this; but nothing would dissuade him from going in, and he was drowned before any assistance could be rendered. His body was not found for several days, although the hole was dragged with chains; but some natives were set to dive for it, and one of them brought the body up immediately, which was buried next day in a wood near the hut. The funeral was attended by several settlers in the neighbourhood, and the service for the dead was read by the gentleman whose guest the deceased had been. A funeral in the bush is a very rare and a very impressive occurrence. I only know of one other spot where a white man is buried; it is the grave of a shepherd who was speared by the natives some time ago, and the valley where he now lies is called the "Murderer's Valley." I never passed through it without feeling a kind of horror. The grave is fenced in by a rough paling.

In the bush no one is ever allowed to go from a hut without eating, or remaining all night, although an entire stranger. We were once sadly deceived by a man who walked into our hut, and introduced himself as a new settler who had come to our neighbourhood. None of us were acquainted with him, but we very soon saw he had not the manners of a gentleman, although he was perfectly at ease, spoke much of his large herds of cattle, and the difficulty he had in bringing his sheep up the country so as to avoid the different stations, as there is a heavy fine for any one driving scabby sheep through a settler's run, except during one month in the year. This pretended gentleman also talked as if on intimate terms with one of the settlers we knew, and told us much news, some of which astonished us not a little. He dined with us, and begged to know how the pudding was made. I offered to write him the receipt, which I did, although I am sure he could not read it. In a few days we heard he was a hut-keeper, and an old prisoner, who had been sent by his master to tell us he had some young bullocks to sell, as he knew we wanted to purchase some; but this message was delivered to us as a piece of news. I was rather annoyed at being deceived in this way; but in the bush it is no easy task to tell who are gentlemen and who are not from their dress, or even manners, as a few of them pride themselves in being as rough as possible.

We began to think that there were too many masters at one station; and my husband's relations at home had expressed their surprise that he did not leave the young men to manage the station, and find something to do near a town. The situation of his family induced my husband to think seriously of this proposal; but the only happiness I had in the idea of leaving the station was, that I should be able to pay more attention to Agnes, who was now four years old, and almost running wild. In short, for one reason and another, it was resolved that we should seek a new home; and for that purpose my husband proceeded to Melbourne to make necessary inquiries. After an absence of three weeks he returned, having taken a farm in the neighbourhood of Melbourne, to which we were immediately to proceed. This proved a fatal step, and the beginning of many misfortunes; but I shall not anticipate. My husband brought with him our old friend Mrs Scott, who had come to see us before we left the station, and she remained till the day of our departure, accompanying us on the journey.

Accommodated in a spring-cart, which was provided with a few necessaries for our use, we departed from the station on the first morning of sheep-shearing, and certainly not without a degree of regret, for, all things considered, we had enjoyed at it a happy bush life, to which I now look back with pleasure. It was early morning when we set out, and the first place at which we stopped was the station of Messrs Donald and Hamilton, where we breakfasted, and found a hearty welcome. From this we proceeded to the station of my brother Robert. Fortunately, we found him at home, but quite alone; not even the hut-keeper was with him, as he had taken the place of a shepherd who had run away. The two little huts were perched on the top of a steep bank or craggy rock, at the bottom of which was a deep water hole. It had the strangest appearance possible; at a little distance it looked not unlike a crow's nest, and must have been a very dismal place to be left alone in for such a length of time as my brother occasionally was. I was very sorry for him, and did not wonder at his complaining of being dull sometimes. I told him we had come to lunch with him, but he said he hoped we had brought the lunch with us, as he had nothing to give us but damper. The rations were done, and more had not come from the home station. We were well provided in the spring-cart; so Robert and I laid out a lunch, and he took a damper he had made out of the ashes. We could not remain with him very long, as the day was pretty far advanced, and we wished to get to Mr Anderson's station, where my husband had promised to remain a short time, as Mr Anderson was ill at Geelong.

Before we had got above four miles from my brother's, the wheel of our cart, in going through a creek, got into a hole, and the vehicle was upset. We were all thrown into the water, but were not hurt, and our greatest difficulty was getting the cart up again. We had to take out the horses, and get into the water and lift it up, as it lay quite on its side. It took all the party's united strength to lift it. We were quite wet already, so we did not mind standing in the water to do this duty; it was rather refreshing, the day had been so hot. I undressed my infant, and rolled him in my cloak, but all the rest of us had to sit in wet clothes; we were so much pleased, however, at getting up the cart that we did not think much of it, and were congratulating ourselves on our good fortune, when, in going up a very stony hill, down it went again. I felt much stunned, as I was thrown with my head on a stone; but I was not insensible. The thought of my infant was uppermost; he was thrown several yards out of my arms, but the cloak saved him. He was creeping off on hands and knees out of it, quite in good humour, as if nothing had happened. Agnes was also unhurt, except a bruised cheek, but she was much concerned about a kitten she had got from her uncle Robert, which was squeezed under a carpet-bag. The most unfortunate of our party was poor Mrs Scott, who was thrown violently on the ground, and lay seriously stunned. On inquiring into her condition, she said that her leg was broken, and in great pain. This was terrible news in such a place as we were, but on examination the case was not so bad; the knee was out of joint, and her ankle already much swollen from a very bad sprain. By her own directions, I pulled her leg till the knee-joint went into its place. She had been thrown with her head down the hill, and she suffered so much pain that she could not allow us to move her, but we propped her up with stones and a carpet-bag; and what more to do we could not tell.

We were far from help; it was already nearly dark, very cold, and we had nothing to light a fire; in a word, we were in a miserable state. My husband at length remembered an out-station of Mr Learmonth's, not above half a mile from us; he immediately went there for help, and two mounted police happened fortunately to be at hand. One of them rode back for my brother Robert to come to us, and the other assisted my husband to carry Mrs Scott on a hurdle to the shepherd's hut, while I went on before with the children, to try to get a bed ready for her. The walk put my baby fast asleep, so I laid him down in a corner of the hut, wrapped in my cloak, while Agnes went to the fire to dry her clothes, not looking very contented. The shepherds were very kind, and gave up their hut to us at once; and the old hut-keeper begged me to let the poor sick lady have the best bed. I looked at the beds, but it was really difficult to say which was best, as one was an old sheep-skin, and the other a very dirty blanket, spread on some boards. I chose the sheep-skin for Mrs Scott, and my husband carried her into the hut and laid her on it. By this time my brother Robert had arrived with a bottle of Scotch whisky which my husband had left with him. Mrs Scott took a little of it, which appeared to revive her, for she seemed in great agony from being moved. Her knee was continually going out of joint when she moved, so I split up the lid of an old tea-box I saw in the corner of the hut, and bound the pieces round her knee with a bandage made of a part of my dress; and I succeeded better than I expected, as it did not again come out of its place. I never saw any one bear pain with more composure and cheerfulness than my poor friend. My brother rode on to tell Mr Scott, and to get a doctor from Geelong. I bathed Mrs Scott's ankle often during the night with some hot water in which meat had been boiled; it was the only thing I could get. It relieved her for a little; but we passed a sad night, as we had no dry clothes. My husband was also much bruised, and the horse had trod on his foot, which was very painful; but he said nothing about it till next day, when he could scarcely put his foot to the ground.

The hut to which our misfortunes had thus conducted us was a miserable place, and I was afraid to try to sleep, there were so many rats running about, and jumping on the beams across the roof. I was, however, very tired, and unconsciously fell asleep for a little, but when I awoke three rats were fighting on the middle of the floor for a candle I had lighted and placed there stuck in a bottle, there being no candlestick. I rose and separated the combatants. Poor Mrs Scott had never slept; she said a rat had been watching her all night from the roof. The rats here are very tame and impudent, and not easily frightened, but are not so disgusting in appearance as the rats in England; they are larger, and their skin is a beautiful light grey. I shall ever remember this dismal night, which seemed protracted to an unusual length. Day at last dawned, and allowed those who were able to move about, and render assistance as far as circumstances would permit. With the help of the shepherd, I prepared breakfast, and afterwards dinner, for the party. We were much afraid, when the afternoon arrived, that we should have to pass another night in the hut; but at four o'clock, greatly to our delight, Mr Scott made his appearance, and soon after a dray, in which a bed was placed for Mrs Scott. It was with difficulty she was lifted into it. I sat beside her with the children, and my husband sat on the other side to keep her steady. Mr Scott was on horseback. In this way we arrived at Mr Anderson's station late at night, as we were obliged to travel very slowly on account of our unfortunate patient.

We found Mr Anderson's hut locked up, and the keys were at Mr Yuille's, three miles off. However, my husband opened the window with little difficulty, as it had no fastening; so it seemed of little use having the door locked. We soon got a fire lighted by his woman-servant, and had tea and nice comfortable beds, which we indeed much required. Mrs Scott was taken home next day, but many months elapsed before she could walk about. We remained at Mr Anderson's station a short time. While there, we went over to dine with Mr Yuille. I saw many improvements about his station, but his own hut was still without windows. I expressed my astonishment at this, but he said he had been so long without them, that he would still continue so, and he did not see the use of them. We ate some of the largest lettuces here I ever saw. Mr Yuille takes great pleasure in his garden, and keeps it in order entirely himself.

We were now in the Boning Yong district, which takes its name from a very high mountain, on the top of which is a large hole filled with water. It is quite round, as if made by man, and there are fish and mussels in it. Boning Yong is a native name, and means *big mountain*. I like the native names very much; I think it a great pity to change them for English ones, as is often done. Station Peak is also a peculiar-looking mountain, and is the boundary between the Melbourne and Geelong districts.

We spent several days at Mr Scott's station, which is for cattle and dairy-husbandry. He had some of the finest cows I had seen in the country, and the dairy was well managed by a young woman, whom the family had brought from home; and they fortunately did not require to keep many servants, the children were so useful, and never idle. His two little boys managed the cattle as well as any stock-keeper could do, and every thing seemed in a fair way of prospering at the station. A large family in these colonies is a blessing and fortune to their parents, if well-doing.

In travelling down to Melbourne, we did not require to sleep in the bush, as there are now several public-houses on the road. The first we came to was not at all comfortable; and the keeper performed the paltry trick of hiding our bullocks, thereby compelling us to remain at his house till they were found, which was not accomplished until we offered a reward for them. We heard many complaints of "planting" bullocks (the colonial expression) at this house. We were more fortunate in the next we arrived at, in which we slept one night, and were exceedingly comfortable; it is kept by a Dr Grieve. On leaving next morning, Mrs Grieve gave me a nice currant loaf for the children to eat in the dray.

I was astonished, when I visited Geelong on our way down, to see the progress made in building. I had not seen it since we first landed in the country, at which time three stores were all the buildings in the township. Now, it is a large and thriving place. Such is the rapid way that towns get up in this new and enterprising colony.

A CHINESE BREAKFAST.

[From Mackenzie's "Second Campaign in China."]

NEXT morning we all landed about nine o'clock, A.M., in various boats, some belonging to the steamers, others provided by Keshen. The landing-place was situated about a quarter of a mile up one of the numerous creeks on the banks of the river. On approaching, our attention was much attracted by the various handsome boats in which Keshen and his suite had come down from Canton. They were all brilliantly painted, and decorated with elaborate carving and gaudy flags. The landing-place was enclosed by a slight bamboo railing, which served to keep off the disorderly rabble with which China abounds. It was roofed over, and covered with plantain leaves and cloths of the brightest colours. Under this the guard of honour and band were drawn up to receive the plenipotentiary. While the officers remained waiting his arrival, our time was fully occupied in examining the boats and preparations for our reception. The tents in which the interview was to take place were about 300 yards distant from the landing-place, and were surrounded with smaller tents for Keshen's guard of Chinese soldiers, and as quarters occupied by his suite. A raised platform of bamboo served as a causeway between the landing-place and tent. On Captain Elliot's arrival, he was received with the usual honours; and we then marched off to the tents, the band preceding us. Keshen received us in a handsome outer tent, lined with yellow, the imperial colour. His appearance is that of a man about fifty; but he is, I believe, much older. His manners were very dignified, and he received us with great courtesy and politeness, without any of the false shame that recent events might be supposed to have given rise to. His dress was plain but handsome; the outer jacket was of the finest sable; and a cap, with a dark red button and peacock's feather, served to denote his exalted rank. On this occasion, however, he did not wear his court button, but one of more common material. We were all presented to him individually by Captain Elliot, Keshen at the same time referring to a list of our names and ranks in Chinese, which had been forwarded to him the previous evening. After this ceremony was over, Keshen invited the plenipotentiary and a few other officers into an inner tent, where we found chairs arranged on each side of an ottoman, upon which Keshen immediately seated himself, in the manner in which tailors are wont to pursue their laudable vocation, his staff standing around him. We sat on chairs—Captain

Elliot on the left, and the Hon. Captain Dundas on the right, the former being looked on in China as the seat of honour. Mr Grey, a young midshipman of her Majesty's ship Herald, son of the late Bishop of Hereford, had accompanied his captain; and Keshen took the lad and placed him at his side, commencing a series of questions relative to the boy. Captain Elliot mentioned that Mr Grey was nephew of the late prime minister, at which Keshen seemed pleased, and inquired his age. On being informed that he was only fifteen, he remarked, that one so young would be much better employed at home in learning his books than in learning the use of his sword. A desultory conversation then ensued, during which servants entered with refreshments, which were served in a variety of cups, of all shapes and sizes, made of the most delicate and transparent china; this was followed by tea *a la Chinoise*. After this, Keshen said that he had ordered breakfast to be prepared, which being ready, he begged we would partake of it, and immediately bowed out Captain Elliot and all by whom he was attended. On retiring, we were shown into the tent we had first entered, and found four tables set out, each capable of accommodating six persons, which made up the exact number of the party. I regret having been unable to procure a copy of the bill of fare on this occasion, while, to endeavour to describe the various dishes would require the talent of a Ude, and many of them would not tend to elevate the Chinese gastronomic art in the estimation of my readers; suffice it to say, that most of them were excessively fine. Among others, I would particularly recall to pleasing recollection the partridge soup and pheasant breast sandwiches, as also the preserves and dessert, which were delicious. In addition to the usual European, we had a weak Chinese wine, heated, and handed round in small cups, the attendants pressing us frequently to drink, and seeming to think that a glass of something was necessary to assist our masticating labours. Having eaten as much as I felt inclined to partake of, I endeavoured to effect a retreat, but was stopped by a servant who spoke a little English, and to my horror was informed by him that breakfast was not half over. Unwillingly I followed him again to the table, where I found, to my surprise, a course of at least two dozen different dishes set out, among which was the celebrated bird's-nest and shark's-fin soup. Having at length finished breakfast, we adjourned to the open air, and found that Keshen—

> While he feasted all the great,
> *Had not* forgot the small,

having provided a good and substantial breakfast for the marines and band. During the time occupied at breakfast, Keshen was employed in examining the arms of the marines and the instruments of the band. Nor was his curiosity confined solely to the weapons of defence used by the privates, for he sent to me to request to be allowed to examine my sword. Whilst unclasping its belt to comply with this request, I was amused by the exclamation, "See also *my* sword!" which proceeded from my neighbour, Captain Rosamel, who, when informed of what was passing, detached his own sword from his side, and insisted upon its also being subjected to the inspection of our curious host; thereby exhibiting a striking instance of his correct appreciation of the balance of power, so much esteemed in Europe. While wandering about, we walked into a house, which, to our surprise, we found tenanted by the Hong merchants, who, being habited in full court dresses made of silk, richly embroidered, formed a very pleasing addition to the pageant. They were headed by Howqua, the senior Hong merchant, an old man of seventy-two, possessed of enormous wealth; and who, if report speaks correctly, was squeezed for the expenses of this day's entertainment. In China, where the mandarins retain their appointments for three years only, the general policy of these officers is to squeeze or extort as much as they can from the people under their rule—a procedure they have recourse to in consequence of the low scale of their official salary. Nor is it to be wondered at that by this means they not unfrequently amass enormous wealth. On our return to the tents, Keshen expressed a wish to inspect the marines. They were accordingly drawn up, and marched past, put through the manual and platoon, with some other simple manœuvres, and as Keshen came down in front, to open order, and presented arms. All this would have been perfect, had not a row of unfortunate Chinese soldiers been drawn up close in the rear, who stood looking on with great gravity, totally ignorant of the nature of the movement: consequently, as each rear rank man stepped back, he trod on the toes of a Chinaman, who, of course, commenced jumping up, thereby producing an effect something similar to the keys in the interior of a piano. Keshen was much struck by the appearance of our men, whom he seemed to suppose were padded, for he felt their arms and chests; and even to the innate pride and self-sufficiency of a Chinese mandarin, the contrast between our men and his own body guard (who, although not deficient in height, were miserable objects) must have been striking. Shortly after this, we took leave of Keshen, and returned to the steamer, leaving Captain Elliot with the commissioner to arrange public affairs.

THE ROMANCE OF LIFE.

Some short time ago, in one of the villages on the Firth of Forth, lived a lady whose husband had long before gone to sea; and never having heard from him for some years, she believed him to have been dead. At the time her husband went to sea, Mrs S. lived in a town in England; but after giving up hopes of his return, she removed with her only daughter to her native country, Scotland. In the course of years, a probationer of the Church of Scotland came to officiate as a missionary in the parish, and formed an attachment for Miss S. Seeing no immediate prospect of obtaining a church at home, he resolved on transferring himself to one of our American colonies, and received an appointment there from a colonial missionary society. Having been united to Miss S., he took his departure, leaving his wife and mother-in-law to follow as soon as he should have prepared for their comfortable reception. They accordingly left this country some time afterwards for America. In the meantime, among the settlers over whom the young divine's charge extended, was a comfortable farmer, also named S., who made inquiries after the history of the minister's wife and her mother, and expressed an anxious desire to see them on their arrival. They did arrive safe; and on reaching the minister's habitation, Mr S. was sent for to be introduced. Judge of the surprise of all, when, on the entry of Mr S., the newly-arrived females found in him the long-lost husband and father! Having been unable to trace his family in England after a protracted absence, he had returned to America, where, by a singular coincidence, both he and they found those they had given up as lost. The parties, we are glad to say, are now living comfortably and happily in the New World.—*Edinburgh paper.*

CONTAGION AND QUARANTINE.

[From the *Medical Gazette.*]

We marvel much at the tone and temper with which this controversy has been too generally conducted. A certain class of pathologists has imbibed a sort of instinctive horror at the notion of contagion. They have considered it as beneath the dignity of a scientific man to acknowledge such an influence. They have reasoned as if there were some confession of intellectual superiority attached to the holding of such an opinion, and an emancipation from vulgar prejudices in the avowal of anti-contagious notions. Such men would, we sincerely believe, experience a sense of shame in acknowledging the doctrine of infectious agency. That such feelings as these do exist widely throughout the world, more, perhaps, on the continent than here, we are well convinced, and it is hard to account for such a circumstance. There seems nothing, *per se*, very revolting to common sense in the notion that the secretions of the body, in certain disorders, throw off emanations which, received into the lungs, and impregnating the blood of another person, should produce in him a like disease. Yet the great aim and object of certain parties has been to disavow such a principle, wherever, by any ingenuity, it was possible to adopt some other explanation; never to admit such a doctrine except as a last resort in ætiological difficulty, and then to throw all possible discredit upon it.

The doctrine of a contagious and infectious quality is conceded to small-pox and measles by almost all pathologists, a large proportion of whom are ready to extend the same attributes to scarlet fever and hooping-cough. Very many draw their line of demarcation here, and, like Falstaff with his ragged regiment, refuse to march a step farther with the contagionists. A certain number, however, are content to include typhus fever, puerperal peritonitis, and the Egyptian plague, in the category of contagious maladies. From this point the non-contents have it pretty much their own way. The doctrine of a contagious quality inherent in the morbid secretions of cholera, of yellow fever, of erysipelas, and of influenza, makes some of them perfectly frantic, while the suggestion that perhaps the secretions may be similarly endowed in cases of phthisis pulmonalis, croup, or dysentery, is met with a look of ineffable contempt, mixed with pity.

It has always appeared to us that the doctrine of contagion and infection has been viewed by medical writers in too isolated a manner; that to arrive at correct conclusions on the subject, capable of any wide application in nature, we should commence with the simplest form of diseased secretion capable of communication from one individual to another of the same species, and trace the doctrine up to the more aggravated forms of disease.

Entertaining these general impressions on the subject of contagion and infection, as applicable to various acute diseases where the secretions of the body are palpably affected, it cannot be a matter of surprise that we are strenuous supporters of the contagious nature of the Turkish plague. If ever a disease existed, calculated, *a priori*, to throw off contagious emanations, this is it. It is a peracute form of fever of most malignant character, rapidly affecting the nervous and circulating systems, and curiously altering the coagulable and other qualities of the blood.

One argument of the anti-contagionist party is, that plague is not found to spread on the European Continent, though commercial intercourse with Egypt augments annually. Historical facts, however, are opposed to this statement. Plague spread at Marseilles in 1720, at Moscow in 1770, at Malta in 1813, and in the Ionian Islands in 1818.

While we thus acknowledge our firm belief in the contagious qualities of the secretions that form in persons labouring under Turkish plague, and our equally strong conviction that the clothes, and bedding, and bed furniture of plague patients may sometimes harbour such diseased secretions, and renew the disorder after a certain interval, either in the same or in a distant locality, we are perfectly ready to admit that the quarantine laws, as now administered in the Mediterranean, are framed upon very mistaken views of the laws of pestilential contagion. The shortness of the incubative stage is not considered. The almost total impossibility that merchandise could be packed by persons in a condition calculated to throw off contagious emanations, seems utterly neglected. The practical inference deducible from the fact that the crew of a merchant ship remains free from disease for a period exceeding ten days, appears an element in the calculations of quarantine law-givers wholly and most unaccountably left out of consideration.

We earnestly hope that the British government will be induced to take some efficient steps towards the reform of the quarantine regulations now in force throughout the Mediterranean. That the period of sanatory surveillance might be lessened in all cases, with perfect safety, we entertain not the smallest doubt. That the period should be the same in steam and sailing vessels, appears a wanton trifling with valuable time. No isolated measures for the reform of quarantine laws, however, can be of any avail. To be effective, the subject must be taken up as a measure of international policy, and carried out with entire acquiescence on the part of all the chief Mediterranean powers.

TRAITS OF ENGLAND.

The waste of horse labour in England is prodigious. In ploughing, never less than three horses, and often four and five, are engaged. In one small field we observed four ploughs at work, two of which were drawn by four horses, and the other two by three each! Thus fourteen horses, four men, and four boys, were employed to accomplish what a Scottish farmer would have done better, in little more time, with two horses and a single man. In another field we observed a team of *six horses* drawing a harrowing machine! No good reason can be given for this excessive waste of animal power: the English farmer plods on as his fathers did before him; and to all remonstrances he returns, what we found to be the universal answer, "Lord bless you, sir, it will never do to distress the horses." The "turn out" along the roads is imposing: the horses are yoked *a la tandem*, in a row, and the ploughman stalks loftily along, in his smock frock and half boots, cracking his huge whip by the side of the horses, while a boy leads them in front. Another peculiarity in some of these midland districts is the quantity of land still cultivated in the common field style, or *run rig*, as it used to be termed in Scotland by several tenants or small proprietors. Each has his own number of furrows, separated from that of his neighbour by a strip of green sward, and the appearance of the fields divided in this way, with walks between the *rigs*, is singular enough. We say nothing of the loss of ground: the farmer never thinks of arranging with his neighbours to alter the system, because he says they must cultivate the lands in that way till there is an act of Parliament to enclose them. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the fields around Kenilworth and Warwick. They are well cultivated, and enclosed by neat hawthorn hedges and elm trees. Around Stratford-on-Avon there is the same rich appearance; but, proceeding on to Oxford, more barren land and more careless farming are apparent. From inquiries of a farmer, we learned that on rich soils in Warwickshire they take three successive white crops after one-year-old grass: first, oats; second, wheat; third, barley; then two green or clearing crops, namely, beans or peas, and afterwards turnips. The turnips are pulled, cleaned, and cut, and then given to the sheep and cattle. The "woolly people" eat them from troughs placed in folds; and by shifting the latter from time to time the ground is manured. The crop after the turnips is generally wheat, and is laid down with grass. We were struck with the number of bean fields along the sides of the public roads. Beans are considered a better clearing crop than turnips; they are hoed four or five times in the season, and are excellent food for fattening hogs. The value of land is very unequal: in one place it rents at 16s. per acre, and in a mile or two at 45s. There is undoubtedly a greater air of comfort about them all than in our northern region, though there is far less display of scientific skill or prudent economy. The condition of the labourer is about the same as in Scotland, or rather better. Wages run from 10s. to 12s. a-week; but where there is a family, the difference in the price of bread from that of oat-meal will be equal to the difference in amount of wages.—*Inverness Courier.*

INDIAN MODE OF TRAINING HORSES.

According to Mr Catlin, the Indians possess the knack of subduing and taming the wild horses of the western states, by covering the eyes and breathing into the nostrils. Since this remarkable practice was made known in England, it has been tried on various vicious horses, and, as we understand, with perfect success. A person connected with a dragoon regiment writes to inform us that the attempt was made on a horse which it baffled every one to tame, and it had the desired effect. In a late newspaper, it was mentioned that the process had been tried by Mr Ellis in Yorkshire, and with singular success. "One of the animals experimented on was remarkably headstrong, and apt to rear and kick with his fore feet, rendering it extremely difficult to get at his head, which was only effected by climbing a tree to which the filly was tied, and leaning over as far as was practicable. The moment one nostril had been breathed into all was easy. 'W——, who is very skilful in the management of a horse, coaxed it, and rubbed its face, and breathed from time to time into the nostrils, while the horse offered no resistance. In about ten minutes he declared his conviction that the horse was subdued; and he then unfastened it, and, to the great and evident astonishment of the owner (who had been trying all the morning in vain to gain a mastery over it), led it quietly away with a loose halter. Stopping in the middle of the field, with no one else near, he quietly walked up to the horse, placed his arm over one eye, and his hand over the other, and breathed into the nostrils. It was pleasing to observe how agreeable this operation appeared to be to the horse, who put up his nose to receive the 'puff.' In this manner he led the horse through all the fields to the stable-yard, where he examined the fore feet, and then the hind feet of the horse, who offered no resistance; but while he was examining the hind feet, bent his neck round, and kept nosing his back. He next buckled on a surcingle, and then a saddle, and finally bitted the horse with a rope. The horse did not offer the slightest resistance, nor did it flinch in the least degree.'"

We hope veterinary professors will make inquiries into this at present incomprehensible means of training horses, and give the world the benefit of their labours.

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SUPPLEMENTARIES.

ONE often meets in the world with individuals who are generally estimable, and perhaps superior in most points to their neighbours, but who are strangely deficient in some single department of character, or perhaps possessed by something of the nature of monomania, so that much of what is good about them goes for little or nothing. Perhaps this sort of person gives us even a more affecting sense of human infirmity than those who are thoroughly bad, just as we more poignantly lament the defeat of a candidate by a majority of one than we do the non-success of one who never had any chance, or at a regatta pity the honest fellow who only loses the race by half a boat's length. There is also an unfortunate class of cases where the intellect is all very well, except for a certain inaptitude or blindness on some points, as if they had been subjected to the deduction of a small discount before being sent into the world. All this is very distressing to reflect upon, and must be extremely inconvenient in many instances to the parties; but amongst people of a certain rank in life it is not perhaps irremediable. It occurs to us that, for those who can afford it, there might be a class of functionaries who would greatly, if not altogether, remedy the defect or aberration. To this class of functionaries we would give the title of Supplementaries.

For example, we shall suppose a married lady who was in all respects a crown to her husband, as the old epitaph has it, excepting that she was totally deficient in a sense of time, so that she never was punctual as to any duty or engagement. All that would be necessary in this case would be to keep a Supplementary. It would be the first qualification of this person to possess an uneasily exquisite sense of time—to be, in fact, an animated piece of horological machinery. Taking a survey of a day's duties, the first would of course be to admonish the lady of the proper hour to rise, and, more than this, to take care that she did not fall back upon an unfinished slumber, but did actually get up. Once up and afloat in the house, and supposing her to be a person who was not above seeing that all things were ready in time to allow of her husband breakfasting and getting away in time to business, she would require a few occasional admonitions from her Supplementary as to the various affairs therewith connected. In the course of the forenoon, she would perhaps need a touch of the hour-hand of her Supplementary, to enable her to dress in time for shopping, morning calls, and all that sort of thing. On any day when she had appointments, it might be necessary for her to be accompanied by the Supplementary, who would sit by her side while she was chatting with her friends, and tell her when it was time to take leave and be off to another place. The husband would find the benefit of the Supplementary's services in a particular degree when he and his lady had to go out together, whether to a walk, or a call, or a party, as the necessity for his urging her to begin in time to dress, and dragooning her all the while to dress with dispatch, would be taken entirely off his hands, and he might not have to spend a half hour in fretting and kicking his shins in the lobby above once in a twelvemonth. He would also relish very much the certainty of finding dinner ready, and his wife ready for it, on his coming from the office, and still more particularly the repose of mind which he would have whenever he expected company, being quite sure that all culinary and other preparations would be duly made, and that the appearance of his dame to take up a position in the drawing-room would be never less than five minutes before the first rat-tat-tat at the door. The services of so useful a person could not of course be obtained for nothing; but, considering what a saving these would make in tear and wear of soul and body together, they would be well worth the money. The only difficulty in such a case would be as to the sex of the Supplementary. A female would be preferred, as the advertisements say; but a female with a sense of time might not be easily had. It seems to have pleased Providence so to constitute the female mind, that it both wants a sense of time itself, and has the power of bewitching that sense out of the opposite sex. We foresee that a man Supplementary in so confidential a place would be objected to, and yet there might be no alternative. What, then, shall we say? Let us take refuge in the useful and respectable quality of age. Some withered, formal little man, going about the house like an old worm-eaten eight-day clock, as he was, would not be a very formidable idea; and such men, with well-attested characters, could be had with no great difficulty.

Some other ladies make extremely good wives in all respects excepting a sad want of order. Studious ladies have a bad character in this respect: it seems settled in moral chromatics that the complementary colour of *blue* is *drab*. But many ladies, without being at all literary, contrive to be amazingly litterary—leave their clothes lying about in their rooms, keep awful-looking toilette tables, and, instead of ever putting any thing to rights, are constantly putting wrong just as many things as possible. This class of ladies usually have enough of respect for the world's opinion to dress in the most splendid style they can afford, and keep very superb public rooms for the reception of company. But all the rest of their houses, and all the time which they spend in privacy, are marked by slovenliness inexpressible; the lucid interval being somewhat like a winter day in northern latitudes, in comparison with the long night of untidiness and trumpery. Charming women in all other respects, affectionate wives, good mothers, and ornaments to society, the expense of a Supplementary to make them quite perfect would be well incurred. Such an official would require of course to be a paragon in that very quality which the principal party wants. A sense of order so painfully nice that a thread lying on a carpet produced discomfort, and a dusty table untold agonies, would be the grand qualification. It would be necessary to produce certificates of several genuine faints at dusters left on ottomans till the calling time of day, and children ushered into company without a proper attention to something more than the *counting* of noses. Here there would be far less difficulty in the choice of an official than in the case of the Unpunctual Lady, for the female sex have that almost monopoly of order which the other have of time. A good female Supplementary for the Disorderly Lady might be got for little more than the salary of a lady's maid. It would be necessary, however, that, as in all other cases, she should be invested with an unlimited authority. She would need to be regarded, not as a servant, but as a kind of duenna or governess. A husband truly anxious about the good order of his wife's person and household, would allow a very large latitude in her instructions. A power of forcing the unfortunate gentlewoman into clean linen whenever it was absolutely necessary, and of dictating the proper hour for the exchange of the wrapper for the gown, would be amongst the simplest parts of her prerogative. Where there was a very inveterate propensity to sitting up to the knees in confusion in a frowsy bed-room, all the time that a clean and smiling parlour was left unoccupied, the Supplementary would need to have it in her power to summon the whole forces of the house to commence cleaning up, brushing here, scrubbing there, kicking up all possible dust—in short, doing every thing to render the lady's position intolerable, so that she would be in a manner hunted down stairs. If, again, any unhappy disposition was shown to relapse in the evening into wrappers and night-caps, on a plea that it was not worth while or necessary to keep on dress merely for one's husband, the Supplementary ought to be enabled to keep the said wrappers and night-caps under lock and key, until the proper hour for undressing had arrived. Our functionary would of course have an absolute right to interfere in all cases of rent shawls and stockings, and even to withhold food, or lock up in a dark closet, until the fault had been remedied by the lady's own hands. Let it not be thought that this would be treatment inconsistent with the condition and style of living of a full-grown lady: the object, we must remember, is to correct and improve habits, and it might be hoped that a very few inflictions of the punishment would be sufficient. If, however, any decided objection was felt to this stretch of authority, the Supplementary might merely keep a record of delinquencies, which, being represented by numbers, would be reckonable at the end of each week, when some less severe punishment might be inflicted by the husband. Appearing *en papillotes* might, for instance, count 2; leaving out a petticoat on the floor, 3; mislaying keys, 6; and so on. Having 30 of an aggregate in a week might be held to infer a penalty of a certain class; 50, one of a higher class; and so on. The nature of the punishments would need to be adjusted with a regard to the tastes and inclinations of the lady; but a series, consisting of a denial of new dresses, would be pretty sure to meet the majority of cases.

There is a class of gentlemen who are excellent persons in all respects, except that they are totally deficient in a sense of the value of money. The consequence is, that they are remarkably indifferent about the proper means of gaining the world's pelf, and remarkably free and easy in spending it. And, more than this, by an apparent contradiction, which practically is found to be none, they contrive to spend a vast deal of money which they never gained at all. In men otherwise so extremely agreeable and worthy, this is a very lamentable thing, for somehow the bulk of mankind regard it with extreme severity and intolerance. There is, indeed, scarcely any little failing of human nature which suffers so much downright actual persecution as this blindness to the value of money. Men are hunted for it out of society, have to go to the continent, or no one knows where, in consequence of it: in short, it brings them into the most dreadful scrapes. This is evidently a class of cases where a Supplementary would be of the greatest service. He should be a sort of live ready-reckoner, always at the elbow of the party. The great difficulty would be to operate so far upon the reason of such a gentleman as to induce him to put himself under the guidance of the requisite official. But, supposing that he was brought to this point, how much benefit might he and all his immediate connexions, as well as his descendants, derive from a really right Supplementary! He would never feel inclined to build, or plant, or improve, but his Supplementary would be instantly at his elbow, with a prospective view of the cost to set before him. He might feel the strongest tendency to the turf or to Melton Mowbray, but the Supplementary would quietly tell him it would not do. Was the purchase of bijouterie, or pictures, or articles of virtú, his craze, he might walk through unlimited bazaars, arcades, and auction rooms, and, so that his Supplementary stuck fast to him, he would be quite

safe. If he wished to entertain his friends, and thought of a champagne supper, the faithful Supplementary, with one shake of the head, would bring him down to a dinner of plain roast and port. Did a vision of a new britschka rise on his morning dreams, the honest Supplementary would join him as he descended to the breakfast parlour, and dispel the perilous fancy in a moment. In short, the Supplementary would keep such a man quite right, at a mere trifle of expense compared with the sum saved, and a worthy man would be preserved to his wife, children, and the world, instead of going himself, and sending every thing else, to the dogs.

Another and opposite class of men would need a Supplementary fully as much, at least for the sake of their own credit: that is to say, the stingy and miserly would need one to admonish them when they ought to spend and be generous. But it is vain to hope that men of this order would ever take a Supplementary into their pay. The spendthrift might possibly submit to the companionship of a person who was to save him from himself; but the niggard would boggle, at the very outset, at the salary, and prefer going on saving his money, and sinking his name, and perishing his soul.

There is a vast number of other cases in which a Supplementary would be useful. We submit that a bashful man would be much the better of one possessing a good stock of assurance, to spirit him on to address the fair when it was proper to do so, and to give him some little confidence in his own powers when he was likely to slink aside from a race in which his competitors were, manifestly to all but himself, inferior. Supposing bashful men generally to adopt the custom, we might expect some interesting statistical tables from Mr Farr as to the increase of marriages—a kind of result which might obviously be expected to be still further swelled, if ladies also were to keep Supplementaries to whisper to them when they ought to say *yes*, when they might otherwise be apt to say *no*. Young ladies might advantageously retain officers of this kind in their pay to tell them when they were laughing too loudly, or looking too happy; and, perhaps, it might not be amiss for some young gentlemen to keep a very small but quick-witted Supplementary, to put them on their guard against being stupid or frivolous, and hint ideas for them to operate upon in their endeavours to pass for smart fellows. Absent men would need Supplementaries to tell them when some one was speaking to them, and to admonish them that they were on the point of walking out in a shower of rain without putting on their hats. Clever people, whose only fault it is to speak eternally, to the exclusion of all conversation, would evidently be much the better of Supplementaries, just to make them aware that some other person might have something to say as well as themselves. Bores, who tell awfully long stories, would require similar service to admonish them of a tired audience. The long-tongued and empty-headed in general should be attended by Supplementaries; and it might be suggested that, as a public interest is here as much concerned as a private one, part of the expense ought to be borne by contribution, or out of the Consolidated Funds. But any such provision would obviously be improper in such a case as that of a young man of fortune, destitute of sense, manners, and discretion; as, in the first place, it is greatly doubtful if his deficiencies are at all remarked; and, in the second, if he chose to have a little judgment supplied in this way, and found himself thought the better for it, it must be so great an addition to all his other advantages, that, considering how rich he is too, he is well entitled to pay for it out of his own pocket.

When a case unluckily happens, as it sometimes will, that one whom birth entitles to place and influence is either not bright or not disposed for trouble, it is clear that he ought to have a good Supplementary engaged for him from the very dawn of existence. At school this person should learn all his lessons for him, take all his whippings, and fight all his quarrels. He should afterwards see him well through college, enjoy a tour of the Continent for him, and be ready to supply all the knowledge and affectation of taste which a young man ought to have. He should see to keep his principal out of all frolics of a positively dangerous nature, select his party, direct his vote, and supply thought and reflection in general upon the shortest notice. Such an arrangement would be in its way perfect—the Supplementary enjoying a good salary, and the principal having a tolerable reputation for sense and information, as well as for things of more importance.

We might easily run over a number of other cases in which Supplementaries would be useful, but it scarcely can be necessary when every one is able to think of them for himself; and, to tell the plain truth, we are not quite sure that the reader may have thought so from the bottom of the first column, and may have been remarking to himself ever since then—"Why, our journalist would not be the worse of a Supplementary himself, just to tell him when it is time to stop."

NORTHERN COLLIERIES.

SECOND ARTICLE.

We now suppose the colliery in full operation. The shaft is sunk to a good seam of coal, and the only objects now in view are to keep out the water, to ventilate the mine, and to raise the coals, as well as to "raise the wind" and the price. To become acquainted with the mode of descending and ascending the shafts, let us follow the colliers from their homes at four or five o'clock in the morning. To the pit's mouth they are seen flocking from all quarters. Station yourself at the pit's mouth, and gaze around at them. In companies of three and four, they swing along with that peculiar gait consequent upon their vocation. In dingy flannel dresses do they approach, with a pipe in each mouth; with one hand in a side pocket, and with a Davy-lamp in the other. They are cracking their dry jokes as they mount up the heap of ashes around the pit, and they continue them as they tarry on the surface, till their turn for going down arrives. These men are the "hewers" or actual workers of the coal. Their tools, which are simple and few, have been sent down before them. They have all a word to say to the "banksman," who is the man stationed at the top of the shaft to "land" the men and coals, and superintend all that concerns the transmission of signals, of messages, and of live and dead stock, through the shaft. In a few minutes, things are prepared for the descent of this set of men, the ropes being held ready by the banksman.

At the bottom of each rope is a chain terminating in a hook, with a spring catch. The hewers and other workmen descend and ascend the pit (or "ride," as they say) in pairs by a "loop," made by hooking back this chain upon itself, the hook on its end being passed through a link. A pair of men insert each a leg in the loop, and laying hold of the chain or rope above it with one hand, are ready to counteract the effects of any oscillations by a stick in the other. In pits where both the ropes go in the same compartment, they are not allowed to descend in baskets at all. It is considered much safer to descend in the loops than the "corves" or coal-baskets; and it is only where the ropes are divided by a partition that the men are permitted to descend in the baskets. Where two ropes are in the same compartment of the shaft, a relaxation of the speed of passage is arranged at the "meetings," or point of conjunction of the ascending and descending load. To prevent the risk of being drawn over the pulleys above the pit's mouth, the attention of the banksman, who manages the engine, is arrested by the mechanically-contrived ringing of a bell at the approach of the load to the surface, and the winding-engine is duly stopped. Human beings ascending are, upon their arrival at the top of the shaft, grasped by the outstretched hand of the banksman, and pulled on to the "settle-board" or platform, and aided in disengaging themselves from the loop. A precautionary code of vocal signals is established between the "onsetter," or attendant at the bottom of the shaft, and the banksman at the top; and when the men manifest their intention to ascend, the onsetter, in addition to the transmission of such notice by a "token" deposited in the next ascending corf, makes that intention to resound through the shaft by vociferating to the banksman, "Ho! send away a loop;" and is responded to by the banksman.

It is indeed amusing, but sometimes painful, to witness the perfect nonchalance with which boys of twelve or fourteen years of age will catch the rope at the very moment of the commencement of its upward course, and cling to it by winding their legs and arms round it. When it is considered that they hang on in this uncertain mode for a passage of from 500 to 1000 and more feet, the sight becomes unpleasant to a stranger. It has been asserted that boys, after the close of a hard day's labour, have actually fallen asleep while "riding" in this way, and that the banksman has been compelled to grasp them with a somewhat rough hand, in order to secure and awaken them. This seems almost incredible, inasmuch as the act of falling asleep would tend to diminish the care of grasping the rope, and to relax the curvature of the limbs; but I was assured of its truth by two or three distinct parties who had witnessed such cases in former years, when the hours were much longer and the labour more severe.

The modern plan of drawing coals, and that most in use in the Wear collieries, is by square iron cages, sliding upon four "spears," or upright slides. These cages are divided into two or three compartments, into which the tubs of coal are conveyed. The tubs themselves, which I measured at Hetton Colliery pit, were of iron, 3 feet by 2 feet 6 inches, and 2 feet 6 inches in depth, holding 8 cwt. of coals, the tubs themselves weighing 3 cwt. The places of the tubs are occupied by men and boys in ascending and descending the shafts; and certainly this mode is more agreeable and more safe, and has in most instances the advantage of an overhead protection in the top of the cage. From two to six men can conveniently descend in this manner, and the chief cause for an accident would exist in one extending any part of his body beyond the cage, which indeed nothing but wilful carelessness could occasion.

Reader, I wish you to descend the shaft with me the next time. I will tell the banksman that we are going down in a "corf" or basket. The "loop" mode of descent is no pleasant thing; for, unless you can manage your stick well, you may get an unwelcome bang against the sides of the shaft, besides experiencing the sensation of amputation in your thigh, if you are at all tender-fleshed, from the cutting of the chain. But I do not wonder at your eyeing the ropes with an inquiring glance ere you trust your life to them. Well, then, those ropes are, as you see, flat, and composed of four strands, each four and a half inches in circumference, and the breadth of the four strands together is four and a half inches. These ropes are under the regular inspection of the banksman, but still it is as well to tell you that they *have* been known to break. However, the corf is here. Now, lay hold of the banksman's hand, step in, and grasp the chain above you with both hands. You hear (unless you are congenitally deaf) the banksman vociferate that long-winding "ho-o-o-oh!" Do not be alarmed. 'Tis true it is pitchy dark enough. Don't look up, or you will get your eyes filled with water droppings or dust. I am sorry you feel a degree of nausea; but it is not unusual in the first descent. You are unaccustomed to the rapid motion. Be composed; that was only the other corf that passed you. Now, then, do you hear the "onsetter?" Look down; we are slackening speed. See! there is the lamp at the bottom. Here we are at last. Give your hand to the onsetter; step out. Yes, I know you cannot see in the least degree. Give me your hand; mind that hole—that horse there—that "sump," or well, just before you. Sit down here a minute or two till the "under-viewer," or second mining superintendant, prepares all for us. I think you had better carry a candle, a Davy lamp gives but a feeble light; here is your candle stuck in clay. Put the clay between your third and fourth fingers in your left hand, and handle your stick gropingly in your right. Now, you can see pretty well. The under-viewer walks first, I go second; follow me. Now, we are proceeding up the "mainway," or, in fact, the high road of the pit. Right and left of us will presently appear passages at right angles to this mainway. You see that light in the distance? there is a load of coal-baskets approaching us. Do you hear the boy who drives the horses whistling? Here he is; stand close up on one side. There; he passes you safely with his twelve corves of coals. Follow on; stop, this is a door, called a trap-door; the little boy behind it will open it for you. This door is one of many placed in various parts of the mine for directing the ventilating current of air, about which more shall be said anon. Yes, the boy is very little; probably, he is only nine or ten years old. We will speak about these boys at large presently. Ah! your candle is out! Do you hear the under-viewer say to the pitman "gi'e us a low?" This is pit language for "Give me a light."

You have burnt your fingers; it is common with strangers. It requires some practice to carry a pit-candle (of which there are forty to the pound) without such misadventures. You find it very hot; I suppose you think you are too thickly sweltered up in flannels; no such thing. You will be in draughts of "return air" by and by, and will then feel it cold enough. That is a crane for hoisting the baskets or corves of coals upon the waggons that have passed you. Now, turn here to the right. You have now left the mainway, or "winning headway," and have turned up a "board" or passage, at right angles to the high road you have come from. At the top of this board we shall meet with the hewers at work. There! you see their lights glimmering? Push on. You are tired? Well, I do not wonder at it, for I suppose we have not walked already less than three hard and weary miles. This is an old pit, and consequently the workings are progressively more distant from the shaft every year. There! these black fellows are the hewers; they will most assuredly mulct you in half a crown for your temerity in coming here. "Pay your footing" at once gallantly. Now, then, we shall be permitted with good-will to investigate most scientifically all the mysteries of coal-hewing.

The modes of excavation must necessarily differ in accordance with the nature of the seam of coal. "All is not gold that glitters," and all is not coal that looks black. There is much "band," "swad," and "foul coal," in most seams. The nature and thickness of the interstratifications and other similar circumstances, decide the plan of hewing; the object, of course, being to send to bank the greatest quantity of marketable coals with the least expenditure of labour and time. The plan of working is fixed by the viewer, and he imposes certain restrictions and fines (by a bond) for such hewing as may be agreed upon as unfair or wasteful—restrictions that are the subject of not a few disputes between the men and the viewer, at some of which I have been present, and in which the spokesmen of the pitmen manifest no small amount of adroitness and ingenuity in putting the strongest case for their side. Whatever be their acknowledged deficiencies in other respects, there is no viewer who will not give them credit for quite sufficient astuteness to detect any imposition upon their rights of labour. The consequence of a viewer's persisting in a very obnoxious point may be an incipient local strike; the result of the adherence of the whole body of viewers in resisting the claim may be a general district rebellion.

In the ordinary mode of hewing the coal, the hewer curves out about a foot or eighteen inches of the bottom of the seam, to the distance, perhaps, of three feet, and then "nicks" up, that is, cuts in with his pick one of the nooks or corners of his board. By these means he has gained what he calls his "judd" or "vantage." This "judd" is either brought down by the insertion of wedges or the blast of gunpowder, in which latter case he drills a hole in the opposite corner, fills it with gunpowder, lights the match, and retires till the coal is torn down by the explosion. An able-bodied hewer can hew about six tons of coal in a day. In this mode the hewers proceed in excavating the coal, keeping the "boards" or passages about twelve feet wide. This one we are in you will find to be about that width. You observe that there are but two hewers at work at one time here. Some boards are made wider, to hold three or four together. This board will be driven through the coal until it has advanced about twenty yards, when "walls" or other passages are excavated at right angles to them. If you consider for a moment, you will see that, by continually driving these boards, such as we are now in, six yards apart from each other, and nearly parallel to each other, and then crossing them at every twenty yards by other passages, such a system of working will ultimately develop a large piece of panel work, the masses of coal between the boards forming "pillars" of the dimensions of six by twenty yards. These pillars are aptly so denominated, as they are, in fact, the supports of the mine. Formerly, the pillars were left in undisturbed possession of their loads; and when the coal was, with their exception, all excavated, the mine was abandoned. This was deemed necessary, chiefly from considerations of inefficient ventilation, of which we shall shortly speak at large; but of late years, the introduction of the Davy-lamp, and improvements of various kinds, have enabled the miners to obtain nearly the whole of the coal. Some collieries, actually abandoned prior to the employment of the Davy-lamps, have been re-opened, and the pillars worked nearly out. The pillars are worked either by longitudinal or lateral excavations, numerous props of wood being introduced to uphold the roof during the progress of this duty. When the pillars are removed as far as is practicable, these props are "drawn" or knocked down by men, who speedily retreat as each falls—an operation which, when I witnessed it, I was led to deem the most hazardous in the pit, as the withdrawal of each prop was not unfrequently followed by the fall of large masses of stone in alarming proximity to ourselves—a proximity the more alarming, when one became aware of the number of accidents that occur from such falls in the performance of this dangerous proceeding.

When, then, the roof has thus fallen in, that portion of the pit is denominated "goaf," and sometimes "thurst." This goaf, in highly gaseous seams, will not unfrequently become a natural gasometer; and from five acres of it, in one of the pits at Wallsend colliery, a discharge takes place, through a four-inch metallic pipe, of two cubic feet of gas per second. The pipe is carried up as high as the head gear above the shaft; and from its orifice issues, with a roaring sound, the stream of gas, which, having been ignited, forms a flag of flame seven or eight feet in length, conspicuous by day, and at night illuminating the entire neighbourhood.

When the coals are hewn or excavated, in come a class of able-bodied lads called "putters." These lads are divided into three distinct classes, according to their strength. They all fill the corves or coal-baskets with the coals, and then "put," that is, push or drag them to the cranes. The full corf is placed upon a "tram," or little iron-wheeled carriage about three feet ten inches long, and the tram upon the tramway that conveys to the crane. The strongest putter, called a "headsman," has a little boy as his assistant, denominated a "foal." The latter draws the corf with a pair of cords on level or uphill ground, and pushes against it with his back on declivities; and thus, for a distance of from sixty to a hundred-and-sixty yards, the coal is pushed to the spot where it is to be lifted.

You must now exchange your candle for a "Davy," as the naked light is unsafe in these parts, and walk this way to see the working of the pillars; but you must crawl, for you are too tall for these passages, which do not inconvenience the short colliers to any serious degree. Now, we are at the pillar-workings. I perceive you perspire most abundantly; so, indeed, do I. This is a most suffocating atmosphere. You have merely an ocular confirmation of the correctness of the above description of the mode of excavating the pillars. Well, then, we will return. Now, you are again able to stand nearly erect. You may notice, in the course of your return, the frequent appearance of numerous peculiar semicircularly concentric masses at the sides of the passages. These are called, technically, "metal rigs." They are portions of the floor of the mine, forced up by the enormous pressure of superincumbent matter. These "metal rigs" or "creeps" may be often observed in incipient development, and in all the stages of commencing and perfect creep. The perfect creep is that state in which the pressure has been sufficient actually to force up the floor against the roof of the mine. In such cases, a passage must be cut through at a great expense, if the spot is one necessary to be opened for the transit of coal. This creep goes on rapidly in the "waste" or deserted pillar-workings, and where the props have been drawn. When the process is very active, loud noises have been heard, resulting from the bursting up of the strata, and thundering like the discharge of artillery, or as if some of the revengeful spirits of the mine were making tremendous havoc in their intestine wars. In one very old pit, in the parish of Long Benton, I was told that several years since a sudden creep of so extensive a nature took place, nearly under the parish church, that the whole edifice was shaken, and portions of the ceiling dislodged, gaps or sinkings being visible in the neighbouring grounds. You feel it cool enough now? we are in the "return air," and shall very soon be at the shaft. Here we are again. Step into the corf; grasp the chain. "Ho-o-o-oh!" drawls the onsetter; the banksman re-echoes the same. We are off! You see the light now a little—now more; and now we are "at bank" again! Be cautious; give your hand to the banksman; jump out—all right! We will go to the viewer's house, wash, and change, and I will then describe to you as much about colliery ventilation as may instruct and amuse you.

THE EXCHANGE.

A STORY.

FROM THE FRENCH.

THE chronicles of by-past days inform us that a poor rascal, out at elbows, and with coinless pockets, was one day walking in a very pensive mood near the Champs-Elysées of Paris, half uncertain whether it would not be his best plan to betake himself to the real Elysian fields without delay, when he was accosted by a gentleman richly attired, who abruptly proposed to change suits with him. The melancholy stroller at first deemed this one of the jokes which people with holes in their coats must sometimes endure at the hands of their more fortunate fellow-mortals; but the proposer of the exchange soon showed himself perfectly serious, by commencing to strip with great alacrity. A dress, rich in excess, and magnificently embroidered, with a hat gallantly winged with feathers, being very much to be preferred to the looped and windowed raggedness characterising his own attire, the penniless muser began to uncase likewise, and in a few minutes the exchange was regularly completed; after which, the seeming loser by the bargain took himself off instantly. The new-born dandy or grandee, however, had scarcely time to felicitate himself on his good fortune, when he was seized by a body of the police, and hurried off to durance vile. It now turned out that the gentleman who had so readily parted with his rich clothes had strong reasons for so doing, being, indeed, no other than the famous robber Cartouche, then hard pressed by the myrmidons of justice.

Ludovic Demarny, a young man whom we now beg to introduce to our readers, might have no suspicion of being the subject of a ruse similar to that of Cartouche, and indeed could not have any good grounds for such a suspicion, when his cousin, Armand Demarny, came to him one morning, and proposed not only to change dresses, but to change stations in the world with his relative. This proposition was truly somewhat surprising, all circumstances considered. The two cousins were of provincial origin, had been friends from boyhood, and, left in youth without much means, had both come to Paris to push their way in the busy world. They had then been separated in a great measure by differences in tastes and habits. Ludovic had a strong tendency to poetry, and had become a litterateur, dwelling in obscurity and poverty, yet enjoying tranquillity in the dream-land of imagination. Armand, on the contrary, though not possessed of greater personal advantages than his cousin, had found his way into the brilliant circles of fashion; and having no means of his own to maintain his position there, followed the not uncommon plan of using the means of others for that purpose. In short, he lived upon credit, becoming a willing debtor to all tradesmen and money-lenders who, dazzled by his elegant aspect, residence, equipage, and companions, were imprudent enough to yield to his assaults on their purses.

On the morning on which Armand called on his cousin Ludovic, as already mentioned, the poetical dreamer was in a state of despondency not unusual with those pursuing a precarious literary existence. Wearied out by continual drafts upon his brain, some of them not very productive, he felt in a mood to desert the muse altogether, and resign the hopes of fame and wealth with which she had so long flattered him. "Ah!" said he, as Armand entered his humble apartment, "you are a happy fellow! You have addressed yourself not to the illusions, but to the realities of life. You have given to your young years their true employment." "Yes, I am happy, perfectly happy," answered Armand; "but wherefore cannot you be so as well as I? If you have hitherto gone astray in pursuit of chimeras, keeping yourself in obscure penury, it is not yet too late to strike into a better path. You have but to follow me, and I will show to you the route, strewn with gaieties and delights." The young fashionable then drew a brilliant picture of his ordinary routine of existence, expatiating with tempting unction on the pleasures of the opera, on his blood-horses and dashing barouche, on his little suppers, and all the other sources of amusement open to the man of fashion.

"But how do you manage to have all these pleasures at command, scant of money as you are?" asked the studious cousin. "By means of credit," said the other coolly; "I run in debt." Armand then laid bare to his cousin all the arts of a needy man of fashion, throwing over the subject such a glare and glitter, that it seemed as if the system of tricking creditors formed a source of perpetual amusement to him, rather than an obstacle in his path. "Are you astonished at all this?" said the dandy at the close of his revelations "how deplorably ignorant you are of life! You are writing a comedy, you say; by what means will you ever be enabled to paint the real manners of society? You live like a hermit, when you ought to be in the midst of the bustle of life, picking up such information and experience as may, when you retreat once more to your study, enable you to command that literary success which you now long for in vain."

The student was completely taken with the artful pictures and specious reasoning of his cousin. "You are in the right," cried he to Armand; "you have pointed out the only certain road to fame and fortune." "Well," said Armand, "since you seem satisfied of this, I will show you that I am not one of those who content themselves with giving counsel to a friend, leaving him to find out for himself the means of following it. I will remove all difficulties from your way at once. Take my place in society; take my chambers, my dresses, my horses—every thing, in short, which I possess. My debts you cannot be compelled to pay. In your new position you may study men and manners with every advantage; and when you are satisfied, say so, and quit the busy world at once. As for me, though unsated with the delights of society, I have fatigued my system somewhat, and my physicians order quiet and repose. I shall take your place in these apartments, and assume your lonely habits. What say you?"

The prospect of the proposed change was too tempting not to gratify the peaceful and well-disposed Ludovic Demarny; and in a short time he was installed in his cousin's well-furnished apartments, with the portals of society opened to him by numerous introductions. Young and enthusiastic, he enjoyed in a high degree the alteration in his course of life. All was new to him, and he feasted eyes and ears on a banquet of luscious sweets. On the other hand, Armand Demarny assumed not less readily the new part laid out for him. And now it is necessary that we should give a hint of his Cartouche-like purpose in proposing this scheme of metamorphosis to his innocent and unconscious cousin Ludovic.

At Havre-de-Grace, as Armand had learned just before visiting Ludovic, a vessel was expected immediately to land, bringing across the Atlantic a certain elderly gentleman named M. Rollandeau, and his young and lovely daughter Eugenie. Now, M. Rollandeau was the uncle of the cousins Demarny, and was possessed of great wealth, which he had made up his mind to bestow, along with the hand of his daughter, upon whichever of the cousins seemed most worthy of the honour. The artful Armand had not only learned these circumstances, but had also ascertained so much of the character of the merchant, as to adopt the impression that the studious and quiet cousin would be far more likely to please the prudent and monied merchant than the fashionable and extravagant man of the world. Hence the proposal for exchanging characters with the really quiet student.

M. Rollandeau arrived in due time in Paris, and his first visit was one paid to the now fashionable Ludovic, under pretence of purchasing one of his horses. When shown in, the old merchant found the young man reclining, in an elegant morning dress, on a magnificent ottoman, with a long Turkish pipe at his lips. "Sell to you that splendid horse!" cried Ludovic, when the fictitious proposal was made to him, "my good old soul, don't think of it. Sell that unmatchable creature which won the last race at Chambery! I should not take treble what you offer. So good morning; excuse me; I must go and prepare for the steeple-chase at Bery." With these words the newborn dandy bowed out his visiter with great nonchalance. The uncle shook his head, as he noticed two or three discontented-looking persons waiting the outcoming of the young dandy. They were evidently creditors, and the old man knew not for whom they really waited. To that artful gentleman M. Rollandeau next betook himself, and found Armand in perfect readiness for the visit. The chamber in which he sat was a peaceful and modest one on the third floor. The pen was in the hand of the occupant, and books lay thickly strewn around him. Very different was the look of the place from the extravagant glitter that surrounded Ludovic, and here no angry creditors frowned around the approach. M. Rollandeau, according to his plan, introduced himself as a man of business. "I have been informed, sir, that, though a young gentleman of some expectations, you are in want of money. I can command, should we form a proper arrangement, a sum of ten thousand francs." Armand could not help pricking up his ears at this announcement, but he repressed the longings of old habits, and answered meekly, "Ah, sir, you are doubtless labouring under a mistake. Since lending money is your business, you must have been directed to Ludovic Demarny, and not to Armand. We are cousins, but have nothing else in common but the name. Yes, sir, you have been misinformed. Armand Demarny is philosopher enough to be contented with little, and has nothing to do with money-changers; but go to Ludovic, and the man of fashion will be

delighted to see you, and will doubtless soon treat with you."

When the prudent merchant had concluded his first visits to the two cousins, it may be supposed that poor Ludovic, when weighed in the scales with his cousin Armand, was found wanting. But M. Rollandeau was resolved not to peril his girl's happiness lightly. And, besides, Eugenie had a mind of her own, and was not disposed to give away her hand to any one without previously obtaining some knowledge of the party. Her father found it comparatively easy to gratify her wishes with respect to the accessible Ludovic, and even Armand was also seen by her. And now it was that fortune took the side of the simple Ludovic against his artful cousin, though the former laboured under the disadvantage of not knowing the parties with whom he had to deal. Armand, sustaining the part which he had at first assumed before her father, appeared to Eugenie almost repulsively cold and reserved. Esteem for his supposed learning was all that she could accord to him. For Ludovic, who had been really struck with her beauty on first beholding her, and who lost some of his fashionable affectation in the sincerity of the feeling, Eugenie felt a warmer sentiment. She was captivated, in truth, in no slight degree by his appearance, manners, and language.

The old merchant, who watched all these things with an attentive eye, at last made up his mind, and sent for the two cousins. His disclosure of himself startled both in seeming, but Ludovic only in reality. Yet Armand was, ere long, startled too. "I have long resolved," said M. Rollandeau, "to make one of you my son-in-law. You, Armand, are a studious and peaceable young man. You live economically, and know not the want of money. That is all well; but you know the world only by books. Becoming possessed of fortune, and having not the guidance of experience, you would probably fall a victim to the artful around you, or would run the risk of losing self-restraint, and then what would become of poor Eugenie? You, on the contrary, Ludovic, have had an insight into the ways of the world, its perils and its follies. The frivolities in which alone you seem to indulge I do not account as vices. You must have gained experience. The means of living in elegance you will possess, should you become the husband of Eugenie; and if you promise to be to her a faithful guardian when I am gone, I here make choice of you as her husband." Need we say that Ludovic hastened rapturously to give the pledge which was required of him?

What were the feelings of the defeated imitator of Cartouche during the delivery of this decision? They were most galling; yet what remedy could he adopt? To announce that he himself, and not Ludovic, was the experienced man of the world, would have been to expose his trickery, and to enrage the uncle at the attempted deception. Armand was compelled to bear his mortification in silence; and who will not admit that he met a deserved fate, in having his artifice thus made the means of ruining his own prospects?

"THE GABERLUNZIE'S WALLET."

THREE or four additional numbers of this monthly publication have made their appearance, since, with the two earliest in the series before us, we spoke of it as a clever and original work, containing faithful though homely sketches of rural and humble life in Scotland, referring to past and present times.* The author appears to possess a keen perception of the feelings and modes of expression of that little regarded class of society whom he depicts; and he has certainly the merit—a rare thing among modern versifiers—of being no imitator of the style and thoughts of predecessors who have won the world's applause. There is, for example, no small degree of imaginativeness and feeling in the following verses, taken at random from the melange of prose and poetry in the late numbers:—

THE FIRST GREY HAIR.

"The wife wha sits on her ain man's knee,
An' keeks in his face wi' her slee black ee;
Losh, how the body will wauken an' stare
Gin she see in his pow the first grey hair!

Ere the leaves o' the forest hae wither'd or dow'd,
When the fields are a' wimpling an' waving in gowd;
Losh, how the farmer will shiver an' shake
Gin he see at his feet the first snaw-flake!

When the Winter hath past, and the bonnie young buds
Wad fain deck in green a' the auld black wuds;
Losh, how the wee things will wither an' dee
Gin the bark fa' awa frae their parent tree!

When fortune is smiling, and friendship is kind,
An' your wife an' your weanies are just to your mind;
Ah! how you feel gin death mak his first ca',
An' taks e'en your youngest bit tottum awa!

When we keep close thegither, e'en auld age grows strang,
Auld folks an' auld houses will stand twice as lang;
But ah! gin ane totter, or ane slip awa,
How the lave o' their cronies will totter and fa'.

Yet we canna weel grieve though they a' fade away,
Though aye now and then we see marks o' decay;
On the earth we can only but stay for a wee;
But in Heaven there is naething can wither or dee."

* Menzies, Edinburgh; Tilt and Bogue, London.

The author of the Wallet occasionally goes beyond the satirical, and presents us with a piece of cynical philosophy. From a lengthened poem in this vein, the subjoined verses may be given, chiefly to indicate, in justice to the writer, the varied character of the materials which he presents to his readers.

THE BEST O' FOLK ARE NEVER MISS'D.

"Wherefore should man, though e'er so great
In art or science, rank or state,
Think muckle o' himsell,
When he such humbling truths may read
From the mute mansions o' the dead?
Hark, how the echoes swell!
When man is laid in death's cauld kist;
E'en let him gang; he's never miss'd.

Yet still he strives, and strives in vain,
The top of Fame's high mount to gain,
An' mak himsell immortal;
Vain thought! whene'er life's taper's out,
The strongest, sternest loon maun lout,
An' pass thro' death's dark portal,
An' there maun lie an' tak his rest;
The lave live on; he's never miss'd.

See the young man lay in the grave
His new wed wife he'd died to save
Frae death's untimely blow,
He thinks his crape-clad neighbours round,
Wha whisper in a smother'd sound,
Are wailing o'er his woe;
While they are tittering at some jest,
And his dear wife is never miss'd."

And so on. But we greatly prefer our author in his more kindly humour. It sits naturally upon him, and speaks of a heart warm with love for his fellow-creatures. For instance, what can be more pleasing than the following little song upon

THE GREY HILL PLAID.

"Tho' cauld and drear's our muirland hame
Amang the wreaths o' snaw,
Yet love here lowes wi' purer flame
Than lights the lordly ha';
For ilka shepherd's chequer'd plaid
Has room enough for twa,
And coshly shields his mountain maid
Frae a' the blasts that blaw.
Then hey the plaid! the grey hill plaid,
That haps the hearts sae true;
Dear, dear, to every mountain maid
Are plaid and bonnet blue.

What tho' we're few upon the muir,
We lo'e each other mair,
And to the weary wanderin' puir
We've comfort aye to spare.
The heart that feels for ither's woes
Can ne'er keep love awa;
And twa young hearts, when beating close,
Can never lang be twa.
Then hey the plaid! the grey hill plaid,
That haps the hearts sae true;
Dear, dear, to every mountain maid
Are plaid and bonnet blue."

A single sample of the finer prose passages may be quoted.

MUSIC.

"All nature acknowledges the influence of music; man bends before its power; and even the inferior animals own its dominion. The deep-toned organ, as it peals through the groined and richly-fretted arches of the lofty cathedral, wafts the soul to heaven on the wings of melody, and elevates the devotional feeling of the sincere worshipper. The clear tinkle of the solitary church-bell in the Sabbath morn, as it echoes among the hills, is felt and responded to by the well-attuned hearts of those who, impressed with its old and sacred associations, repair, at its summons, from their distant homes, to hold sweet converse with their God, in the same church where their forefathers often had met together in the olden time. The sad sound of the pibroch deepens the gloom of the Highland glen. The muffled drum hushes to stillness the noisy voice of the crowded street through which passes the funeral procession of the poor soldier. The blind vocalist, whose voice awakens the dull and silent lane at nightfall, like a spirit wailing among the habitations of the dead, leads after him, in the cold winter time, groups of merry little creatures, who, chained by the ear, follow him through half the town, regardless of the punishment that awaits them on their return home from their nocturnal perambulations. The child, as he lisps and prattles on his nurse's knee, leaps bounding to a lively air, or is hushed asleep by a gentle lullaby. Old frail wrecks of humanity, whose dancing days have long since passed away, will beat time with their staff to the sound of the fiddle. Nations have been conquered, battles have been won, by the influence of music; and many a wounded soldier has shed his last sigh, and fallen asleep in the arms of death, amid dreams of home and friends conjured up by a melody associated with

'Life's morning march, when his bosom was young.'"

Feeling assured that Scotsmen resident in England will be delighted with a periodical whose more prominent features are calculated to remind them so vividly of the "north countrie," we cordially recommend the "Gaberlunzie's Wallet" to their attention.

NOTES OF A RESIDENCE IN THE BUSH.

FIFTH ARTICLE. BY A LADY.

FARM NEAR MELBOURNE—CONCLUSION.

OUR unfortunate journey from the bush station was at length brought to a close. After remaining two days in Melbourne, to purchase provisions and some articles of furniture, we proceeded to the farm which we had reason to expect would be our future home. I liked its appearance very much; it was agricultural, with ten acres already in crop, and about thirty cleared. The soil was rich and productive, and immediately we got a garden fenced in, and soon had a supply of vegetables. To complete the establishment, we procured some cows from the station, these animals being reckoned my private property. The chief drawback to our comfort was the want of a house, and we were compelled to live in a tent till one could be prepared for our reception. I was assisted in the domestic arrangements by an aged but willing and active woman, whom we had engaged as servant. Our neighbours round called upon us; but all were men, and I saw no ladies while at the farm for a period of eight months.

All went on well with us till the month of February, when the heat became almost insupportable, the thermometer in our tent being at 110 degrees almost every day, and sometimes 120. It was like living in an oven. All around, the country was parched up to a degree which I am unable to describe. Every thing was as dry as tinder; and while in this state, some shepherds either heedlessly or maliciously set the grass on fire a few miles from our farm, and it came down upon us in a tremendous flame several miles in breadth. Long before I could see it from the tents, I heard the crackling and falling of trees. My husband was in town, also our ploughman with the dray; and we had only one man at the farm, as little work could be done at this season. This man told me he had seen the fire, and that it was coming down as fast as he could walk, and would be upon us in half an hour, when all our tents, &c., would be burned. For a moment I stood in despair, not knowing what to do. I then thought our only chance of safety would be to burn a circle round the tents. I sent the children to the next farm with old Mrs Douglas, our ploughman's wife. Nanny Douglas, a strong active girl, was with us; so we lighted a circle round the tent I occupied, which was the most valuable. We procured branches, and kept beating the flames, to keep them from burning more than a space several yards broad, that the flames might not pass over; but before we had finished the burning, Nanny, who was naturally anxious about her own property, began to burn round her own tent. The fire was too strong for her to keep it down alone, so I saw her tent catch fire at the back, while she was busy beating out the flames in front. I ran to help her to pull down the tent, which she and I did in a few minutes. The tent was nearly all burned, but nothing of consequence was lost inside. Nanny was in a sad state, knowing that her father had several pounds of gunpowder in a basket under his bed. In trying to save this tent, I nearly lost my own, which caught fire; but Nanny, with great activity, ran with a bucket of water she was carrying to throw on the burning tent we had pulled down. She threw it over the part that had caught fire, while I beat with my branch; and we had only a hole about three yards square burned in our tent, and part of our bed which was next that side. We had now got the circle burned, and sat down to rest and contemplate the mischief we had done. We soon found that our exertions might have been spared, for, by the intervention of our ploughed land and a bend in the creek, the fire was divided before it reached us, and went burning and crashing down on each side, several hundred yards from us. It was an awful sight, and I shall never forget it. As it unfortunately happened in the heat of the day, Nanny and I were quite knocked up, and we lay on the ground to rest outside the tent for nearly an hour. Mrs Douglas came home with the children, and began to arrange the beds, &c., in the third tent we had for cooking in.

One of our neighbours, who lived several miles from us, knowing the fire must be near our farm, and my husband not at home, kindly rode over to see if he could assist us. I was glad to see him, as I felt very anxious about my husband, not knowing what might befall him upon his return, as it was now near sun-down, and the fire very near the road he had to travel. Our kind neighbour offered to go to meet him if I could give him a horse, which we soon did, as I had had them tied in a safe place on the other side of the creek. He fortunately met the dray not very far from home, and pointed out a road by which they might still get home ere the fire reached it. Had they been ten minutes later, they could not have got home that night, the fire burned so fiercely, and the horses were afraid of it. My husband and the men sat up all night watching the fire in the woods, which, owing to the darkness, was a most splendid sight, looking like a large town highly illuminated. Next day the conflagration returned upon us in another direction; but we were better prepared for it, and it was kept back by beating it out with branches. All

the gentlemen and servants from our farm, and our neighbours, were employed nearly all day in beating it out, and it was again watched all night.

This fire did much damage to several farms in our neighbourhood, in burning down crops and fences; it burned for nearly a week, and keeping it down was very fatiguing work, owing to the extreme heat of the weather. But, fortunately for the country, we had some very heavy rain, otherwise I am sure we should have had no food left for our cattle, the pasture being nearly all burned. It was astonishing how soon the country looked green again. After two nights of heavy rain, the grass began to spring afresh.

This fire was our crowning misfortune; for though it did little damage to the property, it led to personal illness, against which it was not easy to bear up. I caught a violent cold from being overheated while putting out the fire round our tent; Nanny, also, was ill, and unable to do any work for three weeks. Notwithstanding all my care, I could not get rid of my complaint, as the rains had set in, and our tents, clothes, and beds, were constantly wet. To increase my distress, I was seized one night with asthma, which increased every day. In this exigency my husband had a temporary hut put up for me, which would keep out the wet. It was put up in a week; and although not quite dry, we were very glad to get into it. It was made of young trees or saplings, sunk about a foot in the ground, and nailed at the top to a frame of wood. The saplings were placed quite close, and the walls were then plastered outside and in with mud, and washed over with lime. The roof was of broad paling, and we were very comfortable. Our hut was twenty feet by twelve; but I had a division of canvass put up in the middle for a sick daughter of Mrs Douglas, who had come to try if country air would benefit her. After being three weeks with us, she was advised by our medical attendant to return to the town, where she died in a few days.

I was now very ill, and could not lie in bed with asthma and cough, and my husband was also suffering severely from the effects of cold. Things were now in such a state that it was found impossible to go on with the farm, which we therefore let; and my husband being so fortunate as to get an office under government, we removed to Melbourne. At first, we could not find a house in Melbourne except a new one, and we were afraid to live in it. We were obliged to go to an inn, intending to look about for another house, but I was laid up there for three weeks with a very severe attack, from which I was not expected to recover.

We were exceedingly anxious now to send the children home to my mother, as I was told if I had many such attacks I could not live. I felt this myself; but we could not make up our minds about parting with the children, although we knew that Port Philip was a sad place for children to be left without a mother to watch over them; but, as I got stronger, I could not bear the idea of parting with them, and determined to take great care of myself. We moved to our new house because we could not find another, but it was very damp. I had a threatening of my old complaint, and my husband insisted on my leaving it immediately. He found another very comfortable one, and I continued pretty well in it for two months. I had only a few slight illnesses; but I durst not go out if the weather was at all damp. I had great difficulty in getting a servant when we came to town; indeed, I was without one for some weeks. At last I got a little girl of twelve years of age, till I could hear of a woman-servant. This little girl would not come for less than seven shillings a-week, and instead of being any assistance to me, was a great plague. She was always leading the children into mischief; and whenever I wanted my servant to work, I had to go and bring her home from a game of romps with some neighbouring children. I sent her home at the end of the week with her seven shillings, well pleased to get quit of her; and that very day an Irishwoman came to the door, asking me if I required a servant. She had landed from an emigrant ship three days before. I was delighted to see her, and bade her come in and I would try her. She turned out an honest well-behaved girl, but very slow and very dirty; her wages were twenty pounds a-year. Several ships arrived soon after this with emigrants, and servants began to find great difficulty in getting situations; they were to be seen going about the streets inquiring of every one if they wanted servants. Of course the wages came quickly down; men were now to be hired for twenty and twenty-five pounds a-year, and women from twelve to fifteen. One man I knew, who a month before would not hire under seventy pounds, said he would now be glad of a situation at twenty-five, which he could not get. The servants seemed astonished at the sudden change of things, for which they were not at all prepared.

From compassion, we allowed a number of female emigrants to live in a detached kitchen we had, until they could find situations as servants. They had come lately from Scotland, had little or no money, and lodgings were very high in price. These girls had come out with most magnificent notions, and were sadly disappointed when they found that situations were so difficult to be procured. As is often the case, they out-stood their market; for a few days they were determined to take nothing less than twenty pounds; but I advised them to take at once any respectable situation that offered, and then look out for a better. They found they had to take my advice at last, and most of them hired for twelve and fifteen pounds. Settlers may now expect to get on better, as wages are more reasonable, and they will also be better served, and more independent of their servants. Provisions were still high, but much cheaper than last year, which had been a ruinous one for most of the settlers, who were now feeling the sad effects. Few could say they had not suffered; and of course the storekeepers and shopkeepers participated; but I do think that in this country there is a lightness in the air that prevents one feeling misfortunes so deeply as in England.

Most people like Port Philip after giving it a fair trial, as the delightful and healthful climate compensates for many disagreeables which one has not been accustomed to. The great thing is to get over the first feeling of surprise and disgust. Many find it impossible to do so, and return home to disgust others with their story; but I never yet met one who said, after being in the colony two years, that he would wish to leave it to return home, except for a visit. And this, certainly, notwithstanding what I suffered, is my own feeling towards the country.

To conclude these rough notes: I now commenced a school in Melbourne, and had great encouragement to go on with it, having been offered a number of boarders, indeed more than I could have taken charge of. After a short trial, I was unpleasingly reminded that my health was too uncertain to attempt carrying my plans into execution, otherwise all would have been well. Misfortunes did not fall singly. We had received at this time a severe and unexpected pecuniary disappointment from home, which, I am ashamed to say, notwithstanding the fine light air of Port Philip, made me very ill. My husband insisted on my going home to my mother with the children, until his affairs were arranged; and I may consider myself very happy in having such a home to go to. Had I not been leaving my husband behind me in bad health, I could almost have considered our misfortunes a blessing, as it gave me the unspeakable delight of again seeing my mother—a happiness I had for some time ceased to hope I should ever enjoy, and which had been my only serious regret after leaving home.

I left Melbourne on the 10th September 1841, with the intention of returning some time next year; but that must be determined by my health and other circumstances.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MALTREATMENT OF CALVES.

THE manner in which young calves are abused on their way to the shambles, has frequently been a subject of painful remark. The practice, as far as we have observed it for several years—we speak more particularly of Edinburgh—is to tie the animals across the top of carriers' carts. If the cart were sufficiently broad to allow the animal full space on which to recline, there could be nothing very objectionable; but such is seldom the case. In almost every instance the head hangs over the edge, with mouth and tongue dependant; and the efforts which the afflicted creatures make to keep their muzzle from being grazed by the constantly turning wheels, are the most distressing part of the spectacle. We should be sorry to accuse country carriers, who form a respectable and useful body of men, of any thing like wanton cruelty. They only follow a bad practice, to which long habit has accustomed them, and like many inconsiderate folk, perhaps think that there need be little ceremony with animals about to pass under the hands of the butcher. Heedlessness and ignorance, we believe, are more frequently the cause of the cruelties perpetrated on domestic animals, the calf in particular, than a positive spirit of mischief. Scott, in his "British Field-Sports," mentions an instance in point, which we shall relate:—

Captain B——, one very sultry day, overtook upon the Harrow road a butcher's boy on horseback, having a calf slung across the horse, its head hanging down in a most painful posture; and, in addition to that torture, the cord with which its head was fastened passed directly over one of its eyes, galling it most violently. The animal seemed in great agony, and bleated most piteously; whilst the boy rode on, whistling with the utmost unconcern, yet bearing in his countenance no indication of a cruel disposition. The captain remonstrating with him in favour of the poor calf, received for answer from the apparently astonished lad—"Why, sir, what does that signify? it is to die tomorrow or next day!" The gentleman then explained to the boy the nature of a common animal feeling between man and beast, and asked him seriously whether, if *he* was in the place of the calf, such suffering would not be terrible to him, even although condemned to die on the morrow. The boy, on this question, seemed under a sudden recollection, and affected by a new feeling. Captain B——, finding his medicine to the mind of the poor boy had begun to work, in order to assist the operation, put his hand in his pocket, and presented him with a shilling, saying gravely but kindly, "Remember me to the end of your days." The boy, with a peculiar and softened look of conviction, and his best bow, stammered out—"I will, sir," and immediately applied to a man on the road to assist him in placing his poor charge in the most comfortable state possible, to endure the remainder of his journey.

Nothing more, we presume, need be said of the agony which calves must necessarily suffer in travelling for hours together in carts with the head downwards. On whatever plea of convenience or economy, it should be instantly checked, and some more humane method of carting the animals to market adopted.

CIGARS.

The cigar nuisance has wonderfully abated within these few years; there is, to all appearance, not a tenth of the number of smokers there was some time ago, and those who continue the practice seem to belong to inferior stations. Imitation has knocked cigar-smoking on the head. Having descended to shop lads, and all sorts of apers of gentility, it has been abandoned, as a matter of course, by those of higher rank. From whatever cause, we are glad that this abomination is getting turned out of respectable society.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

MADAME CAMPAN.

PERHAPS there never was any age so vicious that it did not produce estimable characters. French society, in the latter part of the last century, was remarkably corrupt, in the upper circles particularly; and the women did not, as a body, form an exception. But even in the centre of a system of profligacy—the court—there were isolated cases of a purity above all suspicion. The subject of this notice, Jeanne Louise Henriette Genet, was born in 1752, of a noble family. Her father, M. Genet, first secretary to the minister of foreign affairs in the court of Louis XV., was a man of talent and virtue, possessing and professing religious feelings, and holding himself clear of surrounding corruptions of every kind. Her mother was likewise a person of superior endowments. M. Genet superintended the education of his daughter, to whom he imparted views as to the nurture of youth much in advance of his age. Though reared in retirement, the fame of the extraordinary intelligence of Mademoiselle Genet did not fail to reach the court, and, while she was yet in her fifteenth year, she was offered the situation of *lectrice*, or reader, to Mesdames, the sisters of the reigning monarch (Louis XV). Her parents were unwilling that she should take this post, for they dreaded the difficulties and dangers attending it; but having many children, and inadequate means of providing for them, they at length allowed her—though not without first impressing her with many an earnest counsel and warning—to enter the service of the princesses.

Marie Antoinette, on being united, in 1770, to the dauphin, afterwards Louis XVI., was thrown much upon the uncongenial society of her husband's grand-aunts, for there was almost no other company to which she could with safety resort in such a scene of frivolity. Here the young dauphiness became acquainted with Mademoiselle Genet. Similarity of age, as well as of tastes and talents, made them almost immediately friends, as far as disparity of rank permitted. Not long after, the young lectrice was married to M. Campan, private secretary to the dauphiness, who gave her on this occasion a dowry of five hundred livres per annum, and constituted her her own first woman of the bed-chamber, allowing her at the same time to serve Mesdames as formerly. When the dauphiness became queen, Madame Campan, as first woman of her bedchamber, was a distinguished court figure. The former friendship still subsisted. Madame Campan, in her Memoirs, has given us a striking picture of the private life of her royal mistress, whom she has effectually cleared from many scandalous stories raised against her by her enemies. The elaborate and wearisome etiquette to which the royal family of France was subjected, has also met with a faithful chronicler in the subject of our notice. During the terrible scenes connected with the Revolution, Madame Campan remained constantly attached to her unfortunate mistress, as long as she was allowed to do so. During the awful night of the 10th of August (1792), when the populace attacked the Tuilleries, with the most deadly designs against the royal family and all connected with it, Madame Campan only escaped destruction by leaping from a high window and taking refuge in a cellar, where she lay some time concealed beneath a small vat.

During the miserable imprisonment of the royal family, Madame Campan thrice threw herself at the feet of the republican mayor, Petion, to petition for permission to attend the queen, although well knowing the danger to which she would subject herself by so doing. Her claim was each time rejected with insult. A report has been propagated that she was the person who betrayed the royal family at the period of its flight to Varennes; but there is not the least ground for this report, which must have been owing to royalist jealousy; for Madame Campan, though devotedly attached to Marie Antoinette, was somewhat of a liberal in her own sentiments, and her nearest relations were rather conspicuous on the same side. During the reign of extreme Jacobinism, she had the honour of being denounced by Robespierre, and she was eagerly sought after by his myrmidons; but she was fortunate enough to avoid falling into their hands. A month after the fall of that wretched man, she found herself possessed of an assignat for five hundred francs,

the value of which, in the best days of republican credit, was only twenty pounds: with this she was called upon to provide for herself, a dying husband, a son nine years old, an infirm and aged mother, and some other members of her ruined family. At the same time, she was under obligations for her husband's debts. An ordinary spirit would have quailed under such circumstances, but that of Madame Campan proved equal to the difficulty. Since her early days, when studying under her excellent father, she had given much of her thoughts to education, for the business of which she seemed to have a natural aptitude. This suggested to her the honourable expedient of setting up a boarding-school, or *pension*, for young ladies. She chose St Germains, near Paris, as a situation at once suitable for the purpose and agreeable to herself; and, to give a guarantee of her religious principles, she took with her a nun of *L'Enfant Jesus*. Unable, from her slender funds, to have a prospectus printed, she wrote out with her own hand a hundred copies, which she sent to those friends who had survived the late commotions. She began with three pupils; at the year's end she had sixty; soon afterwards a hundred. She then bought furniture; and discharged her debts. Her excellent personal character, the reputation of her system, and perhaps, in no small measure, that reluctant veneration which was paid even by republicans to the survivors of the old court, seem to have been the causes of her success.

A lady, who was brought up in Madame Campan's school, writes to us as follows:—"Her plan of instruction was formed on principles which had been suggested to a naturally vigorous and well-disposed mind, by a long course of reflection on the attributes of the female character, and the proper position and influence of woman in society. It embraced the inculcation of simple and sincere piety, of the purest and firmest morality, the beauty and importance of the performance of all domestic duties, with the observance of order, method, and punctuality, joined to a warm love of country, and a faithful and persevering devotion to all prescribed branches of acquirement. The sufferings experienced by herself and country during the Revolution gave a perceptible colour to her views; and it was obvious that she sought, as one leading object, to prepare her pupils to act with energy and fortitude in the event of their being exposed to such calamities as she herself and so many others had then experienced."

In her Memoirs, Madame Campan informs us, that not long after the opening of her school, a literary friend mentioned it to Madame de Beauharnois, then a leading person amongst the chiefs of the republic:—"She brought me her daughter Hortense, and her niece Emilie. Six months after, she came to inform me of *her marriage with a Corsican gentleman*, who had been brought up in the military school, and was then a general. I was requested to communicate this information to her daughter, who long lamented her mother's change of name." It appears that the young Mademoiselles de Beauharnois slept in the same room with Madame Campan's daughters, so that a considerable intimacy sprung up between them. When Bonaparte returned from his Italian campaign, he was pleased with the progress made by his step-daughter, and began to take notice of her instructress. Hortense became, in time, a queen, but did not on that account forget her old mistress. She was surprised, however, that Madame Campan never treated her with the deferential etiquette which was due to her royal station. When playfully remonstrated with on this point, Madame Campan as playfully excused herself, saying, that she feared she should never be able to bow the knee to one who had once been under her rod!

Madame Campan had intended her establishment as a private one; but it became in time so large, as to assume something like a public character. Our informant recollects when its four classes were under the care of a set of masters not less than thirty in number, while Madame's own eye was present every where. The masters and mistresses were all of them persons of the highest reputation in their various departments. At the annual examinations, prizes were bestowed for every kind of merit, from the first draughtswoman and the nicest observer of method and order, down to the *best maker of a shirt!* An inscription appeared on every prize, as well as upon the *table d'examen* itself, "LES TALENS SONT L'ORNAMENT DES RICHE, ET LA RICHESSE DU PAUVRE"—(literally, "Talents are the ornament of the rich, and the riches of the poor.") Madame had made up a kind of catalogue of the requisite points of female education: a copy of this was sent monthly to the parents or guardians of every young lady, carefully filled up by the superior's own hand, according to the literary progress and moral excellence of the pupil. A similar account of the individuals of each class was handed to her every week by the masters. While the professed religion of the establishment was Catholic, it contained pupils of almost every persuasion, and of every Christian country from Greece to Denmark—it may also be said, of almost every rank in society, or at least from the very highest to the inferior department of the middle class. Rank enjoyed no preference of any kind: goodness of disposition, and superior ability and application, were the only means of securing distinction. One feeling of enthusiastic veneration for Madame Campan herself ran through the whole establishment.

Bonaparte had a high sense of the merits of this excellent and useful woman. When rising into political distinction, he twice attended a representation of *Esther* at her school. During the consulate, he said to her one day, "If I ever make a republic of women, I shall name you first consul." On his attaining the imperial throne, Madame Campan supplied him with authentic particulars of the etiquette of the former court, on which to model his own. A few years afterwards, on reviving the establishment of St Cyr at Ecouen, he nominated Madame Campan to its head—a change of situation, but not of duties. This establishment was an asylum for the orphans and sisters of the soldiers of the legion of honour. It was conducted on precisely the same principles as the school at St Germains. One of Madame Campan's nieces had, meanwhile, married Marshal Ney; another was lady of honour to the queen of Holland. We cannot suppose her thus enjoying the patronage of the Bonapartes without having become attached to them; but this was a change of feeling general in France, and which was scarcely to be wondered at, when we consider how settled the new dynasty appeared at that time to be in the chair of St Louis. It is also to be remembered, that the attachment of this lady to the old royal family did not extend to their political principles. Madame Campan was a woman of honour, but not a political bigot. It is remarkable how well she estimated the faults as well as the merits of Napoleon. The following strikingly just and acute remarks upon him were made by her in conversation:—"Napoleon's genius elevated him, but his temper proved his ruin. A restless, ambitious, reserved, and hasty temper, united with imperial power, was naturally calculated to give offence to those who approached him. Human vanity is a delicate string, which should be touched with the greatest caution. Napoleon conceived that his vast power exempted him from the forms which engage the love of subjects, and call forth sentiments of attachment. He seemed to think that he was sufficient to himself, and the many imperfections which he observed in mankind rendered him somewhat misanthropic. This disposition caused him to feel the ingratitude of many persons, because he mortified their vanity; and the vanity of the great, when it is once wounded, never forgives. He knew how to govern his subjects and Europe, but he could never govern himself." After his dethronement by the allies in 1814, Madame Campan had the honour of receiving a visit from the Emperor Alexander, who, looking from the leads of her house to the scene of the battle of Paris, told her that his army had only powder for two hours when the French army retired. She appears to have been on good terms with the restored royal family, to whom she communicated a list of the contents of a pocket-book confided to her care by Louis XVI. Napoleon, on his return from Elba, found this list, and ordered it to be sent to the office of foreign affairs for preservation, as a valuable historical document. Amidst the hurry of the hundred days, he found time to visit his young ladies at Ecouen. They were so delighted to see him, that they crowded around him, endeavoured to touch his clothes, and broke into the most noisy expressions of joy. The governess wished to impose silence on them—"Let them alone," said he; "their gaiety annoys the head a little, but it does good to the heart."

With Napoleon fell this establishment. Madame Campan now retired to the bosom of a small circle of friends at Nantes, where she spent some years in quiet, but not in enjoyment. She had been attacked by cancer, and her name was brought before the public by a calumniator in a way which must have given her the greatest uneasiness. To crown her griefs, her only son, on whose education she had bestowed the utmost pains, was snatched from her. Her chief employment during these latter years was the composition of a work on education, which has been acknowledged to possess great merit. She had previously gone in part over the same ground in a series of "Letters to her Son." The "Memoirs of the Private Life of Marie Antoinette," the work which has rendered her name historical, was written during her residence at St Germains. It is acknowledged to have placed the history and character of the unfortunate queen in such a light, that the calumnies uttered against her during her life, and after her death, can never more be brought forward by any writer of credit.

Early in 1822, the disease under which Madame Campan laboured seemed to be making fatal progress. She resolved to submit to an operation, though at the risk of immediate death. Having first fulfilled all her religious observances, she went through this trial with a firmness astonishing to all who were present. Although it soon appeared that the worst results would follow, her fortitude and presence of mind never forsook her. During the few days which elapsed before her death, she conversed freely and cheerfully on miscellaneous subjects, and even exerted herself to maintain the spirits of her attendants. On the political prospects of France she thus spoke to her friend M. Maigne:—"I quit the scene of life after having witnessed many vicissitudes; and every thing seems to forbode that France will yet be exposed to violent convulsions. Tranquillity will not be established until sentiments of justice predominate, which they must ultimately do, for truth has asserted her rights. The light so much detested has penetrated everywhere. It is criminal to think on politics without having an eye to that public happiness on which private happiness depends. The governments of Europe are at present guided by ideas and prejudices which are below the level of the age; the carriage is driven along old tracks, and it will not go smoothly until it reaches level ground. Power should be centred only in the law; it is misplaced any where else: it has no other resting-place which sound reason can acknowledge. Those who think otherwise are blinded by the dust of old parchments. They seem to forget that ruling by ordinances is out of date. People want something more substantial; they will no longer submit to the caprice of a minister, without complaining. The time for that is gone by." The wisdom of these remarks might not be far to seek; but at that time ordinary minds were not apt to find it, and few of any kind could have expressed it so well.

On the morning of her decease (16th March, 1822), she had her will drawn up. When it came to be signed, her hand trembled, and she said with a smile, "It would be a pity to stop short on so pleasant a road." Although very weak, and forbidden to speak, she persisted in addressing her friends. One had retired to a little distance; she called to her in a tone of voice less gentle than usual. The lady quickly approached, when, feeling the fault of which she had been guilty, she said, "How imperatively one speaks when one has not time to be polite!" Soon after this, Madame Campan fell into a lethargy, in which she breathed her last without any apparent suffering.

GARSTON'S VISIT TO GREECE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the unsettled condition of the Greek government, and the semi-barbarous vices which taint the Greek character, there are not wanting grounds for a hope that the future progress of the country and its people will be upward. A fresh writer on Greece,* Mr Edgar Garston, encourages this hope by the very favourable views which he gives of the characters of many of its present leading men, and by the gay and lively scenes which he paints, indicating increasing quietude and comfort among the actors in them. We do not propose formally to review this production, which, to speak the truth, is of too slight a texture to bear such examination; but we shall make one or two brief extracts, from which our readers may judge for themselves.

Arriving at Athens in February 1840, after a lapse of fourteen years since a former visit, Mr Garston was agreeably surprised at the numerous evidences of an improved state of things. "Although what I had seen at Patras had in some measure prepared me for the change, the contrast which the present state of the Piræus presents with its appearance in 1826 did not fail to produce a lively impression upon me. When I was there at that time, a half-ruined monastery, and a few cottages and huts in an equally dilapidated state, were the only buildings which occupied the shores of the harbour; while in the harbour itself were anchored only a few caiques and mysticos. Now, besides a crowd of small craft and merchant vessels of other nations, are anchored in the harbour ships of war of almost every European power, and on its shores are ranges of handsome houses, and a town of no inconsiderable extent. Instead of the ruin and desolation, and almost solitude, which I left at that time, I have found a scene of activity and prosperity, and a numerous and busy population, mixed up with sailors of various nations. The lazaretto, the dogana, the cafés, the carriages drawn up at the landing-place, were all so inconsistent with my reminiscences of a spot where, as an invalid, I had with difficulty found a roof which could protect me from the rain, that for a moment I felt as if under the influence of a dream. I should, indeed, have accused him of dreaming who, fourteen years ago, would have told me that I should one day find myself at the Piræus bargaining in my best Romaic for a conveyance to Athens in a good britschka, or that I should be driven from the one place to the other by a coachman in full Albanian costume. Such was the case with me yester-evening; and I confess that it was no disagreeable contrast to be conveyed at a round pace, and along an excellent road, over the same ground which it then required some caution to traverse on horseback.

This *modern* mode of travelling permitted me to luxuriate in the beauty of the approach to Athens, which, to be appreciated, must be seen, and seen, too, at the hour when the Acropolis is gilded by the rays of the setting sun, and every outline of the rock, the walls, and the columns, is defined with the delicacy of an etching. When I first visited Athens, I acknowledged the approach to the city under such circumstances to be unrivalled in beauty and in splendour; but the scene of yester-evening seemed to me yet richer than the picture treasured up in my memory. As I called to mind that many an exile had wept as the same sacred columns receded from his view, I should have pronounced the tribute of tears to be justly paid to the beauty of the objects they were compelled to quit, independent of the associations which, at such a moment, patriotism and religion would summon before them.

The view I have of the modern city is most gratifying, as it extends in every direction over spacious and well-built mansions, indicating the presence of

* "Greece Revisited, and Sketches in Lower Egypt in 1840." By Edgar Garston, Knight of the R. M. Greek order of the Saviour.

wealth and tranquillity, where I last saw only misery and destitution, and ruins blackened by the outrages and vicissitudes of war. To complete the chapter of contrasts of yesterday, I accompanied some of my fellow-passengers to the opera, where I heard 'Lucia di Lammermoor' performed in a very respectable style. The king and queen were present, the former in an Albanian dress, which appeared to sit as easily upon him as if he had been bred a pallekar; the latter dressed with much simplicity in the fashion of Europe. Among the maids of honour, a fair daughter of the justly celebrated Marco Bozzaris was pre-eminent in beauty; but even she must yield the palm to her fairer sovereign."

The beauty of the queen of Greece is described as something superlative:—"First in beauty and in grace, as in rank, among the fair denizens of the saloon, was the queen; who, as she glided through the mazes of mazourka, waltz, and quadrille, was literally and deservedly the cynosure of every eye. Her countenance beams with kindness and good feeling; and altogether, she is a princess for whom, in days of yore, belted knights would right joyously have splintered their lances and jeopardised their limbs and their *hearts*. Wherever she addressed a passing remark, whether to young or old, a glow of gratification suffused the countenance of the favoured individual, evidently a tribute spontaneously offered rather to the graceful and lovely woman than to the sovereign.

My presentation to their majesties was rather a nervous affair for one all unused to courtly ceremonial. Owing to my late arrival in the rooms, I had to go through the ceremony unaccompanied, except by Sir Edmund Lyons, who did me the honour of being my godfather on the occasion. It took place in the centre of the saloon, during a pause between the dances, and I was thus necessarily converted into a target for the critical eyes of the surrounding circle. I thought, at the moment, that I should have preferred again taking my chance, in the same capacity, in a mountain onslaught. A most gracious reception on the part both of the king and of his fair princess speedily convinced me that the latter selection would have been an injudicious one, and rendered me proof against the 'artillery' by which I was, or imagined myself to be, surrounded.

During the short conversation with which I was honoured by the queen, she questioned me as to the changes which I had remarked at Athens, in such a manner as to give me to understand that the circumstances of my former residence in the country were not unknown to her. This I mention, not as a matter from which to draw any self-gratulation, but as an instance of tact in the exercise of the 'métier de prince;' for I believe it to be generally admitted that a sovereign ought, in order the more effectually to win 'golden opinions,' to show a degree of acquaintance with the history of every one by whom he is approached. When the sovereign is a beautiful woman, sentiments of grateful loyalty will be lavishly poured out in return for such semblance of personal interest; for the strongest of us are weak when our vanity is assailed by beauty alone, and still more so when that beauty is encircled by a royal diadem."

Another gay Athenian scene fell about the same time under our author's eye:—"The first day of the Greek Lent fell upon the 9th instant. It is not distinguished from the days which close the carnival otherwise than by a general abstinence from animal food, the maskers still retaining their carnival attire. It is somewhat curious for a Frank to see worn as masquerade dresses the every-day costume of his own country. Among the masks of this day, which in general were badly dressed and without meaning, I observed one group which was by no means deficient in character. It was composed of two individuals dressed as Europeans of fashion, attended by a third in the Turkish dress carrying an umbrella, camp-stool, &c., representing two European travellers and their dragoman. From time to time the Franks would make a halt, take out their portfolios, and be seemingly intently occupied in taking a sketch, or in drawing the portrait of some one whom they would stop for that purpose. Anon they would enter into conversation with another of the passers-by, through the medium of their attendant, as if themselves ignorant of the country, and affecting to be much struck with some remark or reply, would take out their note-books and set it down therein, with an air of infinite satisfaction. It was really a good practical satire upon the bearing of many European travellers.

About two, P.M., accompanied by my friend K——, I strolled out of the city in the direction of the temple of Jupiter Olympus, in the neighbourhood of which it is customary for the Athenians to congregate on this day, and to partake in public of their first Lenten meal. The spectacle which awaited us was of a most animated and interesting character, and distinguished by peculiarities which would in vain be sought for elsewhere than on Attic soil.

The day was brilliantly clear, and the greater part of the population of Athens had quitted the city, and was collected on the plain around the ruins of the temple, along the banks of the Ilissus, on the Eleusinium, and on the rocky sides of the hills which rise abruptly beyond the bed of the river. Several thousands of people, of both sexes, and of all ages, were thus assembled in a sort of natural amphitheatre of about a third of a mile in diameter. Some, like ourselves, were there merely as spectators; but by far the greater number were active partakers in the occupations of the day, which were by no means those of a day of fasting.

Here was to be seen a family group seated in a circle on the turf, tranquilly discussing their bread and olives, and washing down with wine their otherwise abstemious fare; there was a more numerous band already slightly exhilarated by the juice of the grape, linked hand in hand, and threading the mazes of the albanitika—their movements regulated by the simple notes of the mandolin, or not unfrequently by the cadences of their own voices; hard by, a party of a more grave character stood listening to the song or recitation of some Homer of modern times; on the outskirts of the assemblage were horsemen, both gentle and simple, in *point-de-vice* European uniform, and in flowing Albanian camise and capote, skirring across the plain in quest of admiration; bright eyes glancing from many of the groups, and bestowing the desired meed; and a general air of joyousness and contentment pervading alike actors and spectators. Such was the character of the scenes of animated life, with which the distant view of the Ægean and its isles, glowing in sunshine, but undimmed by the haze which accompanies intense heat, was in perfect harmony. Meanwhile, the monuments of the Athens of other ages—the silent Stadium—the stately and palm-like columns of the Olympium—the Acropolis, severe in beauty—were thrown into bolder relief by the contrast which their desolate aspect offered to the gay and brilliant groups which thronged in their vicinity.

The king and queen, with a brilliant suite of attendants, among whom was the lovely Mademoiselle Bozzaris, made their appearance on the ground in the course of the afternoon, and mingled with the crowd, so far as a band of equestrians might do so without danger to their neighbours."

With one of those anecdotes which have been mentioned as placing the present leading men of Greece in a pleasing light, we shall conclude. The Greek minister of Marine, named Kriezis, had been a prisoner at Algiers in 1811, along with his brother, also the holder of an important office:—"The two Kriezis were made captives, together with many others of their countrymen; and, at the commencement of their captivity, all were employed indiscriminately in the naval arsenal and in other public works, and were treated with much severity. The dey, however, having observed the deference with which the younger Kriezis was treated by his countrymen, and the influence which he exercised over them, relieved him from all manual labour, and appointed him superintendant over the works in which they were employed. The elder brother continued to be occupied at task-work as before; but his fate, as well as that of the other Hydriotes, was alleviated in no inconsiderable degree through the influence which the younger Kriezis had acquired with the dey. They had been in captivity about a year, when an order was received from Constantinople, enjoining the dey to release all the Hydriote captives. The dey partly complied with and partly evaded the order, by setting at liberty a limited number of them, among whom was the present minister of Marine. He, however, besought the dey to release, in his stead, his elder brother, who had a wife and family at Hydra, proposing to take upon himself his labours in the arsenal. The dey complied with his prayer, but did *not* liberate him in reward of so noble a sacrifice. He remained in slavery nearly three years longer, after which a further and more peremptory order from Constantinople caused him and the other Hydriotes to be set free without ransom. His family, in the interim, had sent to him, through a Jewish merchant at Algiers, the sum of fifteen hundred dollars, in order that he might negotiate his liberation. Instead of applying it to that purpose, he devoted the entire sum to the relief of his poorer countrymen and companions in captivity. Such actions need no comment; they deserve to be recorded in letters of gold, rather than in so humble a page as mine!"

IMPROVEMENT IN MAKING BUTTER.

At a late meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, a Mr W. Were, who for thirty years has been engaged in the butter trade, communicated the following suggestions for improving the qualities of fresh and salt butter:—"Solidity and firmness are of more consequence than is generally allowed; the nearer the butter can be made of the consistency of wax, the longer it will keep its flavour; as it is not so easily acted upon by the air, it will retain less salt; and being divested more effectually of the buttermilk, will be less disposed to activity. To accomplish this, rather more fine table-salt should be put to the cream than is generally used after churning, because a part will be left with the buttermilk; or strong clean brine should be mixed with the cream or butter; the hand to be used in the making as little as possible (the earlier the butter is made, and the cooler the dairy, the better; the latter should be washed out with salt and water the first and last thing every day). The hand relaxes the texture of the butter; it might, by practice, be avoided altogether, by using wooden pats for putting it into casks or making it into shape for sale, which will press out the whey by beating. These pats must be always kept in a tub of fresh cold water, which will prevent the adhering of the butter, and keep them cool. The quantity of salt or brine required will in some degree depend on the season of the year, the distance to be sent, and time to be kept. Brine is preferable to salt, as the butter is smoother and better flavoured. If salt be used, it may be in the proportion of half an ounce, mixed with two drachms of fine saltpetre, and two drachms of fine yellow dry Jamaica sugar to every pound of butter. If the butter be made up in lumps for the market, every lump should be wrapped round with calico soaked in brine; if the latter be weak and watery, it may be injurious. If the butter be put into a firkin or half firkin, the cask should be made of white oak, ash, sycamore, or beech (the whiter the wood and hoops the better), well-seasoned by scalding out several times with hot brine. It should be made water-tight, with head and bottom grooved; three pounds should be allowed for sockage. If the butter is very choice, a salt cloth should be wrapped around it. This can be kept in its place by a hoop, which can be removed as the cask fills; in either case the cloths can be returned or sold. Many use cloth instead of paper in sending out their butter. Much observation, attention, and arrangement is required to see and judge what improvement can be effected in butter; comparative statements from different dairies at different times—the temperament of the milk and cream in the different stages—the situation and state of the dairy—the quantity and quality of cream in different localities, under different management—the effects of various sorts of salt, brine, sugar, honey, or saltpetre, mixed with the milk, the cream, or the butter—the effect of mixing different milks together—the effect of heat and acid applied in churning—the best sort of colouring—the effect of dry, wet, or shady pasture, also of regular exercise for the cows—if any; and what effect as to production of cream in proportion to the milk given by the cows, if feeding on corn or grain, or by adding meal in the water for drink." The wooden pats recommended by Mr Were to be used instead of the hands in making butter, consist of a thin spatula (a foot long by three inches broad) and a solid spoon-shaped implement (a few inches longer), with longitudinal grooves on its flat inner surface for dabbing, pressing, and crimping the butter. Mr Burke adverted to the importance of selection of the proper kind of salt adapted to each kind of butter and cheese, attributing the superiority of the Dutch to their care in this particular. He also stated that in many parts of Holland brine was added, not to the butter itself, but to the cream from which it was to be obtained; and that he believed honey to be preferable to sugar as an addition for improving its quality.

DR TURNBULL'S OPERATIONS ON THE EYE.

We have much pleasure in copying the following notice respecting Dr Turnbull's operations from the *Literary Gazette* for June 11, 1842, the name of whose editor is a sufficient guarantee for the accuracy of the statements. It would appear that the ingenious doctor is as successful in his operations on the eye as on the ear:—

"Three weeks ago, in a notice to correspondents, we mentioned that we had 'heard of Dr Turnbull's *cure of blindness by the fumes of prussic acid*, but had no personal knowledge of the process;' which notice immediately procured us an invitation from Dr Turnbull to witness the cases of several patients, from five or six to above twenty years of age, who were under his treatment for this sad calamity. We accordingly attended; and it is not easy to express our astonishment and gratification at what we saw. The various stages of cure, advanced in our presence, by the simple application, for about half a minute, or until a little warmth was felt by the patient, of the vapour of hydrocyanic acid in a small phial, held up to the eye, with an aperture fitting the form of that organ; the various nature of the diseases so assailed—opacities of the cornea, inflammation, cataract, amaurosis, iritis, &c., &c.; the various stages of relief which the patients had reached, with sometimes one eye opened to sight, and pleasurable to look upon, and the other left nearly blind and in its pristine deformity, to show what had been achieved; the various appearances of films removing, cataracts breaking up and being gradually re-absorbed, pupils being redeveloped, and other altogether extraordinary symptoms of remedy and regeneration, filled us, we repeat, with wonder and delight.

One child had been totally blind from six days old—had been taught to read on the raised letters by the system now introduced into schools for the blind; but it could now see these letters, and—it was a curious phenomenon to behold—could equally read them by touch and by sight! The only difference was a singular alteration in the tone of voice and pronunciation when reading in the two ways; that by the eye being far more natural, and like the usual reading to which we are accustomed, than the other, which was monotonous, and with an air of difficulty even amid the singular readiness acquired by this method.

Other cases there were of the wonderful production of the power of vision to those born blind; but we select the case of a girl 22 years of age, and therefore fully capable to comprehend and to answer any question put to her. In utter darkness for thirteen years previously to her coming under Dr Turnbull's treatment, she now can see her way, and can distinguish countenances and colours.

If possible, a more marked instance of the efficacy of the curative process was exhibited in a young man who had worked for many years at bookbinding. Inflammation, and subsequent *eminent* treatment, lancing, &c., had rendered him so totally blind, that for some time before, and during the first two or three attendances for the application of the prussic-acid vapour, he was obliged to be led. But he told us that now he could safely dispense with such aid, and readily discern objects. Soon, we have little doubt, he will be restored to his calling and to independence.

Another most interesting example of the value of this discovery was that of a gentleman from Canada. He had been afflicted in one eye with cataract and blindness for ten years. His remark to us was, that when he first came to England, he could not, with the diseased eye, distinguish a cow from a horse. Now he could mark and recognise countenances with it, and could appreciate the

visible distinctions of a sovereign and a shilling. This he did in our presence, but much more readily after the vapour of the highly concentrated acid had dilated the pupil, and, to a certain degree, even in the short space of time occupied by the action of the vapour, attenuated or dispersed the cloudy coats of the cataract.

Having witnessed and assured ourselves of the reality of these things, we sought the *rationale*, the source of the discovery, and the causes of the effects. Dr Turnbull's answer was, that the datum which had suggested the first experiments to him was the evidence afforded in all cases of death from poisoning with prussic acid; it was recorded, in every instance, that the eye of the corpse was observed for days as clear and lucid as if still in life. This led him to conceive that the acid exerted a specific action on the eye. He argued, that any medicament which produced such a symptom after disease must possess certain powers over the living subject; and he ventured upon his course of investigation accordingly. The principle was speedily developed. The eye and all around it soon dilated and reddened. It was evident that the red arterial blood rushed into the minutest fibres of the veins, and excited a strong action throughout the whole of the capillary processes. Not the slightest pain arose; a sedative influence appeared to be exercised on the nerves of sensation; and even if inflammation existed, it was rapidly removed. The eye, however, presented all the symptoms of violent inflammation, which is the truly natural curative process, yet without the suffering of the struggle between nature and disease. The humours became quickly and singularly active; by degrees the seat of the disease was assaulted, and a healthful tendency created, either to supply deficiencies or to remove obstructions. By repeating the applications, the cures were completed.

The first thought that suggested itself to us, having no near or dear relative so heavily afflicted, was the restoration to the blessings of the faculty of vision of an amiable and much beloved prince. Painful operations have been tried with little or no success. Here was, then, a treatment involving no suffering, entailing no distressing consequence, endangering no other faculty, but, to our conviction, insuring relief and restoration. 'Why not at once make known this discovery to the Prince of Hanover?' we exclaimed. In answer, we were pleased to be informed that on that very morning four gentlemen who had witnessed the treatment, had been, equally with us, delighted with the wonders of the hydrocyanic vapour; and with the hope of cure for the illustrious scion of our royal family, one of them, personally intimate with the king, had expressed his intention forthwith to communicate what he had observed to Prince George of Hanover.

On inquiry what the results might be on old or short sights, Dr Turnbull laughingly replied, that hydrocyanic acid would soon supersede spectacles; it so altered and helped the vision in either case, that no doubt could exist of its applicability to their relief and restoration. Be this as it may, we hesitate not strongly to recommend the wonderful discovery of the cure for blindness."

THE COMMUNITY OF SHAKERS.

MISDIRECTED religious sentiment has on few occasions taken a more extravagant form than in the case of the Shakers—a sect confined, as far as we are aware, to the United States of America. The following account of a community of this sect is from a manuscript volume submitted to us by a gentleman lately returned from America:—

"From Hudson we proceeded through a level but not well-cultivated country, the soil generally sandy and poor, to Stockbridge, and thence drove to the village belonging to the Shakers. They are a cleanly and industrious people, and were it not for their wild and peculiar tenets of religion, they might be held up as an example to others. Those who wish to become members of the society must deposit all they possess in the common purse, and then enter upon a kind of probation, before they are admitted. There are no drones among them; all must work for the good of the common stock; and the produce of their labour, having obtained a character, commands a higher price in the market than the general run of similar articles; so that they may be considered as a prosperous body. Their houses are large, kept clean to minuteness, and are comfortably furnished. From twenty to thirty dwell and mess together, the women and men in separate dwellings; nevertheless, the two sexes appear to be upon the most friendly footing with each other. It is a first principle of the Shakers that the sexes should live entirely apart, this being, as they think, necessary to righteousness. Hence, as a community, they must either recruit from the body of society at large, or become extinct. There are two stores in the village for the sale of the various products of their labour, such as baskets, stockings, shirtings, gloves, shoes, butter, cheese, hams, garden and vegetable seeds of all kinds, cabinet ware, worsted jackets, &c., all in exact order, and showing a neatness and arrangement that would shame a first-rate Bond Street milliner. Nothing could exceed the neatness and cleanliness of the dairy and milk-house; in fact, the floor was shining as bright as any dining table I ever saw, and even their workshops were all equally well regulated. Having accompanied the head of the Shakers through the whole of the establishment, we left the village, and went on to Lebanon.

On the following day, being Sunday, we retraced our steps, to see the worship of this singular people. We found the chapel a handsome large building, and equally clean with their dwelling-houses. There were two entrances to it: one for the females, the other for the men; the floors were bright, and shining like mirrors; the walls were painted bright green, and the roof white. There were about two hundred and thirty female Shakers present, and nearly the same number of males; they occupied forms facing each other, on opposite sides of the church. The former were all dressed alike, in white caps, shaped close to the head, covering most of the cheeks, coming all round close to the neck, and tied under the chin; also neckerchiefs, and light-brown stuff gowns up to the neck, made loose, something similar to a morning wrapper, which precluded the possibility of forming even an idea of their figure. The men wore long drab coats down to their heels, blue cloth waistcoats, and light-brown cloth trousers, high-heeled shoes, and red stockings. They had all a peculiar expression of countenance, and it seemed to me that the whole members of the society had the same formation of nose, like a triangle, but very small, and sharp at the end. The service commenced on a signal given by the head master, or trustee, on which they all rose, and piled the forms upon one another at their respective ends of the church. They then stood up, in open rows, of thirty each, leaving an open space between the sexes, but facing each other. They then, with uplifted hands, made three prostrations, and sang successively, with good effect, three hymns to as many lively airs. The superintendant then stepped forward, and addressed the visiters, of whom there were about three hundred present, requesting them to demean themselves properly while the members showed their gratitude, in gladness and singing of heart, for the unspeakable riches of salvation to a lost world. The men, then, with great coolness, took off their coats, and the whole faced to the east, keeping still the open space betwixt the men and the women; and while the whole body of the Shakers struck up a merry tune, somewhat like "Jenny Dang the Weaver," and sang a hymn, they danced away with all their might, retreating and advancing as if they were practising a fandango. This continued for half an hour, when they again turned and faced each other; they then sang another hymn to a lively tune, and afterwards remained silent for a few minutes, as if engaged in prayer. Ten men and ten women then stepped forward into the middle of the chapel, and formed themselves into a circle to act as a band; next to them, the more youthful Shakers formed two and two abreast; and next to them, the older ones formed five and five abreast, the men and the women still keeping themselves apart from each other. The band then struck up a merry tune, and the two outer circles danced round the band in opposite directions, making sad grimaces, tossing their heads, clapping their hands, and capering like so many maniacs, the perspiration pouring down their faces, which showed that the exercise they were indulging in was no joke. Upon a signal being given, they put on their coats, and formed into column, when they all knelt, and in that posture sang a hymn. After this, they arranged the forms, sung three additional hymns to merry dancing tunes, and thus ended the service—a service which can only impress the spectator with pity for the deluded mortals who practise it. This community of Shakers is rich, being possessed of about ten thousand acres of land, which may be worth five million dollars, besides other property, which may be worth as much more, so that, with frugality and industry, they may accumulate vast wealth; and as they are indefatigable in their exertions to procure proselytes to their religious opinions, they may, at some future period, have too great an influence over the minds of the poor and ignorant, and thus become an object of legislative interference.

Besides the Shakers we saw at the chapel, there are about eighty others, who have so far succeeded in overcoming the natural feelings, that they are considered by themselves, and by the members of the society, as perfect, and pure in mind and body, and that therefore they ought not to make any profession of their faith before men, but to confine it to the single eye of Him whom they worship alone in spirit and in truth. This class keep by themselves, and have great influence in the society; although many here assert that they are much greater rogues than saints—a point on which I do not feel qualified to give an opinion."

VESSELS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

A return has been laid before Parliament of the number of vessels above fifty tons burden, and the total amount of their tonnage registered at each of the ports of Great Britain and Ireland, including the Channel Islands. The three chief ports in England are London, Liverpool, and Newcastle; in Scotland, Glasgow (including Greenock and Port Glasgow), Aberdeen, and Dundee; in Ireland, Belfast, Cork, and Dublin. The returns for these places are as follow:—London, 5,405 vessels, 598,554 tons; Liverpool, 1,097 vessels, 307,852 tons; Newcastle, 1,143 vessels, 259,571 tons; Glasgow, 662 vessels, 187,545 tons; Aberdeen, 298 vessels, 52,443 tons; Dundee, 282 vessels, 50,060 tons; Belfast, 250 vessels, 44,458 tons; Cork, 221 vessels, 29,765 tons; Dublin, 134 vessels, 23,072 tons. Total for England, 10,804 vessels, 2,633,345 tons; Scotland, 2,261 vessels, 429,635 tons; Ireland, 1,037 vessels, 165,969 tons; and for the whole of the United Kingdom, including the Channel Islands, 14,416 vessels, and 2,668,732 tons.

[Here we have a fleet of nearly fifteen thousand merchant vessels; and adding to these the vessels of the royal navy, it may be doubted if all the other ships in the world are equal to them in number. The steam marine, alone, of Great Britain, has within these few years become a thing truly tremendous in amount and power.]

SAUCE PIQUANTE.

The late Michael Kelly, whose dinners and suppers were themes of admiration to those who were fortunate enough to enjoy his friendship, made no secret of the preparation of a sauce, the result of experience. I have often seen it in manuscript, long before the appropriately named Dr Kitchener wrote his "Oracle," and it is thus composed:—Put as many parsley leaves as will fill a table-spoon into a mortar, add a table-spoonful of capers, and pound these well together; then a table-spoonful of fresh mustard, and three hard yolks of eggs; pound away on these till they are properly mixed; wash, bone, and force through a sieve half a dozen anchovies; to this add a table-spoonful of vinegar, two of oil, a shalot chopped very fine; add these to the former ingredients; and when about to be used, stir them all into half a pint of melted butter or strong beef gravy.—*Epicure's Almanac.*

TO THE ABSENT SWALLOW.

BY THOMAS SMIBERT.

Where dost thou linger all this pleasant time,
Sweet bird, that wontest to forerun the May?
Above what scented grove of southern clime
Pursuest thou on earnest wing thy prey,
Feasting and sporting through the livelong day?
Or over what supremely favoured pool
Dost thou now nimbly fly,
Sending, in passing by,
One arrowy streak of night along the waters cool?

When infant day from off the glossy leaves
Sips nursing dew to nerve its manly noon,
I cannot hear thy twitter in the eaves,
Though longing, sleepless, for the tuneful boon;
Nor have I yet beheld thee, late or soon,
Darting with levin-speed athwart my view,
Eager in quest of food,
Or, for thy annual brood,
Toiling to prop some ancient home, or build a new.

Haply thou dalliest, my gentle bird,
Betwixt our chill climes and the southlands warm,
Loth to advance, because thine ear hath heard
The snorting of the war-horse of the storm?
Shall wintry blasts our summer fields deform?
And hath, indeed, thy keen instinctive sense
Forewarned thee to remain
Where mild airs daily reign,
And night, for all her damps, can do thee no offence?

Yet come, and fear not, cleaver of the skies!
Things frail as thou art here, and know no blight.
Ever at night-shut doth the lark arise,
A darkling star, to spot the arch of light,
And pour his notes, cascade-like, from the height;
And even the callow youngling of the wren
Boldly erects its crest
From out the parent nest,
Nor fears, beneath the leaves, or cold, or wind, or rain.

Step we abroad to breathe the fragrant air,
And, blended with the tints on mount and lea,
Our charmed eyes shall notice, everywhere,
The golden kirtle of the forest bee;
And we shall hear him humming joyously;
And mark, besides, safe-swinging in the breeze,
And gleaming to the sun,
The spider's cordage, spun
Between the sheltering branches of the full-leaved trees.

Nay, weaker things by far than these can dwell
Securely where thou shrinkest to appear.
Within the chalice of the small blue-bell
May be discerned, by him who gazeth near,
A busy world, assailing eye and ear;
And not a flower in garden, field, or grove,
Nor blossom of the bough,
But is sonorous now
With voices eloquent of life, and joy, and love.

Come, then, my bird, and dream not of mischance,
Since thus all nature is astir with life!
Come! for the season gives not to my glance
The sweets with which thy presence made it rife;
And when autumnal gales begin their strife—
Long ere the winter furs the earth with snow—
Far hence may'st thou be gone,
To climes by us unknown,
Where spring smiles all the year, and cold blasts never blow.

Come, counsellor! for such wert thou to me.
Come! and once more let my first waking thoughts
Brood sweetly on thy home, thy young, and thee;
And, while my ear imbibes thy modest notes,
Thou shalt the lesson teach me, which promotes
The heart's best loves; and, seeing all the care
God hath of thee and thine,
Up to the throne divine
My soul shall mount, and find hope, peace, and comfort there.

May, 1842.

LARD OIL.

An Irish newspaper copies the following paragraph from a New York paper of recent date:—"Mr Ellsworth, in his report to the patent office, makes calculations to show that the United States may supply herself and Europe with an oil fully equal to the best sperm, and produced from *lard*. By a late discovery, it is found that lard yields an oil fully equal to the much prized sperm; and it is further found that eight pounds of lard are equal in weight to a gallon of oil, and that the whole is convertible into oleine or oil, and stearine, the latter very much resembling the spermaceti of commerce. The report also states, that if all the swine now in the States were slaughtered, and the lard converted into oil, the product would be five times greater than that of the whole whale fishery; and if only one-fifth of the pork now produced annually be devoted to the purpose of being turned into oil, the product in articles equal to spermaceti and sperm oil would exceed the proceeds of the spermaceti whale fishery. The expense of producing those substances is of course an important consideration, and, according to the report, when lard is 6 cents to the pound, the oil can be sold at a good profit at 50 cents per gallon, and the stearine is clear gain besides."

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A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

ENTER FRANCE—RETURN HOME.

We have at length reached the borders of Switzerland on the route westward by the Val Travers; and in the midst of a brown moorish region, environed by the superior heights of the Jura, our caleche has come to a pause at the door of the French douane, or custom-house. France is a country which it is equally difficult to enter or to depart from without examination or license; and at this point, which is situated directly in the great smuggling line of march, more than usual vigilance is exercised. Handed out by a functionary in a glazed steeple hat, a mustache, and a dirty sky-blue uniform, we were told to bring every thing for inspection into the bureau, while the seats and lining of the carriage were subjected to the usual scrutiny and search.

I wonder our painters never think of depicting such a farcical scene as that which now ensued—a group of douaniers round a poor carpet-bag, on which they look with the eyes of a terrier watching a rat. One fellow, after fishing to the bottom, brings up a soap-box or razor-case, or some such trifle, as if he had got hold of some amazing prize, but which he next minute relinquishes, and crams back with the usual French grunt of disappointment—Bah! While this is going on within the threshold of the office, in which are observed to be seated at desks a couple of nondescript functionaries in blue cloth caps with snouts, an "aside," as the players would say, is performing out of doors. The carriage and horses are in the hands of the Philistines. Having been pounced upon at first, the carriage has passed muster, and may now be supposed to be emancipated; but the horses, which stand whisking their long tails, and glad, I have no doubt, of a rest after their journey up the long mountain pass, have unconsciously on their part become objects of very particular attention. The aforesaid gentleman in the dirty sky-blue uniform examines their legs, feet, tails, colour of skin, streaks of white on their decent-looking countenances, and every observation he thinks fit to make as he proceeds is marked down with solemn gravity in a book held in the hands of an attending official. In short, it is a very serious affair; so serious that Jean, the owner of the concern, stands aloof with a face as gloomy as midnight, and as much as saying that he has got into a scrape which he heartily wishes he was well out of. Now comes the climax of the equine inspection. A tall measuring pole with a cross sliding bar at top, such as one may suppose to be employed in gauging recruits, is with all proper formality handed out from the bureau, and applied to the shoulders of the unfortunate animals. The thing was too ridiculous; and forgetting every consideration of time or place, the party—that is, the two ladies and myself—at once burst into a perfectly unrestrainable round of laughter. A smile passed over Jean's sunburnt countenance at this explosion, but so rueful and transient, and accompanied with such an embarrassing scratch of the head, as only added to the drollery of the scene. "What is the meaning of all this, Jean?" said I; "what are they going to do with your horses? Surely they do not take them for contrabandists?" But Jean had no time to reply, for he was now conducted into the bureau; out of which he came in about ten minutes, drawing together the mouth of his leathern purse, and mumbling something in German, I daresay not very complimentary to the laws of the grand nation. As the poor fellow folded up the steps of the caleche, and otherwise prepared for the road, he explained the mystery. It came to this—that he was charged fifty francs of duty upon his pair of horses; but that this sum would be restored to him provided he returned within twenty-four hours; and to insure his bringing the same animals back, the present examinations were instituted.

This was Jean's story, and it affords a pretty fair sample of the strictness of the French custom-house laws, which are here enforced with an excess of rigour—so much so, that one of the ladies of our party was charged three francs of duty on a printed calico dress, of Swiss manufacture, which no person of any delicacy would have regarded or meddled with. Such an organised interference with the freedom of trade and general intercourse reflects great disgrace upon the French, when compared with the practice on the Swiss side of the frontier, where there is no custom-house—no functionary to stop the way—no check of any kind on personal or commercial liberty. The French may send what goods they please into Switzerland, but they allow nothing to come back without being heavily taxed, and some kinds of merchandise are altogether intercepted. At the custom-house where we stopped, three large Swiss carts had been stopped for examination, and all their goods lay strewn on the ground, while we observed cars proceeding in an opposite direction towards Neuchatel, without encountering any species of hindrance.

If there were reason to believe that the French throve upon such contemptible interruptions to commerce, there might be some excuse for them; but this is by no means the case, if we may at all judge from external appearances. Within the Swiss territory, as I formerly observed, you see industry, neatness, and comfort. Every cottage, with its orderly arrangements, appears the residence of a happy though toiling family. At the distance of half a mile, within the French boundary, you see no such cottages, no industry, no neatness, no comfort. We have left a country in which the people unostentatiously but correctly manage their own affairs, and have entered another in which the people are clearly of no further account than as engines to be taxed and dragooned by a government over which they cannot be said to exercise the slightest control. The result in the one case is civil tranquillity and prosperity; in the other it is disorder and all the tokens of misery.

A more dismal ride cannot be conceived than from the French frontier to Pontarlier, at which we proposed to stop for the night. We no longer saw any of those evidences of personal exertion which have forced patches of wilderness into blooming cultivation, but, on the contrary, long stretches of bare hills with intermediate valleys of brown morass, and here and there a poor-looking hamlet, occupied by as poor-looking a set of inhabitants. Midway, at the pass of La Cluse, which formed the entrance to the valley of the river Doubs, in turning an angle in the road, we had on our left the Chateau de Joux, a castle regularly fortified and placed on the summit of a huge precipitous rock, like the castle of Edinburgh or Dunbarton. The night was closing in as we passed this ancient stronghold; and as we saw the lights twinkling through the mist and gloom from the lofty loop-holes, we thought that perhaps they shone from the dungeons in which had been immured the unfortunate Toussaint L'Ouverture, who, as is well known, was treacherously inveigled to France by Bonaparte, and imprisoned here, and who ultimately fell a martyr to the inclemency of another and similar dungeon at Besançon, to which he was consigned.

It is not my intention to detain the reader by an account of our journey to Paris, for the scenes we passed through were remarkably barren of interest; and there was nothing in the social condition of the people to form the subject of pleasing remark. Travelling in France is performed with much greater toil and difficulty than in any other country I know aspiring to civilised usages; for the towns stand considerably apart from each other; there are few villages, and these poor; the inns are inferior in accommodation; and, worst of all, there is generally no conveyance at command but the regular diligences in direct communication with Paris. Except that the roads are now pretty good, the traveller is placed at a very great disadvantage in comparison with the means ever ready for his service in any part of Germany or Switzerland. As respects accommodations for tourists, I should say France is a century behind Holland, Belgium, or central Germany.

We arrived late at Pontarlier, a town of several thousand inhabitants, and where, after encountering another stoppage from custom-house officers, we took up our lodgings for the night. I should have been glad to take our conveyance on to Besançon; but Jean had the fear of losing his fifty francs before his eyes, and by break of day he was off on his return homewards. We were now abandoned to all the horrors of French diligences; and I shall save both myself and the reader no small degree of pain by passing entirely over the account of our journey for several days and nights through Besançon, Dijon, and some other towns of lesser note, to Paris.

The only relief experienced in this most afflicting journey was a day's rest at Dijon, a large and populous town, anciently the capital of Burgundy, but now considerably decayed, and apparently possessing little trade. The day of repose was appropriately Sunday, and the weather being still beautiful, we had an opportunity of seeing the place in its holiday dress. All the shops, with two or three exceptions, were open; but, as I have repeatedly observed in France, no business of any description seemed to be going on, and they might as well have been closed. Coffee-houses and places of public amusement seemed to be the chief objects of attraction to the sauntering part of the population, while the services of religion were as usual abandoned to the priests and a few female devotees. To judge from outward appearances, religion was a matter of very small account in Dijon. One fine old Gothic church in the main street we found cleared of all its interior trappings, and occupied with the stalls of herb and fruit dealers. Another ancient church was similarly desecrated, and formed a market for the sale of hay; and a third was employed as a merchant's depôt for the sale of iron. Still, the 26,000 inhabitants have two churches left for religious service, both of which suffered greatly from revolutionary violence; but notwithstanding their dilapidation, they remain fine relics of an era of ecclesiastical splendour. An effort has lately been made to improve and beautify Dijon, by the laying out of public walks on the site of the ancient ramparts; and a very splendid jet-d'eau, with a circular stone basin, has been established at the southern entrance to the town. But none of these elegancies are kept in good order. Here and elsewhere, the remark was constantly forced upon us, that the French care little for the permanently useful in comparison to what is to make a momentary flash. In many places which we passed in our journey, the wreck of variegated lamps, left since the last rejoicing, hung upon edifices which greatly lacked a little repair; through the broken panes of glass in the churches peeped festoons of gum-flowers; and often the painted wooden figures, representing the crucifixion, which had been got up in a fit of pious enthusiasm, we observed to be broken or in a state of

neglected decay. The words, "*Liberté—Ordre*," which were frequently conspicuous in large letters on the front of Hotels de Ville, formed, as we thought, a miserable burlesque on the national practice of stopping a traveller at every barrier, and the order which is everywhere preserved by the presence of a strong military force.

All miseries come to an end, and so did those endured in the French diligence. We were at length set down at the bureau of the Messageries in Paris, and having had our luggage once more inspected—only the fifth time since entering the country—we were allowed to seek some repose after the fatigues of a two nights' journey. Paris, I was much pleased to find, had been greatly improved since my visit in 1834. Dress, manners, vehicular conveyances, pavements, streets, shops, all were greatly improved, and seemed like what one now sees in the more refined parts of London. Having spent a week in viewing some of the more interesting objects of attraction, we departed for England, and had the satisfaction of arriving safely at Dover, after an absence of nearly two months.

And so here, I daresay to the relief of the reader, is brought to a close this rambling account of what was, after all, a commonplace excursion, performed more with a view to recreation and health than to adventure; and which, as far as convenience would permit, took more the form of a glance at the social than the picturesque features of the country. The result was not unsatisfactory; and now, on looking back to what fell under the attention of our happy little party, and pondering upon it in connexion with what has been seen and described more perfectly by other travellers, I think I possess a somewhat better idea of Switzerland, its institutions and character, than I had previous to my visit, transient as that necessarily was.

It appears to me, on reflection, that there are some things favourable and others unfavourable in the condition of the Swiss, which have never, at least as far as I am aware, been clearly stated in opposition to each other. The people at large I consider to be highly favoured with respect to their forms of government: they number among them no aristocratic or privileged class; all are equal in rank; every man has a free voice in electing his representative to the cantonal parliament or legislative council. A natural consequence of these arrangements is the highest degree of civil liberty consistent with social organisation. This civil liberty is not a theoretic but a practical good; it is not a fiction in law, but a substantial fact. The principle wrought out is what Bentham calls the greatest happiness of the greatest number. In the first place, no particular class having the power to exempt itself from taxation, all burdens, be they great or small, are spread equally over the community. Then, there is no class of persons whose industrial produce must be purchased in preference to what can be obtained elsewhere; that is to say, there is universal freedom of trade, the poorest man being allowed to lay out his penny to the best advantage, no matter though the article he buys should come from the opposite end of the globe.

From these circumstances in their numerous combinations, along with a strong spirit of patriotism, which is sedulously encouraged, the Swiss may be said to have realised all that can possibly be expected from free political institutions. They protect themselves from aggression; secure internal tranquillity with protection of life and property; tax individual exertion with the smallest sum for the general behoof; and leave every one to work out that scheme of happiness and independence which his feelings and sense of duty dictate; in short, every man is permitted to toil for himself, to keep all he earns to himself, and, surrounded by the objects of his affection, to sit down, unharassed by external influences, under the shelter of his own vine and fig-tree.

All this is something. Switzerland, in every quarter, presents a spectacle of humble independence and happiness which it is exceedingly pleasing to contemplate. How far the happiness realised equals that attainable in other countries, is a question involving many intricate considerations. Happiness is altogether a relative term. The Frenchman is happy (I suppose) in thinking he is a member of a great nation, which has a tri-coloured flag, a large army, a citizen-king, a legion of honour, and a few colonies beyond sea, which there is much glory in protecting; and such considerations, probably, reconcile him to an empty stomach, bare legs, and a pair of wooden shoes. The peasantry in the south of France live in hovels and subsist on chestnuts; but who can say that they are on that account mentally depressed or unhappy? Self-delusion, though never sung by the poets, is a very accommodating equivalent for many substantialities.

To compare the condition of Switzerland with that of England would be absurd. There is not the slightest resemblance between them. The Swiss have pitched their standard of happiness at a point which, as far as things, not feelings, are concerned, could, with great ease, be reached by the bulk of the British population. And here what may be called the unfavourable features of Swiss society become prominent. There is little cumulative capital in Switzerland. It is a country of small farmers and tradesmen, in decent but not wealthy circumstances. An active man amongst them could not get much. If he and his family wrought hard they would not starve, and whatever they got would be their own. On all occasions, in speaking to respectable residents, the observation on the people was—"They labour hard, very hard; but they have plenty of food, and they are happy." Now, it is my opinion, that, if any man labour hard in either England or Scotland, exercise a reasonable degree of prudence, and be temperate and economical, he can scarcely fail in arriving at the same *practical* results as the Swiss; nay, I go farther, and will aver, that he has an opportunity of reaching a far higher standard of rational comfort than was ever dreamt of by the happiest peasant in Switzerland. The condition of the Swiss is blessed, remotely, no doubt, from the simple form of government, but immediately and chiefly from the industry, humble desires, and economic habits of the people. As I formerly observed, the people of Scotland alone contrive to spend *four millions* of pounds sterling annually on whisky; and if to this we add the injury caused by loss of time and deterioration of health, character, and circumstances, we have discovered an evil so monstrous as to leave no surprise that poverty and misery have been widely spread. This, however, is entering upon a topic too vast to be crowded at the end of these desultory sketches; and, therefore, leaving its discussion to a more favourable opportunity, I shall not trespass longer on the reader's patience, but make my obeisance and retire.

W. C.

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

EVIDENCES OF DESIGN IN THE STRUCTURE OF INSECTS.

INDICATIONS of design, or contrivances adapted to carry into effect a particular intention, are so obvious in the structure of animals in general, and so well calculated to carry conviction to the mind regarding the great truth of a designing intelligence, that it may seem superfluous to multiply instances with the view for which they have been often adduced. On this important subject the evidence is already as satisfactory as can well be conceived; and although additional examples, like so many separate rays of light converging to a point, may make that evidence more conspicuous, it can scarcely render it more conclusive. But it is always a source of much gratification to contemplate the means by which that presiding intelligence effects its purposes—to examine the mechanism it constructs for the purpose of adapting its creatures to all the exigencies of their nature. In so doing, we meet with so many examples of ingenious contrivances, skilful mechanical adjustments, subserviency of parts to a definite use, as well as an invariable beauty in the workmanship, that we cannot fail to receive beneficial impressions of the power, wisdom, and goodness that have been employed in the formation of animals.

Such instances are most apt to attract attention among the higher animals, where the parts, from being presented to us on a larger scale, are most obvious to the senses; but they are not less frequent, nor less interesting, among the lower tribes of the animal kingdom. This is the case, in particular, with insects, one of the most numerous of these classes, which live in such an infinite variety of circumstances and conditions, that more than ordinary scope is afforded, or more than usual necessity entailed, for modifications and peculiarities of structure to suit different modes of life. Singularly and most elaborately organised, and highly finished (so to speak) in all their parts, these little animals furnish obvious instances of design in their whole economy; but these instances are most striking in what Dr Paley calls *peculiar organisations*, that is to say, deviations from the ordinary structure, in order to provide for some particular want, or the creation of new parts to overcome, as it were, some specific difficulty. It is principally to such examples of the last-mentioned description as we happen to have met with in the course of our examination of insects, that it is our intention in this place to invite, for a brief space, the attention of the reader.

A large number of insects are raptorial, or prey on living individuals of their own class, at times even on individuals of their own species, for they are by no means particular in this respect. To enable such as are endowed with this propensity to seize and hold their struggling victims, some further provision is often requisite than a pair of trenchant and toothed jaws, because these can only execute their appropriate functions by alternately opening and closing, like the blades of a pair of scissors; and during the former act the captive would have an excellent opportunity to escape. The instruments employed to supply this want are generally the fore-legs; and many curious and interesting manifestations of design are to be seen in the modifications which these undergo, in order that they may be converted into prehensory or catching organs, their primary use, walking, being, at the same time, in no way interfered with. Strength and freedom of motion would be obvious advantages; we accordingly find that the fore-legs are by far the thickest and most robust, and instead of moving on a hinge joint, which admits of motion only backwards and forwards, they are connected with the body by a ball-and-socket joint, on which they can turn in all directions as on a pivot. They are also furnished with spines, which are probably in all cases more or less useful in disabling an antagonist; but in the following case these spines, by a simple mechanical arrangement, become efficient instruments for seizing an object. Near the lower extremity of the shank (or *tibia*), and on its inner side, there is a deep notch; immediately over this is placed a strong moveable spine: when this spine is pressed down, it rests on the opposite angle of the notch, and thus any object within the latter is, as it were, locked in. But the enclosed limb of a struggling insect would be apt to twist the spine to a side; what plan is adopted to prevent this? A short, strong spine, looking in an opposite direction, is placed on each side of the point upon which the principal spine closes, and thus effectually prevents any lateral movement. This structure is well exemplified in a small beetle (*Cillenum laterale*) found occasionally on the coasts. A provision of a similar kind exists in the common blister-beetle; but in this instance the spine is placed at the lower extremity of the tibia, and closes on the first joint of the foot (*tarsus*). There are no lateral supports in this case; the spine is therefore short and very strong.

No instrument can be more admirably fitted for its purpose than the fore-legs of the *mantes*, or soothsayers—insects so named from their appearance suggesting the idea of a person in the act of prayer, but which are pre-eminently raptorial and ravenous. The fore-legs of this creature are placed near the head, towards the extremity of a long and slender thorax, itself capable of considerable motion, and are very thick and strong. The thigh has a deep groove along its inner side, and along each of the margins of this groove there is a row of strong spines; the outline of this side of the leg is somewhat convex: the next portion of the leg (the tibia) is curved in the opposite direction, and folds back upon the thigh, falling closely into the central groove, just as the blade of a pocket-knife does into the handle. The whole apparatus is most complete and efficient. When the tibia ends in a long curved spine, as is frequently the case, that spine is turned to one side; and the tarsi, which are short and weak, fall backwards on the least motion of the tibia: unless both these provisions obtained, it is obvious that the latter could not close upon the thigh. No intention can be more clearly indicated.

It has been stated above, that one of the reasons for the legs being used to hold the prey is, that the jaws may have greater liberty of motion, without allowing the prey to escape. There are some instances in which the legs are in no way adapted to such a purpose; every thing, therefore, requires to be done by the jaws—and how is the risk of escape, in that case, provided against? *The jaws are perforated throughout their whole length*, so that, when once fixed in the body of the living prey, they do not require to be relaxed, its juices being sucked through the tube. This is the case with the larvæ of a tribe of water-beetles (*Dytiscidæ*), in which the legs are all required to balance and move the body in the water, and could not be spared for any other end.

Other means of seizing and fixing, of an equally curious nature, have been furnished to certain insects. The male scorpion-fly has a pair of forceps in its tail, and the water-beetle has an apparatus of the character of what boys called a *sucker*. The water-beetle is of less specific gravity than the element it inhabits, and liable, therefore, to be tossed about by every fluctuation of the waters. Hence the necessity for *some* means of attachment. The body is broad, flat, and nearly smooth, and hence the expediency of a sucker in preference to any other means. The apparatus consists of a broad circular disk, with several small cup-shaped suckers, varying in size, attached to its under side. It occupies the place of the tibia in the fore-legs.

Let us now take an example of the adaptation of the fore-legs to another purpose than that of seizing. Admirably as the common mole is fitted for mining its subterranean galleries, perhaps the structure of the fore-legs of the mole-beetle even more strikingly demonstrates design (if that be possible), inasmuch as the legs deviate more from the prevailing form among creatures of the same class, and require a greater number of modifications, in order that they may answer the end in view. It is impossible to fancy a more efficient digging instrument of its size—the ordinary uses of the leg remaining at the same time unimpaired. The thigh, and the joint which unites it to the body, are of great size and strength, and the tibia is expanded into a broad plate, which assumes a palmate form by being cut on its external edge into four pointed lobes. It is thus at once fitted to burrow into the soil and to shovel it when loosened to one side, the leg being so turned that its action is outwards and backwards. But the tarsi are still to be disposed of, because they would obviously impede this operation; and being comparatively weak, would run the risk of fracture. They are, accordingly, reduced to mere rudiments; and when the leg is in action, the few joints of which they consist are lodged in a groove exactly fitted to receive them. Could any arrangement be more perfect, or more strikingly testify intention?

The common mole can readily turn the passage it is digging in any direction it may please, although that passage is not wider than its own body; and this it is enabled to do by the flexibility of its spine. The insect of which we have just spoken can also turn its body, because the segments of which the latter is composed are flexible to a certain degree. But there are certain tribes of insects which burrow in the ground, belonging to that section of the class which have their bodies covered with a hard and bony case (*Coleoptera*); and unless some special provision were made to admit of lateral motion, they would be under the necessity, when excavating a gallery the exact width

of their body, to move forward almost invariably in a straight line. We have often admired the simplicity and efficiency of the means that have been resorted to in order to obviate this difficulty. The thorax, or trunk, of the insect is attached to the abdomen, or hinder portion of the body, by a pretty long and narrow cylindrical piece; and on this the thorax moves as on a pivot, its hinder angles being rounded off to admit of its motions being performed with greater facility. Now, all the insects most nearly related to these, but which are not subterranean in their habits, have the thorax broad behind, the hinder angles being rectangular, or even salient, which necessarily almost wholly prevents the sideward motion of a part of the body at once. The genera *Clivina* and *Scarites* afford examples of this structure. Their fore-legs are also constructed on the same principle as those of the mole-beetle, although the parts are not so highly developed. They likewise possess another organ, so beautifully adapted to their subterranean mode of life that it should not pass unnoticed. The antennæ, which are usually composed of conical joints, and are therefore somewhat rigid and unpliant, are, in this instance, formed of globular joints connected by a slender filament, resembling a series of beads rather loosely strung upon a thread. They can, therefore, be bent in any direction with the utmost ease, and are turned backwards while the insect is moving through the soil, so that they offer no obstacle to its progress.

How many beautiful examples of peculiar adaptation are to be observed in the legs of insects, in order to fit them for locomotion in the different places and elements in which they dwell! The crane-flies (*Tipulidæ*) frequent grassy meadows; and walking in such places to an insect with a heavy body and short legs, would be almost as difficult as for a man to pass through a thick plantation of young trees. The legs are therefore extended to that extraordinary length which gives these flies such a singular appearance; and they are by that means enabled either to *stilt* among the grass, or to walk over it, the limbs, from their length, resting on many blades of grass at once, and thus finding a sufficient number of points to support the body. But it must occur to every one that a still more useful and effectual kind of locomotion, among tangled vegetation and places where the wings could not well be used, would be the power of leaping. Multitudes of herbivorous insects we accordingly find to possess that property, and the hind-legs are the instruments by which it is usually effected. The thighs are greatly enlarged to allow the muscles sufficient development for this increase of power, and the other parts of the leg are so modified as not to interfere with the exercise of it. The efficiency of this instrument is best shown by its effects. Insects of very small size (such as the turnip flea-beetle, an object of much dread to farmers) can leap to a distance of several feet with the utmost ease, so that they are at once provided with the means of a rapid change of place, necessary, or at least highly desirable, in their search for food, and a mode of escape from many of their enemies. The structure in question is best exemplified in locusts and grasshoppers. In these the hinder thighs are very much elongated, and thicken gradually as they approach the body; the knee forms a large knob, to afford room for the somewhat complex articulation which unites the thigh to the tibia. The whole apparatus is strictly mechanical; and it would seem impossible that any one could examine it without at once perceiving what purpose it was intended to serve, even although he had never seen it in action.

WORLDLY WISDOM;

OR THE HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF LIFE.

"You had better have taken my advice, Henry, and married the heiress three months ago," was the exclamation of Mr Varley to one of the two nephews who, with himself, made up rather a mournful trio, as they sat almost for the last time in his splendid drawing-room. The season was chilly November, the year that terrible one in the mercantile world—1825. Mr Varley had been reputed a very wealthy merchant. He had lived for many years in a most expensive style; and though there were ill-natured persons who hinted that Mr and Mrs Varley snapped and snarled occasionally at each other, in a manner not accordant with a very romantic idea of conjugal felicity, he must certainly have been a generous husband. In fact, he had behaved in a manner that those foolish romantic persons who have no idea of a separate purse or separate interests seldom think of doing. In the height of his prosperity, he had settled twenty thousand pounds on his wife beyond his own reach. It is true this circumstance was not generally known, but we shall see presently how it influenced his future career. Mr Varley had no children; but about five years before his failure, his nephews, Henry Carlingford and Alfred Varley, had entered his counting-house, the former bringing into the concern a small patrimony, the latter very little more than his services. Nevertheless, Alfred had become decidedly the uncle's favourite, for Mr Varley declared that Henry's head was full of "ridiculous notions," and that where any one of them was concerned, "he was as obstinate as a mule." Alfred, on the contrary, he pronounced to be "a shrewd clever fellow, who would make his way in the world;" and Mr Varley had a strong affection for prosperous people.

It was a very few days after the house of Varley and Co. had been declared insolvent—a failure, by the by, most unexpected—that our story opens. There are few scenes more painfully touching than the contemplation of a family suddenly reduced from affluence to penury; but certainly of our trio Henry Carlingford appeared the most afflicted. Perhaps Alfred Varley possessed more of the buoyancy of youth, and perhaps his uncle was a bit of a philosopher, or perhaps he considered that he could not be very painfully straitened while his lady possessed the interest of twenty thousand pounds. He had also just heard that the creditors intended behaving very liberally. Thus, though a certain air of gloom pervaded the apartment, he was less depressed than might have been expected, when he addressed Henry, exclaiming, "You had better have married the heiress!"

"In the first place, sir," replied Henry, "I am not sure that the lady to whom you allude would have married me; and secondly, I never admired her sufficiently to put the question to her."

"Nonsense—nonsense! Now, there is no chance of your making a good match; if you had married Miss Tarlton, and even half her fortune had been settled upon herself, as of course would have been the case, how different would your position now have been!"

"So different that I cannot contemplate it without horror; for however my own conscience might have acquitted me, the world would have considered me as a scoundrel."

"Well, well," rejoined the uncle, "some day you will better understand the advantages of a sure income."

"I do understand them, I assure you; but I value one thing yet more highly, and that is an unsullied character."

Having thus expressed his opinion on Henry's imprudence, Mr Varley turned the conversation more directly to their present circumstances, and this, after a little while, very naturally led to Alfred's more immediate interests. Here, however, there was a marriage to be broken off, instead of reproaches for its non-completion. Alfred had been engaged for nearly six months to the pretty and accomplished daughter of a London banker. But though Eliza Dalton was precisely the same individual with whom he had been all this time "desperately in love," he now congratulated himself most heartily that he had yielded to the delay urged on account of her extreme youth—for she was little more than seventeen—as, to use his own words, he felt there would be "madness" in thinking of her as a wife, now that her father had failed, and she would be portionless. There is a kind of speciousness, a correct reasoning warped to wrong purposes, which, like false coin, may, and does, for a little while pass current. It sounded all very right, and proper, and prudent, and self-sacrificing on his part to release Eliza from her engagement, and, now that their mutual circumstances were so changed, to leave her free again to choose; but it must be confessed these moral attributes are not the ones generally most highly appreciated by a young girl in the character of her lover. It would seem that even Henry Carlingford did not see the affair quite in the exalted manner which was intended, for after listening for some time to the discourse of his companions, the exclamation, "Poor girl!" escaped him, and he walked to another part of the room to conceal his emotion.

Both the Varleys had an aversion to "scenes" (though, in dreading one, they calculated far too little on the womanly pride which was inherent in such a nature as that of Eliza Dalton), and so they agreed each to dispatch a letter breaking the determination at which they had arrived—that of the uncle to Mr Dalton; the epistle of the nephew was to be addressed to his affianced. It must not, however, be supposed that the situation of Alfred Varley was utterly deplorable—very far, indeed, from it. From his knowledge of business, he had already engaged himself as head clerk in another establishment, with a very considerable salary, and Mr Varley was to resume the management of his own business for the benefit of his creditors. For Henry Carlingford a very different, and apparently a far more uncertain, career was opening. Sickened of the excitement consequent on speculations, and not having been fortunate in the specimens presented to him of the mercantile class, he had determined to abandon entirely all such pursuits. The study of anatomy and medicine had already been the recreation of many a leisure hour, and a wealthy member of his mother's family had now generously placed within his reach the means of prosecuting these his favourite studies, with the hope of qualifying himself for the medical profession. It does require energy and decision to determine, even at five-and-twenty, on a new path in life, and to turn every hope and aspiration into a different channel than heretofore; but energy and decision were among the peculiar characteristics of Henry's mind, directed as they were by those firm principles which prevented his ever turning out of the straightforward path of honour and propriety into any of the by-lanes of life, which, though they seem to the short-sighted very near cuts to fortune and fame, really only lead out of one cross-road into another.

It is scarcely worth while to examine very narrowly the early trials of Eliza Dalton. It will be better to judge of them by the influence their schooling had upon her character. Youth, with its keen feelings and soaring hopes, is the season of all others when afflictions fall most heavily; wisely and mercifully ordained is it, that they should usually leave behind them, when their wounds are healed and their sting departed, lessons of experience which mature the mind and develop the character, more, probably, than the fortunate occurrences of many prosperous years might have done. It seemed very dreadful to Eliza Dalton when first the intelligence of her father's reverses fell upon her ear; it was sad to think she must bid adieu to the home of her childhood, and yield it to the authority of a stranger; it was even a trial (however unromantic it may sound) to relinquish henceforth the luxuries to which she had ever been accustomed, and the control of wealth which her father had more recently permitted; and saddest, most agonising of all, was it to mark *his* anxious careworn face. Yet amid the deluge of affliction, there seemed one ark of joy and happiness; what, then, must her emotions have been when that was wrecked?

She was alone when the letter of Alfred Varley arrived, and she read it twice or thrice without seeming to gather its meaning. True, they could not be married yet; that she had instinctively felt the first moment that the knowledge of their mutual reverse of fortune had reached her; she had already accustomed herself to look through a long vista of exertion on his part, and at the end most probably a mere competence—for there *was* the prospect of a competence—instead of the once anticipated affluence. But to be relinquished—cast off for ever—such a thing had never entered her imagination, and her mind was slow to comprehend it. After a few minutes, however, some scintillation of the truth must have reached her, for, pressing her hand to her brow, she sought her father's chamber, and placing the open letter in his hand, leaned upon his shoulder, and, while he read, again perused it.

"Sordid wretch!" exclaimed Mr Dalton; "but, darling, I rejoice"—— The sentence was not completed, for Eliza would have fallen to the ground had not his open arms received her.

Mr Dalton was a strong-minded man, and one of deep feeling. He had been for some years a widower, and his whole affections were centred upon his three children, of whom Eliza was the eldest. The change in his worldly position had, in a few weeks' time, added in appearance the weight of many years to his age, and threaded his dark hair with silver, but it had failed to wring from his heart such tears of agony as those which fell upon the insensible form of his daughter. His first impulse had been to call for assistance, but a second thought restrained him, and placing her upon a sofa, he succeeded in a few minutes in restoring her to consciousness; it was her father's tenderness which touched some chord of feeling, and her heart was relieved by tears.

It must not be supposed that Mr Dalton's grief was at breaking off the match. Very far from it; but he knew enough of woman's nature to comprehend the struggle that was going on in the heart of his darling child. Oh! how holy is the bond when a parent is also a *friend!* They spoke unreservedly, and with her hand clasped in his. In the course of a very few *hours* Eliza listened, almost with composure, to her father's ejaculations of thankfulness that Alfred's character was unmasked. In a few *days* she spoke of plans for the future almost with animation; of how much she could improve her younger sisters and herself without the further aid of masters, and how pretty she could make the cottage to which they were about to remove. In a few *months*, though looking paler, thinner, and much older than before, she had regained, to all appearance at least, a flow of cheerful spirits. She had become, if possible, dearer than ever to her father; she had become his confidential and favourite companion, the undisputed economical mistress of his reduced establishment, and the instructress of her younger sisters. She was also more happy. The truth was, that the proof of Alfred's unworthiness had stripped her idol of its divinity, and discovered to her, what is more often the case with the very young than they are willing to acknowledge, namely, that their love is rather the imagined embodiment of their own ideal, which cannot endure the test of time, the great truth-discoverer, than a real attachment that deserves to be permanent. Leaving Eliza, however, to the intellectual pursuits and domestic duties which opened to her a more extended and purer kind of happiness, we will follow for a little while the fortunes of Henry Carlingford.

He had pursued his studies most assiduously for the requisite term, and had commenced what is called "walking the hospitals," when his attention was drawn to an old man whom he observed almost daily among the patients that called for gratuitous advice. He seemed to grow weaker and weaker; and, actuated by a feeling of benevolence, Henry on one occasion followed him to the door, and believing that he saw before him a decayed gentleman, offered, in as delicate a manner as possible, to attend him at his own home. The old man, whom we will call Selby, looked up as if surprised, and exclaimed, almost pettishly: "I can't pay you, sir; I can't pay you."

"I do not desire it," returned Henry; "you are not in a fit state of health to brave such weather as this (it was raining at the time); and if my skill and experience, such as they are, can be of any advantage to you, they are quite at your service."

Certainly this kind offer was not received and accepted in the most gracious manner; but Henry perceived that he had a character to deal with, and towards noon, on the following day, he wended his way to the street named by his eccentric acquaintance. It is no unusual thing for the attics of houses (the lower parts of which may be occupied as counting-houses by the wealthy merchant) to be let out in single rooms at comparatively low rents to some needy persons, who yet have business or occupation which requires their presence in the metropolis. It was in a mean apartment of this description that Henry found the old man; but it seemed to him a singular coincidence that the ground-floor should be tenanted by the firm in whose service his cousin Alfred now was; for though he knew the street and house very well, he had never before observed the number.

As Henry was leaving the house after having performed his required duty, he encountered young Varley; and not being very expert at parrying cross-questions, his cousin was soon apprised of the object of his visit. At first Alfred's countenance fell, in a manner that surprised our doctor, but in a few moments recovering, or assuming composure, he burst into a sort of forced laugh, and holding out his hand to Henry, exclaimed, "We must enter into partnership, my straight-laced cousin, or else I see that you, in the most unconscious manner, will cut me out with the old miser. Ah! I see you don't know him: he has not chick or child in the world — rich as Crœsus—lives here to be near the stock exchange, where he dabbles pretty often—hasn't an idea we know this, though, for he is always talking of dying in the workhouse; if one could but get booked in his *will*—don't think he's made it yet; do you?—can't live long, I'm sure—*how long* should you think?"

Henry did not give a very satisfactory answer to this question; he had been shocked at the abrupt confession of his cousin's scheming (the upright always detest manœuvring), and perhaps more grieved than angry at the deception which had been practised on himself. His compassion for the desolate old man—whose life would not in all human probability be prolonged many months—had been strongly excited; and though respect was necessarily gone, pity remained, and he continued to visit him almost daily. Involuntarily, perhaps, his manner grew less cordial, as he perceived, in many trifling circumstances, "confirmation strong" of all Alfred Varley had declared, though, from a feeling of principle, his attentions were still unremitted; while the miser, as if to widen the barrier which was growing up between them, persisted in treating Henry as the party obliged, speaking constantly of the experience he must derive from the treatment of his case. Weeks thus passed away; sometimes, though not often, he met his cousin, who latterly, he fancied, rather shunned him than not.

A circumstance, however, was about to occur, which opened a new chapter in the life of Henry Carlingford, and probed his feelings to the quick. He had been in the habit of visiting, on terms of intimacy, at Mr Dalton's "cottage," and in a manner, that would be strange but that it is common, had grown fervently attached to Eliza, without being conscious of the fact. Certainly there could be few characters more suited to each other than their's were, and no circumstances so likely to awaken the purest regard as those under which he had seen Eliza Dalton—the youthful, gentle, yet wise mistress of a home she made dearer to her father than his early abode of affluence. Still, Henry had been so accustomed to consider her as the early betrothed of his cousin, that it was only by the incident to which we allude that he was awakened to the knowledge of his own feelings. On arriving one day at the cottage, he was startled by the agitated manner in which Mr Dalton received him.

"Harry," cried the latter, drawing him towards a vacant room, "I want much to speak to you. Pray, tell me, have you suspected any thing of this sort?" and, while speaking, he placed an open letter before him.

It was a letter from Alfred Varley to his some-time affianced, couched in terms of the most passionate regard. He spoke of the "cruel sacrifice he had made, by which his heart had been nearly broken," and to which he had only been actuated by a fervent desire for her happiness; but finding her still unmarried, and his own prospects brightening, he could no longer refrain from once more throwing himself at her feet. The letter was filled up with those fervent expressions of unalterable attachment which, when echoed from one heart to another, seem a natural and proper language, but which, under different circumstances, or to third persons, are apt to appear a very different sort of thing.

The perusal of this letter unveiled poor Henry's heart to himself, and it was with a pale cheek and trembling voice that he besought Mr Dalton to tell him in what manner his daughter had received it.

"She is in a most agitated state of mind," continued the father, "and it is this which grieves me. I did not believe she entertained for him one lingering feeling of regard. I thought she now rejoiced as much at the rupture of their engagement, as I have always done. But I know how delicate a thing is a woman's heart; and though she is willing—I may say desirous—to reply at once, and decline firmly all future overtures, I have determined to wait for a week or two, not only that I may make inquiries as to his conduct since we lost sight of him—and certainly, as Eliza's worldly prospects are no way changed, this letter goes far towards proving that we judged him harshly—but that I may also give time for her own decision. Tell me, have you ever suspected the state of your cousin's feelings?"

"No. But we are not intimate, and have seldom or never spoken on this subject."

Henry Carlingford left the house without seeing Eliza Dalton, or it is probable that some word or look might have unsealed his lips, and at least all future misunderstandings have been avoided. But impressed with the conviction that her heart was still devoted to his rival, he had not the courage to meet her.

It was on the third morning from that eventful day that Henry, as usual, paid his benevolent visit to the old miser. Within the last week or two, however, a change might have been observed in Mr Selby's deportment. He had grown more deferential and respectful to his young doctor; and it was evident that he had become aware that Henry knew that he was no object of charity, at least in the common acceptation of the term. Growing day by day more feeble, it seemed that as his body decayed his mind became less grovelling and worldly. He seemed conscious that his end was approaching; and as if anxious to exculpate himself in Henry's eyes, he briefly sketched his history. Some minds there are which, tried by adversity, come out like gold from the furnace, but his was not of this order. Jilted by the woman he had loved, and cheated of his fortune by the man he had called his friend, he lost all belief in moral excellence; and where there is not at least faith in virtue, the mind must narrow and wither. Reduced by the fraud which had been practised on him from the possession of a competence to utter dependence, he had still, by a course of persevering industry, acquired a considerable fortune; but with no tie of affection, and no hope of ever forming one, he seemed not to be linked in the chain of humanity: he made gold his idol, and loved and worshipped it for itself. Still, where there has once been known kindly feelings, it is possible that some chord may be found to reawaken them. The bad leaven was sufficiently powerful to prevent his sacrificing one grain of his "divinity" while his dying fingers could grasp it; but even a miser has some consciousness that mammon passes not through the gates of death. It was not the kind and skilful benevolence of his friend which had awakened his better impulses, though something there was in Henry's loftier nature (as, indeed, the choice of him for a confessor proved) which wrung from him the tribute of respect which inferior minds are compelled to pay. Far less did the designing attentions of Alfred Varley meet with any other than their fit and usual reward; but the old man's dormant admiration had been awakened by a sense of—JUSTICE. In early life he had known Mr Dalton intimately, and had watched the rise and fall of his fortunes. He knew that the wealthy banker and the poor gentleman had been alike a man entitled to respect, and more than all, he had chanced to receive only a few weeks ago the last dividend due to him as a trifling creditor, knowing that it was by the sacrifice of many thousands which he might have retained, that Mr Dalton had been enabled to discharge every claim upon him. He had heard, too, from an old servant, of the exemplary conduct of Eliza, and, without knowing the name of her early lover, something of her private history. From sympathy, admiration, or perhaps many mingled feelings, he had determined on making her his sole heiress, though, undoubtedly, his attention had been drawn to the family by his thorough appreciation of Mr Dalton's upright character.

It was after relating his history to Henry Carlingford far more minutely than we have done, that, softened by his emotions, he took from behind his pillow a paper—it was his will. He asked Henry to read it to him, complaining of his feeble sight, but expressing a desire to be once more sure that it was in all respects correct and binding. It was while complying with the miser's wish that a lightning-like flash of thought convinced Henry Carlingford that his cousin Alfred had in some manner become acquainted with the nature of the document. His voice trembled as he concluded, and he left that poor chamber sooner than he had intended; but he spoke kind words to the old man, and pressed his hand more warmly than usual. He had obtained a clue to the discovery he instantly sought to make, for one of the witnesses to the will was a fellow-clerk of Alfred's. It matters little how he assured himself of the truth of his conjecture, or how, from a sense of duty, he disclosed to Mr Dalton the plot which had been laid by his unprincipled cousin. But our story would have been shorter if Eliza Dalton had sent her definite refusal to accept his addresses one day before the discovery of his heartless villany. Then Henry Carlingford would never have suspected in her a lingering regard for her former lover. As it was, he misunderstood the depression of spirits which even the possession of thirty thousand pounds (and of that fortune she became mistress in a very few weeks) failed to banish; and her wealth, to *his* sensitive mind, raised a barrier between them. Yet he loved on, almost against his will; for in his struggles with himself he separated himself from her society, till by degrees he even ceased to visit her family.

Years passed on, working their strange revolutions in the balance of fortune's wheel. Seven years after the miser's death, the Varleys were, what they would have called in others, "all to pieces." Mrs Varley was dead, after having squandered all the property, and her husband had sunk to the condition of a clerk in a third-rate house of business in a country town. The career of his nephew, Alfred, has not been much more prosperous. With a view of making a business for himself, he was guilty of much double-dealing and ingratitude towards his employers; and though he escaped the arm of the law, he was of course dismissed by them, and has now no regular occupation; it is indeed a marvel how he finds the means of subsistence.

But let us close this sketch with a brighter picture than the one we have just presented. Those same seven years had raised our young physician high on the ladder of fame. He had steadily pursued the straight highway of life, and yet had made stepping-stones of the favourable "opportunities" which had presented themselves in his path. Although ever a friend to the poor, his chief connexion lay among the noble and the wealthy, at whose houses he was frequently an honoured guest. It was on one of these occasions, and when the conversation was on literature, that it turned to some admirable works which had lately been published, and which had attracted the notice and admiration they deserved. There was some degree of mystery, however, about the author, and Lord F——, the host, after listening for some time to the discussion, startled them by declaring, "I *know* it is a lady, and more than that, you shall next week be introduced to her."

"The name—the name—who is she? who can she be?" exclaimed two or three voices.

"Nay," rejoined Lord F——, "if I promise you so great an honour, you must indulge me with the enjoyment of a little mystification. Her name is one you have often heard. All I shall tell you is that she is young—certainly under thirty—and handsome; and that she is the chosen friend of my daughter, chosen by me as much as by herself; for to a girl of Emily's age, I think the advantages of such a friend, some half-dozen years her senior, are beyond the highest estimate. Come all of you and dine with me next Tuesday, and at all events we will invite the author of —— and her father to meet you."

The authoress was Eliza Dalton! Seven years had taken no beauty from her person, but had added much power to her mind. Her younger sisters were already married; but it was suspected, nay, she had been known to say, that she should never marry. Such resolutions, however, are occasionally broken; and certain it is, that within three months from that memorable dinner party, she made some confessions to Henry Carlingford touching her depression of spirits at the period of receiving her legacy, which quite relieved his mind from any anxiety on that subject; and about the same time she fixed the day to meet him at the altar, to be no more divided. Her proud happy father gave her with joy to the man of all others he deemed most worthy of her, and Lady Emily F—— was her bridesmaid.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

CYCLE OF THE SEASONS.

WE find the following paragraph in the *Leeds Mercury*:—"Mr Luke Howard, F.R.S., of Ackworth, near Pontefract, who has carried on careful meteorological observations for about forty years, has published the result of his observations through two complete cycles of eighteen years each. The result shows a very great general resemblance between the two periods; and Mr Howard is convinced that in each cycle there is a succession of years above the average degree of warmth, and a succession of years below the average. It is very agreeable to find that we have now just arrived at the close of one of the colder periods, and are entering upon one of the warmer; and Mr Howard anticipates that this and several successive years will be genial, warm, and generally favourable to abundance of the products of the soil. The subject is one not only of great curiosity to the scientific, but also of practical importance; and observations like those of Mr Howard cannot be too closely conducted. The reader ought to be aware that in eighteen years the moon, the sun, and the earth, come into the same relative position towards each other as they were in at the beginning of the period; and the theory is, that the temperature, moisture, winds, &c., on our globe are materially affected by the relative positions of the sun and moon towards her."

Efforts to ascertain general principles with regard to the character of the seasons have so invariably ended in disappointment, that Mr Howard must be prepared for some difficulty in convincing the world of the truth of his system. We are struck, however, by the idea of a series of propitious following a series of unpropitious seasons, because it is analogous to some other parts of the great scheme of Providence. We can work by day; but by and by the night cometh when no man may work. The fruits of the earth are produced only at one season; and we must prepare in summer and autumn for the absence of all natural sustenance from the surface of the earth in winter. Man can labour powerfully and successfully for his support till past middle life; but by and by comes a time of old age when he cannot labour, and when he is, or ought to be, supported by the results of the industry of his better days. All these arrangements bear reference to a faculty of foresight in the human mind, which operates to make us provide in the one season for the wants of the other; and society would soon be in a dreadful state indeed, if night, winter, and old age were not regarded by a very considerable portion of the species. This foresight is one of the most remarkable distinctions of man; but it is lamentable to think by what a great number of persons—we may say whole classes—it is scarcely at all exercised. How many, even when their receipts are far above the average, are contented to eat up each week their whole weekly earnings, never once thinking there is such a thing as a savings' bank or a friendly society in the world! How many in the middle ranks go on from year to year living in comfort without any provision for the possible death of the head of the family, though life-assurance supplies all that could be desired in that way from the present possession of a large hoard of savings! [By the way, life-assurance must yet be far from being generally understood: we lately heard with astonishment of a clergyman in Dundee having spoken discountenancingly of it in the pulpit—endeavouring to place

religion in opposition to one of the most virtuous acts of a man's life!] However much it may be disregarded partially, labour and self-denial at the favourable season, for the sake of provision against the unfavourable, are distinctions of human kind, and they are proud ones. It would be curious to discover that nature contemplates also, as a regular matter, something like a constant realisation of Joseph's dream, namely, that in one portion of so long a space of time as eighteen years, there should be a provision made for another portion of it—for such must be a natural inference from Mr Howard's theory, if it prove correct. It is a question interesting to the moral as well as to the natural philosopher, and we would hope that due efforts will not be wanting to bring it to a point of certainty.

IMPROVEMENTS IN TYPOGRAPHY AND PRINTING.

The history of printing presents a remarkable illustration of the active and improving nature of the last half century in comparison with some of the whole ones which went before. Till the French Revolution, the printing press continued to be the same rude and clumsy wooden machine which it had been in the hands of Faust and Guttenberg. A mechanician of the present day laughs at the idea of its homeliness and imperfect adaptation to its work. Its first three centuries and a half passed without its ever being thought improveable. Then came a time when everything was challenged, and the printing-press amongst the rest. Lord Stanhope and others applied their minds to produce better presses, and succeeded. There have been since then certainly not less than six various improved constructions of press, all of them respectable, and some excellent. There has also been the *printing machine*, that wonderful engine which takes in blank paper at one end and sends it out fully printed at the other, by dint merely of a handful of coal in the furnace of a steam-engine—which has allowed of the serviceable phenomenon of cheap literature—and makes it possible to publish a large impression of a newspaper while the news are still hot. The old cushions for inking have in the same period been dismissed, and replaced by the elegant and handy rollers. Now, if we are to believe a correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, a machine has been invented and patented for setting up types.

This machine, according to the gentleman who has made it known, "has a resemblance to a cottage piano, with the external framework removed. It has 72 channels containing a complete font of type, under which are placed levers in connexion with keys similar to those of the piano, each key having engraved on it its character, which corresponds with the channels above, in which the different letters are placed. As the letters are moved out of the channels by the action of the player, they slide through various curves on an inclined plane at the back of the machine, and fall to one point, where they are received into a spout and beaten forward to a composing stick, or, as it is called by the mechanist, a justifying box, by a very ingenious mechanical movement. This justifying box is at the end of the receiving spout, and the type is drawn into it in lines of the width of the page to be set up; and when the usual number of lines have been justified, the box is emptied into a galley in the way that the compositor empties his composing stick. While this 'setting up' of the type, as the printers term it, but which here is in reality 'letting down,' is going on, the channels are being fed by two boys. The rapidity with which this machine gets through its work may be judged of from the fact, that type equal to half a column of this Journal was justified in a few minutes less than an hour; that is, as fast as the reporter usually transcribes his notes. At this machine there are eight persons employed, three intelligent young women and five boys. The first are alternately engaged two hours each in composing, justifying, and correcting. The same system obtains with the boys, one of whom turns the wheel before spoken of, two, as has been stated, fill the channels, and two distribute the type. A clever compositor will set up 2000 letters in an hour, but the average is about 1500 or 1600 letters. The young women whom we saw compose at the machine have, as they stated to us, been learning for about three months, and the average rate at which they *justify*, for we observed that the composer was sometimes *too quick* for the justifier, is about 6000 letters per hour." How far the machine will answer the desired end, when employed upon moist and soiled types, such as are found in ordinary use in printing offices, we are presented with no means of judging.

In type-founding, there have also been some improvements of late. Some of the larger and more elaborate letter has been reproduced in the most beautiful style by the electrotype. In this art, there has always been a disadvantage felt to attend the want of a fixed standard of size for the *bodies* of the types, so as to admit of one founder's type ranking with another's; and also for the sake of nice adjustment when types of different sizes have to be amassed in one page. This desideratum has lately been supplied by the laudable enterprise and ingenuity of Messrs Bower, Brothers, of Sheffield. These gentlemen have pitched upon one kind of type (*pica*) as a standard, making it invariably one-sixth of an inch in depth of body, and making all other kinds of types in certain fixed proportions of that size. Consequently, a page of types of any variety of sizes may now be locked up with a degree of precision and neatness never before attainable. It is certainly remarkable that such simple mathematical principles have not been before now applied to type-founding, but this does not make the merit of those who have now set an example in applying them the less.

TRAITS OF AN ANTIQUARY.

Mr Nicholls, in his Illustrations of Literary History, has preserved some curious traits and anecdotes of the antiquary, Dr Browne Willis, to whom the public was indebted for the first correct and ample accounts of the great churches of England. Dr Willis was descended from a family of moderate fortune in Buckinghamshire, and was born in 1682. The peculiar character of his mind was awakened when he was attending Westminster school. He loved to walk and contemplate in the neighbouring abbey. The solemnity of the building, the antique features of the architecture, the old legends of the monuments, filled his whole mind. Transferred to Christ Church, Oxford, the appetite of his mental nature was fed by the similar objects which there met his eye—the grand tower of the mighty Tom, the superb hall where nearly every sovereign of England from the eighth Harry had been entertained, the adjacent cathedral church, where the tombs of Saxon saints are still shown, not to speak of the many other ancient buildings and objects of historical interest in Oxford. He grew up an antiquary, as a matter of course; and although he not only married, but served for a short time as M.P. for Buckingham, the rust of the profession soon settled over him, and he became the odd eccentric being which he continued to be till the end of his life.

Great acuteness in the reading of old papers and inscriptions, accurate habits in the ascertainment of facts, a memory capacious enough for any amount of lumber, and diligence and perseverance unwearable, were the qualifications of Browne Willis as an antiquary. It is an almost essential peculiarity of the antiquarian mind to narrow itself to some special set of objects, and to have no interest in any other. Willis affected only English ecclesiastical antiquities. Beyond his own country, and the middle ages of *it*, he had no sympathies. He gave up all good opinion of a young clergyman of his acquaintance who unguardedly declared one day that he would not give one page of Sallust or Cæsar, Livy or Tacitus, for all the monkish writers, with Bede at the head of them. This reminds us of Scott's turning coldly from the classical antiquities of Rome, and inspecting with enthusiasm a fortress of the fourteenth century. The collections which Willis made in his favourite walk enabled him to publish "The Cathedrals of England," in three volumes quarto, and "The Mitred Abbeys of England," two volumes. His principal other work was one entitled "Notitia Parliamentaria," referring to the parliamentary history of the various counties and boroughs of England. He lost money upon all of these great books except one; and the fifteen pounds which he gained upon that one he very characteristically gave, with a farther sum out of his own pocket, to build the steeple of Buckingham Church. The style of his writings is much more easy and elegant than any one looking at his character as an eccentric student could have expected. His antiquarian pursuits were conducted at an expense which impaired his fortune, for he personally visited most of the places which he described, and he never grudged a good sum for any antique curiosity that was brought to him. But though he began life with a property of L.2000 a-year, and reduced this to one-half, he possessed a benevolence which shrunk from raising the rents of his tenants, even when a rise would have been fair. He also spent much in repairing and beautifying certain of the neighbouring churches in which he took an interest, and supported three charity schools. To enable him to indulge in this liberal disposition, he denied himself and his family many gratifications; would himself wear a suit of clothes two years, and forbid his daughters a visit to London as too expensive, though necessary to complete their education.

The character of him read after his death to the Society of Antiquaries, described him as "strictly religious, without any mixture of superstition or enthusiasm, and quite exemplary in this respect." His antiquarian habits appear, nevertheless, to have given a certain strange twist to his religious feelings. He had become so accustomed to attach importance to the fact of what saint a church was dedicated to, and what day, accordingly, was observed as it as most sacred, that saints' days became to him of more account than they are with the most rigid Catholic. He regarded visits to churches as *pilgrimages*, and would put himself to considerable inconvenience and expense in order to be able to visit any one in particular on the day of the saint to which it was dedicated. When in London, on St George's Day, he would run about the whole forenoon, from one St George's Church to another, in order to be present at the services of as many as possible. He is known on one occasion to have gone from his house of Whaddon Chace, in Buckinghamshire, to Bristol Cathedral, in order to visit it on St Austin's Day, such being the day of its dedication. It is added, that he would lodge in no house there but the abbey-house. Having built a chapel at Fenny Stratford, in his neighbourhood, and placed it under the care of St Martin, he erected in it a tablet to the memory of his grandfather (who was probably born on that day), with the following inscription:—

> "In honour of thy mem'ry, blessed shade!
> Was the foundation of this chapel laid.
> Purchased by thee, thy son and present heir
> Owes these three manors to thy sacred care.
> For this may all thy race thanks ever pay,
> And *yearly celebrate St Martin's Day!*"

It must be explained to such of our readers as are not acquainted with English customs, that there is an ancient fashion still in some measure kept up, of holding merry meetings called *wakes* at parish churches, on the day of the saint to whom the church is dedicated. Browne Willis one day, riding over Mendip, came to a small church under the hill, and called to a rustic to ask its name. "Emburrough." "When was it dedicated?" "Talk English, or don't talk at all." "When is the revel or wake?" The clown thought, as there was a match at quarter-staff for a hat in the neighbourhood, this queer-looking stranger might intend to make one, and so he instantly challenged him. Let the reader only imagine for a moment the disgust of the disconcerted antiquary. This story naturally leads on to another, of which the humorous point is much the same. Dr Willis one day took a friend of the name of Loundes along with him in his old-fashioned coach to inquire after antiquities at a certain old grange on a distant part of his own estate. A coach driving into the farm-yard sufficiently alarmed the family, who betook themselves to close quarters; when Dr Willis, spying an old woman at a window, thrust his head out of the coach, and cried, "Woman, I ask if you have got no *arms* in your house." It being at the time of the rebellion of 1745, when searches for arms were talked of, the woman answered in great dudgeon, little thinking that it was only an antiquary crazed for old dags and hagbuts. It was not till Mr Loundes took up the task of explanation that an amicable understanding was effected between the parties. A third story follows as naturally, though not referring to Willis, but to a Dr Newcome, an equally devoted antiquary. Passing one day in his coach through a village near Cambridge, and seeing an old mansion, he called out to an old woman, "Woman, is this a *religious house*?" "I don't know what you mean by a religious house," said she, "but I believe the house is as honest a house as any of yours at Cambridge."

Utter abandonment to his favourite studies had taken from Dr Willis all sense of decent external appearance. In any dress he would have looked whimsical; but he added to the effect of an extraordinary countenance and figure by wearing only old clothes of the most ridiculous fashion. Two or three ancient coats, confined by a leathern belt round his waist, were surmounted by an old blue cloak, lined with black fustian, which had been made when he entered parliament. The head displayed a tie-wig worn nearly to the stumps, underneath an old slouched hat; at the opposite extremity were a pair of boots fully forty years old, which only came half up his legs, and were full of patches and wrinkles. *Old Wrinkle Boots* was one of the names by which he was known in his neighbourhood. His chariot, purchased for his marriage at an early period of his life, and never changed, was garnished with brass plates bearing his arms, and looked not unlike a coffin. As might be expected, he was extremely dirty; and it was something of a trial, for a lady at least, to be seated near him. He had at the same time some pride, and was not pleased with any one who did not address him as *Squire*. While so fond of churches, it is rather odd that he was constantly quarrelling with the clergy. It could scarcely be said that he had a predilection for any thing of a modern description; yet if there was any exception, it was in favour of the town of Buckingham, which he had represented in parliament. He was always scrupulous to speak of it as the *county* town, and he made great efforts to obtain for it such distinctions as the change of its bailiff into a mayor, and causing the archdeacon and bishop to hold their visitings at it.

Our antiquary had four daughters; and never was a gentleman's family more awkwardly situated in the matter of a father. A lady who knew him well, writing to another on this subject, said, after describing him, "You may judge what kind of education such a man is likely to give four girls, who have no female directress to polish their behaviour, or any other habitation than a great rambling mansion-house in a country village." The lady who wrote thus was Miss Talbot, of whom one of her own friends gave this admirable character—"She censures nobody, she despises nobody, and, whilst her own life is a pattern of goodness, she does not exclaim with bitterness against vice." Her letters supply a number of particulars as to the Misses Willis, written in a strain of great humour, but without ill feeling. "Browne," she says, "distinguishes his four daughters into the *lions* and the *lambs*. The *lambs* are very good and very insipid; they were in town about ten days, that ended the beginning of last week; and now the *lions* have succeeded them, who have a little spirit of rebellion, that makes them infinitely more agreeable than their sober sisters. The *lambs* went to every church Browne pleased every day; the lions came to *St James's* church on *St George's* d which to Browne was downright heresy. The *l* thought of no higher entertainment than going ' some collections of shells; the *lions* would see thing and go everywhere. The *lambs* dined,'

day, were thought good awkward girls, and then were laid out of our thoughts for ever. The *lions* dined with us on Sunday, and were so extremely diverting that we spent all yesterday morning, and are engaged to spend all this, in entertaining them, and going to a comedy—that, I think, has no ill nature in it; for the simplicity of these girls has nothing blameable in it; and the contemplation of such unassisted nature has something infinitely amusing in it. They follow Miss Jenny's rule of never being strange in a strange place; yet in them this is not boldness." Miss Talbot goes on to say—"Their remarks on every thing are admirable. As they sat in the drawing-room before dinner, one of them called to Mr Secker, 'I wish you would give me a glass of sack!' The Bishop of Oxford came in, and one of them broke out very abruptly—'But we heard every word of the sermon where we sat; and a very good sermon it was,' added she, with a decisive nod. The Bishop of Gloucester gave them tickets to go to a play; and one of them took great pains to repeat to him, till he heard it, 'I would not rob you; but I know you are very rich, and can afford it; for I ben't covetous; indeed I ain't covetous.' Poor girls; their father will make them go out of town to-morrow, and they begged very hard that we would all join in intreating him to let them stay a fortnight, as their younger sisters have done; but all our intreaties were in vain; and to-morrow the poor *lions* return to their den in the stage-coach. I have picked out some of the dullest of their traits to tell you. They pressed us extremely to come and breakfast with them at their lodgings, four inches square, in Chapel Street, at eight o'clock in the morning, and to bring a staymaker and the Bishop of Gloucester with us. We put off the engagement till eleven, sent the staymaker to measure them at nine, and Mrs Secker and I went and found the ladies quite undressed; so that, instead of taking them to Kensington Gardens, as we promised, we were forced, for want of time, to content ourselves with carrying them round Grosvenor Square into the ring, where, for want of better amusement, they were fain to fall upon the basket of dirty sweetmeats and cakes that an old woman is always teazing you with there, which they had nearly dispatched in a couple of rounds. It were endless to tell you all that has diverted me in their conversation and behaviour." One other story of these girls. The father once paid a visit to a gentleman at his chambers in one of the colleges in Oxford, in order to look into some old papers. After he had sat a while, a bed-maker opened the door, and enabled the gentleman to hear something like a rustling of silk in the stair outside. "What noise is that?" he inquired. "Oh," said Dr Willis, "it is only one of my daughters that I left on the staircase." We may presume it was one of the *lambs;* but it has been already remarked, with justice, that a *lion* would have been more suitable for so exposed a situation.

The great ecclesiastical antiquary of England died in 1760; and we conclude all this gossip about him with a set of verses written upon him by Dr Darrell of Lellington Darrell, to the tune of *Chevy Chase*:—

"Whilom there dwelt near Buckingham,
That famous county town,
At a known place, hight Whaddon Chace,
A 'squire of odd renown.

A Druid's sacred form he bore,
His robes a girdle bound;
Deep versed he was in ancient lore,
In customs old, profound.

A stick, torn from that hallow'd tree
Where Chaucer used to sit
And tell his tales with leering glee,
Supports his tottering feet.

High on a hill his mansion stood,
But gloomy dark within;
Here mangled books, as bones and blood
Lie in a giant's den.

Crude, undigested, half-devour'd,
On groaning shelves they're thrown;
Such manuscripts no eye could read,
Nor hand write, but his own.

No prophet he, like Sidrophel,
Could future times explore;
But what had happen'd, he could tell,
Five hundred years and more.

A walking alm'nack he appears,
Stepp'd from some mouldy wall,
Worn out of use through dust and years,
Like scutcheons in his hall.

His boots were made of that cow's hide
By Guy of Warwick slain;
Time's choicest gifts, aye to abide
Among the chosen train.

Who first received the precious boon,
We're at a loss to learn,
By Spelman, Camden, Dugdale worn,
And then they came to Hearne.

Hearne strutted in them for a while;
And then, as lawful heir,
Browne claim'd and seized the precious spoil,
The spoil of many a year.

His car himself he did provide,
To stand in double stead;
That it should carry him alive,
And bury him when dead.

By rusty coins old kings he'd trace,
And know their air and mien;
King Alfred he knew well by face,
Though George he ne'er had seen.

This wight th' outside of churches loved
Almost unto a sin;
Spires Gothic of more use he proved
Than pulpits are within.

Of use, no doubt, when high in air,
A wandering bird they'll rest,
Or with a Brahmin's holy care,
Make lodgments for its nest.

Ye jackdaws, that are used to talk
Like us of human race,
When nigh you see Browne Willis walk,
Loud chatter forth his praise.

Whene'er the fatal day shall come,
For come, alas! it must,
When this good squire must stay at home,
And turn to antique dust;

The solemn dirge, ye owls, prepare,
Ye bats more hoarsely screek;
Croak, all ye ravens, round the bier,
And all ye church-mice squeak!"

A SKETCH OF PEKIN.

Of Pekin, the capital of the Chinese empire, and which, from the progress of events, will at no distant day be an object of considerable attention, the following sketch, handed to us by a friend, has been written by a late Russian traveller. It is necessary to premise, that the situation of Pekin is near 40 degrees north, and therefore somewhat cold in winter.

"During the first few days of our residence in the cold dwelling-houses of Pekin, we felt the discomforts of our European dresses very severely, and made, therefore, all haste to exchange them for Chinese habiliments. The divisions and subdivisions which exist in a Chinese wardrobe are innumerable. Each change of season brings necessarily along with it a change of costume; and these variations, fixed by custom, are as sacredly observed by correct Chinese as the laws of fashion by European ladies and leaders of *ton;* with only this difference, that here 'the mode' has no influence, and the cut of the father's and grandfather's clothes is quite visible in those of the son and grandson—nay, it may pass even to the great-great-grandson. In the shape of caps and shoes alone, an almost yearly change takes place. Do not, however, suppose that it is any exercise of choice whether with the alteration of the season you may change your dress or not—by no means; the appointed time arrives, and an imperial edict announces that, on such a day, spring-caps must be exchanged for summer ones, or summer caps for autumn ones. I therefore arrayed myself like a genuine Chinaman.

The first part of my stay was very tedious; picture to yourself a man plunged at once into so populous a city, into the midst of a swarm of people, whose manners, customs, and mode of life, were quite strange, and whose language was utterly incomprehensible to him, and you will be able to understand my position. Was I thus alone, in the midst of this multitude of people, to pass ten of the best years of my life? Our chief drawback lay in the excessively difficult Chinese pronunciation, where one and the same sound, however simple, has its own peculiar meaning, according as it is pronounced in a high or low, in an abrupt or prolonged, tone of voice. For the first half year we scarcely made any progress whatever; at the end of two years only did we begin to find our way into the secrets of that labyrinth called the Chinese tongue, and fully four had elapsed before we were able to converse freely with the natives.

As soon as we were clothed in complete Chinese costume, being very desirous to see Pekin, we hired cabriolets and drove through the streets of the capital. First we drove to the imperial palace, where the emperor passes the winter months; during the whole of the rest of the year he resides in a palace about nine miles distant from the city. The palace occupies an immense space, consisting of a multitude of one-storey houses built of bricks, each of which has its appointed use. The emperor resides in one of them, in another he conducts the affairs of state, and in a third is the empress. The others are appropriated for his children, the widowed empress, the ladies of the court, &c. Each division is surrounded by a tolerably high wall, which none may pass except those persons belonging to it. All these buildings are again surrounded with a general wall, the threshold of whose gate may only be passed by the courtiers. An enclosure surrounds this outer wall, where there are many private shops, and where every body is allowed to walk or drive. The palaces themselves we could not see, and only the yellow roofs of glazed tiles showed themselves above the wall. Neither those streets in the vicinity of the palace, nor any throughout the city of Pekin, are paved.

Without having in the least satisfied our curiosity, we drove from the palace through the street Sy-oi-lou, which, like all the other principal streets, is distinguished for breadth and regularity. The middle of each chief street of Pekin consists of an embankment of earth raised about three feet above the rest of the street, for the use of light carriages and foot passengers. Heavy loads, or carriages drawn by five and seven mules, must drive along the narrow avenues on each side of the embankment, which is a good width, and would be very convenient for driving upon, were it not that there are tents and booths erected at each side, which confine it so much that two carriages can scarcely drive abreast. In consequence of the excessive population of Pekin, the streets are filled throughout the whole day with a double row of carriages, slowly progressing in opposite directions. It is a terrible annoyance when a foot passenger happens to meet a friend who is driving. The latter, according to the strict etiquette of Chinese politeness, must stop, alight, and, in spite of weather or dirt, say, "How do you do?" and then invite his friend to accept a seat in the carriage. Of course the pedestrian must reply to this civility, and beg his acquaintance to proceed on his way. The owner of the carriage will not, however, re-enter it until his friend on foot shall proceed; he in his turn will wait till the other resume his seat. The ceremony will often occupy half an hour; and during the whole time the carriages which follow must wait, there being no possibility of passing the one stopping up the way.

The main streets are of a good width, but the side ones are so very narrow that two carriages meeting could not possibly pass, so that the coachman must always call out on entering one to ascertain whether any other vehicle is coming in the opposite direction. Every side-street had formerly a gate wherever it crossed either another cross or a main street, and many of them still remain. These gates were formerly closed at night by warders, who lived in the vicinity, and the passenger required a particular permission in order to pass it by night; now, however, this extreme strictness has ceased; the warder merely questions the nightly passenger, and even this occurs rarely. Owing to the custom of the Chinese of surrounding themselves with high walls, the streets of Pekin are most remarkably uniform. On every side rise high enclosing walls, built of half-burnt grey bricks; everywhere peep up from behind these walls pointed sloping roofs, which in form and colour are again monotonous. The imperial palace alone is covered with glazed green tiles, all the other dwelling-houses with the half-burnt grey-coloured ones. Besides the emperor's, there are not more than seven or eight princely palaces. All the rest weary the gaze by their dust colour; and the eye can rest on nothing which does not display the most tedious uniformity, unless it be the shops, which generally project into the streets. Before the entrance of all these booths hang black polished boards, inscribed with thick golden letters; there is not, however, any difference betwixt them, and only those where confections are sold are distinguished by their splendour. The whole of the front wall of these is gilt, even to the roof, and adorned with dragons and other figures. The magnificence of these shops is the more striking, as close beside them one may often find a half-destroyed wall or a little tottering dwelling-house. There are no open places or gardens in Pekin; and the only remarkable buildings are the temples, which are profusely painted with vermilion colour.

It is a great mistake to accuse the Chinese of bigotry. Their temples are generally quite empty: here and there only, an official who has received a new, and, be it understood, a *profitable*, appointment, considers it his duty to visit all the temples in the city. On such an occasion he conducts himself as follows:—On entering, he takes with him a bundle of candles, made from the bark of a tree, and of perfumed wood; these he lights before the images of the gods, prostrating himself several times to the ground, during which time the priest strikes a metal saucer with a wooden mallet. Such a pilgrim having concluded his prayer, throws down some money, and proceeds into the second temple, thence into the third, and so on. Even the common people go only on particular occasions to the temple; when, for instance, a time of great drought arrives, troops of peasants assemble in the temple, in order to pray to their god for rain; and not only light candles and make prostrations, but bring also offerings with them, consisting of different sorts of bread, &c. Of a sincere disinterested prayer, offered from the heart of the suppliant, the Chinese worshipper has no conception. There are, to be sure, certain days every month when the temple is visited by the people, but then it is not with the intention of prayer but of business. Goods, such as millinery, for instance, are spread out in the courts of the temple; and the visiters promenade from noon till evening amongst rows of sellers, who at these fairs generally demand the most unreasonable prices. For a *nephrit*, for instance, a stone of a grass-green colour, which is particularly esteemed by the Chinese, and which is used for rings, snuff-boxes, armlets, and such like, a salesman demanded 250 lan, and he gave it me for 26! (A lan is about four florins, or 6s. 8d. English.) Jugglers, also, display their tricks here; one will go on his hands, another throw knives; and so forth.

Towards evening the court of the temple becomes empty, and all is again silent until the following fair, with the exception of the priests going thrice a-day to burn a small candle before each of the great images of the gods, and prostrating themselves each time to the earth. When the priest does not feel inclined to fulfil this heavy duty himself (and he rarely feels such a desire), he sends his pupil to light the candles and make prostrations; but if he does not just happen to be at hand, a common servant does it. As for the rest, the candles are lighted at the proper times, the prostrations are made as low as possible, and what more can one require? If the temples, however, are almost always empty, the houses of public entertainment, on the contrary, are filled with people from morning till night. In the best inns, one pays a high price for every trifle; so that when two or three of the rich young Chinese meet there, they easily spend in an evening 50 lan. The high price is not, however, a consequence of the extreme dearness of the articles required, but of the vanity of the consumer. In general, money is here lightly regarded; every darling son of the heaven-protected city of Pekin throws down his

purse almost uncounted. They eat all manner of expensive things, such as *roasted ice*, for instance, for a little plate of which one pays 6 lan; it is prepared as follows:—The cook puts a small bit of ice on a sieve made of little wands or sticks, into a rather liquid batter of sugar, eggs, and spices, and then plunges it quickly into a pan of boiling swine's fat. The skill of the cook is shown by his bringing the dish upon the table before the ice be melted in the batter. A particularly good morsel cannot be expected, for when put into the mouth it burns, and when bitten into it is very cold. The high price of this dish arises from so few cooks being able to make it exactly as it ought to be. Taken in general, the Chinese dishes are very disagreeable to Europeans; for they prepare every thing without salt, and, in addition, float it in a superfluity of swine fat; and few dishes are made without ginger and garlic. Their roasts only are well flavoured, and might receive the highest approbation from a European gastronome.

The reason of there being such an extraordinary number of eating-houses in Pekin, is the custom the Chinese have of entertaining one another, not in their own homes, but in these establishments; relations only and the most intimate acquaintances being ever invited to dinner or supper into their houses. The youth also assemble in the eating-houses, and the seniors dine there after the theatre, for the theatre and dinner at a restaurant are amusements which are inseparably connected with each other. Theatrical representations commence at eleven in the forenoon, and continue till six in the evening. In the course of the play, beautiful boys, who play the women's parts, come into the boxes of the rich members of the audience, and appoint an eating-house, where they promise to come and sup with them. During supper, these boys choose the dishes, and usually ask for the most expensive, having previously agreed with the master of the house upon a reward for so doing. All these boys are richly and tastefully dressed, skilled in conversation, lively, and witty. Neither in the theatres, the eating-houses, nor in the temple at fair times, are women to be seen, but on the streets one meets with plenty. Women of the lower rank go on foot, but those who are at all well off drive in cabriolets. The wives and daughters of princes, on the other hand, are carried in sedans. Married as well as unmarried women appear in the street with unveiled faces, and simply arranged hair, which they adorn with beautiful artificial flowers. Even the most ragged, dirty, old cook, if she is only going to the door to buy a little garlic or cabbage, has always a flower, usually red, stuck amongst her grey locks. The dress of the ladies is chiefly distinguished by bright colours: that of the Mandschurin ladies consists chiefly in a long upper robe with immense sleeves. This dress quite conceals the shape; but the Chinese do not distress themselves on account of this disadvantage, as they seek for feminine slenderness in narrow shoulders and a flattened chest, on which account their women all bind a broad girdle over the bosom, which supplies the place of the European corsets. The dress of the true Chinese women consists of red or green trousers, which are embroidered with many-coloured silks—of jackets, also embroidered—with a very richly embroidered upper garment.

The Chinese women are chiefly distinguished from the Mandschurins by their feet; these do not spoil their feet by tight bandages, and wear slippers like the men, only their stockings are made of gay-coloured stuffs, with foot soles not less than four inches thick. The Chinese women, on the contrary, bind their feet from five years of age with broad bandages, in such a way that four toes are bent under, and the great toe laid over them; the nails press into the flesh, causing almost always wounds, and the unfortunate females suffer during their whole lives from this barbarous custom. Not one of them can stand on the whole foot, and they all walk on their heels, on which account their walk is most unsightly, and they totter from side to side. Considerable ostentation prevails when a Chinese or Mandschurin lady goes abroad: an out-rider first appears, behind him comes a two-wheeled carriage drawn by a mule, the head and sides of which are hung with green or blue cloth, into the sides of which are set in pieces of black velvet and glass; on the right and left walk two men, holding the carriage with their hands, in order to prevent its falling over at any of the inequalities of the road, and behind the carriage comes another rider. As one must step into and out of the carriage in front, the coachman has to unharness his mule every time; the men who walk outside the carriage then turn it close up to the stairs, let the shafts down on the steps, and immediately turn their backs to the equipage, for, according to Chinese etiquette, they may not look their mistress in the face. The waiting-maid, who generally sits in front, first steps out, adjusts a little footstool, and helps her lady to alight. On departing, the ceremony is repeated—that is, the lady and her maid first resume their seats, then the coachman harnesses his mule, and the cortège proceeds in its former order. The men display magnificence, when they drive abroad, by the numbers of their followers, who often amount to twenty or more. But what followers! two or three are well dressed, but the rest are ragged and mounted on lame and worn-out mules. Pride, however, never allows a Chinaman to lessen the number of his attendants, although the keeping of these idle bands must be very expensive. The stir in the streets commences at break of day—that is, in summer at four, and in winter at six o'clock. The men in office first make their appearance going to the palace with public papers, and then the small dealers with eatables. The noise and bustle are continually on the increase; by seven all the streets are crowded with innumerable masses of people; and at nine or ten at night they retire to rest. At this hour the most perfect silence reigns through the empty streets, and here and there only glimmers the dim light of the paper lanterns, which are fixed on low pillars."

THE BABES IN THE WOODS.

[We copy the following from a late number of the *Nova Scotian*, a newspaper published at Halifax, in Nova Scotia, where the incident alluded to appears to have caused a sensation creditable to the feelings of the inhabitants.]

Most children who can read, have read the touching little nursery tale of "The Babes in the Woods," and thousands who cannot read have wept over it as better-informed playmates, nurses, or grandmothers, poured it into their infant ears, with various embellishments and exaggerations, which, if all duly preserved, would fill a book as large as "Robinson Crusoe." The incident which we have now to relate, shows that the main features of this tender legend have not been overdrawn, and are, in reality, true to nature.

The town of Dartmouth lies on the eastern side of Halifax harbour, directly opposite to the city of that name. The township of Preston lies to the eastward of Dartmouth, and embraces scattered agricultural settlements, through the principal of which the main road runs which leads from Dartmouth to Porter's Lake, Chezetcook, Jedore, and all the harbours upon the south-eastern sea-board. About half a mile from this road, at a distance of some four miles and a half from the ferry, lived John Meagher, a native of Ireland, his wife, and a family of four children. His house is prettily situated on an upland ridge, between two lakes, and overlooking the main road. His cleared fields were chiefly in front, the rear of his lot being covered by a thick growth of bushes and young trees, which had sprung up in the place of the original forest, long since levelled by the axe or overrun by fire. Behind the lot, in a northerly direction, lay a wide extent of timber and scrambling woodland, barren granite and morass, the only houses in the neighbourhood lying east or west, on ridges running parallel with that on which Meagher lived, and which are separated from it by the lakes that extend some distance in rear of his clearing.

On Monday morning, the 10th day of April, Meagher, his wife, and two of the children, being sick with the measles, the two eldest girls strolled into the woods to search for *lashong*, the gum of the black spruce tree, or tea berries. Their names were Jane Elizabeth and Margaret, the first being six years and ten months old, and the latter only five years. The day was fine, and the girls being in the habit of roaming about the lot, were not missed till late in the day. A man-servant was sent in search of them, and thought he heard their voices, but returned without them, probably thinking there was no great occasion for alarm, and that they would by and by return of their own accord. Towards evening the family became seriously alarmed, and the sick father roused himself to search for his children, and gave the alarm to some of his nearest neighbours. The rest of the night was spent in beating about the woods in rear of the clearing, but to no purpose, nobody supposing that girls so small could have strayed more than a mile or two from the house. On Tuesday morning, tidings having reached Dartmouth, Halifax, and the neighbouring settlements, several hundreds of persons promptly repaired to the vicinity of Meagher's house, and, dividing into different parties, commenced a formal and active examination of the woods. In the course of the day, the tracks of little feet were discovered in several places on patches of snow, but were again lost; the spot at which the children crossed a rivulet which connects Lake Loon with Lake Charles was also remarked. A coloured boy, named Brown, whose dwelling lay about three miles to the north-west of Meagher's, also reported that he had heard a noise as of children crying the evening before, while cutting wood, but that, on advancing towards it and calling out, the sound ceased, and he returned home, thinking it was perhaps a bird or some wild animal.

The tracks, the coloured boy's report, and the subsequent discovery of a piece of one of the children's aprons stained with blood, at the distance of three miles from their home, gave a wider range to the searches of the benevolent, who began to muster in the neighbourhood of the place in which the piece of apron was picked up, and to deploy in all directions, embracing a circle of several miles beyond and in rear of it. Monday night was mild, and it was pretty evident the children survived it. Tuesday night was colder; and about two inches of snow having fallen, the general conviction appeared to be, that, worn out with fatigue and hunger, and having no outer clothing, they must have perished. Still, there was no relaxation of the exertions of the enterprising and benevolent. Fresh parties poured into the woods each day; and many persons, overpowered by the strength of their feelings, and gathering fresh energy from the pursuit, devoted the entire week to the generous purpose of rescuing the dead bodies, if not the lives of the innocents, from the wilderness. Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, passed away, and no farther trace was discovered of the babes in the woods; every newspaper that appeared was eagerly searched for some tidings; every boat that crossed the harbour was met by anxious and inquiring faces; Dartmouth was the centre of excitement, and the Preston road was constantly occupied with vehicles and pedestrians moving to and fro.

As the week closed, all hopes of finding the children alive were of course abandoned, and yet nobody thought of discontinuing the search. An air of mystery began to gather about the affair. The accounts of the man-servant and of the coloured lad were eagerly canvassed. What meant the blood upon the scrap of the apron? Had there been crime? Had wild animals destroyed them? How could hundreds of persons have traversed the woods for five days without finding them? All these were questions which every body put to his neighbour, and which none could answer.

On Sunday morning it was quite evident that the interest had rather deepened than declined. A load seemed to hang upon the mind, which was excessively painful. Many who had been confined all the week, unable to join in the good work, determined to spend the Sabbath in searching for the children, in imitation of Him who went about doing good, and who gave examples of active benevolence even on the day set apart for rest and devotion. Many others thought to throw off by locomotion, and a sight of the localities, the load of doubt, and mystery, and apprehension, which oppressed them. From early morning till eleven o'clock, groups might be seen entering the steamboat, with hunting coats and strong buskins, evidently bound for the woods. The Preston road was covered with the ardent and eager, of all ranks and all ages, pressing onward with a zeal and determination worthy of any good cause.

We strolled into Meagher's early in the forenoon. The sick husband was in the woods. The bereaved mother, whose agony must have been intense throughout the week, while there was a chance of her little ones being restored to her alive, seemed to have settled into the sobriety of grief which generally follows the stroke of death, and when hope has been entirely extinguished. One sick child rested on her lap. Friendly neighbours were sitting around, vainly essaying to comfort her who could "not be comforted," because her children "were not." All they could do was to show, by kind looks and little household attentions, how anxious they were to prove that they felt her bereavement keenly. We plunged into the woods, and at once saw how easy it might be for children to lose themselves in the dense thickets and broken ground immediately in the rear of the house, and how exceedingly difficult it might be to find their bodies, had they crept for shelter into any of the fir or alder clumps, through hundreds of which they must have passed, or laid down beneath the spreading roots of any of the numerous windfalls which lay scattered on either hand. We wandered on and on, occasionally exchanging greetings or inquiries with parties crossing or recrossing our line of march. As we proceeded, clambering over windfalls, bruising our feet against granite rocks, or plunging into mud holes, the sufferings of these poor babes were brought fearfully home to us, as they must have been to hundreds on that day. If we, who had slept soundly the night before—were well clad, and had had a comfortable breakfast, were weary with a few hours' tramp—if we chafed when we stumbled, when the green boughs dashed in our faces, or when we slumped through the half-frozen morass—what must have been the sufferings of these poor girls, so young, so helpless, with broken shoes, no coverings to their heads or hands, and no thicker garments to shield them from the blast, or keep out the frost and snow, than the ordinary dress with which they sat by the fire or strolled abroad in the sunshine? Our hearts sunk at the very idea of what must have been their sufferings. We were pushing on, peering about, and dwelling on every probability of the case, when, just as we struck a wood-path, we met a lad coming out, who told us that the children were found, and that they were to be left on the spot until parties could be gathered in, that those who had spent the forenoon in search should have the melancholy gratification of beholding them as they sunk into their final rest on the bleak mountain side.

In a few moments after, we met others rushing from the woods, with the painful and yet satisfactory intelligence, hurrying to spread it far and wide. We soon after hove in sight of Mount Major, a huge granite hill, about six miles from Meagher's house, and caught a sight of a group of persons standing upon its topmost ridge, firing guns, and waving a white flag as a signal of success. The melancholy interest and keen excitement of the next half hour we shall never forget. As we pressed up the hill side, dozens of our friends and acquaintance were ascending from different points—some, having satisfied their curiosity, were returning, with sad faces, and not a few with tears in their eyes. As we mastered the acclivity, we saw a group gathered round in a circle, about half way down on the other side. This seemed to be the point of attraction. New comers were momently pressing into the ring, and others rushing out of it, overpowered by strong emotion. When we pressed into the circle, the two little girls were lying just as they were when first discovered by Mr Currie's dog. The father had lifted the bodies, to press them, cold and lifeless, to his bosom; but they had been again stretched on the heath, and their limbs disposed so as to show the manner of their death. A more piteous sight we never beheld. Jane Elizabeth and Margaret Meagher were the children of poor parents, and they wore the common dress of their class, and scanty enough it seemed for the perils they had passed through. The youngest child had evidently died in sleep, or her spirit had passed as gently as though the wing of the angel of death had seemed but the ordinary clouds of night overpowering the senses. Her little cheek rested upon that of her sister—her little hand was clasped in hers—her fair, almost white hair, unkemped and dishevelled, strewed the wild heath upon which they lay. The elder girl appeared to have suffered more. Her eyes were open, as though she had watched till the last; her features were pinched and anxious, as if years of care and anguish had been crowded into those two days. If life is to be measured by what we bear, and do, and suffer, and not by moments and hours, that poor girl must have lived more in two days than some people do in twenty years.

We pity the man who could have stood over them for an instant without shedding a tear for their fate and for their sufferings. There were few who did. We looked round us as we broke from the circle: there were men

of all ranks and ages; soldiers in fatigue dress—the merchant, the mechanic, and the professional man, with the town garb variously disguised—the Preston, Lawrence Town, and Cole Harbour farmers, in their homespun suits—the Chizetcook Frenchman in his mocassins—the coloured man in his motley garb—and, apart from the rest, a group of Indians, sharing the common feelings and sentiments of our nature, but calm and unruffled amidst the general excitement of the scene.

The hill on which the children were found was the last place anybody would have thought of looking for them; and yet when upon it, the reason of their being there seemed sufficiently clear. A smooth platform of rock, clear of underbrush, and looking like a road, approaches the base of the hill, from the direction in which the children probably came. They doubtless ascended in order that they might ascertain where they were; and it is more than likely that when they saw nothing but forest, bog, and wild barren, stretching for miles around them, without a house or clearing in sight, their little hearts sunk within them, and they laid themselves down to refresh for farther efforts, or, it may have been, in utter despair, to cling to each other's bosoms and die.

There was one thing which brightened the scene, sad as it was, and seemed to give pleasure even to those who were most affected by it—"in death they were not divided." It was clear that there had been no desertion—no shrinking, on the part of the elder girl, from the claims of a being even more helpless than herself. If she had drawn her sister into the forest, as a companion in the sports of childhood, she had continued by her in scenes of trial and adversity that might have appalled the stoutest nature, and broken the bonds of the best-cemented friendship. Men, and women too, have been selfish in extremities, but this little girl clung to her sister with a constancy and fidelity worthy of all praise. From the tracks, it was evident that she had led her by the hand, changing sides occasionally as the little one's arm was weary. The bodies have been buried in a rural and quiet little grave-yard, about two miles from Dartmouth.

SCHOOLS IN ATHENS.

It is very gratifying to learn that the educational labours of the worthy Americans, Mr and Mrs Hill, whose schools in Athens have been already alluded to in this Journal, are still carried on in that restored city with undiminished zeal and success. Mr Garston, a late tourist, thus speaks of them. "In company with one or two other Englishmen, I have been admitted into the schools which are under the direction of the Rev. Mr Hill and his lady. The public establishment, in which children are educated without charge, is supported by funds supplied by the American Missionary Society, augmented by the voluntary contributions of European Philhellenes. It affords the means of gratuitous instruction to about five hundred children of the poorer classes. The private establishment is devoted to the education of the children of persons in the higher walks of life who can pay for their instruction, and to that of children who are brought up at the charge of the government. Of these classes there are about one hundred and twenty, nearly two-thirds of whom are resident in the house, under the immediate care of the amiable directress of the institution. The school-rooms of the private establishment exhibited a series of gratifying and beautiful pictures of infantine life. The pupils are for the most part very young girls, distinguished, with few exceptions, by an air of extreme intelligence and vivacity, and in many instances by countenances of singular delicacy and beauty. When we were admitted into the rooms, they were pursuing their studies in classes, and it was evident that their occupations were regarded by them rather as an enjoyment than as a task—a pledge, I should think, of future proficiency on the part of the students. Having observed that several very young damsels had produced drawings of considerable merit, as also that the musical pupils were less numerous, and apparently less advanced in their studies, although under the guidance of an accomplished musician, I was tempted to inquire whether this difference arose from a preference accorded to the former study by the parents, or from a peculiar taste for it on the part of the pupils, and was informed in reply that, among the latter, a decided talent for design is of frequent occurrence, whilst a taste or talent for music is comparatively rare. Mrs Hill numbers among her pupils the daughters of many of the first Greek families of Constantinople, as well as of the most distinguished of Greece Proper. The names of Kriezis, Mavrocordato, Grivas, &c., fall oddly but pleasingly on the ear in this scene of youthful loveliness and simplicity. The impression which remains with the visiter who has the gratification of seeing Mrs Hill in the midst of her flock is, that she possesses that 'jewel beyond all price' to the instructress of youth—the talent of winning the heart, while she forms the mind. Madame Tricoupi, who is well acquainted with such part of the establishment as does not admit of the inspection of a male visiter, speaks of it as perfect throughout, and of its inmates as a happy family, of which Mrs Hill is the centre. The Rev. Mr Hill and his lady have since supplied the schools in Hydra with teachers, and thus may be said to be pouring the blessings of education into Greece through a variety of channels. It is gratifying to know that the youth of Greece, both male and female, display as much ardour as capacity for the acquisition of knowledge."

LABOUR A BLESSING.

A certain degree of labour and exertion seems to have been allotted us by providence as the condition of humanity. "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread." This is a curse which has proved a blessing in disguise. And those favoured few who, by their rank or their riches, are exempted from all exertion, have no reason to be thankful for the privilege. It was the observation of this necessity that led the ancients to say that the gods sold us every thing, but gave us nothing. Water, however, which is one of the great necessaries of life, may in general be gratuitously procured; but it has been well observed that if bread, the other great necessary of human life, could be procured on terms equally cheap and easy, there would be much more reason to fear that men would become brutes for the want of something to do, rather than philosophers from the possession of leisure. And the facts seem to bear out the theory. In all countries where nature does the most, man does the least; and where she does but little, there we shall find the utmost acme of human exertion. Thus, Spain produces the worst farmers, and Scotland the best gardeners; the former are the spoilt children of indulgence, the latter the hardy offspring of endeavour. The copper, coal, and iron of England, inasmuch as they cost much labour to dig, and insure a still farther accumulation of it when dug, have turned out to be richer mines to us than those of Potosi and Peru. The possessors of the latter have been impoverished by their treasures, while we have been constantly enriched by our exertion. Our merchants, without being aware of it, have been the sole possessors of the philosopher's stone, for they have anticipated most of the wealth of Mexico before it arrived in Europe, by transmuting their iron and their copper into gold.—*Lacon.*

WAR.

Voltaire thus expresses himself on the subject of war:—"A hundred thousand mad animals, whose heads are covered with hats, advance to kill or to be killed by the like number of their fellow mortals covered with turbans. By this strange procedure they want, at best, to decide whether a tract of land to which none of them lays any claim shall belong to a certain man whom they call sultan, or to another whom they call czar, neither of whom ever saw or will see the spot so furiously contended for; and very few of those creatures who thus mutually butcher each other ever beheld the animal for whom they cut each other's throats! From time immemorial this has been the way of mankind almost over all the earth. What an excess of madness is this! and how deservedly might a Superior Being crush to atoms this earthly ball, the bloody nest of such ridiculous murderers!"

AN INSOLVENT'S PLEA.

In the Insolvent Debtor's Court, a few months ago, a person named William Charles Empson came up to be heard on his petition. His schedule contained a statement that appeared to astonish the court. It was—"I attribute my insolvency to an error of judgment of the late Lord Chancellor Eldon." In answer to the inquiries of the court respecting this extraordinary statement, the insolvent entered into a long detail of the particulars of a claim he had on the estate of a bankrupt, which had been the subject of a chancery suit; and Lord Eldon, after much consideration, having still some doubts, directed an issue to the Court of King's Bench, where he obtained a verdict; but the estate being entirely exhausted, he never received any benefit, and having his costs to pay, was utterly ruined by the cause he had gained. The insolvent was declared entitled to his discharge, but was ordered to amend his schedule, that the imputation it contained against Lord Eldon's judgment might not remain on record.—*Flowers of Anecdote.*

THE QUACK—A HINT FOR JOHN BULL.

A STORY is told of a travelling quack or mountebank, who exhibited on a stage at Hammersmith, in the reign of King George I. Having collected an audience, he addressed them in the following words:—

"Being originally a native of this place, I have, for a long time, been considering in what manner I can best show my regard for my brother townsmen; and after maturely weighing the subject, I am come to a resolution of making a present of five shillings to every inhabitant of the parish. It will, I own, be a heavy expense, and I hope no one will attempt to profit from my liberality who is not really and truly a parishioner."

The multitude pressed forward, with open eyes as well as mouths, casting earnest looks on a green velvet bag, of ample dimensions, which hung on the arm of this generous man.

"I know you are not so sordid and so mercenary," continued the orator, "as to value my bounty merely because it would put a few shillings into your pockets; the pleasure I see sparkling in your eyes cannot be produced at the thought of dirty pelf, which to-day is in your hands, and to-morrow may be in the gripe of a miser, a highwayman, or a pawnbroker.

I perceive what it is that delights you: the discovering in one whom you considered as a stranger, the warmest and most disinterested friend you ever had in your lives. Money, my good people, too often tempts the young and the indiscreet to indulge in liquor and other excesses, to the destruction of their health and morals. In order, therefore, to prevent what I meant for benefit being converted into an injury, I freely present to every brother townsman (dipping his hand into the velvet bag) this inestimable packet, which contains a box of pills, a paper of powders, and a plaster which has not its fellow in Europe for violent bruises and green wounds, whether by knife, sword, or pistol; if applied on the patient's going to bed, I pledge my reputation that the ball, if there is one, shall be extracted, and the flesh be as sound as the palm of my hand before morning.

But for those who dislike the pain and smart of such things as plasters and ointment, and who are not fond of trouble, let me recommend the powder: it acts, ladies and gentlemen, by sympathy, and was the joint invention of three of the greatest medical men that ever lived—Galen, Hippocrates, and Paracelsus. If you have a few grains only of this powder in your possession, you may without fear rush into the thickest of the battle, and defy broad-sword, pike, or bayonet. All I say is, get wounded, get crippled, get mangled and hacked like a crimped cod; the longer, the deeper, the more numerous the cuts are, the better shall I be pleased, the more decisive is the proof it will afford of the merits of my powder. Give yourself no sort of uneasiness, only wrap the part affected in a clean white handkerchief, then get to bed and to sleep as soon as you can, desiring, in the meantime, the weapon which did the injury to be well rubbed, nine times, with a small quantity of the powder, and, take my word for it, you may follow your usual occupations the next day.

Of the pills I need say nothing; they have long pronounced their own panegyric, and there are full directions sealed up with them; but as you live rather out of the way of the great world, it is but fair to tell you that they procure husbands for single women, and children for those who are married; they are great sweeteners of the blood, and wonderful improvers of the complexion.

The selling price for these matchless remedies," said the doctor, "has been six shillings for time immemorial; but as I am resolved to stand to my word, and as I do not practise physic for the love of dirty lucre, if you will throw up your handkerchiefs, with the small sum of one shilling tied in each, merely to pay travelling charges and servants' wages, I freely make you a present of the rest of the money, according to my original promise."

A small number of the crowd, who were so absurd as to doubt any thing the doctor said, marched off in silence, but the mass were not formed of materials capable of resisting so complicated an attack on their feelings and understandings; the present of a crown to each man at first so confidently promised, had dissipated all fear of imposition, for how could one who acted so much like a gentleman be supposed to want to take them in? His ostentatious harangue had diffused a magic ray over his powder of paste, his rosin, and his jalap; for the passive infatuation of being cheated is not without its pleasures.

He was proceeding in his address, but a shower of shillings interrupted his harangue, and two hours were fully occupied in easing his brother townsmen of their shillings, and emptying the green velvet bag of the six-shilling packets; while his assistants diverted the anxieties and allayed the impatience of the people by music and tumbling.

Handkerchiefs from all quarters dropped round the cunning knave; inhabitants of Brentford or Kensington, Chelsea, Turnham, or any other green, were permitted to contribute their shillings without any ill-natured questions being asked concerning the place of their residence; the business of the day concluded with general satisfaction; and the artist owned, at an inn in the evening, over a duck and green peas, that the neat profit of his afternoon was five-and-twenty guineas.—*Lounger's Commonplace Book.*

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LANGUAGES.

THE least learned are aware that there are many languages in the world, but the actual number is probably far beyond the dreams of ordinary people. The geographer Balbi enumerates eight hundred and sixty which are entitled to be considered as distinct languages, and five thousand which may be regarded as dialects. Adelung, another modern writer on this subject, reckons up 3064 languages and dialects, existing and which have existed. Even after we have allowed either of these as the number of languages, we must acknowledge the existence of almost infinite minor diversities; for, in our own country, we see that every province has a tongue more or less peculiar, and this we may well believe to be the case throughout the world at large. It is said there are little islands lying close together in the South Sea, the inhabitants of which do not understand each other. Of the 860 distinct languages enumerated by Balbi, 53 belong to Europe, 114 to Africa, 153 to Asia, 423 to America, and 117 to Oceania, by which term he distinguishes the vast number of islands stretching between Hindostan and South America.

Looking for the cause of this immense diversity of languages no farther than immediate natural conditions, it is not difficult to come to satisfactory conclusions. Man is invested with the power of speech by means of certain organs; but the organisation of no two individuals is precisely alike. Every single human being has something peculiar to himself, and in the organs of speech as well as in every thing else. Hence, the sound of every voice is palpably different in tone, and every body pronounces some particular words in a particular manner. There are family likenesses in voices and in pronunciation, or general resemblances peculiar to all the children of one pair; and there are resemblances of a more general kind in the people of one town, or district, or country. These peculiarities spring from peculiarities of organisation precisely analogous to those peculiarities of physiognomy, figure, colour of hair, and so forth, which characterise families, and the inhabitants of districts and countries. Their direct tendency is to give rise to peculiarities of language—that is, to different words and forms of phrase for representing the same ideas; but there is also something to check this tendency. The check is found in the disposition to imitate, which causes a number of persons living in one community to follow more or less one tone of voice, one kind of pronunciation, and one form of phrase. The operation of both the tendency and the check may be studied very well in any family of young children. Each babe will be found to have some peculiarity, causing a certain tone and manner of speech, and leading it to pronounce certain words in a peculiar way; which peculiarities almost entirely give way before the influence which the conversation of its seniors in time exercises upon it. For example, in a large family which happens to be under my observation, I have found various infants at first pronounce the word *fly* in a particular way, the varieties extending to no fewer than six. With one it was *fy*, with another *ly*, with another *eye*, with another *my*, with another *ty*, and with a sixth *ky*. The pronunciation was, in each case, persisted in for a considerable time, but of course was at length obliged to give way before the influence of correct pronunciation in others. To a minute and assiduous observer of nature, there can be no doubt that such peculiarities originate in peculiarities of organisation, which make each wrong pronunciation in each case the most convenient and agreeable, if not the only one possible at that period of life. Now, it will be observed that the tendency is a thing inherent, and therefore of constant operation, while the check depends on accidental social conditions. Where these are weak, the tendency will get so much the freer scope, and the diversities will become wider and more numerous. When a society becomes close and intimate, the uniformity will be, on the contrary, great and permanent. Hence we see few changes take place in such civilised densely-peopled countries as those of Western Europe; where, also, a written literature is constantly operating to maintain a standard, at least in phraseology. But where people are few and sparse, or where single families are constantly parting off into new grounds of settlement, the principle of diversity must be comparatively powerful, and new varieties will be constantly arising. We see something of this in the progress of American colonisation.

It is well known that, although so many languages are enumerated, there are many resemblances to be observed amongst them, both as to words having nearly the same signification and as to grammatical forms. These are justly regarded as evidences that the languages in which they are found have something like a common origin, and that the people now speaking them, albeit remote from each other in country, are more or less nearly related—sprung, in short, from one root. Of late years, indeed, a new and most interesting light has been shed upon human history by the inquiries which have been made into languages. Nations far separated from each other, and between which no affinity was suspected to exist, have been shown to be connected, in consequence of the discovery of words common to both their languages. The grand fact of the original colonisation of Europe from Asia, and even some of the leading particulars of that colonisation, are inferred from the investigations of the philologist. But the most curious of all modern discoveries of this nature are certainly those relative to the structure of languages. Many of my readers have, no doubt, heard of universal grammar, that is, grammar applicable to all tongues. This was an idea very natural, when it was observed that there were nouns and verbs, voices, tenses, and so forth, in the Greek and Hebrew, in the French and German, as well as in the English. But when we became acquainted with the languages of remoter parts of the earth, we found that some of them had no such forms, and that the grammar which we have called universal is bounded by a certain geographical line, beyond which all is as different as if the people belonged to a different planet. There are at least three other forms of language-structure, all of them of a perfectly original and distinct character.

Our own form covers nearly the same parts of the earth which have been assigned to the white or Caucasian variety of mankind. It extends from India along Western Asia and into Europe, which it entirely fills; thence it pursues the line of European colonisation in America and elsewhere. The lines along which its origin is traced all point to the Sanscrit, a dead language of Upper India, containing a valuable literature. The class of languages formed upon it is therefore called the *Indo-European*. Of this family of tongues the Celtic may be presumed to be one of the oldest cadets: it was the language of the first occupants of Europe of whom we have any record. Then, another and superior race, the Gothic, speaking another variety, appear to have advanced in the same direction, gradually overpowering the Celts, and driving them into the corners of Spain, France, and Britain; sending off the Scandinavian variety of speech into the north—perhaps sending off other offshoots to the south, which became component parts of Greek and Latin—and constituting the present German, and Dutch, and partly the French and English. Next came the Sclavonic, occupying Russia, Poland, Hungary, and northern Turkey. The leading features of the Indo-European class of languages are the compounding of words to make new meanings, and the inflection or changing of beginnings and terminations to form cases, tenses, and other variations.

The second great class of languages, occupying China and other countries of Eastern Asia, is usually called the *Monosyllabic* class, because every word in them consists of only one syllable. These words may be combined, as in the English words *welcome* and *welfare*; but every syllable is significant, and therefore is itself a word. One writer says, that the syllables of the Chinese language are under three hundred in number; another, that they are above four hundred; but the number may be considered as greatly increased by differences in the tone in which they are pronounced, these differences being either four or five in number. There are none of what we would call grammatical forms in the Chinese. Tenses, moods, cases, and the like, are left to be understood by the context, or by the order in which the words are placed. In their pronunciation, they have some of those peculiarities which could only have arisen from organic peculiarities in the originators of the language: they want the consonants *b*, *d*, *r*, *v*, and *z*, and when required to sound one of our double consonants, they always put a *u* betwcen them; thus, *Christus* is with them *Kul-iss-ut-oo-suh*.

The Chinese, though they have been longer a refined people than any other known to exist, may be said to have a simple language. In some respects, it is such a speech as we should expect to find amongst a primitive savage tribe. What completes this wonder is, that the Indians of North America, who have made no advance in arts, literature, or institutions, possess a language remarkable for its richness in words and for its profoundly complicated grammatical forms. One character pervades all the original languages of America, from Greenland to Cape Horn. As a class, they have been called the *Polysynthetic*, from their combining many ideas in the form of words. They present inflections, but their most remarkable means of adding and varying sense is in a process which, for want of a better term, has been called *agglutination*. Fragments of words are taken, and, as it were, patched to each other, so as to make up a kind of short-hand sentence. For example, a Delaware woman, playing with a little dog or cat, will be heard saying to it, *Kuligatschis*, meaning "Give me your pretty little paw:" the word is made up in this manner—*K* the second personal pronoun, *uli* part of the word *wulit*, signifying pretty, *gat* part of *wichgat*, signifying a leg or paw, *schis* conveying the idea of littleness. In the same tongue we find a youth called *pilape*, compounded from the first part of *pilsit*, innocent, and the last part of *lenape*, a man. We cannot enter farther into this subject; but it seems fully ascertained that an extraordinary degree of order, method, and regularity, prevails in the language of the Red man, and that it is entirely different from the tongues of the eastern continent.

Balbi assigns 117 languages to *Oceania*, and these are all found to be connected with each other in such a way as to show one common origin. I am not aware that this class of languages is distinguished by any peculiar structure, so much as by identity of words; but they are considered as standing, in one way or another, quite apart from the other great classes. They pervade an immense extent of the world's surface, namely, from Madagascar to Easter Island, half

way across the Pacific, a distance not much less than ten thousand miles.

Philologists usually reckon as a distinct class the languages spoken from early ages in the south-western parts of Asia, of which the Hebrew and Arabic are the most conspicuous tongues; but though there is much to distinguish these languages, they do not seem to be sufficiently peculiar in grammatical structure to be entitled to rank as a distinct class. It appears more likely that they are an early offshoot of the Indo-European class. The *African* languages are understood to be sufficiently well marked to form a distinct class.

Assuming that the distinctions are here correctly stated, we arrive at the important fact, that the *fundamental* varieties of human speech are comparatively few—probably less than six; that is to say, while there are so many varieties in the words employed by various nations to represent thought, there are less than six great idiomatic formulæ, or fashions of word-and-sentence-structure. In many of the languages comprehended under each of these forms, there are words in common, besides the general grammatical resemblance; but there is no community of words between the various classes—at least it is now acknowledged that the few terms which have been traced with great effort between the Asiatic and American languages are only the result of accident. We are now called upon to remark the curious fact, that the classes of languages correspond pretty nearly with those great natural divisions of the human race which physiologists have for some time concluded upon. The Indo-European class, if we include in it the languages of South-western Asia, comprehends the whole of the Caucasian race. The Yellow people, or Mongolians, have to themselves the Monosyllabic class of tongues; the Red race have the Polysynthetic. The Oceanic class of languages is the inheritance of what has been called the Malay variety of mankind, and the African class belongs to the Negro or Ethiopic race. Thus, all are parcelled out amongst as many families of human kind, all of which are considered as marked by many essential distinctions in stature, colour, character of the hair, physiognomy, and mental endowments.

From this, some very curious and interesting deductions may be made. In the first place, language is placed amongst the organic distinctions of mankind. Hair is different, visage is different, colour is different, general mental character is different; different, also, are speech, and the forms in which thoughts are arranged for enunciation. To find this last and most remarkable distinction in connexion with others, forms no small addition to the considerations which have led to the classification of mankind into five races. It gives and takes proof to and from that hypothesis. But the researches of Prichard have settled that the five races are only varieties of mankind, or at least that there is a sufficient variety-producing power in nature to have raised up these different tribes from one original stock. Are we to suppose that the fundamental distinctions of languages are irreconcilable with this doctrine? By no means. They only make good a particular fact in the early history of our race, to which we must now advert; but before doing so, it is necessary to touch slightly on the process of language-formation.

Man has from nature a set of organs expressly and most admirably calculated for the production of speech. His mind has also—though this is a fact not capable of the same lively demonstration—a faculty for the expression of thought by outward signs, of which speech is the principal. A being so endowed, placed upon the world, would have within him the inclination to speak, and also the power of uttering sounds; but there would at first be no social agreement as to what sounds were to be held to represent various ideas. It would be for time to bring about such an agreement, when there was a sufficient number of people at once to occasion a decided need for language, and to form this said agreement. For a long time the numbers of mankind were probably few, and their faculties ill developed. The process of forming language would accordingly be slow. Out of the gabble in which their faculties would indulge, through the ordinary instinct which leads all faculties to delight in exercise, only a sound now and then would come to be recognised as appropriate to some certain object, quality, or act. The forming of words in this way, and their recognition by other parties, are things which we see almost every day. Children are constantly forming new words, which become recognised in a little circle as representatives of ideas. The vicious classes of civilised communities create cant languages for themselves. There must be a constant new-making of terms for things in the mechanical arts. A peculiar readiness of tongue in some individual creates the sound: the bystanders make it a word. A friend states that one of his children has from infancy shown a turn for making new words, which the rest constantly adopt. The inclination in this instance seems almost unconscious, and none of the rest of the family has ever exhibited a similar tendency. Such a person would probably have taken a lead in language-making in a primitive society. There is a class of words which has evidently been suggested by sounds connected with the objects they stand for. The word for *calf* in Gaelic, for instance, is an exact fac-simile of the cry of the animal. It was almost unavoidable that nearly the same word should be applied to the cuckoo in the languages of all countries where that bird exists. But this class of words is, after all, less numerous than might be expected. Nor is it necessary that it should have been numerous, if there be, as above suggested, a gift in some persons for enunciating chance-formed terms, which become applied to things. But the application of a sound or a term to a thing, quality, or act, is but a first step. Many subsequent processes are needed before a language can be made up. It is at this stage that the great diversities commence; now arise those great accidents of instinctive mental working which result in making one language monosyllabic, with every single syllable significant, and another polysynthetic, with not one single syllable significant, as already shown. To borrow some explanation on this subject—"What are called ideas, are rapid perceptions continually flitting before the mental eye. Like objects viewed through a kaleidoscope, they pass before us in ever-changing shapes, and, in endeavouring to fix them on the memory by articulate sounds, the appearance of the moment will decide the form to be given to those representative signs. The man of quick perceptions will try to retain the idea of a whole physical or moral object, or perhaps a whole group of objects, in his memory, by means of one single word: another of slower comprehension, seeing or perceiving a part only, will appropriate a word or a syllable to the expression of that part, and another and another to each of the other parts that he will successively perceive. In this manner syntactic and atactic idioms* have been respectively formed; the impulse first given has been followed, and thus languages have received various organic or grammatical characters and forms. Let us give an example: At the first formation of a language, one man, by signs or otherwise, asks another to do something; the other, anxious to express his consent at once, and conceiving the whole idea, answers, *Volo*. Another man, whose mind is slower in its operations, divides the idea, and answers in two words, *Ego volo*, or, *I will*. Another demand is made to which the first man does not agree; he answers, *Nolo*; the other says, *Ego non volo*, or, *I will not*. Applying this hypothesis to all languages, and their different forms, it will be perceived how in the beginning they were framed, and how their various structures have been more or less regular, and more or less elegant in their grammatical analogies, according to the temper and capacities of the nations that first formed them, and of the men that took the lead in that promotion, who may not always have been the most sensible of the whole band; for it is to be presumed that, in those early times, as in our own day, the affairs of men were not always directed by the ablest, but oftener perhaps by the most forward and presuming individual."†

The reader will probably have anticipated the particular fact in the early history of our race to be inferred from all this—namely, that the five great varieties or families had been originated or thrown off, dispersed and far separated, before language had proceeded beyond probably some of its simplest elements, and certainly before the rise of any of its various idiomatic forms. The physiologist could never suppose that the production of the *varieties*, nor could the philologist ever with any show of reason suppose that the formation of language, would be effected otherwise than in a considerable space of time. Thus, inquiries in these two different lines come to the same point, that the commencement of all the great leading races took place while as yet language, if it existed at all, must have been in a condition of simplicity so great that it left no trace of itself in the various tongues and idiomatic systems afterwards constructed. It has always been remarked with surprise of the civilised nations found in Mexico and Peru, that they had not the use of iron, from which it was presumed that they had parted off from the original stock in the eastern continent before that metal had been adapted to use; but here, in their language, we have evidence of their having descended from that stock while it was as yet literally in *infancy*. They probably had devised rude means of navigation, before they had formed any thing entitled to the appellation of a language; for it only could be by drifting over the intermediate seas that they reached America. The law as to diversity and uniformity, spoken of in the early part of this essay, at the same time indicates pretty clearly that, during the early ages of the world, mankind were few in numbers and widely scattered. It has been shown that, where population is dense, language inclines to uniformity; where sparse, to diversity. Now, not only are the five classes altogether various, but amongst each class there is a very great difference both as to words and grammatical forms. For example, the foundations of the Celtic, Gothic, and Sclavonic, the three great genera of the Indo-European class, could only have been laid amongst families placed widely apart, and which had brought away from the stock only a few common terms and a general tendency to one set of idiomatic forms. The varieties of these genera must also have been formed amongst a small and widely separated set of people. The colonisation of the earth may, therefore, be presumed to have generally been effected by extremely small parties, perhaps in many instances by single families. In arriving at this point, it may be remarked that we are upon the same ground to which we came in the inquiry as to the rise of nations in a late paper. It was there shown to be probable, from the law as to the production of varieties, that the origins of nations strongly distinguished in colour and feature were from single migrators of strongly marked character. The unity of these results is certainly a support to both views.

It is scarcely possible to survey this wonderful history without emotions partaking of the sublime. We are accustomed to look back to the tongues of Achaia and Latium as of great antiquity, because they really are by comparison old, and partly because they have been so long with the things that live no longer. But these languages were but small offshoots of others which had probably existed for ages before them, and still partly exist; for the Teutonic is thought to be one element of the Latin. Those tongues came into existence, were the vehicles of the finest and profoundest thoughts of uninspired man, and then, as beautiful things are doing every day, they died. And it has been the fate of many other languages which at one time flourished, thus to fade and perish, crushed down, perhaps, by some rude conquest, or overpowered by the contact of a superior people. On the other hand, some languages have had the fortune to last for thousands of years without any material change; for instance, those of China and India. It is also strange to reflect that, till comparatively a recent time, western learning knew only of a few languages, and these all of one general character as to form, and partly also as to the constituent sounds; while there were not only thousands of other languages totally unknown, but variations as to form such as no European could have ever dreamed of, as if there had been something like four other human natures upon earth besides our own. Finally, we see new chapters in the early, and as yet obscure, history of mankind, arising from the investigations of a class of inquirers altogether apart from the historical—chapters undated, or whose dates do not admit of being fixed within a thousand years, but which are yet, from their basis being in fact and science, more probable and more true than many of the chronicles of recent and familiar events.

* *Syntactic*, presenting complicated grammatical forms; *atactic*, destitute of such forms, which last is the case of the Chinese.

† American Cyclopædia, article *Languages*.

MISS PARDOE'S "HUNGARIAN CASTLE."*

MANY readers will remember that Miss Pardoe, the authoress of "The City of the Sultan," and other works of merit, gave to the public some time since the fruits of her observations during a visit to Hungary, and added largely thereby to her previous literary reputation. She has now thrown together a number of the legendary tales of the Magyars, such as could not very fittingly have been introduced into her reflective and useful account of the manners, customs, and present condition of that remarkable people. The plan which Miss Pardoe has adopted for uniting her series of traditions is not a very novel one, but it answers the purpose sufficiently well. She supposes a large party to have assembled at the castle of a Magyar noble, and, on the occurrence of weather so severe as to debar the gentlemen from hunting, to have resorted to story-telling as a mode of passing the time agreeably. Each individual is called upon to choose a theme from the history of his or her ancestors; and many thrilling narratives, largely (too largely, though almost unavoidably) mingled with the supernatural and superstitious, are the consequence of this arrangement.

One of these stories refers to the age of the early crusades, when Hungary was invaded by a powerful tribe of Mongol-Tartars from the far east, who, under their chief Cadan, and others, spread ruin through the land. The Hungarian king called on his nobles and vassals to take the field against the foe. "Amongst other chieftains, this order extended to that of Loewenstein, upon which the good knight Emmerick instantly prepared to obey the summons of his sovereign; and so efficiently and zealously was he seconded by his retainers, that, ere the lapse of many days, nothing remained for the brave soldier to do but to take a fond and affectionate farewell of his family, and sally forth to dare the issue of the coming struggle.

Until the hour of his departure came, the knight had not found time to bestow a thought upon this parting; nor was it until he saw his gallant Arab fretting in the court-yard, and flinging large flakes of foam in the air as it tossed its graceful neck, and strove to escape from the hands of the groom, that he became aware of a sinking of the heart and a sadness of the spirit, which he would willingly have shaken off, but could not.

Next to his country and his honour, the gallant Sir Emmerick loved the lady Agnes. She had been so young, so beautiful, and so innocent, when he made her his bride; she had become so excellent a wife, and so staid and queenly a matron; and she had reared his brave boys and his fair and gentle girls in such sweet peace and beautiful obedience, that the household of Loewenstein had grown into a proverb in the province. Sad indeed was the parting; for the lady Agnes well knew the half-savage and barbarous nature of the enemies against whom her lord was about to contend, and the most gloomy forebodings pressed upon her spirit.

* "The Hungarian Castle." By Miss Pardoe, author of "The City of the Sultan," &c. 3 vols. London: T. and W. Boone.

'Had one of our dear boys been only old enough to have fought beside thee, my Emmerick,' she said fondly, as she stood with her arm about his neck, and her head pillowed upon his shoulder, 'methinks I should not have grieved so much at thy departure; for the saints would have loved so fair a sight, and have protected thee for thy child's sake and for mine. But thou goest forth alone against these barbarians, and I am loath to let thee quit me.'

'Nay, madam, and my good mistress,' interposed a hoarse voice at her elbow; and turning suddenly towards it, the lady Agnes beheld at her side the stalwart and lofty form of Andrew Budiak, the castellan of Loewenstein, one of the most tried and faithful of her husband's followers, a man who, although past his prime, was still as bold in the battle-field as he was true in the castle-hall, and who had won his present post by long years of fidelity and service. Budiak was looked upon with reverence by all the household, and with trust and favour by the knight and his fair wife; while to the happy boys who grew up in beauty beneath his eye, he was at once a playmate, a protector, and a friend. 'Nay, madam, and my good mistress,' said the deep voice of the castellan, 'that may still be as it pleases my lord; for there is no need that one like he should go forth without a trusty heart at his stirrup.'" The offer of Budiak was promptly refused, but being persisted in, it was at length accepted of; and thus increased, the party set off to join the army of the Magyars. Few chieftains, as it appeared, had armed with the promptitude of Sir Emmerick; and the consequence was, that a very inefficient force of Magyars was compelled to make the attempt to check the Tartars by meeting them in the field. The issue was but what might have been anticipated, considering the hardiness and wild daring of the hostile forces.

"Never was a battle more fatal than that which made the river-tide of the Lago run red with the blood of both Hungarian and Tartar. The Tartarian troops suffered severely, and their slain cumbered the green sward; but Hungary had to weep not only her bravest but her noblest. High heads were bowed that day, and high hearts stilled for ever; there was scarcely a hearth throughout the land beside which one seat was not made vacant. Death had a rich harvest. But, alas! the evil ended not here; for they who fell were comparatively blessed; their cares were over; and when the broad sun went down after the fight, it gilded with its goodliest beams the graves of those who slept beneath them. The pale dawn rose, and the mountain vapours unwound their clammy wreaths from peak and pinnacle, as the radiant beam came on; but with the light and warmth of day came also the wild victors among the dying and the dead, to plunder those whose task was ended, and to secure the wounded, who might hereafter be ransomed.

Of the latter number were the knight of Loewenstein and his faithful Budiak, who had fought and fallen together; and who, having partially recovered consciousness, and given unequivocal signs of life, were lifted from the earth, conveyed into the Tartar camp, and assigned by lot to the chief Cadan.

A few days of rest were reluctantly ceded to them, for their wounds were numerous and severe; but their savage master had no sooner ascertained that no actual risk of their dying by the way still existed, than they were chained together, and with a score of other unfortunates, also linked two and two, and attached by the centre of their fetters to the stirrup of a Tartar horseman, bearing a long and pliant lance in his hand, a bow slung at his saddle-bow, and a quiver of arrows at his back, they were dragged or driven onward, and not unfrequently impelled by blows, towards the home of their captor."

After weary months of hope deferred, making the heart sick, the lady Agnes of Loewenstein not only heard of her misfortune, but received it in an exaggerated form. It was told to her that her husband was dead! "It were vain to attempt to depict the agony of the widowed mother, as she listened to the fatal tale. 'Dead!' she exclaimed wildly. 'What! the father of my boys? The lord of Loewenstein, who hath ever made his foemen lick the dust, and scattered terror before him as he went? It cannot be! You would mock me, because I am here alone, and that *he* is not by to comfort me'—— And then she wept, and none sought to control her tears, for they knew that without this kindly dew such grief might craze her brain; but they brought her children to her, and placed her last-born on her knee; and then they left her in her sorrow, for they felt that it was too sacred to look upon at such a moment."

Emmerick, meanwhile, was wasting his days in toil, suffering, and tears, nor could even his faithful Budiak talk to him of hope. But a gleam of light at length glanced on their gloomy state. "It chanced that one evening, overcome by exertion under a burning sun, the lord of Loewenstein and his companion sank down side by side upon their bed of leaves, within the den which had been assigned to them, when Budiak, in the act of turning away his head from his master, that he might not seem to be watching his misery, caught sight of an axe which had been accidentally left in their cell by one of the hired labourers employed in erecting sheds for the newly-arrived captives, who were so numerous as to require additional places of shelter; and without even asking himself a question as to its probable utility, or forming any plan in which it might avail, he hastily concealed it within his garments. As he did so, a new hope, strong and resistless, sprang up within him; although he could shape it into no tangible form or likeness, nor torture his invention into any scheme of deliverance which was not only too vague but even too impossible for accomplishment.

The night wore on; the watch had been set; each prisoner had answered as his name had been challenged by the captain of the guard; and the deep slumber of over-wrought strength—that sleep which is without rest, and almost without blessing—had fallen upon the miserable band, when Budiak revealed to the knight the secret of his newly-acquired treasure. Their first impulse was spontaneous; chained as they were together, all escape was impossible; but this strong instrument would sever those galling fetters, and set them free. Accordingly, with great caution, and muffling the sound of the iron links with the folds of their coarse garments, the two captives commenced their attempt; but every effort proved fruitless; the ponderous chain was too substantial to be so severed; and after they had alternately exhausted their feeble remains of strength in the vain endeavour, they desisted in despair, and as they did so, each turned aside to weep.

'It avails not,' at length exclaimed the knight; 'we are fated to die like felons, and we must submit—there is no hope—would that there were also no memory. What a curse has the past become to me! I grow old as I call it back. Budiak, I love you—I mourn for you—I cannot forget that it is for me that you are here, when you might have been free, and honoured, and happy. And what are you now?'

'Your own poor servant, my good lord,' was the reply, as the faithful follower turned painfully upon his rugged bed, and raised the hand of his chieftain to his lips, which were moistened by the blood-drops that his late struggle to rend the chain had collected on his maimed and smarting fingers: 'Your own poor servant, suffering for you and with you, and thus far happier than if he were himself the lord of Loewenstein! Would you think of *me* when the chain is rusting into your own flesh?'

'There is no hope!' ejaculated the knight.

'My honoured lord,' continued Budiak, 'despair not; nature sometimes shrinks for a time, but she redeems herself at last; I can support my own misery, for I am alone in the world; glory has been my mistress, and I have known no other; I am the child and the votary of fortune; and though the chances have now turned against me, I have no right to rebuke my fate; for, thanks to you, my brave and honoured master, I have in my time dealt far heavier blows than I have yet received. With you it is otherwise; you were born to greatness, and you have lost your birthright; but it must be redeemed.'

'Alas! there is no hope,' murmured the knight, as he buried his face in his hands.

He was aroused by the sound of a heavy blow. Not one which had fallen upon a hard and resisting substance, but which produced a crashing and smothered sound, that although he knew not why, thrilled to the very core of his heart.

'What have you done, Budiak?' he asked hurriedly.

'My lord! my benefactor!' gasped out the voice of his follower; 'there was but the accursed Tartar chain between you and freedom, and we could not burst it. It holds you here no longer; go, rejoin your wife, and be happy. Tell her'——

As he paused in agony, and raised his hand to dash the sweat-drops from his brow, the knight bent towards him to discover the secret of his terrible emotion; when with a groan of misery he sank back in his turn, exclaiming—'Tell me that I dream—I dare not—will not believe that you have done this.'

'Calm yourself, my lord, and think of flight,' replied the heroic vassal; and as he spoke, he raised himself with a violent effort, and wrenched away, from the fetter by which it had been so long encircled, the leg which he had hewn from his body in order to accomplish the escape of his master; 'let me fling off this useless limb which never served me so well as it has done this day. And now be wary, my good lord, and you are free; for our infidel captors have trusted largely to the chain, and speed and silence will almost insure success.'

'Never!' said Emmerick, as he threw his arms about the devoted man; 'I will never leave you here alone—maimed for my sake—a prey to the lash; or perhaps to die without one friendly voice to murmur peace in your last moments.'

'Will you then condemn me to feel that I have made this sacrifice in vain?' asked Budiak. 'Will you compel me to see my own sufferings aggravated by your participation in them, without having the power to alleviate a single pang? Have you forgotten that if you are found here at dawn we shall both be the victims of an act for which I alone should be responsible? You will not—cannot bid me suffer this? Come, come, my lord, arouse yourself and depart, and let my bodily sufferings be forgotten in the intense yearning with which I shall follow you in thought upon your homeward path.'

'I will not leave you thus,' persisted the knight.

'Nay, then, hear the truth'—and once more the gallant castellan raised himself upon his arm, and struggled against the faintness which was rapidly overcoming his strength—'even now I feel that I am dying. My heart flutters a while like a newly-caged bird, and then stands still; and the blood that is draining my veins drops cold and thick, as though little more remained to shed. Farewell.'

The last words were scarcely gasped out when the sufferer fell heavily back upon the earth, cold, rigid, and unconscious; nor did the knight for an instant doubt that the spirit of the stout soldier had fled for ever."

For a time the knight could only weep over the body of Budiak, who had proved his devotion to his master at such a price; but thoughts of home gradually grew thick and fast upon him. Budiak, too, must not have died in vain; and Emmerick roused himself to attempt his escape. He succeeded, and after a time got rid of his affecting burden. At length, "wearied and wayworn, he reached a spot whence he could look upon his home; but even as he stood gazing upward on its tall towers bathed in light, and its dark frowning battlements that formed a warlike and threatening coronal to the steep rock which they surmounted, a solemn strain of music swept downward to the valley, like a requiem for the dead; and a cold chill gathered about the heart of the wanderer, as he asked of a peasant who stood beside him, and who had been his guide through the difficult passes of the mountain, why that mournful strain was pealing out.

'Stranger,' was the reply, 'had you been an inhabitant of our province, you would have known that two years since this very day the brave lord of Loewenstein, on whose castle you are now looking, fell in fight against the Tartars; and his lady, who has never yet cast aside her mourning weeds, is celebrating his annual requiem, surrounded by all his vassals and retainers. Well may they weep for him, for few have ever mourned a better master.'

'Why are you not among them if you mourn his fate?' asked the knight.

'It was this errand which brought me into your path,' replied the serf; 'I am bound for the castle even now, and trust I shall not arrive too late.'

'I will be your companion,' said Emmerick; 'the prayers of the soldier and the wayfarer will be welcome.'

'As you will,' was the reply, and in another moment they were breasting the steep ascent to Loewenstein, each too much absorbed in his own reflections to weary his comrade with words; nor did the knight resent the blunt fellowship of his guide, for two years of famine and wretchedness had so altered him that he was as one disguised, whom none might recognise; and thus he approached his own halls, in hopefulness of spirit, but the mere shadow of his former self, clad in rags, and wasted by famine.

When they reached the chapel, they found it hung with sable drapery, and lighted by torches; and even as she had stood before the altar in the first days of her imaginary widowhood, so stood the lady Agnes now, covered from head to foot in a thick black veil, and surrounded by her children; her meek eyes raised to heaven, and her cheek pale from vigils and regret.

As he looked upon her, the knight could scarcely refrain from clasping her to his heart, and kissing away the tears which were falling fast into her bosom; but the solemn service had commenced, and he felt that he was once more kneeling before the altar of his faith, and that his first emotions of gratitude and love were due to Heaven; but so strongly was he moved as the rites proceeded, that many about him looked anxiously and curiously on the strange man who had come among them at such a moment, no one knew whence, to weep as they wept, and to mingle his grief with theirs.

When the service terminated, the lady Agnes proceeded from the chapel to the great gate of the castle, to distribute alms to all such as might be there to receive them; and no hands save her own and those of her fair children were suffered to aid in the distribution of the food, which, as each received it, was repaid by a prayer for the dead.

In his turn, Emmerick approached the sad and gentle lady; but ere he did so, he drew from his bosom and displayed above his tattered vest a small picture of the Virgin, suspended about his neck by a chain of her own hair, which she had hung there years before, on one of his departures for battle, and which, from its utter want of intrinsic value, his captors had suffered him to retain.

The ornament caught the eye of Geysa, his elder and favourite son, and the boy drew to it the attention of his mother by exclaiming—'Serve this poor pilgrim, I beseech you, mother, for he seems faint from toil and want; and he must surely be a good man, for see, even amid his rags, he has preserved a picture of Our Lady, which he might have sold for food.'

Thus urged, the lady Agnes drew near the mendicant, and as her eyes fell upon the relic, she at once recognised her own gift; but for a while she stood speechlessly gazing upon the gaunt and squalid figure before her, and then, throwing back her veil, she bent down with parted lips and distended eye-balls, like one paralysed by a hideous dream, and gasped out—'Speak! Whence are you? Speak!'

'Agnes!' murmured a well-known voice, and in the next instant Emmerick once more held his beloved wife in his arms."

The story now returns to Budiak, who recovered from his faint, and whose condition at once told the Tartars in the morning what had taken place. "'Thou shalt die the death of a dog, vile slave!' exclaimed the chief; 'without help and without pity.'

'I care not,' was the reply; 'I have saved my master.'

'And he has left thee here to perish,' sneered the Tartar general.

'He thought me dead,' said Budiak firmly; 'and he is now free, and will be ere long in his own halls.'

'Only tell me that thou hast repented the rash deed, and that were it yet to do thou wouldst refuse,' urged the astonished Cadan.

'I may not pass away with a lie upon my lips,' said the castellan; 'I would lop every limb save that which did the holy work, could I by the sacrifice insure to him the happiness of a life of freedom and success. And now let me die; I have nothing to regret or to excuse; and I would fain pray for my chief and for my country while I have yet breath to do it.'

The Tartar general turned aside in deep emotion. In the half-savage devotion and self-sacrifice of the Hungarian vassal there was a haughty carelessness of suffering, and even of life, which he could at once appreciate and admire.

'He must not perish thus,' he said to his astonished attendants; and then stooping towards the castellan, he added gently, 'Christian, thou hast conquered. The sun rests to-day upon my weapon, but its beam may glance off in some hour of peril, when such love as thine may be beyond all price. Strive against thy weakness, and live. Care and rest may yet restore thee; and I swear that for the sake of the noble lesson thou hast taught to my own followers, thou shalt no sooner be able to keep the saddle than I shall give thee gold, and arms, and such a steed as it shall become a Tartar chieftain himself to cross, and send thee under a safe escort to thine own people and thine own land, that the proud Hungarians may learn that Cadan can also respect the virtue of fidelity.'

In deep gratitude and amazement the overjoyed Budiak endeavoured, maimed and tortured as he was, to cast himself at the feet of his generous captor; but as he ceased speaking, the Tartar left the cell.

The thought of home and freedom, combined with the care of those around him, who fulfilled to the letter the instructions of their chief, soon restored the castellan to some degree of strength; and he no sooner believed himself able to encounter the fatigue of the undertaking, than he obtained permission to set forth upon his journey.

At length the blessed moment came, and joyful was the welcome with which for the second time the inhabitants of Loewenstein received, as if from the grave, one whom they had long mourned as lost to them for ever. He came to them crippled and wasted, it is true, but he was again among those who were to him dearer than limbs or life; and he felt himself pressed to the heart of his grateful master, and greeted by the name of 'brother;' and the happy tears of the lady Agnes were on his hand, and the kisses of her children upon his lips, and all around him was care and congratulation."

This beautifully told tale of vassal devotion will satisfy our readers that the name of Miss Pardoe is still, as formerly, a secure guarantee for the interest of any work to which it is prefixed.

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

EVIDENCES OF DESIGN IN THE STRUCTURE OF INSECTS. (CONCLUDED.)

No one can look upon a tranquil sheet of water, during the spring and summer months, without at once perceiving that it is almost as fully replenished with insect life as the air itself. Multitudes are seen disporting on the surface with an infinite variety of movement; others are resting with the body in an oblique direction, having only the hinder extremity in contact with the air, as if in a state of indolent repose, but in reality executing an indispensable function in their economy; while not a few are darting through the clear element or moving about the bottom. It is impossible to watch their varied movements without at once concluding that they are endowed with many different modes of progression, suited to the medium they inhabit. Aquatic insects are in no case provided with true fins; various other ingenious contrivances are resorted to in order to supply the means of motion. What more likely to answer the purpose than *paddles* and *oars*? With these, accordingly, many species are provided, and their motions are performed, by means of them, with admirable ease and velocity. The little black beetle, whose polished coat sparkles in the sunshine like a piece of burnished metal, and which must have attracted the attention even of those most indifferent to such subjects by its sprightly movements on the surface of every sheltered pool, describing a series of circles in endless succession, and occasionally darting to the bottom with a bright silvery globule of air at its extremity—this active and sportive little creature is a paddler. We have seen that, in digging insects, it is the fore-legs that are made to do the office of a pick and spade; it is obvious that none of the others, from their position, could answer the purpose. The propelling power in the water is most effectually applied at or behind the middle; the fore-legs of the water-beetle in question (*Gyrinus natator*) are therefore allowed to remain nearly in the ordinary shape, and the middle and hinder pair are converted into paddles. This is done by shortening and strengthening them, dilating the last section into a pretty broad plate, ciliated or fringed with hairs, so as to present a considerable surface to the water. Four such implements, plied with the utmost vigour, sufficiently account for the rapid motion of this curious little creature. Its gyratory movements are no doubt performed by its working the paddles only on one side of its body at once, just as the rowers of a boat turn it by ceasing to ply the oars on one side. There is another part of its structure manifesting such a careful forethought for its safety and accommodation, that it must not be passed unnoticed. Moving on the surface of the water, as it habitually does, it requires to see objects in the air, and, at the same time, it is desirable that it should have the power of looking downwards, as it has enemies both above and below. The eyes are placed on the side of the head in such a manner that one-half of them looks upwards and the other downwards; and, having a process from the anterior part of the head running across the centre, they present all the appearance and perform all the offices of four eyes—a pair for the air and another for the water.

Let us now take an example of what may more strictly be called the analogues of oars. The water-beetles formerly alluded to (the *Dytiscidæ*) possess them in great perfection. The hinder legs are long and thick, and the joints of the tarsi are broad, flattened, and fringed on the inner side with a strong series of hairs. This may be called the blade of the oar. When the leg is drawn forward, the sharp edge cuts the water, and the cilia, or hairs, fall into its wake without offering any resistance; but the moment the pressure backwards is applied, the flattened side of the joints and the expanded cilia meet the water, affording a sufficient *point d'appui* to propel the insect forward with great speed. This instrument admirably answers the intended object; but a similar one, still more fully developed, occurs in what is called, *par excellence*, the *boat-fly* (*Notonecta*). In this case the oars are of such length, viewed in relation to the size of the animal, that they may not improperly be called *sweeps*. They are constructed on the same principle as those last mentioned, but the tarsi are more densely ciliated. They are placed almost exactly amid-ships, so to speak, so that the propelling power is exerted just at the place corresponding to that where the engineer finds it most expedient to fix the paddles of a steamboat. The insect aids their action by a singular instinctive habit, the design of which can neither be mistaken nor fail to be admired. The under side of its body is nearly flat, and covered with those fine hairs which are designed to repel the water in aquatic insects; the back rises, with slightly bulging sides, into a dorsal ridge, not inaptly representing a keel; and the whole surface is very smooth and glossy, admirably fitted for gliding through the water. An accurate notion may be formed of the little animal's appearance when swimming in the ordinary way, by supposing it to resemble a decked boat moving on the surface of the water with the keel uppermost, which, though not so awkward in the insect as in the case supposed, is still an incommodious and inefficient mode of ploughing through a resisting medium; and as the centre of gravity is towards the back, it has a tendency to fall over. The reader, we feel assured, anticipates what is to follow; the insect, at all events, has no difficulty in determining what is best in such circumstances, and, whenever it requires to move rapidly, it *turns itself on its back*.

In the examples formerly noticed of leaping insects, that power was seen to reside in the hinder legs; another tribe have the same property conferred on them by a very different kind of mechanism. In this case we distinctly see why there is a deviation from the ordinary means employed for leaping, and we likewise witness the introduction of a peculiar structure or apparatus for the purpose of accomplishing it. The insects in question are the *Elateridæ* or spring-beetles, which are pretty numerous in this country, and well known in their larva state under the name of wire-worms, as proving very injurious to many kinds of agricultural produce. Their bodies are long, and the back generally rather flat; the legs comparatively short and slender. The consequence of these peculiarities is, that when the insect falls upon its back, which it very often does when creeping upon plants, as its legs are not fitted for taking a firm hold of them, it is generally unable to replace itself on its feet. It is well known that the larger kinds of tortoises are incapable of regaining their feet when once laid on their back; they have no provision for the purpose, just because, when in their natural haunts, there is very little chance of their being overturned. With the insects in question, however, the accident so often occurs in the fulfilment of their ordinary instincts, that it became necessary for the well-being of the species that the consequences should be guarded against. A pair of thickened saltatorial legs would obviously not do: when once the insect is on its back, these cannot act; they are powerful levers, but the most powerful levers are useless without a fulcrum. A special contrivance is resorted to to meet the difficulty. From the under side of what may be called the breast-bone, a long spine or process projects in a backward direction, and this is received into a groove in the anterior of the abdomen. Without entering into a full detail of this apparatus, which is somewhat complex, being accompanied with several subordinate parts intended to aid its operation, suffice it to say that, when the insect is placed upon its back, it has the power, by its means, of leaping suddenly into the air to a considerable height. The force producing this bound does not take effect exactly in the centre of gravity, but rather towards the anterior part of the body; the consequence of which is, that the animal turns upon itself, or makes a summerset in the air, and falls upon its feet. It can leap much higher than is necessary for this purpose—we have frequently seen it spring out of a box upwards of six inches deep; but nature often works out several purposes by one instrument, and it uses this faculty both as a means of escape from enemies and of rapidly changing its place as it may be inclined.

When we observe the different situations in which insects occur, and the kind of substances among which they often live, we might very naturally conclude that a supply of atmospheric air is not always necessary to maintain them in life. Nothing, however, could be more erroneous than such an inference; in all their different stages of metamorphosis, and in every possible mode of existence, air is as indispensable to them as to animals possessed of lungs. But the situations and substances in which they must often live in order to fulfil the functions devolved upon them in the economy of nature, are of such a kind as to render it a matter of extreme difficulty to convey to them the requisite supply of this essential element. We accordingly find that the means employed to effect this object are very diversified and curious, affording some of the most remarkable and interesting specimens of design and provident care to be found in this class of animals, fruitful as it is, in all its departments, in examples of this description.

In digging into substances of considerable density and adhesiveness, such as putrescent vegetable and animal matter, the head has of course to force the passage, and is consequently most deeply imbedded in the mass; as a matter of general convenience, therefore, insects never breathe by the head, but most commonly *by the tail*. To leave a free opening into that for the access of the air, it is very frequently, in larvæ, surrounded by a series of flexible rays, which are closed over the aperture when there is any risk of it being filled up, and, when the tail is at the surface, are expanded like the widened mouth of the common funnel used for pouring liquids into narrow-necked bottles. The most beautiful and elaborate example of this kind of apparatus is found in the larva of the chameleon-fly, which lives in water. The hinder extremity of the body is surrounded with a circle of about thirty diverging rays. These rays are beautifully feathered, capable of repelling water, and the aperture they surround communicates with two large air-vessels, which ultimately ramify into every part of the body. When the insect desires a supply of fresh air, the tail is raised to the surface, and the rays expanded on all sides; thus a free communication is opened between the atmosphere and the aperture in the tail, even though the latter be a little beneath the level of the surface. The expanded rays serve, at the same time, to suspend the body in its vertical position. When about to descend, the points of the rays are drawn together, and a globule of air enclosed, which shines in its passage through the water like a drop of quicksilver. The use of this air-bubble seems to be both to afford a continued supply of air, and to render the body more buoyant when it becomes necessary to reascend. To facilitate the same object, when the air happens to be exhausted while beneath the surface, the animal has the power of again replenishing its little reservoir by forcing air into it from the air-vessels; thus making it serve the same purpose as the air-bladder in fishes. The design of the whole apparatus is most obvious, its operation most efficient, and its structure most beautiful.

The pneumatic mechanism employed in the aquatic larvæ of gnats is essentially analogous to the above, but differs greatly in the details, affording a striking evidence of what so many things concur to prove—that variety, for its own sake, independently of every other consideration, was an object kept in view even in the organisation, as it most unquestionably is in the adornment, of animals. These larvæ have been often described, and we shall not therefore notice them further. Such, likewise, may be said to be the case with the larvæ of a common fly (*Heliophilus pendulus*) which is usually called the rat-tailed maggot; but this affords such an admirable instance of the fact now attempted to be illustrated from the structure of insects, that it must not be entirely omitted. This larva *must* seek its appropriate food among ooze and mud, formed of decomposed vegetable and animal matter, always in a very soft state, and frequently covered with water; at the same time, it *must* have a communication with the air for breathing. How are these two necessities, in ordinary cases irreconcilable, provided for? The insect terminates in a long flexible tail, capable of being pushed out to twelve times the length of its body, which encloses a breathing tube through which the supply of air is conveyed. This tube can be lengthened and shortened to answer the occasion; and as the creature is sometimes on the surface when its services are not required, and where such a long appendage would be an incumbrance, it can be contracted to very small dimensions, the air-pipes, in that case, being coiled up. To describe this instrument is to demonstrate the design for which it has been constructed.

Other aquatic insects, which require to take in air

directly from the atmosphere, do so with instruments similar in principle to some of those noticed above, but varying much in form and appendages. The water-scorpion (*Nepa cinerea*) is provided with two long respiratory tubes, each composed of two pieces, grooved internally, and meeting each other very closely at the edges, thus forming an elongated siphon for conveying air to each side of the body. The *Dytiscidæ*, so often previously alluded to for their numerous peculiarities, rise to the surface of the water when they need fresh air, and push the hinder segment of their body above the surface, that part being so constructed as to admit and retain it. Many kinds of larvæ which are always submerged, never coming in contact with the external atmosphere, would speedily perish unless some special arrangement were made for their welfare. They are, accordingly, provided with gills or branchiæ, which separate and imbibe the air mechanically mixed with water, in a manner quite analogous to that practised by fishes.

Such are a few instances of design as manifested in this class of animals, and of the elaborate care and forethought that have been exerted for their preservation and enjoyment. Similar examples might be multiplied to an extent nearly commensurate with all that is known of the history of these animals; for almost the whole of that history might be so digested as to form one continuous illustration of the same great truth. Whenever we see an apparent inaptitude of means to an end, an apparently cumbrous and unnecessary apparatus, the seeming defect should be ascribed to our own ignorance. Whenever the purpose wrought out is thought to be unimportant, we ought to consider that we are judging of its utility by a wrong standard. The very instances which present the greatest difficulties and appear most anomalous, are just most likely to be those which, if fully understood, would afford the most convincing demonstration of intelligent design and benevolent intention.

PEDESTRIAN EXCURSION IN SWITZERLAND.

[We have much pleasure in presenting the first of a series of papers, descriptive of the pedestrian excursion of a friend through part of Switzerland and Savoy in the autumn of 1841, at a time when one of ourselves was engaged in visiting the country. The route being considerably different from what was adopted on that occasion, and more among scenes of a romantic character, it is believed that the papers will form a suitable appendix to the articles—"A Few Weeks on the Continent." The writer commences his journal from Zurich.]

AUGUST 17.—It was a fine misty morning when we—that is, two companions and myself—left Zurich by the steamer for Horgen, a town half way up the lake, whence it was our design to commence a pedestrian tour of some days, without any very definite views as to the direction in which we should bend our steps. In the spirit of pure independence, each one had a knapsack strapped on his shoulders, and carried with him his full equipment for the journey. Nor were we content with a provision of raiment. Taking it into consideration that we should have to wander among barbarous regions, and that starvation is a great neutraliser of the enjoyments of travelling, we made an effort to victual ourselves in anticipation of any emergency. The chief article we laid in was a huge sausage—a congeries accumulated on such gigantic principles, that among its contents was a tongue, whole and entire. This monster-sausage there was no conveying without a special receptacle, and therefore we had to purchase a basket for it—which, by the way, though bought in pure simplicity and ignorance of the basket-trade, was declared on our return, by those cognisant of such matters, to be a miracle of art, and of a species not to be purchased in any part of the united kingdom. We were not ashamed of a respectably-sized flask, hung like a powder-pouch by a ribbon, for who would grudge a few draughts of light wine to persons struggling with such perils and fatigues as we proposed to encounter? We had pipes, also, of various shapes, but mostly considerable in size, which gave us quite a pastoral look. When we add to this that our dress involved straw-hats and blouses, the idea that frequently crossed our minds will be readily sympathised with, namely, that being men of business, and of a staid and sedate walk in life, had any of our usual friends met us in our own street, attired as we were when we stepped from the steamer at Horgen, he would have been undoubtedly justified in taking measures for having us conveyed to the nearest lunatic asylum.

Horgen is a small town scattered over a steep declivity facing the lake. We made our way through it as fast as we could, for we longed to try our strength on a Swiss brae. We found the Albis ridge a pretty smart pull, but altogether on a small scale. When we reached the top, we were disappointed in the expected view, for the mists with which the air had been for some days impregnated, though they showed a laudable intention of making off, were still lingering here and there in groups, like a party of disagreeable people, who, after they have fully announced their departure, spend a world of time in bidding each other good-by. In our descent we entered an unassuming *gasthaus*, where we comforted ourselves with bread and cheese and wine; after which we proceeded on our route, and finally we entered Zug, along with a diligence, bringing with it some of our fellow-passengers in the steamer.

It was now high noon: the sun had pushed for himself a hole in the clouds, and fell upon our heads blazing hot. A dip in the pellucid Lake of Zug we found to be delightfully refreshing. We had visions of doing something considerable on this day, and therefore we pushed on in defiance of the heat. We had gone a very few miles beyond Zug, when the mists cleared away from the brow of a stately lion-shaped mountain, which our map told us must be the celebrated Righi, from whose summit is to be seen the great show of the panorama of the Alps; and we resolved, if possible, to reach its top that night. We had not travelled far when we met with an ingenuous shepherd, who, descrying with benevolent skill our intention, made strenuous offers of his services in aiding us to discover the route. I made an attempt on this occasion to take advantage of the stranger's privilege, and to overlook the real motives of this kind proposal—thanking the swain for his disinterested proffer, and expressing a strong repugnance to coming under so great an obligation to one on whom I had so few claims. I met the usual and deserved fate of insincerity: the man had no scruples whatever in putting his proffers in the most mercenary shape; and I soon found, that so far from hints and misunderstandings being efficacious, a downright stern refusal was scarcely a protection from the resoluteness of his importunity. Having at last shaken off this incubus, we proceeded rejoicing in our liberty. The mists were clearing wider and wider away; and at length we saw, rising up to our right, heights that put the sedate and sombre Righi to scorn—the shattered and spiky top of Pilatus basking in the afternoon sun.

Passing the village of Arth, at the extremity of the Lake of Zug, our guide-books prepared us for beholding one of the most awful scenes in the world—the place where the fallen mountain of the Rossberg had overwhelmed the village of Goldau. This catastrophe occurred in the year 1806. The summer of that year had been warm and rainy. The upper stratum of the hill, a sort of conglomerate, slopes down towards Goldau at a great declivity; and as the conglomerate is separated from the stratum below by a layer of clay, it is supposed that the rain oozing through crevices (to which conglomerate is liable) had prepared a sort of slimy inclined plane for the superincumbent mass to slide along. Be this the cause or not, down came a cake of conglomerate 3 miles long, 1000 feet broad, and 100 feet thick, with all its trees and fields,

> "as if on earth
> Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,
> Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat,
> Half sunk with all his pines."

There were houses, fields, and gardens, on the moving slope: there were smiling villages in the valley into which it came hurtling down. Imagination is sufficient to supply the appalling picture; it needs no description. The summit of the Rossberg was 5150 feet above the level of the sea; the valley into which the mass fell is 1500 feet above the same level: thus, the cake of rock slid down about 3500 feet, and, losing its original compactness, reached the bottom a chaotic mass of broken rock, earth, and mud. Three villages, with 450 human beings, were destroyed by the direct effects of the fall; and so much of the heap was driven into the Lake of Lowertz, five miles off, that the waters heaved up seventy feet above their level, swept the opposite shore, and brought back a pillage of houses, trees, and human beings, in the bosom of the receding wave. Eleven tourists were approaching Goldau to climb the Righi when the event occurred; seven of them had entered the village, when the others, lingering a little behind, observed the surface of the mountain in motion, and stood gazing on the ominous phenomenon. Suddenly the scene changed; these members of the party had not entered the course taken by the descending rock, but they were so near its verge that the minor detached particles flew over their heads, obscuring the light of day. They fled back, and, happily for themselves, in the right direction. When the turmoil was over, they returned in search of their friends; but found that a new mountain had reared its head over the spot. Of those who had been carried down on the surface of the slope, some few miraculously escaped with their lives, and were dug out of the ruin by the neighbours; but the spade and the pickaxe might as well have tried to uproot Mont Blanc, as to be of service to those in the valley. Their bones are deep hidden in the crust of the earth, where they will remain till our planet itself comes to pieces.

As we entered the mouth of the valley between the Rossberg and the Righi, we soon noticed a great red scar, marking the place from which the rock had separated; it looked as fresh in its contrast with the grey old rocks and the dark pines, as if the tragedy had happened yesterday. As we advanced it gaped wider, and we saw the traces of the stony cataract sweeping down from it into the valley. Every step brought us more into the midst of the desolation. The road wound up irregularly among the fragments; and at last we reached the top of this sepulchral hill, and looked around us on a wide expanse of stony desolation—a ghastly contrast to the luxuriant fields and orchards we had just passed. There were one or two small lakes on the surface of the hill—portions evidently of the Lake of Lowertz, which the heap had caught up and restrained in its descent. Here and there were gnarled old trees, which had been carried down in the general ruin, still clasping some portion of their native earth, and managing to lift their heads above the stones and live.

But the sun was hiding his head, and we had still a great hill to climb unguided, so we had to cut short our meditations among these tombs. Our ascent, however, still kept the whole forcibly in our mind, for we had to pass up many hundreds of feet among the blocks of stone which had been projected up the acclivity by the impetus of their fall. When we had climbed up still higher and looked round, the whole scene was again presented to us more amply than ever, but in the silent gloom of twilight. The path here became steep and rude, and by its side is a succession of chapels, thirteen in number, marking so many stations into which the narrative of our Lord's passion is divided. We thought there was a unison in the feeling created by these little gloomy places of worship, and that which had been suggested by the tragic spot they overlooked. To the Catholic inhabitants of the district, with whom the tragedy is a household event, this association must be deep and solemn. The chapels are in themselves sufficiently impressive; standing in rocky recesses or under the shadow of dusky pines. When you enter them, you see a large crucifix, or a *mater dolorosa*, looking ghastly in the darkness. Here Wordsworth's fine lines are forcibly recalled—

> "Doom'd as we are, our native dust
> To wet with many a bitter shower,
> It ill befits us to disdain
> The altar, to deride the fane
> Where patient sufferers bend, in trust
> To win a happier hour.
> * * * *
> Hail to the firm, unmoving cross
> Aloft, where pines their branches toss,
> And to the chapel far withdrawn,
> That lurks by lonely ways."

The chapels form a train to the church of *Maria zum Schnee*, or, Our Lady of the Snow—a place of pilgrimage which received a grant of indulgences in the seventeenth century. When we had scrambled up the steep path, which is for a considerable distance a series of large and rude steps, we found ourselves, when darkness had completely set in, in the midst of what might be called a small village of hospices and inns, which the piety of pilgrims, or the wants of tourists, had clustered round the church and little convent of our lady. Our path led us along close to the windows of one of the hostels, and somewhat above their level, and revealed to us a most invitingly prepared *table d'hôte*, with its long range of wine flasks. This was somewhat tempting; but there was no sunrise from the Righi to be seen by those who should yield to such sublunary inducement, and, firm in our unconquerable virtue, we pushed on. Though it was dark, we had not now the additional obscurity of the pine forests; vegetation at the elevation we had reached is stunted, and we trod chiefly on short velvety grass. It was with great satisfaction that at last we beheld a light at an acute angle above us, and then the outline of a house between us and the dark sky. Here we found all that is most needful for those whose feet have all day long been pressing the sod, and speedily we were visited by slumbers deeper than those which the comfort and security of home bring to the pillows of the sedentary.

August 18.—Dreaming of any thing but the Alps and the Righi, I was roused at four o'clock by a simultaneous and indomitable sort of disturbance, created by the general rising of all the inmates. So little had the gloom of the previous evening prepared us for what met our eyes, that had it appeared from my bedroom window in —— Street, it could not more have astounded me. Right before the window, as if they had been on the opposite side of a street, rose the white Alps, looking in the dim ante-sunrise light, as if some lurid atmosphere had been drawn like a thin curtain before them; so thin, that while it gave every thing its own strange hue, it obscured nothing. Here was what we had come all the way to see; and we allowed that it had presented itself in its most attractive form. It was almost unwillingly that we kept our eyes off this scene to hurry our partial toilet, for it was absolutely necessary for our character that we should be at the top of the hill—half an hour's walk (we had not been so fortunate as to light on the inn next to the top)—by sunrise. As we went we saw one by one the cold icy peaks blaze up with a deep roseate glow as if touched by fire, when each in succession caught the horizontal rays of the sun. We were not quite in time to see the luminary touch the horizon with his upper arc, but we saw all the effect, and we could not better express our satisfaction than by observing that the sight was worth coming so far to see. Half way round the circle of the horizon, to the south and east, rose the snowy peaks in multitudes innumerable. So perfectly clear was the atmosphere, and so completely had the clouds of yesterday hidden themselves in unknown corners, that the giant masses appeared small and near, and all their parts were distinctly seen; their forest sides, their precipices, their blue glaciers, and their white snowy cones, all appearing as if their scale were reduced, and as if the mighty Alps were set before us in miniature; in short, the whole seemed an exquisite model; and it was difficult to imagine that in any thing so pretty and peaceful looking there were at that moment roaring torrents, and avalanches, and stormy winds, and thunder-splitting icebergs. On the other side of the panorama lay the fruitful Aargau and the canton of Berne, stretching, with their green hills and forests and pastures, into Germany and France. Beneath us lay the lakes of Lucerne, Zug, and Sarnen, yet far be-

low the reach of the sun, with their outlines clear and precise, like drops of molten metal that had fallen into the hollows of the earth's surface. There was a very respectable crowd assembled to see the sun go through his performance, for this somewhere about his two-millionth time; and several young Englishmen, clustered round a wooden scaffold or stand, and talking loudly to each other in a most how-de'doish and 'pon-honourish tone, gave the spot quite a sporting character, and reminded one of an English race-course.

We soon began to feel that we were 6000 feet above the level of the sea, and to desiderate the warmth of exercise. The hoar-frost, indeed, lay thick, and, notwithstanding the sun, the air pierced us. Nor was it difficult, at least so far as I myself felt, to withdraw from the scene, however striking; for, after all, it was but a show. Now, I can never be content with merely gazing at scenery from a distance; I must have a sort of manipulation of it; I must smell the fragrant pines, scramble among the rocks, or peep into the abysses of the waterfalls; and so, instead of lingering to contemplate the view from the Righi, I felt excited by what I saw of it, to march immediately into the interior recesses of the great array of mountains it presented to my view.

After breakfast, we took the descent leisurely in the direction of Küssnacht. We passed through multitudes of the beautiful fawn-coloured cattle fed on this mountain—amounting to several thousands in number. A large proportion of the hill-fed cattle of Switzerland have bells suspended by their necks, for the better tracking of their course when they wander from the herd. These are not the little tinkling instruments with which we adorn a bell-wether, but huge sonorous things as large and as loud as a dinner-bell. Hence, when one comes, as is not unfrequently the case, on a herd of several hundreds grazing in a narrow glen, the effect is most bewildering; it is as if half the church steeples in Europe had taken to dancing a saraband together. Almost at the termination of the descent there is a grey old ruin, which tradition marks as the fortalice of Gesler. We here made a slight detour to visit the place where the tyrant is said to have been shot, and where a chapel is dedicated to the act of wild justice. The spot is still what tradition describes it to have been when the deed was done—a deep rutty path, with abrupt banks surmounted by trees and brushwood, behind which the archer awaited his enemy. So completely does it still answer the description, that one is apt to suspect it to have been tampered with, for the trees that shaded Tell must by this time have disappeared, or would have been gnarled and venerable with age, whereas those which now occupy the spot seem fresh and young. Over the door of the chapel is a rude representation of the scene of violence. Within the walls so singularly consecrated we were importuned by beggars; it seemed a strange spot for a Swiss to choose for the exhibition of the most degrading national characteristic. In Küssnacht there is a church not large but venerable, and in a chapel adjoining lie several skulls rotting on the floor. It was past noon when we left this village, and we wandered from it along the pleasant banks of the lake till we reached Lucerne, where we spent the evening.

NORTHERN COLLIERIES.

THIRD ARTICLE.

In no collieries in the world has the practice of ventilation been more scientifically investigated and carried out than in those of Newcastle. In most other coal-mining districts it is a matter little understood and less enforced. Nor, indeed, is it so essentially brought under notice in any coal-field as in the northern; for the very magnitude of the mines and the mining interests renders the keenest attention to this subject absolutely indispensable to the daily existence of the pits in a working condition. I will endeavour, as briefly as may be, to notice the main features of the scheme, although, from its technical nature, I can scarcely hope to make it more than generally understood here. It is probably well known that the object of the ventilating system is to clear the pit of the noxious gases exhaling from the coal, and thereby to enable the miners to exist and breathe freely in the remotest parts of the mine; as also to enable them, under certain restrictions, to employ candles and lights without danger of producing explosions.

The chief component part of inflammable pit-gases is carbureted hydrogen gas, mixed with unequal quantities of olefiant, carbonic acid, nitrogen, and other gases. They exhibit a very different degree of inflammability when mixed with atmospheric air, according to the different proportions they contain of nitrogen, carbonic acid, and olefiant gases. The first two gases diminish, the last increases, their inflammability. The larger the amount of atmospheric air with which they can be mixed without losing their detonating power, the more dangerous are the explosive mixtures formed by them in coal-mines. Sir Humphry Davy found the most readily-explosive mixture of fire-damp with common air to be one measure of the inflammable gas to seven or eight of air.

As the pits in this great coal district abound in the inflammable gases, it is absolutely essential to adopt the most perfect system of ventilation that can be devised; and on this point the industry and ingenuity of the most eminent colliery superintendants appear to have been concentrated. The main and general principles which have been carried out into their existing detailed system by the improvements of John Buddle, Esq., and other experienced viewers, may be said to resolve themselves into these four particulars:—

1. The downcast shaft. 2. The upcast shaft. 3. The free course for the entrance, transit, and exit of the atmospheric air. 4. The rarefying furnace (placed at the bottom of the upcast shaft).

If these four *desiderata* be supplied, the ventilating system may be considered as nearly perfect as possible. The agent of the ventilation is the difference between the weights of two columns of air, one of which is at the natural temperature, and the other rarefied by the heat of the furnace; and this furnace, to *draw* the foul air through the shafts and passages, is the grand engine of ventilation. The furnace is usually five or six feet wide, and is placed at some little distance from the bottom of the shaft. It is constantly burning, and repeatedly supplied with coal, and over it the return air passes by day and by night. If, however, the returns become so impregnated with the inflammable gases that they would take fire at the furnace, they are in that case conducted *over* the furnace in a separate closed channel, called a "dumb furnace," so as to enter the shaft some distance above the place where the fiery furnace enters it. By this very ingenious method a full draught is produced, as in a common chimney, without incurring any risk of explosion.

It may be, I trust, understood from this brief notice, that the great object to be accomplished in endeavouring thoroughly to ventilate a coal-pit, is to cause the currents of pure air to go through the mine in much the same way as a human being would do who was desirous of exploring every corner of it. To induce the air to perform this journey, it is coaxed and wheedled round corner after corner, up this passage and down that, by all the means that can be devised to act upon it. It is astonishing to witness the varied contrivances for securing its presence or turning it off, as if it were a stream of water flowing down a moderate inclination. Sometimes it is desired to force it up one-half or side of a passage, and to make it return by the other half or side; and this is accomplished by the erection of a wooden partition all along the passage. By the same means, also, it may be made to fork into two distinct splits, one pursuing its course to the right and the other to the left. By the aid of the crossings or arches, it may even be compelled to perform a summerset, and to adopt almost any course and shape. When it is necessary to put a stop to the flow of a current of air in any of the main-ways of the mine, through which there is a constant transit going forward, there are erected wooden doors, generally called "trap-doors," and these are opened and closed by children of from seven to ten years of age, who sit behind them, all the time that the pit is at work, for that purpose. There are also some other kinds of doors occasionally employed in less important places in the mine, which are not attended by any one.

Upon the quantity of air passing along the main air-course, chiefly depends the safety of a fiery mine. The superintendants, therefore, are constantly watchful of the supply, and its measure is sometimes taken. It has been asserted, on good authority, as a general rule, that, in extensive mines, a current of little more than three feet per second can be calculated upon. The mode of ascertaining these measurements is by timing the rate of travel of the smoke of a few grains of exploded gunpowder, and less accurately by the state of the flame of a candle, in walking at certain rates of speed.

When the steel mill was the only kind of light used in mines, it was found very difficult to see at all in the deeper recesses of the workings, where, from the greater discharge of gas, the sparks of the mill sometimes seemed to fall like drops of blood, with a slow motion. The Davy lamp, however, affords a tolerable light, and may be safely taken where the steel mill could not be allowed. Most persons are aware that a Davy lamp consists of a wick fed with oil, enclosed in a wire-gauze cylinder, the apertures of the wire-gauze being extremely small, at least 625 to the square inch. It was discovered by Sir Humphry Davy (although the priority of the discovery is not indisputable) that flame would not pass through these apertures. Within this cylinder, when the fire-damp encompassing it is to the air as 1 to 12, the flame of the wick is seen surrounded by the feeble blue flame of the gas. When the proportion is as 1 to 5, 6, or 7, the cylinder is filled with the flame of the fire-damp; but though the wire-gauze becomes red-hot, the exterior air, even when explosive, is not kindled. The lamp is therefore safe in the most dangerous atmospheres. Its safety depends upon the cooling agency of the wire-gauze exerted on the portion of gas burning within the cylinder. Although I found the perfect safety of this lamp to be assumed by nearly all the viewers of the northern collieries—which fact would appear to be a very strong evidence in its favour—yet by many persons this is not considered to be sufficiently established. After lengthened inquiries and conversations with the best authorities on both sides, I am inclined to conclude, that still more cogent proofs of insufficiency than have hitherto been adduced are requisite to overturn our faith in the original Davy lamp.

The subject of accidents in coal mines is palpably one of the very highest moment. In Mr Leifchild's Report is presented a detailed list of the accidents which have occurred in pits in the Tyne and Wear district from 1799 to May 1841; and although, from the exceeding difficulty of obtaining statistical accounts in the collieries, I have little doubt that it is incomplete, yet in this it appears that, at the least, *fifteen hundred lives have been sacrificed* in this space of little more than forty years. The majority of these have been lost by explosions, and not a large proportion by ordinary casualties. Independently of carelessness on the part of men and boys, there are natural causes productive of these catastrophes. The ventilation of a pit may be sufficient on one day and not on another; for a change in the state or temperature of the common atmosphere will necessarily alter the efficiency of the ventilating current. In the recesses of deep mines, where the gas is naturally the most rapidly generated, the temperature would seem to continue nearly uniform throughout the entire year. When, therefore, the air of the day is warmer, and consequently more rarefied than that of the mine, it has no natural tendency to rush into the shaft. On the contrary, however, an increased coldness in the air of the day causes the heavier atmosphere to descend the shaft, and the warmer current to escape from it. Now, an analysis of 71 explosions, causing an aggregate loss of nearly 1000 lives, has proved that 8 of these catastrophes occurred in winter, 13 in spring, 20 in summer, and the remaining 30 in autumn. In these cases, therefore, it is extremely probable that the temperature of the atmosphere had a very close connexion with the derangement of the ventilation. The gases of the mine have been found to be contained, for the most part, in crevices which open upon the coal. The fissures of the roof are in some places very extensive, and may be considered as natural gasometers, out of which the gas, not having any outlet, is exuded by the process of distillation going on from the coal to an almost incredible extent. The resistance to this issue lies in the quantity of rock or coal by which it is pent back; and also, when the quantity is very trifling, or none, to the pressure of the atmosphere. When, therefore, a sudden depression in the mercury takes place (a change which has been so frequently noticed to precede explosions, that it would seem to afford an excellent warning for the necessity of active precautions), the feeders of gas, which were before in a manner dammed back by the pressure of the air, are permitted to issue and vitiate the circulating current of ventilating air, which now moves but sluggishly. Upon this vitiation increasing to the explosive point, the pit is in imminent danger. In addition to the natural causes of explosions, there exists the carelessness of the men, and particularly the carelessness of the little boys who have charge of the trap-doors mentioned above. These children, when tending very important doors, have nearly the sole responsibility of the safety of the mine. The neglect of their duty or the leaving open of a principal trap-door for a short period, would entirely derange the ventilation, first in that particular district of the mine, and subsequently in the whole of it. It may easily be conceived, that a dull child of eight or nine years of age can scarcely be brought to comprehend the enormous weight of responsibility that rests upon him. Out of some scores that I examined at length upon these points, I found scarcely one that was at all sensible of it.

During my inspections of the collieries, I was engaged one Friday afternoon at Willington colliery, and had deemed it desirable to descend the pit and inspect the children at work, which I could not then do until the following Monday, as the Friday's work was nearly finished, and the Saturday was pay-day, and consequently a non-working day. I therefore arranged to descend on the Monday following. Fortunately for me, after-circumstances rendered my presence in another pit desirable. I say fortunately, inasmuch as on the Monday, April 19, 1841, at a quarter past one P. M., a terrific explosion blew the mine almost to pieces (as one of the survivors observed), and sacrificed the lives of *thirty-two persons!* I was at the scene of the catastrophe as soon as possible after its occurrence, and arrangements were kindly made for my descent. When I arrived at the bottom, I was perfectly astonished at the tremendous havoc caused, and the confusion of every thing around me. Nor was it altogether a scene of safety; for the recurrence of an explosion—not an unusual event after such an accident—and more especially a fall of stones from the roof, would have added me to the list of killed. To advance a single yard, I was compelled to follow my guide by scrambling over enormous masses of fallen stone, closing up half and sometimes nearly two-thirds of the height of the passage. The feeble light of the Davy was insufficient to prevent me from bruising myself most cruelly at times. One foot was frequently on a piece of sharp stone, while the other was in contact with some shivered fragments of waggons, or in a puddle of mud, caused by the vast quantity of water thrown down the pit to extinguish the fire, which at one time raged in the stables, near the shaft bottom. These unpleasantnesses, however, I did not consider so grievous as the sudden contact into which a fall placed me with a softer substance, which my elevated Davy discovered to me to be a dead horse; the hair of the animal seemed to be almost entirely singed off. A few yards farther, I encountered a body of men engaged in a mournful search for one of the four dead bodies as yet unrecovered. They had discovered the jacket of a poor missing boy when I arrived, and were engaged in deducing inferences from its position and

condition as to the locality of the body. After my return to open day, I called at the houses of most of the bereaved relatives, and glanced at the bodies of the sufferers. Those who had been killed by the "stythe," or after-damp, appeared as if they had been suffocated. The face of one of them, a little boy, exhibited a serenity almost resembling that of pleasing sleep. But when I cast my eyes on the corpses of some who had been the immediate victims of the effects of the explosion, I was truly horrified. In fact, a more impressive and revolting sight than that presented by one or two of these could not be conceived. Faces blackened to the hue of coal itself, and features almost obliterated, were of the worst. One body appeared very much like a mass of charred wood, in which but little resemblance to the form of a human being could be traced; and the countenances of some others were most fearfully distorted. Recollections of the terrific appearance of some of these bodies haunted me for many weeks afterwards, and caused me deeply to rue my curiosity.

THE PUZZLED HOUSEWIFE.

[The following sketch by Miss Sedgwick, though applying to American ladies, cannot be read without advantage in our own country, where reversal of fortune is unhappily too often experienced, and becomes a cause of domestic distresses. We copy from an American periodical.]

We have now, my young friends, to consider the domestic education of such of you as are the daughters of our rich merchants, successful professional men, or men of inherited fortune. If you are so fortunate as to live in the country, you will probably learn domestic economy from the necessity of your condition. Your opportunities of instruction may not be quite equal to Mary Bond's; but from the imperfections of our domestic service, from the incompetence of domestics, and the occasional impossibility of obtaining them, either the family wheels must sometimes stand still, or you must put your shoulder to them. Depend upon it, that if you are totally ignorant of domestic affairs, you are nearly as unfit to be a wife and mother as if you were lame in both feet and hands.

But what shall we say to those unfortunate young persons who, bred up in luxurious establishments in town, are cut off from accidental and irresistible opportunities of acquiring a knowledge of domestic affairs? They are as ignorant of domestic processes as is the lily, that neither spins nor weaves, of the modes by which it is more gorgeously arrayed than Solomon in all his glory.

This ignorance is all but an inevitable misfortune. There is an intrinsic difficulty in the case. All the arrangements of a town establishment, and all the arrangements of a town life, presuppose that the *ladies* of the house are to do nothing.

Such ladies may be so fortunate as to secure competent, well-instructed, and faithful domestics, but such are rare birds in our land; and those to whose share they do not fall, must make up their account to having sometimes confusion and disorder in their establishments, to neglected children and displeased husbands, to finding they have been imposed upon, or, what is far more painful, that they have been unjust to their domestics. How is this to be avoided? Only by an all-conquering sense of duty on the part of the parent, or by the combined sense and virtue of *self-training* daughters.

To show the disastrous and mortifying consequence of omitting this must have on a girl's education, we publish extracts from the letter of an accomplished friend, who, after keeping house for twelve years at New York, removed soon after a commercial crisis to one of the Western States.

After describing the richness and exquisite beauty of the country about her, and the change in her husband from extreme dejection to cheerfulness, in consequence of the happy change in his pecuniary prospects, she says—"But what does all this avail me? I am a miserable, mortified woman. Don't be alarmed by my language. I have not yet broken any of the laws of the land, nor lost my husband's affections, though I am sure I deserve to lose them; but read on and pity me. You know I determined to be virtuously economical, so I brought but two servants with me. This was rather a reduction from my usual establishment of six; but our fortune was reduced, and I wished to conform to my husband's circumstances. Anne was to be my woman of all work; she was country bred, and highly recommended; and the other, Rose O'Brien, was to be my children's nurse.

We sent on Anne some weeks before us to unpack the furniture, and get the house in order; and when we arrived, in nice order it was. Anne had found time for courtship; and the very day we arrived, she set off to be married to a young farmer at the head of the river.

I submitted; I could do nothing else. Rose had been brought up to nursery work, and was almost as ignorant as myself of all other household work; and besides, my hands were almost full with my baby, who was cutting her eye-teeth.

The first morning after our arrival, I determined to be energetic, and do my best to make my family comfortable till I could supply Anne's place; so I hurried on my dressing-gown, and went down to the kitchen to make the coffee. But how was it to be made? I ran up to ask Rose. She had 'always seen it made in a greeque;' so had I, but we had none. I thought that if I let it soak long enough in boiling water, it would be as good as if poured through a greeque. Accordingly, I soaked it till I had everything else ready. Anne had left some nice little trout all prepared to fry. I put them in a utensil that I knew was called a frying-pan, and there they dried away to a coal. In attempting to cut the bread, I cut my thumb; it has been ever since nearly useless to me.

'What stuff is that?' asked my husband, when I poured out the coffee. I burst into tears, and confessed my ignorance. 'You should have boiled it, my dear,' he said. The next morning I did boil it, but it was so thick it could not be drank. *How* to clarify it none of us knew—we drank tea for the present. I have my beds to make, my rooms to sweep, and my tables to set; but I am well and strong, and should not mind it (but I really feel the better for the exercise), if I knew how. Anne left us a large baking of bread. I looked forward with dismay to the time when that should be eaten up. We were reduced to the last loaf, and I begged my husband to ride over to the nearest neighbour (two miles) and get me some leaven; for I knew that bread required leaven, though I did not know how to make it, and unfortunately my receipt-book was in a package of books not yet arrived.

The good dame sent me some hard, bitter cakes, which she called 'turnpike emptyings.' How to apply them I did not know, but I grated them into my flour, and I rose in my esteem; but, alas! my bread did not rise! You laugh, my dear friend; I laugh, too, sometimes; but I assure you that I cry much oftener. All day and all night I waited for the dough to rise. In the morning it was the same lump as when I mixed it. My husband suggested it might rise in the oven; this seemed to me a bright thought, and into the oven it went; but, alas! it came out even more solid than it went in. My children were actually crying for bread, and I had little better than a stone to give them. I went to my room. My beautiful Petrarca was lying on the table. I looked at it for a moment with a sort of loathing. I would gladly have given all my knowledge of Italian, of which I have felt proud, to know how to make bread.

While I was lamenting my good-for-nothingness, my husband came in, and asked if he should unpack my piano. 'No, no,' I cried; 'I never will touch my piano again till I know how to make bread. Get me a horse if you love me, and let me ride over to that woman, and ask what she meant by sending those detestable *turnpike* emptyings.' By the time I got to Mrs Gates's my feelings were somewhat subdued, so that I asked very meekly for directions how to use the *turnpikes*.

'Gracious me!' exclaimed the good woman; 'I thought you knew as much as that!' I blushingly confessed I did not, and she gave me the directions. I went home, kneaded up my bread, and that evening's meal on the nice light loaf of my own making was, it seems to me, one of the happiest of my life.

My greatest difficulty was overcome; but every day and hour I experience the evil of my ignorance. I have obtained a raw help-woman. She is strong and willing, but ignorant. If I only knew how to direct, she could execute. Yesterday my husband had some pork sent to him. I, without much reflection, expected it to come as from the market, all cut up and prepared; but to my utter horror, the animals were whole. I am sure the family, consisting of my husband, myself, Pat, Biddy, and Rose, in joint council over the swine, were a group for Hogarth.

Ah! my friend, 'you who live at home at ease' little know the trials of *ladies* in the West. My husband had last week to go to Chicago to meet some gentlemen from Philadelphia on business. 'Those shirts,' said he, showing me the linen done up (undone rather) by Biddy, 'are too bad to go among civilised people. Could you contrive, my dear wife, to have one or two decently ironed for me?'

I faintly answered, 'Yes.' Biddy is quite competent to washing, so I gave her my orders, and then asked Rose, as a particular favour, to iron the shirts. She replied, pettishly, 'that she could not do every thing;' and I, not accustomed, you know, to submit to any impertinence from my people, retorted sharply. The consequence was that she fell to crying. 'If she could not plase me,' she said, 'she could lave me; it was Anne had invited her to come and live all the same as a sister with her, and sure that would be more plasing than living at service, and not giving satisfaction; there was no need of living a servant any way in a new country where there was room for all, and plenty.'

I am wearying you, but I must write of what my hands and heart are full. I ironed the shirts myself. What a labour it was! How often I thought of the weekly replenishing of my presses with clean clothes, never bestowing one thought on the labour they cost. My ironing turned out better than I hoped. I took infinite pains, you may be sure; and when I felt the glow of success, and my husband thanked me heartily, I fell to a little moralising, and came to the conclusion, that the humblest service may receive a certain dignity from the motives and feelings that attended them.

The great domestic problem at present to be solved, is how I shall provide my family with soap. I have abundant materials left by the squatters on our place, but, though I have attended three courses of chemical lectures, I know no better than Biddy does how they should be combined; and she could as easily transmute lead to gold as ashes and fat to soap.

My prospects, however, are brightening. Mrs Gates has promised to *lend* me her daughter Louisa for a month. She is to instruct Biddy and *me*. Louisa is what I now call an *accomplished girl*. Depend on it, the meaning of terms changes with our experience. At this moment I would give my accomplishments—all my knowledge of French, Italian, and music, for Louisa Gates's ability. You will say, perhaps, that I exaggerate their importance, owing to my present unfortunate position. Believe me, my friend, it can scarcely be exaggerated. A wife must be responsible for the domestic comfort of her husband and children. It is important to our concerns that my husband should give all his time to his own department of business; but he is every day interrupted by some domestic necessity that I do not know how to supply, or some petty embarrassment that I cannot relieve. I feel that I am not a *help-meet* to him. He has not home comforts. He is most kind and forbearing, and I am doing what can be done at my age to rectify the errors in my education."

In justice to the writer of the foregoing, I shall give a short extract from a letter written by her after a residence in "the west" of some four or five years.

"You who were informed of all our domestic difficulties in which I was involved by my ignorance, when I first came, would be delighted now to see how comfortably I get on. I thought, for some time, it was impossible to have any domestic comfort in the west; but 'impossible,' if not, as Napoleon said, 'the adjective of fools,' is that of imbeciles. I was determined, as far as I could, to make my husband and my children comfortable, and I resigned myself to being a household drudge for the rest of my life.

Household work cannot, as some imagine, be done extempore, nor is there a royal road to domestic economy any more than to any other art or science. I often failed, but I learned from failure as well as from success. Practice made that easy which at first seemed impossible. I can now despatch a bit of work in the time I at first consumed in sighing over it, and I often find my hands are performing their work like machinery, while my mind is wandering over earth, sea, and skies. What a wonder-worker is habit! When we cannot obtain domestics, we do not now suffer. Such occasions are, however, rare. I now know how to direct them. They are well called 'hand;' the employment must be 'head' to them. And now, my dear friend, those branches of my education which, in my first despair, I thought utterly lost upon me, have assumed their right position, and household drudgery takes its subordinate place.

When I know that the material wants of my family are provided for, I devote myself to the intellectual education of my children; and here, far from schools and masters, I pour into their minds the knowledge I acquired in my youth.

Conscious that I do not neglect their domestic education, I feel that I have a right to impart to them my accomplishments; and those accomplishments that, when I first came here, seemed to me a mockery, somewhat like an imperial robe to a wretch starving for bread, are now the solace and delight of my family. Surrounded as you are by all the luxuries of civilisation, I will venture to say that you can have no conception of the enjoyment of a piano in 'the west.' It is a social blessing. I cannot believe that an Italian opera ever gave more genuine delight, than do our little family concerts. Kate plays duets with me on the piano, and my husband accompanies with his flute little Molly's guitar. Of course my girls have had no teacher but myself. You who can see every day fine pictures and engravings, can hardly imagine our excitement, when one of my girls has made an accurate sketch from nature, or copied a wild flower well. As to books, from the Bible, first and best, down to the last periodical which the post brings us, you must be cut off from the civilised world as we are to know their full value. Think what it is, during our long days and evenings of unbroken leisure, to be in intimate communion with such spirits as Milton, Dante, Petrarch, Fenelon, and Cervantes. How often do I bless the education which enabled me to make acquaintance with these authors, and to introduce my children to them.

And now I feel the full value of my late domestic education, which enables me to enjoy, with a quiet conscience, the high and elegant pursuits for which my early instruction alone qualified me."

SIR EDWARD L. BULWER'S POEMS.*

Numerous poetical failures having established the fact that a successful writer of prose, even where a brilliant imagination is one of his admitted characteristics, is not by consequence a good poet, we took up Sir E. L. Bulwer's recent and first unmixed volume of verse, without any positive expectations as to the quality of its contents. We have been much pleased, however, with the work, and, on reflection, conceive it to be such a one as might have been looked for from his very popular pen. The pieces are thoughtful, polished, and epigrammatic; and, as such, will by no means tend to lower the reputation of their author. At the same time, they certainly show his mind to be deficient, on the whole, in "the inspiration and faculty divine," which is often recognisable in the lays that issue from the lowly cot, while unapparent in the emanations of intellects confessedly powerful and tho roughly accomplished. The strains before us are not spontaneous outbursts of feeling, such as flow irrepressibly from the genuine poet of nature, and have their source in an extreme sensibility to her beauties. It is not the daisy by the wayside that awakens the muse of Sir E. L. Bulwer, but an "incident" in some one's memoirs, or a "thought" caught from the stores of the scholar's library. Nevertheless, such as they are, many of his pieces are very beautiful; and this an extract or two will satisfactorily prove.

The following poem seems to us filled with thoughts of a very lofty description:—

THE SOULS OF BOOKS.

Sit here and muse!—it is an antique room—
High-roof'd, with casements, through whose purple pane
Unwilling Daylight stealing through the gloom,
Comes like a fearful stranger.
There THEY reign
(In loftier pomp than waking life had known),
The Kings of Thought!—not crown'd until the grave.
When Agamemnon sinks into the tomb,
The beggar Homer mounts the Monarch's throne!
Ye ever-living and imperial Souls,
Who rule us from the page in which ye breathe,
All that divide us from the clod ye gave!—
Law—Order—Love—Intelligence—the sense
Of Beauty—Music and the Minstrel's wreath!—
What were our wanderings if without your goals?
As air and light, the glory ye dispense
Becomes our being—who of us can tell
What he had been, had Cadmus never taught
To man the magic that embalms the thought—

* Eva, a True Story, and other Tales and Poems, by Sir E. L. Bulwer, Bart. London: Saunders and Otley. 1842.

Had Plato never spoken from his cell,
Or his high harp blind Homer never strung?—
Kinder all earth hath grown since genial Shakspeare sung!

Hark! while we muse, without the walls is heard
The various murmur of the labouring crowd.
How still, within those archive-cells interr'd,
The Calm Ones reign!—and yet they rouse the loud
Passions and tumults of the circling world!
From them how many a youthful Tully caught
The zest and ardour of the eager Bar;
From them how many a young Ambition sought
Gay meteors glancing o'er the sands afar—
By them each restless wing has been unfurl'd,
And their ghosts urge each rival's rushing car!
They made yon Preacher zealous for the truth;
They made yon Poet wistful for the star;
Gave Age its pastime—fired the cheek of Youth—
The unseen sires of all our beings are.

And now so still! This, Cicero, is thy heart;
I hear it beating through each purple line.
This is thyself, Anacreon—yet, thou art
Wreath'd, as in Athens, with the Cnidian Vine.
I ope thy pages, Milton, and, behold,
Thy spirit meets me in the haunted ground!—
Sublime and eloquent, as while, of old,
"It flamed and sparkled in its crystal bound;"*
These *are* yourselves—your life of life! The Wise
(Minstrel or Sage), *out* of their books, are clay;
But *in* their books, as from their graves, they rise
Angels—that, side by side, upon our way,
Walk with and warn us!
Hark! the world so loud,
And *they*, the movers of the world, so still!

All books grow homilies by time; they are
Temples at once and Landmarks. In them, we—
Who *but* for them, upon that inch of ground
We call "THE PRESENT," from the cell could see
No daylight trembling on the dungeon bar—
Turn, as we list, the globe's great axle round,
Traverse all space, and number every star,
And feel the Near less household than the Far!
There is no Past, so long as Books shall live!
A disinterr'd Pompeii wakes again
For him who seeks yon well; lost cities give
Up their untarnish'd wonders, and the reign
Of Jove revives, and Saturn:—At our will
Rise dome and tower, on Delphi's sacred hill;
Bloom Cimon's trees in Academe;†—along
Leucadia's headland sighs the Lesbian's song;
With Egypt's Queen once more we sail the Nile,
And learn how worlds are barter'd for a smile;—
Rise up, ye walls, with gardens blooming o'er,
Ope but that page—lo! Babylon once more!

Ye make the Past our heritage and home;
And is this all? No; by each prophet-sage—
No; by the herald souls that Greece and Rome
Sent forth, like hymns, to greet the Morning Star
That rose on Bethlehem—by thy golden page,
Melodious Plato—by thy solemn dreams,
World-wearied Tully!—and, above ye all,
By THIS, the Everlasting Monument
Of God to mortals, on whose front the beams
Flash glory-breathing day—our lights ye are
To the dark Bourne beyond; in you are sent
The types of Truths whose life is THE TO-COME;
In you soars up the Adam from the fall;
In you the FUTURE as the PAST is given—
Ev'n in our death ye bid us hail our birth:—
Unfold these pages, and behold the Heaven,
Without one grave-stone left upon the Earth!

We wish that our space would permit of a specimen of some of the larger pieces in the volume before us, such as "The Ill-Omened Marriage," "Eva," and "The Lay of the Beacon;" but these are in the shape of stories, and to take a short passage from any of them would be to offer a brick as a specimen of the architectural beauty of a building. We must therefore give another of the smaller pieces, and it shall be one addressed

TO A WITHERED TREE IN JUNE.

Desolate tree, why are thy branches bare?
What hast thou done,
To win strange winter from the summer air,
Frost from the sun?
Thou wert not churlish in thy palmier year
Unto the herd;
Tenderly gav'st thou shelter to the deer,
Home to the bird!
And ever, once, the earliest of the grove,
Thy smiles were gay;
Opening thy blossoms with the haste of love
To the young May.
Then did the bees, and all the insect wings,
Around thee gleam;
Fearless and darling of the gilded things,
That dwell i' the beam
Thy liberal course, poor prodigal, is sped!
How lonely now!
How bird and bee, light parasites, have fled
The leafless bough!
Tell me, sad tree, why are thy branches bare?
What hast thou done,
To win strange winter from the summer air,
Frost from the sun?
"Never," replied that forest hermit lone,
(Old truth and endless!)
"Never for evil done, but fortune flown,
Are we left friendless.
Yet, wholly, nor for winter nor for storm
Doth love depart:
We are not all forsaken till the worm
Creeps to the heart!
Ah, nought without—within thee, if decay—
Can heal for hurt thee!
Nor boots it if thy heart itself betray,
Who may desert thee!"

The polish and beauty of these verses must be admitted by every reader. Sir E. L. Bulwer's volume is characterised by the same graces throughout; and though, as has been said, elaboration is too apparent in these pieces, they assuredly do honour to their author as an accomplished man of letters, if they do not stamp him as of the genuine sons of song.

* Comus. † Plut. in Vit. Cim.

IRISH LABOURERS IN PARIS.

THE following occurs in a sketchy production entitled "France Daguerreotyped":—

"The great multiplicity of labourers required for the fortifications of Paris, and the comparative scarcity of French labourers as compared with the soil which they have to cultivate, occasioned directions to be some time since transmitted to the French consul at Dublin to ascertain whether any disposable number of Irish labourers could be induced to proceed to Paris, with a certainty of procuring regular employment for at least a year to come. The result, as may readily be conceived, was that a number of the 'finest peasantry' jumped at the offer as nimbly as a salmon-trout at a summer fly. Under the special superintendence of the consul, they were shipped in disorder and ragged condition for Havre, felicitating themselves on the gentility of the excursion, and the unlooked-for opportunity of 'makin' the *tower* to France all as one as the foremost quollity—and that upon *vilvit*, and be paid for their pleasurin' into the bargain!' Since the memorable period when the immortal hero of the gridiron, 'bein' in distress in regard of the 'aitin', thought a solitary '*Parley voo Fransay?*' a passport to all the mysteries of the French mind, nothing more *bizarre* and provocative of laughter has been witnessed than the landing of these stray sons of St Patrick at Havre, and their journey on foot to Paris. It was my lot to meet with one of them in the centre of the Palais Royal, at the magnificent Galerie d'Orléans. There he stood beneath the splendid glass roof, reflected in a hundred mirrors along the walls, stared at by scores of mustachioed loungers, and giggled at by a dozen *magasin-grisettes* in their exquisitely *soigneuses* toilets, looking like houris in a paradise. Paddy had changed in no respect the costume of his native hills. The corduroy smalls were patched and repatched, yet broken at the knees. The buttons enjoyed a sinecure 'for convaynience;' the long strings which held the place of knee-buckles fluttered down to the ankle. Like Lord Hamlet, he appeared in the midst of that emporium of fashion

—'With his doublet all unbraced,
No *hat* upon his head,'

but a very stunted and straw-bound *caubeen*, with the immemorial short and blackened pipe stuck on the dexter side; and to complete the parallel, Pat had

—'His stockings fouled,
Ungartered, and down gyved to his ankle.'

When to this I add that his hardy and sinewy leg was thickly matted with hair of a dusky hue, and that his face was bespread with some ten days' growth of beard of a foxy-brown colour; that his brogues, loosened by the journey, were made fast around the instep by hay ropes; that his coat was of aboriginal blue frieze; and that in his hand he wielded a stout 'alpeen,' which had been his firm support for many a rood—I need scarcely wind up his resemblance to the Danish prince by saying that he was 'the observed of all observers!' When I first espied him in that attitude of upward gazing, which, according to philosophers, distinguishes man from the beast (a distinguishing characteristic which is sometimes very requisite), I drew closer to him, impelled by an irresistible curiosity, and was no little astonished at hearing him ejaculate, 'Holy Vargin, if that disn't bang Banagher. Eh, then, *it's with glass they thatches their houses in Paris!*'"

A JOB FOR YOUNGER SONS.

THE following quiz on the difficulty of finding situations for younger sons, is from a series of clever papers in the "Dublin University Magazine:"—

"Douglas Jerrold, in his amusing book, 'Cakes and Ale,' quotes an exquisite essay written to prove the sufficiency of thirty pounds a-year for all a man's daily wants and comforts—allowing at least five shillings a quarter for the conversion of the Jews—and in which every outlay is so nicely calculated, that it must be wilful eccentricity if the pauper gentleman, at the end of the year, either owes a shilling or has one. To say the least of it, this is close shaving; and as I detest experimental philosophy, I'd rather not try it. At the same time, in this age of general glut, when all professions are overstocked—when you might pave the strand with parsons' skulls, and thatch your barn with the surplus of the college of physicians; when there are neither waste lands to till and give us ague and typhus, nor war to thin us, what are we to do? The subdivision of labour in every walk in life has been carried to its utmost limits: if it take nine tailors to make a man, it takes nine men to make a needle. Even in the learned professions, as they are called, this system is carried out; and as you have a lawyer for equity, another for the Common Pleas, a third for the Old Bailey, &c., so your doctor, now-a-days, has split up his art, and one man takes charge of your teeth, another has the eye department, another the ear, a fourth looks after your corns; so that, in fact, the complex machinery of your structure strikes you as admirably adapted to give employment to an ingenious and anxious population, who, until our present civilisation, never dreamt of morselling out mankind for their benefit.

As to commerce, our late experiences have chiefly pointed to the pleasure of trading with nations who won't pay their debts, like the Yankees. There is, then, little encouragement in that quarter. What, then, remains, I scarcely know. The united services are pleasant, but poor things by way of a provision for life. Coach-driving, that admirable refuge for the destitute, has been smashed by the rail-roads—and there is a kind of prejudice against a man of family sweeping the crossings. For my own part, I lean to something dignified and respectable—something that does not compromise 'the cloth,' and which, without being absolutely a sinecure, never exacts any undue or extraordinary exertion—driving a hearse, for instance; even this, however, is greatly run upon; and the cholera, at its departure, threw very many out of employment. However, the question is, What can a man of small means do with his son? Short whist is a very snug thing, if a man have natural gifts—that happy conformation of the fingers, that ample range of vision that takes in every thing around. But I must not suppose these by any means general, and I legislate for the mass. The turf has also the same difficulties—so has toad-eating—indeed, these three walks might be included among the learned professions.

As to railroads, I'm sick of hearing of them for the last three years. Every family in the empire has at least one civil engineer within its precincts; and I'm confident, if their sides were as hard as their skulls, you could make sleepers for the whole Grand Junction by merely decimating the unemployed.

Tax collecting does, to be sure, offer some little prospect; but that won't last. Indeed, the very working of the process will limit the advantages of this opening—gradually converting all the payers into paupers. Now, I have meditated long and anxiously on the subject, conversing with others whose opportunities of knowing the world were considerable, but never could I find that ingenuity opened any new path, without its being so instantaneously overstocked that competition alone denied every chance of success.

N.B.—I have just read over the preceding to my old friend Mr Synnet, of Mulloglass, whose deep knowledge of the world makes him no mean critic on such a subject. His words are these:—

'There is some truth in what you remark—the world is too full of us. There is, however, a very nice walk in life much neglected.'

'And what may that be?' said I, eagerly.

'The mortgagee,' replied he, sententiously.

'I don't perfectly comprehend.'

'Well, well! what I mean is this: suppose, now, you have only a couple of thousand pounds to leave your son—maybe you have not more than a single thousand—now, my advice is, not to squander your fortune in any such absurdity as a learned profession, a commission in the line, or any other miserable existence, but just look about you, in the west of Ireland, for the fellow that has the best house, the best cellar, the best cook, and the best stable. He is sure to want money, and will be delighted to get a loan. Lend it him; make hard terms, of course. For this—as you are never to be paid—the obligation of your forbearance will be the greater. Now, mark me; from the day the deed is signed, you have snug quarters in Galway, not only in your friend's house, but among all his relations—Blakes, Burkes, Bodkins, Kirwans, &c. to no end; you have the run of the whole concern—the best of living, great drink, and hunting in abundance. You must talk of the loan now and then, just to jog their memory; but be always 'too much the gentleman' to ask for your money; and it will even go hard but from sheer popularity they'll make you member for the county. This is the only new thing in the way of a career I know of, and I have great pleasure in throwing out the suggestion for the benefit of younger sons.'"

ETIQUETTE OF SPANISH MONARCHS AT TABLE.

At the principal festivals of the year, for example, at Easter, their majesties are accustomed to eat in public, on which occasions, with respect to the queen, the following is to be seen and done. The master-cooks set out the table under a canopy, cover it, place the requisite vessels, and spread over all a second cloth. First, there proceed three detachments of the royal body-guard, the sceptre-bearers with their silver and gilded sceptres, the upper intendant of the household and the gentlemen pages, all, except the intendant, bare-headed. As soon as the viands are placed, after the direction of the intendant, the queen is informed, who then appears with her ladies, and takes her seat. A chaplain now comes forward, who blesses the meal, and is commonly presented by the queen with a portion of the best dishes. Company is then admitted to see the queen, but not beyond a stated number, nor of every description. A lady lifts the cover from a dish, a second points it out to the queen, a third lays it before her, except the queen by a slight sign of her head reject it. Commonly, fifteen dishes are served up, besides the entrés and the dessert. The ladies, usually fair and attractive, carry over the shoulder very clean napkins, and conduct themselves very adroitly in their service. If the queen requires any thing to drink, for example, she makes a sign with her head to the first lady, who makes a sign to the lady of the cups; the lady of the cups nods to the chief intendant; the chief intendant to one of the gentlemen pages; and after the sign is made, all make low obeisances to the queen before they pass on the signal. The chief intendant, the page, and an intendant, go to the door; the first receives from the cellar master a large crystal goblet, and holds it with the right hand, and with the left a gilded salver. He returns with the intendant and the page to the lady of the cups, and gives her the goblet and salver. Both advance to the queen with the page, kneel, and offer her to drink. Nothing of the above ceremonial is ever omitted—the presentation of goblet, salver, or glass, the particular mode of taking off and putting on the cover, and of putting every thing back in its place. The proceeding is the same with the dessert and the washing, when the table is removed. The nobles who are present, but not on service, stand at one side of the room, and converse with the ladies as they do with their lovers. Those on service only make low bows, and oggle from a distance. The proceeding is the same when the king eats in public. If he does so the same time with the queen, the attendance and ceremonies are doubled, to the great contentment of the spectators.—*Raumer's History of 16th and 17th Centuries.*

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THE LITERARY PROFESSION.

THE Literary Profession is a wide term. Some one has remarked that there is a ludicrously great disparity between the undermost and topmost of what are called the learned professions—as, between the poor village apothecary and Sir Henry Halford, between the rural pettifogging attorney and the Lord Chancellor, and the humble hedge-parson and the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Pope. It will be acknowledged that there is quite as great a space and as ludicrous a contrast between the village rhymer and Wordsworth, or between the scribbler of stringent letters on small police matters in a country newspaper and the editor of one of the principal reviews. The subject placed at the head of this paper must certainly be considered as a very large and very various one, and therefore not easily to be treated to any purpose in a short space. We, nevertheless, are hopeful of making a few general remarks, which will tell on the cases of many individuals, and help, perhaps, to correct some loose and ill-founded notions of the public mind respecting the profession of the pen.

One great distinction amongst authors now, as amongst authors a hundred or two hundred years ago, is into men of fortune who write from other motives than the desire of making a subsistence, and men of no fortune with whom that is necessarily one of the leading motives of exertion. The first class are to be regarded as amateurs: they are to be praised for their absolute merits, and allowed credit for selecting so elegant a mode of amusing their leisure hours, but they do not in any way affect the condition of the rest. Setting them aside, and considering those only who have looked to letters as a means of gaining a subsistence and advancing themselves in the world, we are struck at the outset by this, that many of them have really attained these objects in an eminent degree. The prevalent notion, amongst many literary men and the public alike, is that of Master Shallow as to his class—"Beggars all, Sir John;" but this is surely a great mistake. We are not aware of a single one of the conspicuous literary men of England of our time, who has not had reason to thank his pen for what it has done for him. Indeed, the literary has been scarcely behind the legal profession during the last age, in respect of the cases of advancement from one grade of society to another which have been achieved by it. Its young adventurers have not secured any peerages, and not very many baronetages or knighthoods; but its disadvantage in this part of the contrast is from a mere formal cause affecting the legal profession. Great lawyers necessarily come into great political situations, in which these honours are matters of course. Great authors are perhaps as well with their honoured names uneclipsed by titles, and the universal esteem in which they are held when their morals are not unworthy of their fame. We have only to run over some of the principal names, and to reflect on the histories connected with them, in order to be assured that the case is as here represented. Sir Walter Scott entered life as the son of a Scottish solicitor, and promised to be nothing better than a sixth-part employed barrister, till his pen brought him place, fortune, and title: had he not unfortunately involved himself in business affairs—for which his original motive was a dread of the precariousness of literary gains—had he trusted, in short, to literary gains alone, he must have died a man worth a hundred thousand pounds, and made good his wish to found a landed and titled family. Mr Campbell, as is generally known, was an unfriended youth studying at a Scottish university, with perhaps only the life of a poor teacher or preacher before him, when his first poem obtained for him friends and fame. He has not perhaps realised wealth, but he has always lived in the style of a gentleman, and moved in the highest circles of society. Messrs Wordsworth and Southey are not remarkable for the gains they have made by literature; but they have been at least able to live as gentlemen, in the indulgence of all their peculiar tastes, especially the love of nature and the love of study, which are just the tastes of all others now-a-days least within the power of men who are not entirely independent. If we are not mistaken, Mr Moore has been raised in fortune by the aid of his muse. It was said, a few years ago, that he enjoyed L.500 per annum on account of one portion of his writings alone; and he has since been endowed with a pension of L.300, the express fruit of his literary merit. The English Tibullus may not be rich; but, amongst the various fates of the sons of Dublin citizens, there are worse than that of enjoying a moderate competency, with the society of the most refined part of the first nation upon earth. Mr Washington Irving was originally a merchant, and did not succeed in business; he devoted himself to letters, and it was only the other day that he attained, unquestionably in consequence of literary distinction, the office of his country's ambassador to Spain. Mr Jeffrey has, we believe, no reason to regret his critical writings. His birth and original prospects were not superior to those of Scott. He is now a man of large fortune, and a judge, fully as much through his literary celebrity as any thing else. The editor of the opposite critical organ is the son of a Scotch clergyman, a respectable degree in society, but not one which endows its children with much fortune: to him literature has given large income as well as personal importance. It is no discredit to him to say that he would have remained comparatively poor, as well as obscure, in his original profession. His early associate, Mr Wilson, has been not less indebted to his literary talents for station and income: let the horde of "the unemployed" who daily pace the Parliament House in Edinburgh, bear witness. Within the last few years we have had an extraordinary example of a rise in affluence and consideration in consequence of literature, in the person of Mr Dickens. Society sees few revolutions in personal fortune greater or more rapid than that which this most meritorious person has passed through since 1836, when he published his first sketches in the Morning Chronicle. He walks the world more in the manner of a Roman conqueror than any man since the days of Rome. Look, again, to Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer—novels written probably in a few weeks, paid at the rate of fifteen hundred pounds each—political arising from literary distinction—a baronetcy! Are these things significant of a miserable profession? In short, it appears that literature, far from being necessarily associated with vexation and penury, is entitled to take no low place amongst the means by which talent raises itself in the world. Nor has it ever been otherwise since there was a printed literature in England. If we look back over the list of those who were more particularly dependent on their literary abilities, we shall find that there have been at all times men rising to opulence, or at least comfort, and to personal distinction, by these means. The position of Johnson, after his early struggles were over, was not an unenviable one. Hume, from almost nothing, raised himself by his writings to considerable wealth, and to high offices which brought him more; so that he died in the enjoyment of a thousand a-year, and left fifteen thousand pounds. Pope got wealth by his muse, and Swift attained to considerable ecclesiastical preferment, though not to what he aimed at—a bishopric. Addison rose to be Secretary of State; and Prior, from a pot-house boy, became, like Irving, an ambassador. Dryden, with such fecundity of brain as he possessed, must have been well enough off, but for the silly woman who called him husband. We do not know much of rare Ben, but may surmise that sottish habits alone prevented him from being a rich fellow enough. In Shakspeare, elevated from a woolstapler's son to absolute fortune and the style of a country gentleman, we have a striking case of advancement by means of literature, for certainly it was mainly through that cause that he attained wealth, seeing that his qualifications as a player were so poor. We stop with Spenser, who may be thought an unfavourable instance, as he died in distress; but we are not satisfied that this distress was connected in any way with his poetry. Elizabeth employed, patronised, and endowed him, and that grant of land in the south of Ireland must have been no small matter. It was only a transient disturbance of the peace of the country which damaged the poor poet's spirits, and brought him to his grave. Probably, if he had survived the confusion for a little, all might have been well with him.

When we consider these things, it is difficult to account for the tendency which is every where shown to whine about the poor rewards of literature, and the doom of indigence and starvation which hangs over the heads of all who give themselves to pen and ink. Can it be owing to the actual known instances of poverty-struck scribblers and starved poets? No doubt, some men of letters have come to a miserable end. The mind lights in a moment on Chatterton, Savage, and Otway. But are these casualties not to be found in all ranks of men and all professions? Are there not many starved apothecaries? Are there not many miserably poor solicitors? Has not the church also its army of martyrs—curates steeped in poverty, and poor probationers who live upon protracted hope all their days? We do not hear of these men, but we always hear of unfortunate authors; and hence perhaps the notion that misery is the almost exclusive associate of genius. It is also to be observed that many of the mishaps and sad ends of literary men are to be traced to their own imprudence—that thing of power, which nothing can overcome or gainsay. When any of the ordinary children of men happen to be destitute of a sense of the value of money, and consequently spend in one day what they gain in six, they usually go to wreck. It were unreasonable to expect that men of genius are to be exempted from the same rule. Goldsmith lived in difficulties, and died three thousand pounds in debt; but Goldsmith was a prosperous and well paid author. He might have been comfortable, if he only could have used his gains with common discretion. There are many literary men in the present day whose case is precisely the same. They realise for years a large income; they live beyond it; they get into debt and difficulty; and then, perhaps, they join in the cry about the inadequate rewards of the press and the woes of literary men. Every person of common feeling would deplore the poverty and difficulties of such men, and be disposed to judge lightly of the cause for the sake of the talent and the suffering; but every one must at the same time be sensible that the evil could have only been avoided by one thing, the exertion of a rational degree of prudence, and that it is unreasonable for literary men to expect a reversal of the laws of nature in their case. We remember a ruined spendthrift who used to talk loudly of the sad state of the money market, and how the country was going all to

perdition: the class of self-impoverished literary men can be at no loss to make the application.

Perhaps it is partly owing to the poverty cry, and the notable imprudence of many literary men, that a certain stigma is attached by the public to the profession in the mass; that is to say, to all except the few who attain to an overbearing degree of fame and wealth. Something also may be attributed to the novel and as yet unclassified predicament of the profession. From whatever cause, there is certainly a disposition in our commercial community to look down a little upon men who are understood to depend for subsistence upon some of the more strictly useful branches of literature. This is a sad case for the literary profession, for nineteen-twentieths of it is composed of the useful class of writers. These, we think, may be divided into the writers of controversial politics in newspapers, the conductors of and contributors to literary and critical periodical works, and those who employ themselves in modifying human knowledge in new book shapes, or, briefly, compilers. Now, it would, we think, be difficult to show any thing absolutely mean or wrong in any of these modes of employing an able and educated mind. The labours to which such men address themselves are labours which the public requires as much as it requires the services of any other profession whatever. How should it be respectable to write letters on law-business at a fee of six-and-eightpence for each, and not respectable to pen one's opinions on a political transaction, or to criticise a book, or write a paper of amusement, or gather some kind of knowledge from a number of places in which it is widely scattered into a volume where it will be comparatively accessible? The public service is concerned alike in these various ways of making a livelihood. Literary men of the class described seem to us comparable to teachers and artists. The power of writing agreeably in the belles lettres may be ranked amongst the fine arts: and to the fine arts no disreputable idea is attached. Writing in the critical, controversial, and generally instructive walks, is much like the business of a preacher or a barrister—to which professions the public imputes nothing but honour. Why, then, should a useful writer in these departments be in any way sneered at or held lightly? Clearly, we think, he ought not to be so on account of his profession, as long as labour in general is not held to infer disgrace. The public sentiment on this subject calls for correction, and correction it will no doubt get in good time, as ordinary society becomes more accustomed to see men living by literature But certainly it would contribute much to this end, if literary men themselves adopted more correct views as to their position and destiny, and sought to dignify their profession by their individual conduct.

The profession of letters is one to which no man is regularly bred; and this is unavoidable, for it requires a range of qualities which no one can be calculated upon beforehand as possessing. It is recruited, for the most part, by individuals who, after attempting some other profession with little success, and finding a natural vocation to this, are induced to change from the one to the other. This is quite a proper course: by all means let a youth try some of the regularly established professions, and make his best endeavour in it; and let the shift of object only take place on mature consideration of its being the most advisable step. But supposing that the literary career is at length determined on, the aspirant will, we believe, save himself much future uneasiness, and be best likely to attain his end, if he considers himself, as other aspirants are obliged to do, simply as a man who must labour that he may eat. He should see fully that he has a life of exertion before him, and address himself to it with all the coolness and energy of a man of the world. He will be eager to employ his faculties in some of the higher walks of the art—he will have an epic or a tragedy in his head, and long to get it produced; but it is for the wealthy amateurs to rush to these efforts—*he* must meanwhile eat, and to eat he must work at something which is pretty sure to bring money. We do not, indeed, see how it can ever be in the power of a literary adventurer to follow out his own fancies, while the world continues to be constituted on the principle that meat and drink are only to be got for coin. He must, then, it is clear, be industrious. There are other things which he must consider well; in particular, he must have a just sense of what he is. He is a useful labourer or artist. Now, there are various degrees of skill to be exerted in all kinds of labour, and a useful labourer is likely to be estimated, moreover, according to the regularity and conscientiousness shown in his general conduct. He has probably at first to look to some one for employment. How surely, in such circumstances, are his interests to be advanced, if he takes care to improve the value of his grand instrument or tool, his mind—to inform it by all serviceable knowledge, and keep it clear and bright, instead of dimming and dissipating its powers by folly and frivolity; if, also, he endeavours on all occasions to take a steady view of the duty expected from him, and perform it with punctuality, and to the wishes of his employer. It is the ruin of many literary men that they are wayward and irregular; that they will not execute tasks in the way expected or desired, but in some capricious way of their own; and that, entering the profession with only perhaps a common classical education, they never seek to acquaint themselves with any of the branches of knowledge now most prominent, so as to be able to write about any of the great questions of the day. Ignorant, unsteady, inefficient for contemplated ends—with the one quality alone of cleverness—how is it to be expected that they are to succeed? A literary man should regard a certain range of the physical sciences, political economy and philosophy, and an acquaintance with history and the literature of at least his own country, as part of a stock necessary for his trade, which he should employ every spare hour in acquiring. He should reflect that with his employer the produce of the pen is a matter of business, which must be managed on business principles—dispatch, regularity, sufficiency in point of quality—and it should be his endeavour to act accordingly. A literary artist thus accomplished and qualified, need not fear fortune. He could not fail, in a country like this, to ascend rapidly. We can say, with all the confidence of personal experience, that so far from employment being wanting for such men, there is only a want of the men for the employment. In reality, the literary employés of this country are a large body of men. It is a body in which there is as good a chance of promotion, in accordance with qualification, as there is in any other profession. Those who are at once able, steady, and skilful, unavoidably go upwards, while those who are the reverse, or who with ability want some of the other requisite qualities, remain below. There is, however, a general impression amongst those who have to employ literary men, that as a body they are deficient in an inclination to address themselves steadily to the duties prescribed to them. And this is just one of the points in which some reform amongst the gentlemen of the press is called for. It is a failing which we of course are anxious to think of with tenderness; but we are at the same time sensible that it exists, and that its existence is the cause of much of the misery which befalls literary men.

Even while the literary adventurer remains as an employé, he may, by a careful husbanding of his gains, do much to secure his independence. He is in this respect fully as well off as any other class of men with similar incomes; and, like most other persons, he will be apt to find that to be always nakedly poor is the surest means of continuing poor. On the contrary, with something in his pocket, he will be able to make moves and changes that may be expected to redound to his advantage. In fact, on this will partly depend his advancing to some of those higher positions of his profession in which ease and affluence are secured, and the ability at length attained to follow out some of the favourite projects of his *inner mind*, so as to crown his name with real fame. It is not desirable that he should give himself to money-making, or become a niggard. But it is certainly most desirable that he should seek to be independent by all honourable means, as a point essential not only to his respectability as a citizen, but to the proper, untrammelled, unembarrassed exercise of those mental gifts which have given direction to his course in life, and are his own and his children's bread. We think the warning the more necessary, as it happens to be just one of the most besetting inclinations of all literary men who prosper a little, to launch into extravagances which in the long run enslave and degrade them. A dignified simplicity of life, with a reasonable regard for the future, would be, in connexion with a well-earned literary reputation, something which the most thoughtless might pause upon and contemplate with pleasure.

By presenting these plain common-sense views of the condition and duties of literary men, we believe we are doing more for their genuine interests than if we only indulged in sentimental wailings over the hard fate of genius. The lachrymose vein has been much in vogue of late, during the progress of the Copyright Bill. So far has it been carried, that one particularly luminous writer endeavours to show that few men of literary celebrity have left descendants; a bad recommendation, we should think, of a statute which only promises something for the posterity of authors. Since that bill is passed, we would only remark upon it, that it would be a great pity if literary men do not endeavour to make as much of its benefits as possible come to their own families, instead of the great publishing houses. Supposing present practices to be continued, it will only be describable hereafter as a burning down of the house of the public to roast the eggs of a few authors peculiarly situated; for, the booksellers being the chief owners of copyrights, the only change in general will be that these, instead of being thrown open to all for the public benefit, will be kept up as monopolies by the gentlemen of Paternoster-row. But if we are to see a time when literary men will act a more prudent part, and endeavour to retain their copyrights in their own hands, the measure will be productive of benefit to that class. That such may be the case is our most earnest wish; and so we shake hands with our literary brethren, and bid them a kind farewell.

DOUBTFUL AND FABULOUS ANIMALS.

THE KRAKEN.

Among the various animals whose existence is as yet doubtful or positively fabulous, the first place may be assigned to the creature usually termed the *kraken*, a fish of enormous size, but differing from the sea-serpent, another huge denizen of the ocean, of which we formerly presented some account (No. 382). The kraken, if the evidence now to be adduced on the subject entitles us to speak of it as a thing of reality, would appear to be a kind of cuttle-fish, possessing long arms, or tentacula, with which it seeks for and grasps its prey. It seems to be the animal alluded to by Milton, as that

> "which God of all his works
> Created hugest that swim the ocean stream.
> Him haply slumbering on the Norway foam,
> The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff,
> Deeming an island oft, as seamen tell,
> With fixed anchor in his scaly rind,
> Moors by his side under the lee."

According to Norwegian writers, the kraken appears occasionally on the surface of the water in calm weather, stretched out far and wide like a floating island, and exhibiting many enormous arms at all parts of its circumference. The numerous accounts given of it differ as regards its actual size; but most writers describe it as about a quarter of a mile in diameter, and as covered on the back with sea-weeds. After remaining some time in the sun, it is said to sink slowly, causing a great eddy in the waters.

The accounts of these authors are in such a style as to betray great exaggeration, and any thing but an anxious investigation of evidence. But we must try to sift the real from the unreal. Bishop Pontopiddan states that the fishermen of Norway, when out at sea on summer days, "often find but 20 or 30 fathoms of water, where they knew they ought to have had 80 or 100 fathoms. At these places they generally find the greatest quantities of fish, especially cod and ling. Their lines, they say, are no sooner out than they may draw them up with the hooks all full of fish. By this they judge that the kraken is at the bottom." The bishop then goes on to say, that experience has taught the fishermen to fly the instant that the water grows shallower. From a safe distance they then behold "the enormous monster come up to the surface of the water; he there shows himself sufficiently, though his whole body does not appear. Its back or upper part, which seems to be, in appearance, about an English mile in circumference (some say more, but I choose the least for greater certainty), looks at first like a small number of islands, surrounded with something that floats and fluctuates like sea-weeds. At last, several bright points or horns appear, which grow thicker and thicker the higher they rise above the surface of the water; and sometimes they stand up as high and as large as the masts of middle-sized vessels. It seems that these are the creature's arms; and it is said, if they were to lay hold of the largest man-of-war, they would pull it down to the bottom." By and by, the monster sinks with a great eddy; and the bishop adds, that it possesses or emits a peculiar scent which attracts fish to feed its unwieldy vastitude.

The most remarkable characteristic of the creature here described consists in its enormous *arms*, distinguishing it at once from the whale or any of that genus. A similar creature is described by Pliny as having been found in the gut of Gibraltar. He states it to have been "provided with vast *arms*, so widely spread out as to impede the navigation of the straits." A more modern writer, Paulinus, confirms, in every respect, the account of Bishop Pontoppidan, on the authority of Ambrosius Rhodius, professor in the University Christiana in Norway, and a man of "superemineut trustworthiness." That gentleman related, that, near the castle of Wardchuss, on a calm day, an immense monster made its appearance on the surface of the ocean. "Its circumference was so great that a troop of horse might easily exercise on its back." It lay long with its back exposed to the sun, like a rock covered with weeds, and then sunk gradually out of sight. From its long arms, it was called a Herculean crab; and the fishermen said that if boats approached closely to it, they were seized and submerged by these expanded feelers. Another writer, Olaus Magnus, alludes to the same immense

animal; and mentions that an early British bishop, named Brendanus, being on an episcopal peregrination to the north, came with his companions to an island, as they deemed it, on which they were tempted to land and kindle a fire. The island, however, quickly began to descend, and the bishop and his friends escaped with difficulty, made aware that they had been on the back of a living thing. But, passing over such testimonies, which remind one very much of the stories of Sinbad, let us come to a more direct species of evidence. In the year 1680, an occurrence took place, of which an authenticated account was drawn up by the Rev. Mr Früs, minister of Bodoen in Nordland, and vicar of the college for promoting Christian knowledge. Into a strait between rocks, in the parish of Alstahoug, an animal of great size was found to have entered, and there to have entangled itself. It had arms of great length and strength, and these were wound among some trees hard by, while the body, also, was so fixed by projections of the rocks, that the creature could not work itself out, but perished and putrified on the spot. Such was the length of time which it took to decay that the whole channel was rendered impassable by the fœtor. Large though it was, this animal was held to have been young, as, when advanced in years, they appear seldom to move, and perhaps cannot move far from one spot.

Such being the accounts which we have of the kraken, the question arises—"What foundation may there be for them, and is there any existent creature really approaching this alleged magnitude?" To speak frankly, we think it cannot be doubted that there is some such animal, though its proportions have been monstrously exaggerated. The cuttle-fish, long called a polypus, agrees with the kraken with respect to its arms or tentacula, and is authentically known to reach a great size. Pennant, in speaking of this animal, mentions that specimens of it have been seen in the Indian seas measuring two fathoms in breadth across the central part, with eight powerful arms, each nine fathoms in length. Shaw observes—"The existence of some enormously large species of the cuttle-fish tribe in the Indian and northern seas can scarcely be doubted; and though some accounts may have been exaggerated, yet there is sufficient cause for believing that such species very far surpass all that are generally observed about the coasts of European seas." Shaw then alludes to the case of Captain Dens, a modern navigator, who lost three men by such a monster in the African seas. As this case is very curious, we subjoin an account of it, abridged from the French of Denis Montfort, a writer who collected various instances of the same kind.

To Denis Montfort Captain Dens related, that while between the island of Saint Helena and the Cape of Good Hope, in about the 15th degree of south latitude, his vessel was becalmed for several days, and he resolved to profit by the occasion to clean the ship. For this purpose several planks, suspended by cords, were let down from the sides of the deck, and several of the men took their station there to perform the work. They were so engaged when one of those monsters, called by the Danes *ankertrolds*, rose suddenly from the deep sea, and, casting one of its arms around two of the men, drew them in an instant with their scaffolding into the sea. Next moment a second arm was thrown around another of the men, but he had sprung up to the strong ropes, and the monster, enclosing these, could only crush him, while he emitted the most piteous cries. Meanwhile, the crew had rushed to his aid. Some began with knives and axes to cut asunder that terrible arm which encircled him, while others launched harpoons into the body of the animal. The man was freed, and it then became the good captain's strenuous endeavour to recover the two other men. Five harpoons were in the creature's body, as, with its prey, it sought to descend again into the deeps of the sea. The harpoon-lines were allowed to run out in part by the captain's orders, and then he ordered them to be drawn back. This brought the monster a short way up; but it soon resisted, and too successfully. Four of the harpoon-lines broke, and a fifth harpoon came out of the body, leaving the unfortunate victims with their captor. In addition to this sad loss, the man who had escaped died through the night, rather from a delirium of terror than from his injuries, though these were severe. The head of the monster had not been seen, and but a part of its body; but that part of the arm which had been cut off measured twenty-five feet in length, and was as thick at the base as a mizen-mast. The length of the whole limb must have been much greater—probably, as Captain Dens thought, from thirty-five to forty feet.

A case similar to this is illustrated by a picture in the chapel of St Thomas at St Malo, placed there by a ship's crew in remembrance of their preservation off the coast of Angola. An enormous cuttle-fish had grasped their whole vessel in its arms, and was on the point of dragging it to the bottom, when, by the most desperate exertions, the sailors timeously succeeded in hewing off the members which were hauling them to destruction. In their extremity they had vowed vows to St Thomas, and the picture is a memorial of these.

This colossal cuttle-fish as yet remains undescribed by zoologists, for it has never been accurately observed. Admitting that it exists, we can easily conceive how the imaginations of the few mariners and others who have seen it might expand its actually large body into a bulk far beyond what are, to us, the bounds of probability.

THE LIFE AND POETRY OF CATULLUS.

Caius Valerius Catullus was born either in the town or territory of Verona, 87 B.C. He was sprung of rich and honourable parents. This appears from the circumstance that Julius Cæsar, when in the north of Italy, usually resided at his father's villa. When the poet afterwards attacked him in some satirical verses, he had the good sense or the magnanimity only to revenge himself by asking him to supper. Perhaps his old regard for the father might plead for leniency in his treatment of the son.

While yet a youth, Catullus was invited by Manlius Torquatus to Rome. The dissolute life which he there led made serious inroads on his hereditary possessions. We next find him accompanying to his province of Bithynia the Prætor Memmius, a distinguished patron of literary men. This was a common expedient, among the Roman youth, for repairing a dilapidated fortune; but in the case of Catullus it seems to have failed. He returned to his country no richer than he left it; and brought back with him a constitution enfeebled by debauchery, and a heart at once galled by disappointment and saddened by the loss of a favourite brother. His protestations of indigence must, however, be understood as only relative to the luxurious ideas of the circle in which he moved. Besides meeting the expenses of a town life, his income was always adequate to the maintenance of two splendid country mansions. His station in society, combined with his genius, naturally introduced him to the acquaintance of the most eminent men of the day, at the head of whom may be placed the illustrious Cicero. From a passage in one of that philosopher's epistles, some have concluded that the account which refers the death of Catullus to 57 B.C. must be erroneous; and that he survived at least sixteen years longer. According to the one authority, he died at the early age of thirty; according to the other, he reached that of forty-six.

Catullus has left a single book of poems, which opens with a dedication of the collection to the well-known historian Cornelius Nepos. It is difficult to classify the various pieces of which the little volume consists. Some are lyrical, some elegiac, some epigrammatic; three are epithalamia; and some cannot well be referred to any recognised class whatever. They are mostly imitations, in some cases versions, from the Greek, in which language Catullus was a proficient. The celebrated translation of the Sapphic ode is perhaps the most perfect specimen in existence of transfusion of the spirit of one language into another. Catullus was the first who introduced the lyric measures of Greece into Latin versification. This he has effected with incomparable skill. No ruder hand could have transplanted a flower so fragile, without soiling its purple or perilling its fragrance. It is matter of deep regret, however, that so far as the great majority of these compositions are concerned, we must restrict the term *delicate* to the style (and it never could be more appropriately applied), and select for the sentiment its strongest possible antithesis.

We begin our selections with the exquisite twin poems on Lesbia's sparrow. This lady's real name was Clodia; and when the reader is informed that she poisoned her husband, he will be able to rate at its due value her display of sensibility on the death of her feathered favourite. The versions to which no name is affixed have been prepared by the writer of the present article.

TO LESBIA'S SPARROW.

Lesbia's darling! pleased she,
Dainty sparrow, toys with thee;
Tender lulleth thee to rest
On her white and heaving breast;
Or provokingly incites,
With finger-tip, thy tiny bites;
Whilst to win her beaming smiles,
Thou hast thousand nameless wiles,
Cheating her of half the languish
Bred by love's delicious anguish.
Oh! could I like solace gain,
So might sleep my amorous pain:
Grateful as the golden fruit
To the maiden fleet of foot,
Winning love's oft-slighted plea—
Were that solace soft to me.

The legend here alluded to is that of Atalanta—a royal maiden noted for swiftness in running, who, wishing to get rid of the importunity of her suitors, declared her determination to accept none but the man who should outstrip her in the race. Failure was to forfeit the life of the competitor; her hand was to be the reward of success. Several ventured, were defeated, and suffered the penalty. One youth, named Hippomenes, at last won the fair prize by stratagem. Dropping, one after another, three golden apples, procured by Venus from the garden of the Hesperides, the virgin, fascinated by their beauty, stooped repeatedly to lift them, and thus allowed her lover to get ahead of her.

The composition which pairs with the preceding has been often imitated by the earlier French poets, as also by one or two of the classic writers. It is a model of delicacy and tenderness.

ELEGY ON THE SPARROW.

Each Love, each Venus, mourn with me;
Mourn every son of gallantry!
The sparrow, my own nymph's delight,
The joy and apple of her sight,
The honey-bird, the darling, dies,
To Lesbia dearer than her eyes!
As the fair one knew her mother,
So he knew her from another;
With his gentle lady wrestling,
In her snowy bosom nestling
With a flutter and a bound,
Quiv'ring round her and around;
Chirping, twitt'ring, ever near,
Notes meant only for her ear.
Now he skims the shadowy way,
Whence none return to cheerful day.
Beshrew the shades! that thus devour
All that's pretty in an hour.
The pretty sparrow thus is dead;
The tiny fugitive is fled.
Deed of spite! poor bird! ah! see
For thy dear sake, alas for me!
My nymph with brimful eyes appears
Red from the flushing of her tears.

—*Elton's Version.*

The point and terseness of the two performances which we next present, constitute them instances of the proper epigram. In the first of these light effusions, Catullus contrasts with his mistress a more brilliant and fashionable charmer. The reader will anticipate the decision. To discover "Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt," is no strange exertion of Love's second-sight. "Could we call up in array before us all the beauties whom the love of poets has immortalised, from the high-born dame to the plebeian damsel—from the Lauras and Sacharissas down to the Chloes and Jeannies—we should, it is to be feared, sadly unpeople our imaginations of many a bright tenant that poesy has lodged there; and find, in more than one instance, our admiration of the faith and fancy of the worshipper increased by our discovery of the worthlessness of the idol."*

OF QUINTIA AND LESBIA.

Quintia is beauteous in the million's eyes:
Yes, beauteous in particulars, I own;
Fair-skinn'd, straight-shaped, tall-sized; yet I deny
A beauteous whole:—of *charmingness* there's none.
In all that height of figure there is not
A seasoning spice of that—I know not what;
That piquant *something*, grace without a name;
But Lesbia's air is charming as her frame.
Yes! Lesbia, beauteous in one graceful whole,
From all her sex their single graces stole.

—*Elton.*

In the next epigram, the poet acknowledges, in handsome terms, a benefit he has received at the hands of Cicero.

TO MARK TULLY.

The senate's and the forum's grace,
Tully! whose like of Roman race
Nor is, nor has been, nor will be—
Catullus pays his thanks to thee;
Thanks paid to him of patrons first,
But paid, alas! by him of poets worst.

The next poem is a unique. It is addressed to Sirmio—a spot endeared to Catullus probably by the circumstance of birth; at all events, by the associations of boyhood, and by the pride of property in the soil. He was bound to the locality by a twofold tie: Sirmio was his, and yet he was Sirmio's. The claim of the master, in these exquisite verses, is therefore so softened down as to leave scope and sway to the filial feeling for the natal soil.

A brief description of the spot may not be unacceptable to the reader. Sirmione, then, for such is the modern name, is a small promontory projecting into the Lago di Garda. "It appears," observes Eustace, in his Classical Tour, "as an island; so low and so narrow is the bank that unites it to the mainland. . . . . The soil is fertile, and its surface varied, sometimes shelving in a gentle declivity, at other times breaking in craggy magnificence, and thus furnishing every requisite for delightful walks and luxurious baths; while the views vary at every step, presenting rich coasts or barren mountains; sometimes confined to the cultivated scenes of the neighbouring shore, and at other times bewildered and lost in the windings of the lake or in the recesses of the Alps." We need not wonder that Catullus was enamoured of such a delicious retreat, especially after a long absence.

TO SIRMIO.

Sirmio! what spot may rank thyself beside?
Of green peninsulas the pick and pride;
Bright eye of isles! where'er their verdure rest,
On placid lake, or ocean's briny breast.
Home of my heart! with what delight I flee
From foreign shores to happiness and thee!

* Moore's Byron, vol. ii.

No more a wanderer on Bithynia's plain,
Yes, yes—I am, I *am* at home again.
Rid of a load of cares, at last to come,
Wearied with travel, to one's own dear home—
The old familiar couch again to press,
And feel it yield—oh! this is blessedness!
Enough of luxury that single day
Doth bring, a lifetime's labours to repay.
Fair Sirmio! smile: joy is thy master's due,
Return'd from far: laugh forth, ye waters blue!
And all familiar things your olden look renew!

The ruins of the poet's mansion are still to be seen. From their appearance, it has been concluded that the buildings, when entire, were about seven hundred feet in length, and fully three hundred in breadth. These dimensions may convey some notion of the magnificence of Roman villas. It is to be observed, however, that each villa consisted of three distinct buildings; the first of which was occupied by the family, the second was allotted to domestics, and the third was reserved as a repository for wine, fruit, and all sorts of stores.

As a specimen of our poet's pathetic manner, we subjoin the elegy on his brother. This poem must have been written about the same time as the address to Sirmio.

DIRGE AT HIS BROTHER'S TOMB.

Slow faring on o'er many a land and sea,
Brother, I come to thy sad obsequy:
The last fond tribute to the dead impart,
And call thee, speechless ashes as thou art.
Alas, in vain! since fate has ravish'd thee,
Even thee thyself, poor brother! torn from me
By too severe a blow—let this be paid,
This rite of ancestry, to soothe thy shade.
Let this, all bathed in tears, my friendship tell;
And oh! for ever, bless thee, and farewell!

—*Elton.*

There is much quiet beauty in the next specimen. Catullus condoles with a brother bard on the death of his mistress.

TO CALVUS ON THE DEATH OF HIS QUINTILIA.

If e'er in human grief there breathe a spell,
To charm the silent tomb and soothe the dead,
When soft regrets on past affections dwell,
And o'er fond friendships lost our tears are shed,
Sure a less pang must touch Quintilia's shade,
While hovering o'er her sad untimely bier,
Than keen-felt joy that spirit pure pervade,
To witness that her Calvus held her dear!

—*Elton.*

With the following extract from one of the epithalamia we close our selections. The marriage chant is kept up, alternately, by young men and maidens. The parts are, of course, composed in character—the lads extolling, the girls denouncing, matrimony. The two images suggested by these opposite expositions of sentiment have few rivals and no superiors in the whole compass of poetry, whether we consider the felicity of the conception, the elaborate delicacy of the execution, or the effectiveness of the disposal. We are agreeably surprised to meet in the retort so complete a counterpart to its playful provocative; and are delighted to find that fancy, whom we thought an antagonist, has suddenly shifted sides, and become transformed into an ally.

VIRGINS.

As in fenced gardens blows some flow'ret rare,
Safe from the nibbling flock or grinding share,
Which gales refresh, sun strengthens, rain-drops rear,
To many a youth and many a maiden dear;
Clipt by the nail, it bends the stem and fades,
No more by youths admired, or wished by maids.
So loved, the unpolluted virgin blooms;
But when the blighting touch the flower consumes,
No more she charms the youth or charms the maid:
Come, Hymen! Hymen! give the nuptials aid.

YOUTHS.

As on the naked field the lonely vine
Yields no sweet grape, nor lifts its tendril twine,
Droops with its weight, and winds its tender shoots,
With earthward bent, around their twisted roots,
Nor herd, nor peasant, in the noon-day heats,
Beneath its chequer'd bowery shade retreats;
But if it clasp some elm with married leaves,
Its shade the peasant and the herd receives:
Such is the virgin who untouch'd remains,
While still unwoo'd her useless beauty wanes;
But, wedded in her bloom, those charms delight
Her husband's eyes, nor shame her parents' sight.

—*Elton.*

On the poetical character of Catullus we shall not enlarge. It is evident that he has proved himself capable of greater things than he has achieved. In the ready seizure of happy turns of expression, in the adroit shaping of speech to every flitting shade of sentiment, in giving each "airy nothing" of the fancy its aptest mould and embodiment in words, he is unsurpassed, perhaps unrivalled. One or two of his longer poems (if he is not indebted for these qualities to his Greek models) evince, however, a range of tragic power, a mastery over the higher passions, a sympathy with the saddest or stormiest workings of the human spirit, which may well awaken our regret at his spending his strength on trifles. Still more is it to be deplored that so fine a genius should have lent its aid to licentiousness. It is instructive, however, to observe that it has suffered in the attempt. The works of Catullus suggest a truth which all reading and reflection will confirm: the truth, that *it is of the essence of poetry to be pure.* To this rule there are no real exceptions. Poetry, like music, has no congeniality and can brook no alliance with the grosser sentiments. No man can be a poet without having virtue or feigning it. The muse will not stoop to be the minister of vice The finer sense to which poetry addresses itself will discriminate between its genuine pabulum and the pernicious substitute; and taste will thus lift no less loud and distinct testimony than conscience to the pure and lofty attributes of the Father and Framer of the human mind.

PEDESTRIAN EXCURSION IN SWITZERLAND.

LUCERNE,

BY ALPNACH AND LUNGERN, TO BRIENTZ.

AUGUST 19.—When we looked out from the inn at Lucerne, we found that the slight remains of mist had disappeared; the lake reflected the spotless blue above it, and Pilatus shot his shattered peaks into a cloudless heaven. A balcony from the window of our inn (the *Wage*, or Balance) overhangs the lake, and there we stood for some time dropping crumbs of bread, and watching the mobs of little fish that rushed upon them, darkening and disturbing the blue water with their numbers and turbulent activity. The sight of so many fish brought our associations to the ultimate uses of fishes, and forthwith, in a fit of enthusiasm, we directed a supply of the agile animals to be presented on our breakfast table. The result was not satisfactory. The fish were better at eating than at being eaten, and however well they became "the sacred lake far off among the hills" would have been a bad concern at Billingsgate.

Having purchased some geographical information from a professional guide, who intimated a strong and no doubt disinterested wish to make one of our body, we started from Lucerne,* keeping the border of the lake southward. We had but just cleared the suburbs, when we were overtaken by two young Englishmen, whom we had met on the Righi. As we found we were all going much in the same direction, and travelling on a like system, our parties became amalgamated for the time being. Of these two young men, the one bore the name of a celebrated statesman, the other that of a distinguished physician and naturalist, of whom I afterwards found he was an immediate descendant. They both had the unobtrusive and accommodating manners of the well-bred English gentleman, whose position is too well acknowledged to require being perseveringly or boisterously asserted—a class, of which it is to be regretted that on the ordinary continental routes our neighbours see too small a proportion. On reaching Winkel, we took boat for Alpnach. The lake here runs into long narrow bays between the spurs of Pilatus; and the largest of these, called the Lake of Alpnach, penetrates almost within the bosom of the mountain. The banks of this solemn and retired inlet run up several thousand feet, and are, I should suppose, about as near the perpendicular as will admit of the growth of wood. Steep as they seem—so much so in appearance as hardly to appear accessible to an active climber—there is scarcely a spot bare of pine trees, which, rising in endless tiers above each other, look like a dense leafy army not at rest, but struggling to mount the steep bank. It was here that the trees were brought down by the well-known slide of Alpnach, so graphically described by Professor Playfair; but the operation has been for many years abandoned, and is now a matter of history. There are other and more poetical subjects of association in the depths of this solemn valley, for a small ruin near the lake marks the Castle of Rotzberg, the first feudal fortalice seized by the confederacy of the fourteenth century. The village of Alpnach is remarkable for the comfort, neatness, and handsomeness of its houses, and for a new church of great size and of light and graceful architecture. The road to the village and Lake of Sarnen is flat, and we passed it under a burning sun. Though scarcely among the wildest scenery in Switzerland, we were now on the spot round which centre many of its deepest historical feelings, whether as they have sprung from the tragic cruelty that was endured or the signal vengeance that was accomplished. At the mouth of the valley of the Melcthal, eastward of the village, lived Arnold-an-der Halden, who struck the first blow for freedom, on the Austrian bailiff that attempted to seize the cattle from his plough; and nearer still is Landenberg, the castle of the bailiff, which was seized by the confederates after its lord had taken vengeance for the resistance of Arnold, by putting out his old father's eyes.

We boated along the Lake of Sarnen, and at its farther end found ourselves in a wilder class of scenery, and with a steep ascent, called the Kaiserstuhl, to climb. The road was rough and winding, and most irregular in its gradients; for sometimes, after a rapid ascent, there was a partial depression, and then an ascent again. This arose, apparently, from its passing chiefly among debris lying between the mountains. Gigantic blocks of stone were scattered here and there, so large that it was necessary to treat them as hills, and wind round them or go over them. The effect, however, was not that of desolation, for the verdure was everywhere full and thronging, and not only lichens and brushwood, but large trees hung their heads over the stony masses, or clothed the crevices in the mountain from which they had been hurled. To the true Catholic, there were ample means of deriving spiritual consolation from the fatigues of the road, for every here and there rose *crosses*, or small chapels, with German inscriptions applicable to the spot. Bathed in perspiration, we took a good rest beneath the trees at the apex of the pass, by the brink of a cool and most grateful fountain. We descended towards one of the most interesting illustrations of the industry and enterprise of the modern Swiss—the Lake of Lungern, which had been literally tapped by the proprietors round its border, for the sake of the alluvial soil that would be laid bare by drawing off a portion of the water. A slanting tunnel, through the Kaiserstuhl, for the purpose of accomplishing this object, was commenced in 1788. With many interruptions, it had proceeded so far before the year 1835, that it only required to be carried a few feet farther; but these few feet were to open the bore upon the lake in the midst of its waters, and the perforation was the most difficult part of the whole project. After other methods had been successively considered, and decided on as insufficient, it was resolved to blast the rock. The labour of getting the powder along the narrow gallery, and lodging it dry in the upper extremity, drenched by water oozing from the lake, was prodigious. An anxious moment it was for those who had expended so much of their labour and their narrow capital in the project, when all was ready, and the train was fired by two bold men, who had to retreat through 1300 feet of tunnel after applying the match—a few moments were to realise all their hopes, or to prove them vain. The time calculated for the explosion had elapsed by ten minutes, and hope was almost abandoned, when two dull successive reports were heard beneath the rock, but the Kaiserstuhl did not tremble, and the lake remained as smooth as ever; and so slight did the manifestation appear, that the anxious peasants could not associate with it the important results they had awaited. At length, however, a shout from below announced the joyous result, and the waters and mud of the lake were seen issuing forth in a turbid stream. The aperture was small, and sixteen days elapsed before the lake sunk to its level. Though the descent of the waters was thus gradual, there was considerable ground for alarm as to the safety of the banks, which cracked and slipped as the removal of the partial aid afforded by the water tended to disturb the balance of support by which they were preserved at their angle; but there was no material calamity. We saw evidences of the shock which the solid earth had sustained. Here and there rocks were split, and there were slips of fresh earth, while large trees impended menacingly, parts of their roots being laid bare by slips, and the remainder clinging convulsively to the firmer rocks above. We looked with anxiety for the advantages which had been gained by this gallant undertaking, and at first with some disappointment; for towards the lower end of the lake, where the banks, both above and below the original water-mark, were pretty steep, there was but a narrow slip of soil, which seemed stony and hard, and bore but a scanty and disconsolate-looking crop of meadow grass. Towards the upper end, however, where the stream that fed the lake would deposit the alluvium gathered in its course, there was a considerable expanse of field, amounting, apparently, to some hundreds of acres; and though it had but a raw and uncomfortable appearance, industry seemed to be actively metamorphosing its surface, for there were some fields of rich grass, with fences round them, and one or two cottages seemed to be in course of erection. The cost of the undertaking was £5000, besides 19,000 days' labour bestowed by the peasantry of the district, which, if we estimate each day only at a shilling,* would add nearly another £1000. Such a sum would seem an over-estimate of the value of the property cleared, yet those who know best must hold the adventure to have been a successful one, as their neighbours are projecting a "tap" of the Lake of Sarnen. The banks of Lungern are doubtless much shorn of their original beauty, but the spot is interesting to geologists as a fresh and vivid illustration of the aqueous deposit of strata. Along the upper margin, where the water originally touched the land, there is very plainly visible the modulated slope, which has been the ground for attributing the parallel roads of Glenroy to the agency of water.

In Lungern we found a considerable inn. We had well earned our dinner by our day's exertion, and we fell to it with no less satisfaction than our landlord evidently felt in supplying five unexpected guests from the land of merchant princes. It came to pass that while we were busy eating, we heard a considerable hubbub in the lower storey of the inn, the predominating feature in which was pretty evidently a voice from our

* It will be observed that in these sketches, any account of Lucerne, and of the other places lately described in a series of articles in this Journal, is purposely omitted.

* Mr Symons, in the assistant Hand-Loom Commissioners Report on Switzerland, calculates the wages of country road-makers in the neighbouring canton of Zurich at from 8 to 10 batzen, equal to from 1s. to 1s. 2½d.

native land. The sound gradually mounted the steps; our door was thrown open, and a tall, thin man, with a very red face, and with other symptoms of strong agitation in his deportment, stood before us, and said in a loud voice, "Is there any body here who speaks English?" Now, here were five of us sitting together, not one of whom had the slightest doubt of his being gifted to full perfection with the desired accomplishment—indeed, we had found it for some time to be precisely that lingual endowment of which we possessed the largest quantity, but for which we had found the smallest use; and this sudden demand came upon us much as an application to a tradesman might do for some commodity of which he possessed an indubitably large stock, which no one had previously shown any disposition to aid in diminishing. But the comparison must stop short. Our method of receiving the appeal was far from business-like, for we burst into a simultaneous fit of laughter. When we had recovered our self-possession, the visitant stated his case. He had just parted with a friend who, in that neighbourhood, had lost or been deprived of a cigar case, and he was convinced he had found the individual who had come into the possession of the article, but who was evidently shielded by a wicked combination of the neighbours. He hoped we would give our assistance to the cause of right and justice, and stand up for the protection of our countryman from pillage. Thereupon he departed, and returned pushing in by the shoulder a good-natured-looking young peasant, who seemed a little astonished at the ordeal he was going through. He held in his hand one of the common china-pipes smoked by the peasantry of half the European continent. It was this curious article which it appears the judicious distinguisher of right and wrong supposed to be the missing cigar-case; and his request to us was, that any of us who could, should question the young man as to whether the article was his own and honestly come by. One of our number, who, by reason of his superior knowledge of French, had generally acted as spokesman when that language was in requisition, with the natural politeness which sometimes makes one assent to a request without considering it, asked the peasant if the pipe was his own. The words were no sooner said than repented of; and the youth being a German, probably did not understand what was said. A pretty business, indeed, it would be if an English clodhopper were laid hold of by one Frenchman, and dragged into an inn to be exposed to a judicial investigation by five others! But the inhabitants of the touring districts frequented by the English have a good-natured if not a flattering theory for such exhibitions of insolence. They believe it to be the outbreaks of a certain aberration of intellect to which the inhabitants of our foggy island are peculiarly liable, and our examinee would probably walk homewards in the cool of the afternoon quietly smoking his pipe, and cogitating over the circumstance that he had encountered six inhabitants of the United Kingdom more mad than usual. Our thief-catcher walked off soon after his victim had got his acquittal, and we heard him again mounting the stairs in company with some one. This time, however, it was a well-dressed, middle-aged woman, English, and, as we naturally concluded, his wife: the more especially as she had a slight touch of shrewishness in her appearance and manner, which seemed like the reflected light of the broader characteristics of the other. They put many questions to us about the proper fares for the hire of chars and conveyances of all sorts, but we knew none of these things, making use of a species of conveyance for which there could be no overcharge. I must admit that the gentleman began to show himself a little ashamed of his conduct, which he imputed partly to the state of bewilderment he was in from going through a country of which the inhabitants did not understand one word he said—a calamity which he seemed to consider entirely *their* fault, and none of his own. At length, the amiable couple departed—a fine specimen of that ignorance, bigotry, and insolence, that have brought disgrace on our country all through the world.

We were not done with strange guests. Before we had finished, there seated himself very quietly beside us an individual who was evidently little given to the practices of shaving and washing—not that he cultivated mustachios, or had any thing of the bravo about him—he was simply what might be called "seedy," and slightly raffish-looking. His clothes were not of any tourist cut, yet they would not have looked very well either in a drawing-room or in a promenade in "town." His shirt was not very white; and his travelling accoutrements, instead of being strapped up in a neat haversack, were rolled up globularly in a cotton handkerchief, none of the cleanest. Yet, with all this, the man acted as one who considered himself, and had no doubt of others looking upon him, as a gentleman; and his manners did justice to his claims. His face was quick, and intelligent too, and his conversation that of an educated man. There was nothing very remarkable about all this, at least abroad; but somehow or another, this stranger, eating his dinner in a corner, and venturing a remark occasionally in a very quiet way, had produced some ominous effect on our party, which I could not at first account for. Somebody dodged me in the elbow when I spoke of its being time to go; and a most mysterious wink was conveyed to me when I spoke of the distance to our place of destination. At last, however, we set off, and the stranger with us—then came out the mystery. We were for Brientz; our two English friends had made up their minds to go to Meyringen. They informed me, however, that they would prefer altering their route and accompanying us, as they had strong suspicions that the unclean stranger might be connected with a band of robbers on the mountain track. Without criticising too minutely the cause of the arrangement, I felt gratified by the effect; for we found our new friends to be pleasant and joyous travelling companions. Meanwhile, it occurred to me that the stranger was contemplated in a rather uncharitable point of view, and I tried to make up for any distrust he might perceive on the part of others by walking with him, and carrying on a conversation so far as my command of French permitted; it was not that I professed any greater indifference to bullets and poignards than my companions, but I entertained a totally different view of our position. One of the first remarks my new companion made was rather amusing, in connexion with the dire suspicions raised about him. When we came to a particularly narrow part of the road, he pointed to the rocks above, and explained how, if we had been on the other side of the Alps, we might be attacked in such a spot by a band of armed bandits. It occurred to me that his description had a rather theoretical and merely amateur air about it; and I had even the conceit to suppose that if I were to betake myself to such expedients, I could take a more practical and serviceable view of their operation than my companion seemed to do. He appeared to be quite willing to give any required information about himself. He was a Russian, had studied in Germany, and taken a degree in medicine. He let me into a little secret about Swiss inn-charges, after asking, with a knowing smile, what we had paid for our dinner. The bill had amounted to four francs each. He asked if there was any thing inferior to ours in the meal he had got himself, except that it was served in bulk instead of in courses, and *he* had paid but a franc and a half; such were the effects of clean linen and our extensive acquaintance with the English language. The Russ, however, had another side of the picture to give. He had ventured, in the course of his wanderings, to pay a short visit to our great Babylon, though he could not speak a word of English; and he had so contrived matters that, one day tired with roaming about the endless streets, he bethought himself of being refreshed with a bowl of soup, for which he was charged three shillings. It was evident, however, that he did not understand the philosophy of his misfortune, and mistook the uniform high charge of a West-End hotel for an isolated attempt to fleece a foreigner.

The footpath led up to the pass of the Brunig, and was delightfully wild and solitary in the stillness of the evening. Occasionally it was hard climbing among the rocks, and at other times we crossed patches of soft green sward, while over our heads hung solemn pines as motionless as if they had been painted on the darkening sky. It was almost dark when we reached the top of the pass, where we had to part with the Russ. He seemed to think the design originally expressed by our English friends to proceed to Meyringen was some misunderstanding, for he left us all with a hearty farewell; and we heard him cheering to us as he disappeared in the gloom of the descent. It was now a matter of some anxiety for us to get forward, for the night was deepening apace, and of the celebrated expanse of valley scenery which stretches towards Meyringen we could only trace the faintest outline. We had not gone many paces when we found the path leading directly up to a house, and showing no means whatever of passing it by. This seemed to be a decided stoppage, and to indicate a mistake; but it is a foolish thing to come to rash judgments in a strange land, and it was as well to make inquiry of the inmates before we attempted anything on our own responsibility. The result proved the prudence of the measure; we were on the right path, and it passed *through the house*, which turned out to be a toll-house, marking the limits of the canton of Berne. The road kept to its high level, between three and four thousand feet above the sea, for some miles, and we went on in the dark with great animation, talking on all sorts of subjects. I know not how many dangerous spots we may have passed unregarded, when suddenly the thought occurred to us, that here we were on a Swiss pass—a sort of place proverbial for all kinds of hair-breadth 'scapes—marching along in the dark as carelessly as if we were on an English turnpike. Perhaps it was something in the nature of the spot we had just reached that suggested the necessity of caution. We were on a ledge of bare rock, sloping downwards to the left, in which direction we heard the rushing of waters, coming as it were from a torrent far beneath, and smothered among thick foliage. We grew very cautious on this discovery, and passed along in a string, feeling the way with our sticks before we stepped, and planting our feet firmly and steadily. This doubtful state of matters did not last long, however; we soon found that we were passing between two rows of trees, and rapidly descending. When we reached the inn at Brientz, we found it was full—not a hole in which we could be stowed. Contemplating our blank faces on this avowal, a good-natured guide presented himself, and offered to conduct us to the other inn, about a mile off. Here the first part of the answer was the same, but not the second. The case was seen to be one for sacrifices, and the civil people said they would try to put some sort of beds together for us in the servants' rooms. They were eminently successful in their endeavours—at least if the having no recollection of it but the intense soundness of the sleep it afforded be considered valid testimony to the goodness of a bed.

BITS FROM THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

[The meeting of the association at Manchester, June 23-30, was a very brilliant one as to attendance and local circumstances, and at the same time rather more than usually productive of important novelties in science. From the ample reports given in the *Manchester Guardian*, we glean a few things of the kind most likely to be generally intelligible and interesting.]

AN EXPERIMENT IN SPADE HUSBANDRY.

A PAPER by Mrs Davies, widow of the late President of the Royal Society, descriptive of an experiment which she had made in small lettings of land, was read in the Statistical Section. The writer began by stating that it was only lately that she had become aware of the great advantages that would result from a more careful cultivation of the soil; but, from what had taken place under her own observation within the last few years, she felt persuaded that, by due management, the most fruitful causes of poverty and distress in this country might soon be removed. It had been stated in the House of Commons by Mr Pusey, that the average produce of land in Great Britain was 26 bushels of wheat an acre. Now, if it were possible, merely by an improved mode of cultivation, without any additional expense, to increase the produce to 27 bushels an acre, this would give an increase of 475,000 quarters, which, at the average price of grain, would be worth L.1,200,000 per annum, equal to a capital of L.36,000,000 gained for ever. But, in her own experience, she had found far greater results than this. By careful weeding, manuring, and cultivation of the land, which was in many instances done at very little expense, she found that some of her tenants raised 40 bushels of wheat an acre; that they were paying double the rent which she received for the same land when it was in large farms; and that, out of 124 tenants among whom the land was now divided, not one had fallen a single farthing in arrears since 1830. With regard to the industrial school which had been lately formed under her patronage, the results had been very gratifying. It appeared that the schoolmaster paid L.11 per annum for his dwelling-house and school, in addition to which he held three acres of land at L.3 per acre. His school consisted of twenty boys, of the average age of eight years, who worked for him at out-door labour three hours a-day, in return for three hours' instruction in reading, writing, and accounts. The boys thus educated were much better able, when they left school, to undertake farm labour, from the practice they had had; and the schoolmaster considered that their labour amply rewarded him for the instruction he gave them. From the manner in which his land was cultivated, he had been enabled to keep two cows, where he would otherwise not have been enabled to keep more than one; indeed, as was stated by the writer of the paper, but for the school and the labour he derived from the scholars, he would have been forced to go into the workhouse with his family, consisting of five persons, which would have cost the township about L.39 a-year. The writer concluded by remarking, that the statements she had made regarding an increase of rent from the small allotment system would no doubt surprise those who imagined that large farms must necessarily be the most productive; but experience was better than theory. As she had already stated, out of 124 tenants, not one had gone a farthing behind since 1830; and yet they paid a much higher rent than she had received previously to that period.

This paper led to a conversation in which many eminent members of the section expressed the highest gratification with the experiment described by it. "Think," said Colonel Sykes, "of the schoolmaster, who might otherwise have been an inmate of the workhouse, not only teaching twenty boys the rudiments of an ordinary education—reading, writing, and accounts—without receiving any wages, but also of his actually paying L.3 per acre for his land." Mr Felkin said that, when travelling on the continent, he had found that even in those parts where the competition for employment was very intense, the subdivision of land into small allotments prevented the labouring class from ever becoming so destitute as many are in this country in periods of commercial depression. By a judicious system of husbandry, and by the careful application of manure, they were enabled to obtain a much larger amount of produce than the same extent of surface would yield under the large farm system. Looking at the present state of the country, and the number of industrious individuals without employment, he thought it was time to ask whether this mode of cultivation ought not to be tried as far as possible? In Saxony a large proportion of the artisans had small plots of land, which they cultivated at intervals; and thus were enabled to procure many comforts which would not otherwise have been within their reach. In that country there were twenty-five thousand families employed in the manufacture of hosiery, most of whom had small plots of land, which enabled them to work for lower wages than were paid to English operatives who were engaged in the same branch of manufactures; in consequence of which, our workmen were superseded in the foreign market. Mr George Webb Hall thought the association was much indebted to Mrs Davies for her valu-

able communication. The success of her industrial school was no less gratifying than wonderful; but the secret of its success was easily explained. By the terms on which the schoolmaster and his pupils were engaged to each other, the most powerful feelings of the human breast were called into play. It was the interest of the master to teach his scholars how to work for him most effectually; while, on the other hand, his scholars, in acquiring that lesson, were no doubt enjoying themselves far more than if they had been all the while pent up in school; and as for the lessons they received during the rest of the day in reading, writing, and accounts, he was convinced that they would make much more rapid progress in three hours, thus alternating with out-door exercise, than they could possibly do in double the time were they to continue at their tasks without intermission. As regarded the great increase of produce on small farms, and also the increase of rent which the tenants were enabled to pay, he would warn them not to jump too fast to general conclusions; nor to suppose, that because this experiment had succeeded so well, every thing else must be wrong. For his own part, his wish was that every working man could have his rood of land as a large garden plot, on which he might raise a good portion of what was required for the subsistence of himself and family; but not that he should be dependent for support on the sale of farm produce. It was well he thought that this distinction should be kept in mind when talking of the small allotment system. The great object with most farmers was to obtain the largest amount of produce out of the land with the least possible expenditure of labour; but the successful development of that principle was not opposed, in his opinion, to the small allotment system. From his own experience, too, he might say that he had never known a case in which any of those cottagers with a small plot of land had applied for parochial relief.

TALES OF THE JURY ROOM.*

Among the Irish novelists of the last few years, Mr Gerald Griffin, the author of the "Collegians" and some other productions, had earned for himself a high place before his premature and lamented death occurred. A play, entitled "Gisippus," has been represented with success since that event, and a collection of tales has also been published posthumously. These stories, it strikes us, are juvenile compositions, yet several of them are in no slight degree entertaining. Mr Griffin styles the collection "Talis Qualis [a sort of pun, perhaps, but literally signifying Such as They Are], or Tales of the Jury Room;" and they are imagined to be told, for mutual recreation, by an Irish jury shut up for an entire night, in order to attain unanimity in their verdict. One of them, entitled *Mr Tibbot O'Leary the Curious*, opens with the description of an antique house in Ireland, on the Upper Lake of Killarney, where lived Mr Tibbot O'Leary, a small squire of lonely habits, who, after receiving a fair education, devoted himself to antiquarian speculations, the Round Towers of his native country being his favourite theme. He was of a simple, eccentric, and curious disposition; and kept only one servant, by name Tom Nash, who was almost as odd as his master, only a little more 'cute. Late on an autumn evening, Mr Tibbot O'Leary was poring over his strange antiquarian stores, when "the unusual sound of a horse's hoof was heard upon the avenue. Mr O'Leary, in his room, holding the candle in his hand, and Tom Nash in the kitchen, at the same instant paused to listen. What belated wight could it be, who sought so unfrequented a place of shelter as Chore Abbey, at this lonesome hour? It was evident the rider was a man, and a merry fellow too; for as he drew near the house, they could hear him singing, at the top of his voice, a burlesque Latin version of a popular song. Both the voice and words seemed familiar to the ear of Tibbot O'Leary, for his countenance immediately exhibited a mingled expression of pleasure and alarm.

'Bless me!' exclaimed the squire, 'it is he, sure enough! Was ever any thing more unfortunate? How did he find me out here, and what shall I do with him?'

Unconscious of the observations which his arrival occasioned within door, the horseman, instead of taking the trouble to alight at the hall door, continued to shout and sing alternately, at the top of his voice: 'What, ho! house! Why, house! I say, is there any one within?'

In the mean time Tom Nash had made his way to the presence of his master. 'The key of the hall doore, sir, if you plaze.' 'Oh, Tom, I'm ruined!' 'How, sir?' 'This is Mr Geoffry Gunn, an old college chum of mine, and the last person in the world whom I would have find me in this place.' 'Well, sure 'tis aisy for me to give him the cold shoulder, or for us all to hould our tongue, an' purtind we don't hear him, an' lave him bawlin' and singin' abroad there 'till he's tired. The Gunns arn't only a modhern stock in these parts. The first of 'em come over ondher Queen Lizabit.' 'Nay, nay, that would never answer; I am very glad to meet him, though I could wish —— there he calls again; run, run and open the door! And stay; have you got anything for supper?' 'Lashins and lavins.' 'Very well, have it ready, and bring it when I call.' If it be true, as some wise men have asserted, that the more a man does the more he is able to do, it is no less a fact, that the less a man does the less he is inclined to do. The comparatively idle life which Tom Nash led under his studious master had strengthened to the utmost a powerful natural taste for doing nothing, and rendered him proportionably unfriendly to any demands upon his labour, especially when they happened to be unforeseen or out of course.

'Why, then, you're welcome, as the farmer said to the tithe procthor,' he muttered, going down stairs; 'what a charmin' voice you have this evenin'. I must go, make up your horse now, and get him a feed, and be cleanin' your boots an' stirrups, in place o' bein' where I ought to be at this time o' night—in my warm bed. An' all on account of a roystherin' bawlin' bedlamite that —— What's wantin', plaze your honour?' he added in an altered tone, as he opened the door and confronted the belated horseman. 'Is your master at home?' 'He is, plaze your honour.' 'Will you tell him that his old friend Mr Gunn is come to see him?' 'He knows it already, plaze your honour. He heard your honour singin' on the aveny, an' he knows the voice. Tom Nash, says he (mainin' himself), that's Misther Geoffry Gunn, my old friend, an' I'm very glad to meet him, says he; take care an' have supper ready when I call!'"

The interview between the old friends was as cordial as might have been expected. Mr Gunn made himself most agreeable to Tibbot O'Leary, having, indeed, a plan of his own in view. It was no less than to get Tibbot married, in order, by so doing, either to fulfil a whim, or to oblige a friend of the lady. "'Apropos of antiquities, Tibbot,' says Mr Gunn, 'are you acquainted with this great female antiquary who lives in your neighbourhood?' 'Not I. Whom do you mean?' 'Why, now, that's very odd. I have only come down to this part of the country to snatch a peep at the lake, during the vacation, and I know more of your neighbours than you who live on the spot; but then, rogue as you are, I would be a fool to you, I warrant, if we came to question about the court of the Ptolomies or Rameses. But, indeed, it was accidentally I heard of her first. She is a Miss Moriarty (a genuine west country stock), and a very witch at the books—knows Hebrew, and can even scrawl a hieroglyphic or two of the Chaldaic and such things. As for Greek and Latin, she makes no more of them than a squirrel would of cracking a nut.'

'Is it possible? How odd that I should never have heard of her?' 'Not at all odd, my dear fellow, you were busy about more important things. It is only for us ephemeral beings to have our ears cocked for such every-day novelties. But, indeed, you ought to know her. She lives not more than half a mile from here, on the Kenmare road, in a farm-house tenanted by Mr O'Connor, the husband of a relative, where she has a couple of rooms filled with all the antediluvian rareties in the world. You should have heard her upon the Round Towers.' 'You don't tell me so?' 'She has a theory of her own about them. I had the full benefit of it, for a few days since I was compelled to take shelter in the house from a shower of rain, and had the honour and happiness of hearing, during the half hour I remained, more words I couldn't understand than I did the whole time I was in college.'"

Geoffry Gunn departed from Mr O'Leary's in due course, but his words did not pass from Tibbot's memory. On the contrary, the lady "who had a theory about the Round Towers" haunted his thoughts perpetually, and he began to astonish Tom Nash by exhibiting the most unintelligible spite at the continuance of good weather which the country then enjoyed. "At length, about the end of the month, the mercury began to fall, and his master's spirits to rise in an inverse ratio, which was exceedingly puzzling to Nash.

'Tom,' said his master, with a look of sprightliness and glee, such as he had not manifested before since the visit of Mr Gunn—'Tom, I'm in hopes we'll have rain to-morrow.' 'In hopes, masther? I'm sure 'twould be our ruination. Sure, 'tis to-morrow we have the praties dug in the next field.' 'Hang the potatoes!' exclaimed Mr O'Leary. 'Hang the praties! Mille murdher! I never heard so foolish a speech as that from him before. Hang the praties! The whole stock we have agin' the winter! I hope them ould books an' round towers ar'nt makin' a whirligig of his brains,' muttered Nash, as he left the room. 'Wisha, we never heard more than that any way. Hang the praties!'

Early on the following morning Nash went into his master's room as usual to take his clothes to brush. While he emptied the pockets, and laid the contents on the table, Mr O'Leary, awoke by the jingling of keys and halfpence, turned his head, and asked—'Well, Nash, are we likely to have rain?' 'I never seen such a mornin', sir. The sky is all one cloud from aist to west, an' so low that I could a'most tetch it with my hand. I don't know from Adam what we'll do about the praties; the men wont be able to give half a day with the weather—a clane loss of half a guinea at the laist.' 'That's delightful.' 'Delightful!' repeated Nash involuntarily, looking over his shoulder with surprise. 'He's pursewarin' in it, I see.' 'Nash,' said Mr O'Leary, pulling back his nightcap and sitting up, 'have both horses saddled and fed. I intend riding out immediately after breakfast.' 'Is it in the rain, master?' 'It is. Make haste, and do as I desire you.' 'Pursewarin' all through!' ejaculated Nash, as he went out and shut the door behind him.

Some drops were just beginning to fall as Mr O'Leary and his faithful squire set off upon their journey. They rode on for something more than half a mile, at the termination of which space the rain began to fall in torrents. Mr O'Leary now quickened his pace, and Nash followed his example, but their speed did not save them from a thorough drenching. After riding about a quarter of a mile farther, Mr O'Leary suddenly pulled up his horse, and said, 'Tom, isn't that the avenue leading to Mr O'Connor's?' ''Tis, sir.' 'I think we might as well turn in and ask for shelter there until this shower passes, at all events.' 'The Lord be praised, he's comin' to again,' Nash added to himself, as he alighted and opened the gate."

Mr Geoffry Gunn had prepared his friend Mr O'Connor, with whom the learned Miss Moriarty resided, for Tibbot O'Leary's visit, as well as its motives and probable consequences. Mr Gunn had also given a delicate hint of O'Leary's antiquarian tendencies to the lady herself, and had also insinuated a word, as if casually, about Tibbot's antipathy to "false teeth and wigs." When the latter gentleman arrived, as related, he found Miss Moriarty to be chiefly remarkable for a very fine head of hair. Being well pleased with the prospect of a match for his relative, Mr O'Connor soon found an excuse for leaving the pair together. Tibbot was a little confused at this proceeding, and the first words which he bolted out were, "'P—p—pray, ma—ma'am, what is your opi—pi—pinion of the r—r—round towers?' 'I can hardly say,' replied Miss Moriarty, with a degree of ease which somewhat diminished the confusion of her visiter, 'that I am satisfied with any of the theories which have been broached upon that most interesting subject. You are aware that mankind have in all ages been remarkable for a love of the arduous, and that no pursuits have been carried on with greater zeal, expense, and perseverance, than those which held least hope of ever yielding any profitable result; and the most important practical discoveries in science have often been attained in the pursuit of some visionary and unattainable end. The search after the philosopher's stone led to the discovery of Glauber's salts—the study of judicial astrology produced those elaborate calculations in old times which are of such importance to the astronomer—and the desire to effect a north-west passage conducted the voyagers of England to the magnetic pole. Now, my theory is, that some philanthropic patron of letters in old time, observing this disposition in his species, had those round towers built with no other view than that they should exercise the research and ingenuity of the learned in succeeding ages, and, by furnishing an inscrutible subject of inquiry, perpetuate the study of Irish antiquities through all succeeding time.' The astonishment and admiration of Mr O'Leary had been reaching a climax during the delivery of this ingenious speech, at the conclusion of which he again sprang from his seat, and seemed about to fling himself on his knees in an ecstacy of delight; but recollecting himself in time, he drew back with a respectful bow, and remained in his chair."

Such an original theory on round towers was not to be resisted, and so, some time after the visit, "'Tom,' said Mr O'Leary, 'you must not put oats or potatoes into that parlour any more.' 'Why so, masther? what hurt is it doin' there?' 'No matter. She mightn't like it.' 'Is it ould Nelly, sir?' 'No; your mistress.' '*My* missis!' exclaimed Nash, dropping the bag of oats. 'Yes—didn't I tell you I am going to be married?' For nearly a quarter of an hour the master and man remained gazing on each other's countenances without uttering a syllable. At length the latter found words to say, in a tone of the profoundest sympathy, 'The Lord preserve us, masther!' 'Amen, Tom!' sighed Mr O'Leary; and not another sentence was exchanged between them upon the subject, until Mrs O'Leary, formerly Miss Moriarty, was introduced amid rejoicings that resounded far and near, to the venerable mansion which, it was the owner's will and pleasure, should thenceforth call her mistress.

For a considerable time after his marriage, Nash observed nothing in the demeanour or conversation of his master which could lead him to suspect that he regretted the step which he had taken. Mrs O'Leary was all that could be wished in every respect, either by master or servant, and indeed it surprised Nash a great deal more than he cared to let Mr O'Leary understand, how she came to be so easily satisfied. Matters continued in this even course, until they received a second visit from Mr Geoffry Gunn, now 'Counsellor' Gunn, who, on hearing the humorous antiquary repeat his happiness for the hundredth time, exclaimed, 'I can tell you, then, that if ladies are curious, they sometimes know how to keep a secret. Did you hear about Captain —— and his wife?' 'No—what of them?' 'A most extraordinary story they tell, indeed. They had been living together in perfect harmony, it seems, for more than twenty years, when she died, and it was for the first time discovered that she had two faces, one behind and one before.' 'Nonsense!' exclaimed Mr O'Leary. 'It may be so,' replied his friend; 'I do not answer for the reality of the story.'

'If it be true,' said Tibbot, 'I think the worst part of the affair was the keeping it concealed from her

* Three Volumes. London: Maxwell and Co. 1842.

husband.' As he said this, he could not help observing that his wife looked uneasy and confused, and a strange doubt rushed into his mind, which reawakened his original foible in more than all its former force. The conversation ended; but for a long time after, Tibbot did not retain the untroubled peace of mind which had till now accompanied his steps. The extreme amiability of his helpmate had won all his confidence, but it made him uneasy to perceive that Mrs O'Leary did not behave towards him with an equal absence of reserve. There was evidently something preying on her mind; and the more pains he took to remove every thing that could in the least degree interfere with her peace and comfort, the more she seemed to feel it."

At last Tibbot got a little calmed, and, after years of tolerable happiness, Mrs O'Leary died. Her death-scene was signalised by a strange and solemn request made by her to her husband. This was, that he would never "uncover her head nor touch her head-dress after her decease;" and she solemnly warned him that he himself would be the sufferer if he neglected the admonition. The first hours of sorrow over, Tibbot O'Leary felt his old curiosity increase tenfold, in spite of all his real respect for the memory of his wife. "By continually recurring, and meeting at each fresh assault a fainter resistance, it obtained at length a complete mastery over his mind. It was in vain he thought of Blue Beard, and a thousand other awful warnings of the kind. In the throes of his curiosity, desiring rather to gain an accomplice than a counsellor, he confided his agonies to Nash, and desired his opinion. Tom at once recommended a peep, though never so slight. 'But then her last words, Tom—her dying wishes.' 'Ay, sure she never'll know it.'

'Well,' said Mr O'Leary, much shocked, 'I am sure you do not consider the meaning of what you say. I wish, indeed, she had never given such an injunction, for it is probable I never should have thought for a moment about her head-dress. Could I trust you, Tom, with what I suspect to be the true cause of her injunction?' 'Could *you* thrust *me*, masther!' 'I believe I can. Well, then, Tom, I think the true reason is'—— he looked around, and then whispered in horrified accents in his ear, 'that my wife had two faces.'"

Tom Nash's curiosity now grew so overpowering that he easily surmounted his master's lingering reluctance, and, with horror-marked countenances, the pair crept into the room of Mrs O'Leary, when lo!——

The reader may be disappointed, if he pleases, but truth bids us say, that all that Tibbot O'Leary discovered on his wife's head, was—a *wig*.

JOTTINGS ON ORNAMENTAL GROUNDS.

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's edition of "Price on the Picturesque," * notwithstanding its bringing the half-obsolete association theory of beauty into an unfortunate prominence, is an acceptable present to the world of taste. It is elegantly got up, yet in an economical style, and may be considered as calculated for a more extensive circulation than the original work has ever enjoyed. Sir Uvedale Price was a country gentleman of the best species of the old school—a man naturally of sharp wit and good judgment, whose mind had been improved by travel and scholarly reading. He lived (fifty years ago) just about the time when the system of Kent and Brown, by which so many fine old places had been outraged and ruined, was beginning to be suspected of not being quite the thing, and there can be little doubt that his work has contributed greatly to the introduction of better views. The two men alluded to were rather remarkable persons. Kent had been a coach-painter, and Brown a gardener; by native qualities, they rose to be regarded as authorities with regard to the disposal of ornamental grounds, in which capacity they were allowed to demolish the old and to dictate the new without the least control, for a long course of years. They also gave rise to what might be called a school, the pupils of which carried out their views, wherever they went, with the greatest perseverance. Many droll anecdotes are told with regard to the second of the two men, whose constant phrase on seeing a place, that it had *capabilities*, occasioned his well-known nickname of *Capability Brown*. The perfection of self-complacency was certainly expressed in his exclamation on beholding one of his artificial rivers—"Thames! Thames! thou wilt never forgive me!" These were the rivers which Sir Uvedale Price says might be exactly represented in linen upon a bleaching-green. His actual merits were confined to his being a good gardener. Some of his reforms in that department are entitled to all praise. It was only when he endeavoured to improve *grounds* that he erred. There he had but two or three ideas to act upon, and he acted upon them in all circumstances unrelentingly. One was to dispose trees in clumps and belts, the clumps generally balancing each other, and the belts pursuing a meagre line of miles in length; another was to make up similative rivers, by damming up little rills and giving them smooth sloping turf banks. While waging war against the grand avenues, terraces, square-walked gardens, and other fine old artificialities connected with rural mansions, he unfortunately had no inclination or power to put the genuine forms of nature in their place. He disrespected nature, or only thought that she was *clever sometimes*. If possessed of the means, he would unquestionably, if we may judge from the traits of enthusiasm that occasionally burst from him, have had the whole surface of the earth made like one of his dressed places. He was vapouring one day about the extent to which his plans had already been carried, and his hope of seeing them farther extended before he died, when a wit said gravely, "Mr Brown, I very earnestly wish that I may die before you." "Why so?" said Brown, with great surprise. "Because," said he, "I should like to see heaven before you had improved it."

The Essay on the Picturesque occupies but a part of the volume, and perhaps the least valuable part. For of what practical importance is it to settle the exact nature of the picturesque, as distinguished from the beautiful—its partaking of irregularity and variety of outline, its standing half-way between the beautiful and sublime, and so forth. One joke of an eminent clerical wag settles the whole matter—"The *rector's* horse is usually the more beautiful—the *curate's* the more picturesque." [Why has not Sir Thomas, at least, put this amongst the additional illustrations?] Under the same boards we have Sir Uvedale's Essays on Artificial Water, on Decorations, and on Architecture and Buildings, all of them admirable expositions of sound principles upon these subjects. It may be remarked that the essayist was unacquainted with theories of beauty, but contrives, notwithstanding, to write with an amazingly convincing effect on most of the points which he takes up.

The custom of the seventeenth and earlier centuries was to have a house immediately surrounded by various subordinate buildings, and also by gardens, terraces, flights of steps, and other architectural objects. The Kent and Brown tastes swept these things away, and made the lawn come up to the bottom of the walls. Now, it is, we think rightly, contended that a house being necessarily an artificial object, there is no impropriety, but the reverse, in having it immediately surrounded by objects more or less artificial. The balustraded terrace for a walk is a fine object from a distance, and as well entitled to be there as the house itself. The true plan seems to be, to have such objects immediately near the house, and to allow the environs to melt gradually into the ordinary country. "My rule," says Sir T. D. Lauder, "would be, that the house and its subsidiary buildings should be directly associated with designs of a character which may have much of architectural regularity, as well as actual architectural feature about them. By this means the house itself not only becomes a more pleasing object to look at from all points, but the different views enjoyed from it become much more interesting, from the enrichment of the foreground by minor architectural objects. Straight-lined terraces, bowling greens, balustrades, vases, sun-dials, architectural seats, fountains, and statues, mingled with a profusion of shrubs, plants, and creepers, are all appropriate and useful decorations in such a place. The more formal trees, such as cypresses, Lombardy poplars, Irish yews, &c., come well into harmony with the architectural design, and, in some instances, box-hedges may be desirable, especially where they are contrasted with shrubs of a freer growth—the general design being to produce that intricacy and richness which beget interest, and to furnish an assemblage of objects to throw back the distances. Happy is the man who has had the luck to have a travelled ancestor, who may have imported the taste of such a garden from Italy, and who may have had the energy to construct one around the family dwelling, provided the more immediate predecessors of the living owner have had the good sense to leave it entire. Such a legacy is a perfect treasure to an old place, filled as it is with its many associations—with those groups of gentle knights and ladies fair, who, in different ages, have lounged upon its seats, listening to the soothing murmur of its fountains, or talked of love, or other important trifles, as they moved along its terraces in all the glory of their gay attire, rivalling the very butterflies that participated with them in the sweets of that Flora which perfumed the air around them. A newly constructed garden of this description can have no such direct associations. But still it must possess a sort of reflective association of this description, from recalling the recollection of those which existed in the olden time, together with all the ideas connected with them. And its effect, in relation to the more distant landscape and grounds, must be the same, the moment its various parts are so grown up as to perfect the design." And further—"I know of one ancient garden of this description, that belonging to the old house of Barncleuch, near Hamilton, the property of Lady Ruthven, which I visited with extreme satisfaction and delight. The house stands on the brink of a steep and lofty bank, hanging over the river Avon, at a point a little way above its confluence with the Clyde. The bank is cut out and built up into terraces of different degrees of level, which are connected by flights of steps, and decorated by fountains, arched recesses, stone seats, and all these adjuncts usually found in such old domestic gardens; and the whole is thus softened into the happiest gradual combination with the wildness of the neighbouring scenery. The history of the original formation of this garden is very curious. It was constructed by that Lord Belhaven who lived about the middle of the seventeenth century, of whom Nicol, in his Diary, gives us the following very strange history:—

'It is formerlie observit, that the Inglisches haiffing routtit this natioun at the fight at Dunbar, upone the 3d September 1650, the possest this kingdome, and did foirfalt the maist pairt of these that wer ingadged in that unlauchful ingadgement in the Scottis ingoing to England; among quhome the Dukes of Hamiltoun, and all that formerlie were forfalt, the creditouris persewit the cautioneris for the duke's dett and could get no relieffe. Among these cautioneris the Lord Belhevin being one, and being band for that hous in greater sumes of money than he was able to pay, he resolves to leave this natioun, that he mycht eschew comprysinges of his landis and imprissonement of his persone. This resolutioun he followes in this manner. He takis his jurney to England, and quhen he past by Silloway (Solway) Sandis, he causit his servand cum bak to his wyff with his cloak and hatt, and causit it to be vented that in ryding by these sandis, both he and his horse quhuairon he raid wer sunkin in these quick sandis and drowned, nane being privy to this bot his lady and his man servand. This report passed in all pairtes as guid cunzie, that he was deid and perisched, for the space of six yearis and moir; and to mak this the moir probable and lykelie, his lady and chyldrene went in dule and murning the first two yeiris of his absens, so that during these six yeiris it was certifyed to the haill cuntrey that he was deid and perisched; all this wes done of set purpos to eschew the danger of the cautionary quhairin he lay for that hous of Hamiltoun. Eftir his ingoing to England, he strypit himselff of his apperell, clothed himselff in ane base servill sute, denyit his name, and became servand to ane gairdner, and laborit in gardenes and yairdis during the haill space of his absence; na person being privy to this cours bot his lady (as for his servand he went to other service, not knowing that his old lord haid becum a gairdner) till efter six yeiris absens; efter quhilk tyme and space the Dutches of Hamiltoun haiffing takin ordour with the dettis, and compereit and aggreyit with the creditouris, than he returned to Scotland in Januar last 1659, efter sex yeiris service in England with a gairdner, to the admiratioun of many, for during that haill space it was evir thocht he wes deid, no persone being accessorie to his secrecy bot his awin lady to hir great commendatioune. By this meanis his landis and estait wer saiff, and his cautionarie for the hous of Hamiltoun wes transactit for, as is afoirsaid, and his estait, both personall and reall fred and outquytt.'

I believe that it was owing to my friend Mr Kirkpatrick Sharp having on one occasion directed Sir Walter Scott's attention to this most singular story, that the first idea occurred to the great author of the 'Bride of Lammermoor,' that he should terminate the existence of the Master of Ravenswood by a death similar to that which was thus feigned by Lord Belhaven, and which Sir Walter has made so sublimely affecting as the final fate of his hero. But the object which I have most particularly in view, in my present introduction of this piece of history, is that I may be enabled to mention, that it was the knowledge which Lord Belhaven thus acquired, during his six years' hard horticultural labour in England, that enabled him to lay out and construct this beautiful old terrace-garden of Barncleuch."

With regard to the decoration of grounds more remote from the house, it is impossible for us in this place to follow critically the ideas of Price; but we shall extract one of the editor's additions:—"Before proceeding to plant the grounds of a place ornamentally, it is necessary carefully to study its character—to become thoroughly acquainted with the various inequalities of its surface—to consider, also, the different soils which present themselves; and after well digesting all these particulars, let the improver then bestow some thought upon the question, how nature would have done the work, had she been pleased to have executed it. Here I am presupposing the existence of two things: first, that the place has some variety of surface; and secondly, that the improver has studied the wooding of nature, which is still abundantly to be met with in all the wilder parts of our own country, especially in Wales, or in the Highlands of Scotland—as, for example, in the valleys running down in all directions from the Grampians, where the beauty of the natural woods is so very remarkable. If the place is so utterly devoid of variety of surface as to be absolutely a dead flat, and if it has no timber on it already, the existing arrangement of which might suggest to the improver some design for ultimately producing intricacy and interest, I should be disposed to advise the proprietor to fix his residence elsewhere. But if he is reduced to the necessity of settling there, by having no other choice, I should say that the best advice that can well be given him, is to plant and spare not; so that, although he may be able to do nothing very effectual in producing beauty, he may at least have the gratification of seeing his trees grow, with the hope of leaving behind him something which his son or his grandson may work into a place. He should always bear in mind that trees are more easily removed than reared, and that there is more hope of a place where the house stands in the middle of a forest, than there can be where it appears staring in

* Edinburgh: Caldwell, Lloyd, and Co. London: Orr and Co. 8vo., pp. 386. 1842.

the midst of a bare plain, without a single tree within view. But in planting—whether in the smaller groves or larger woods—the different kinds of timber trees should not be mixed, so as to produce one general *uniformity of variety*, if I may so express myself; but, for the most part, though perhaps not always, the individuals of each kind should be grouped together in considerable masses, irregular both in form and size. And as I should rather prefer an over-doing than an under-doing of wood at first, so I should wish the proprietor to be early alive to the necessity of making frequent inroads upon the outline of his groves and woods, by carrying glades into them in certain places, and loosening their edges in others, so as by degrees to give air, that is, relative distance, as well as nature, to the whole scene. But the attempt to convert so utterly flat and unfavourable a subject as that which we have now supposed to exist, is rarely to be made."

Here our limited space compels us to stop, and we can only recommend the volume to the careful perusal of gentlemen interested in laying out pleasure grounds on principles of taste: its great elegance makes it a fit companion for the drawing-room or parlour.

"A SHILLING'S WORTH OF NONSENSE."

In an exceedingly droll little production, appropriately enough entitled as above, which has just made its appearance, and, as it may be supposed, with the laudable view of making people laugh in these "dull times," we find the following quizzical observations and advices, which a cautious critic would say "were not bad."

LAWYERS.

A lawyer is a "much-abused gentleman, one," &c. He is generally described as a cormorant after clients, exorbitant in his bills of costs, and a zealous promoter of litigation; but this portrait of him has been drawn with a too caustic pencil, for there is a high moral purpose in his conduct.

He desires clients only with the noble motive of ruining them, and holding them up as examples of the miserable state to be anticipated by those who show a vexatious spirit towards their fellow-men. He makes law expensive, not from a paltry desire to enrich his own coffers, but from a magnanimous and patriotic wish to prevent the poor man from indulging in hatred and uncharitableness, and to deter the rich, by a forcible appeal to their pockets, from a habit of oppression towards their inferiors, and of opposition towards their equals; therefore, let the costs of your legal adviser be ever so exorbitant, discharge his claim at once, and consider that you have only taken an expensive lesson in morality.

If the lawyer does promote litigation, it is from the consideration that a country without a chancellor would be little better than a ship without a helm; and living in a country *with* a chancellor, he looks upon it as the bounden duty of every one to prevent so honourable a functionary receiving his money for doing nothing.

PICTURES.

"Know thyself," is an excellent axiom and round-hand copy. We would therefore recommend the heads of families to have themselves transferred to canvass, and suspended in their apartments for continual self-examination. There are also other advantages attendant upon this practice. As it would be too expensive to appear every day in your best clothes, the portraits of yourself, in blue coat and buff waistcoat, will afford those friends who have an opportunity of seeing you only in the week in your working dress, of observing how very genteel you appear when decorated in your Sunday apparel. Should you be blessed with two grown-up, unmarriageable daughters, you cannot do better than have their portraits "done," for the artist can introduce a stock of jewellery and beauty not exactly the property of the young ladies; and as first impressions are everything, some guileless swain may be struck with the charms of the portrait, and blinded to the blemishes of the original.

If we were called upon to suggest a style of male portraiture, we would unhesitatingly select that of the gentleman in Regent Circus, who, in a spirit of laudable ambition, has set up his own likeness in rivalry to that of his neighbour, the "Bull and Mouth." There is a *landscape* of a child in the same gallery which offers a fine model for the female portion of your family, always taking care to place in the hand of the fair sitter a rose, or, in the absence of the floral queen, a kidney on a skewer, which, we are given to understand, is the *lay-rose* of this school of painters.

Persons of considerable wealth but of insignificant extraction, who, in the poetic ardour of their youth, have been imprudent enough to allow the "home of their childhood" to be committed to canvass, will do well, upon the acquisition of their first thousand pounds, to have the humble cottage in which they were born instantly converted into a villa; and with every new investment in the funds, they should employ some architectural artist to add a wing or a storey to their pictorial birthplace, in order that it may ultimately be converted into a mansion. On retiring from business, a pound or two may be advantageously laid out in adding "an extensive and thickly-wooded park, well stocked with deer," to the picture; so that, although your youthful fare may have been broad-beans and bacon, your new acquaintance may give you credit for having been reared on venison and pine-apples.

INTELLECTUAL COMPANIONS.

In selecting your companions, be careful to choose those who are your inferiors either in mind or position. Ambition is a noble principle; and be your talents however humble, you can, in seeking your station in society, descend to that class where you will be looked upon as a great man. In support of this opinion, we need only refer to that beautiful spirit of humility which now actuates some of the nobles of our land, who, doffing the *pseudo* dignity of the senator, and donning the generous nature of the man, are frequently found taking the hand of the prize-fighter as a brother, and sharing in the festivities of the cabman as a friend—amply repaid for their condescension by the eulogiums of their companions, and their acknowledged superiority as—"regular bricks."

There is always danger of annoyance in presuming to seek the society of your superiors; for though you naturally entertain a very excellent opinion of yourself, it is ever distressing to find others that are not of the same way of thinking. As every thing is great or little by comparison, you may become a Colossus among coal-heavers, although you would be a pigmy among philosophers—even as the noble may be considered a genius in St Giles, who appears very much like an imbecile in St Stephens.

HABIT.

Habit being universally acknowledged to be second nature, he who wishes you to forego the indulgence of any of your established customs, can be looked upon only as one of those individuals who are irrational enough to desire that which is unnatural. If, therefore, you are in the habit of smoking, and occupy apartments in a house wherein there is an elderly lady with an asthma, and she is so unreasonable as to expect you to deprive yourself of this innocuous enjoyment, do not hesitate to treat her as a maniac, who would require you to exist without the very air you breathe. Should you have always accustomed yourself to plenty of air, and chance to occupy the inside of a stage-coach with a gentleman subject to rheumatism in the head, and a lady afflicted with the toothache, stand upon no ceremony, but proceed to establish a thorough draft by letting down both the windows; for recollect that none but barbarians would seek to control the dictates of nature—even though it be a second one. If you be one of twenty in a public room on a frosty morning, and have contracted a habit of warming the dorsal part of your body, do not hesitate to place yourself immediately before the fire, for there can be no necessity for you to inconvenience yourself for those to whom you are a perfect stranger; or should there be any friends of yours among the company, it would evince great selfishness upon their parts did they display any wish to control your enjoyment.

SOCIETY IN A WEALTHY MERCANTILE ENGLISH TOWN.

To say that in a place singularly destitute of nobility its inhabitants have themselves substituted an aristocracy of wealth in place of one of family, is perhaps a little beyond the precise truth; and yet it comes nearer to the truth than any other form of words which could be used. There is as much subdivision into sets and sects, as much exclusiveness, with all its train of bad consequences, as in the wider and nobler circles of the metropolis—and over all, and through all, a mercantile spirit at work, which is singularly unfavourable to the development of mind. There is, indeed, scarcely any inducement for a man to exert and improve the powers with which he has been gifted, if, valuing every thing by the standard of pounds, shillings, and pence, he feels that his standing is secure, that he may talk wisdom or folly as he will, and still be looked up to in society as a person of consequence and authority; nay, that he is in most circles more popular as he is than he would be were he to bear the character of a hard reader or a deep thinker. The withering influence of fashion has also its share in depreciating the standard of intelligence. Our circles are not wide enough to allow of individuals setting up as characters—in which case alone does she tolerate any originality of thought, word, or deed; she therefore imposes upon her subjects a uniformity of conduct and manner; trammelling them as effectually within her artificial ordinances as the conjuror when he confines the chicken within his magic circle of chalk. But it seems to me that we are fallen on particularly cheerless times as respects ease or enjoyment in general society. As far as concerns the men, the age of dandyism has, thank Heaven, passed over. But though the present race of men may be less finical than the last, poor society is no gainer by their increase of manliness. If they are less sedulous attenders of balls than their predecessors, they are more constant at dinner parties; and at these they love to herd together, to talk the strong talk of emptiness—of their dogs, and horses, and amours—and to settle the great questions of the day—over which statesmen are racking their brains, and for the right understanding whereof philosophers are patiently drawing their conclusions from the experience of the past—in a few stout words, against which there is to be no appeal. As to pursuit of any kind beyond the above-mentioned amusements, it is almost utterly unknown among them; and even should any one be followed in secret, it is not to be alluded to in conversation, if its follower would keep clear of the artillery of idle tongues ever ready to satirise what their owners do not comprehend. On the other hand, the present system of female training has its share in making society a burden instead of an excitement and an exercise to those who understand something better than vapid talk about the nothings of the day, or the more racy amusement of quizzing your *vis-à-vis* in a quadrille. While fashion attacks any tendency to bluism with her most blighting ridicule, and inculcates a cold *posé* demeanour, under which every natural impulse and feeling is to be impenetrably concealed, education has parcelled out the time of her victim, and carried her at set hours from French to history, from history to music, from music to metaphysics, and so on, without ever stopping to study the natural biases and talents born with her. Between the two, the natural buoyancy of girlhood—which never stayed to consider whether the laugh was a tone too loud, or the step a thought too quick, or the talk a shade too confidential—is as completely crushed as if it had never existed; and there seems now no longer any intermediate step between the child on her way to school, and the well-tutored, well-dressed woman, armed at all points for society, and equally proof against enjoyments and annoyances. It would be as ridiculous as false to say that we have not many who stand out in bright relief from amidst this general barrenness. But sectarian differences of religion and politics keep these much asunder; and the powers which they might individually employ for the edification of general society, are sadly cramped by the suspicious dislike wherewith the world of commonplace people regard them: a world unjust as it is vain, and at any time more ready to overlook moral defect than to forgive mental superiority.—*Chorley's Sketches of a Sea-port Town.*

THE COCA OF BOLIVIA.

The coca, which is so essential to the Indian's comfortable existence, is a staple of this climate. This plant, at the time of the conquest, was only used by the Incas and those of the royal or rather solar blood. The plant was looked upon as an image of divinity, and no one entered the enclosures where it was cultivated without bending the knee in adoration. The divine sacrifices made at that period were thought not to be acceptable to heaven, unless the victims were crowned with branches of this tree. The oracles made no reply, and auguries were terrible, if the priest did not chew coca at the time of consulting them. It was an unheard-of sacrilege to invoke the shades of the departed great without wearing this plant in token of respect; and the Coyas and Mamas, who were supposed to preside over gold and silver, rendered the mines impenetrable if the labourers failed to chew the leaves of coca while engaged in the toil. To this plant the Indian recurred for relief in his greatest distress; no matter whether want or disease oppressed him, or whether he sought the favours of Fortune or Cupid, he found consolation in this divine plant. In the course of time its use extended to the whole Indian population, and its cultivation became an important branch of trade. It produced at one period no less than 2,641,487 dollars yearly; and we are told that its leaves were once the representative of money, and circulated as coin. The virtues of the coca are of the most astonishing character. The Indians who are addicted to its use are enabled to withstand the toil of the mines, amidst noxious metallic exhalations, without rest, food, or protection from the climate. They run hundreds of leagues over deserts, arid plains, and craggy mountains, sustained only by the coca and a little parched corn: and often, too, acting as mules in bearing loads through passes where animals cannot go. Many have attributed this frightful frugality and power of endurance to the effects of habit, and not to the use of the coca; but it must be remembered that the Indian is naturally voracious; and it is known that many Spaniards were unable to perform the Herculean tasks of the Peruvians until they habitually used the coca. Moreover, the Indians without it lose both their vigour and powers of endurance. It is stated, that during the siege of La Paz in 1781, when the Spaniards were constantly on the watch, and destitute of provisions, in the inclemencies of winter, they were saved from disease and death by resorting to this plant. The coca possesses a slightly aromatic and agreeable odour, and, when chewed, dispenses a grateful fragrance; its taste is moderately bitter and astringent, and it tinges the saliva of a greenish hue. Its effects on the system are stomachic and tonic, and beneficial in preventing intermittents, which have always prevailed in the country. The mode of employing coca is to mix with it in the mouth a small quantity of lime prepared from shells, much after the manner that the betel is used in the east. With this, a handful of parched corn, and a ball of arrow-root, an Indian will travel on foot a hundred leagues, trotting on ahead of a horse. On the frequented roads, I am informed that the Indian guides have certain spots where they throw out their quids, which have accumulated into little heaps that now serve as marks of distance; so that, instead of saying one place is so many leagues from another, it is common to call it so many quids!—*Three Years in the Pacific:* 1835.

AN ENGLISH STREET DIALOGUE.

A. (*advancing*) How d'ye do, Brooks?
B. Very well, thank ye; how do *you* do?
A. Very well, thank ye; is Mrs Brooks well?
B. Very well, I'm much obliged t'ye. Mrs Adams and the children are well, I hope?
A. Quite well, thank ye.
(A pause.)
B. Rather pleasant weather to-day.
A. Yes, but it was cold in the morning.
B. Yes, but we must expect that at this time o' year.
(A pause—neckcloth twisted, and switch twirled.)
A. Seen Smith lately?
B. No; can't say I have; but I have seen Thompson.
A. Indeed! how is he?
B. Very well, thank ye.
A. I'm glad of it. Well, good morning.
B. Good morning.

Here it is always observed that the speakers, having taken leave, walk faster than usual for some hundred yards.—*Scrap-book.*

We are continually receiving letters from persons in country towns, particularly in England, complaining that they cannot, by any possibility, get certain back numbers of our Journal; the answer given by the booksellers being, that the numbers are out of print. We can only re-assert, that there are, at all times, from 500 to 1000 copies of each number from the commencement in our own warehouse at Edinburgh, and also in the warehouse of Mr W. S. Orr, Amen Corner, London; and that, if country booksellers would give themselves the trouble of sending to either of these head depôts, they would invariably get what they require. The error, perhaps, lies in the booksellers trusting to other parties to remit what they want. We have frequently similar complaints as to the impossibility of getting works in our Educational Course, School-Room Maps, &c., and the same thing may be said respecting them—there is always a large supply of every one of these works in the hands of Mr Orr, and also with ourselves.

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LAMENT FOR AN EXTINCT ARTICLE OF FEMALE DRESS.

In our younger days, when George III. was king, ladies wore pockets—particularly those ladies whose exterior clothing consisted of a husband. But, some years since, this article of female attire, which had existed perhaps from the beginning of the world, was universally discarded, and its place supplied by a certain trifling dangling pretence for a pocket, styled and yclept a *reticule*. If you now inquire how ladies do without pockets, they point to the reticule as that which serves in its stead, and seem to think the one thing a thorough compensation for the other. But suppose you were to burn down the custom-house and erect a sentry-box in its place, you might just as well pretend that the sentry-box was a compensation or substitute for the custom-house. The reticule is not, and never can be, a fair representative of the honest, substantial, capacious, commodity, which our respected ancestresses wore by their sides, one to balance the other, somewhat after the manner of a pair of saddle-bags, while near by depended a pin-cushion of about the size of a reasonable school globe, a goodly pair of scissors, and a venerable article called a *hus'if*, containing specimens of all sorts of needles from darners downwards. Pockets, in fact, *were* pockets—vessels of extensive capacity and serviceableness; which reticules never can be. The manifest fact is that, in the rage for elegance, pockets were found by the ladies to give a bunchiness to the contour, and for that reason were discarded, notwithstanding their merits on the score of utility. And thus, for the sake of a slimness, which in married ladies is not desirable, a revolution of the most annoying and even disastrous nature has been effected in the household system of Great Britain and Ireland.

We speak quite advisedly when we attribute such a grave character to this change of fashion; and this, we trust, will be fully acknowledged by our readers. Let us just consider for a moment what ladies' pockets were, and what they did, and what associations of feeling they gave rise to. In the first place, the pockets of the mistress of a household and mother of a family used to be an ever-ready and convenient place of reference for all sorts of moderate-sized articles, which there might otherwise have been a difficulty in finding when they were wanted. You never could be at a loss for a cork-screw long ago: the mistress was sure to have one in her pocket. No need then for a hurry-skurrying through the house in search of a shoeing-horn to relieve the agonies of an urchin putting on a pair of new shoes: his mamma had the article at command in a moment, and the starting perspiration was instantly repelled. Her pockets were, indeed, a kind of microcosm—an epitome of all that was in the store-room, the dark closet, and even the larder. The only drawback was, that when she was from home, half the miscellaneous articles of the house might be considered as from home too; but, then, the ladies of those days went so little abroad! In the second place, the said pockets were a depôt for a vast number of small stray articles, which are constantly seen now-a-days wandering about the house in danger of being lost. If a dame of those days saw so much as a child's marble lying in a corner, she picked it up and clapped it into her pocket. Did she discover a single little stocking in some irrelative place, like the foot-print on the sand in Robinson Crusoe, she popped it into her pocket. Did she find a teaspoon or sauce-ladle where no such thing should be, it took the same road. Any toy which had served its day amongst the children, and was beginning, accordingly, to be an object for their destructiveness, she whipped out of their sight into that ever-open receptacle, well knowing that it might do good service hereafter, when it had once more become a novelty. The pockets were not the permanent receptacle for all such things; nothing short of a pair of panniers could have been so. But they served admirably as a commonplace book into which things could be entered for the time, to be afterwards at leisure distributed each to its own proper page in the household ledger.

The economy of all this, the saving of fret and worry which it effected, were what no subject born of Queen Victoria will ever be able to understand. To remind our contemporaries of only one article—how much vexation was spared to us long ago by the practice which ladies then followed of carrying their keys in their pockets, instead of, as now, keeping, or pretending to keep, them in a little moveable basket! In those days, everything was obtainable at a moment's notice, because the key which commanded its place of deposit was ever ready. The simple localisation of the keys of the establishment in one of those well-known pockets kept all right. But now-a-days who can tell one minute where a lady's keys are to be the next? Sometimes they are on her work-table in the parlour, sometimes they follow her to her bedroom, sometimes they are snug in a cushioned corner of the drawing-room sofa. Sometimes, strange to say, they seem to have locked themselves up into some place unknown, or, not less wonderful, are declared to be nowhere. We have known tea put an hour behind its time, merely because the keys had made to themselves wings. We have known a lady go out to dinner in a dress which was hardly dress, because access to her drawers had suddenly been found to be impossible. We shall suppose that a friend whom you have not seen for a long time has come home to dine with you, and that you wish, during the repast, to treat him to a bottle of very particular sherry which you have lately laid in. You issue the proper order; but, lo! the cellar key, which was in Mrs Balderstone's hands only ten minutes ago, if her own story is to be believed, can now no longer be found. Your friend, of course, is in the condition of Mother Hubbard's dog, as far as sherry is concerned, and sets you down for a very strange sort of person. Say, again, you meet with a severe accident, and, from loss of blood, are in a fainting condition. "For any sake," says the doctor, "brandy!" "Brandy!" every one repeats, and instantly all are flying about in quest of—not the brandy, but the keys wherewith it is to be excavated from the wine-cooler. But you might as well call spirits from the vasty deep. The keys have, as usual, gone amissing, and the lock of the wine-cooler, cupboard, or whatever other place, is inviolable. Probably, you have been in seven faints before they are at length found, and the desired article produced.

One of your children is severely burnt. "Oil! oil!" is the cry. But where is the oil? and echo answers—"Where?"

You meet both your servant-girls rushing down the staircase in the greatest haste. You might as well try to stop a whirlwind; but you question them in passing: "Where—where are you going? What in the world are you after?" "The keys! the keys!" Even the little boy who cleans the knives and goes upon errands, is in a state of extraordinary excitement. His mistress's injunctions are upon him, and he has not a thought for anything else. At last, with one eye charged with merriment, and another directed towards a drawer which he has pulled out from the drawing-room table, he ejaculates—"Mistress—mistress—there they are!"

Another case is of such constant occurrence that it has almost ceased to be remarkable. You have sat down to dinner, and all is ready, except the attendant whose duty it is to remove the covers and wait. "Where, where is Mary? Why is she out of the way just now?" "Oh, just have a little patience, my dear; she will be here immediately." You determine to be liberal, and allow a minute. Still no Mary appears. You begin to hear a hurrying across upper floors, and a skiffing up and down stairs. "What is detaining her? Why is she not ready to attend?" "Oh, do, dear, wait a little longer," says Mrs Balderstone, herself beginning to be a little uneasy. Mary at last comes down out of breath, bearing that signal of your bale—*the basket of keys*—of which she has, as usual, been in quest, at the command (secretly given) of her mistress.

You lose at length all patience, and take an opportunity some day of telling your spouse a very plain tale; but it is all in vain. Somehow, fifty such incidents as the above impress her mind with the idea of but one occurrence. She admits that some such annoyance happened *once*, but no more. Your asserting that it is of frequent occurrence she takes in great dudgeon, and it is well if she does not end by making herself appear as the injured party, and require a present to dry up her tears withal.

After so many thorough out-and-out grievances, it may almost appear silly to lament the extinction of ladies' pockets on account merely of the pleasant ideas associated with them. Yet, since our hand is in, we must advert to this part of the case also. Every person of maturish years must have delightful recollections of the interest which used to attach to those honest-like swelling receptacles which hung once by the sides of mothers and grandmothers, not to speak of worthy aunts and grand-aunts, and miscellaneous lady visiters of philoprogenitive dispositions—sure as they were to contain a greater or less store of all the things which children delight in. Reticules never contain coppers—pockets did. Reticules never turn out any such things as comfits or nuts—but pockets were always doing kind actions of that sort. A lady of the old time, who had anything to do with children, always took care to keep her pockets well plenished with such little matters, to be employed at all proper seasons and on all needful occasions, as prudence might direct or importunity extort; and thus was a charming bond established between the adult and the young which cannot now exist in nearly the same intensity. Why, we have seen a lady at a friend's table laughingly appropriate, with the full consent of the hostess, the reversion of a whole dessert, consisting of perhaps a pound of raisins, half-a-dozen apples, and a section of cake fit to set up a tea-party, and tumble all into her pocket to be taken home "to the bairns." Verily, different times was it with younkers in those days, from what it is at present under the reign of reticules! Here is one great source of mutual love lost to society. Who can tell what may be its effect in future years, as the people that have been born and reared under the reticule régime grow up and take their part in the social and political world! A most interesting race they were, altogether, those lady-pockets of a former day, with their curious difficulty of access through vertical apertures in the intermediate integuments, and the various external characters which they were always found to bear in accordance with the characters of the owners. It must be remarked, for the information of the youthful part of the community, that every lady had a pocket in some degree appropriate to her age and position in the world. A youngish lady had but a

slight thing of dimity, or some such article. When she grew into a married woman, her pocket grew too, and became of stouter consistence and more bulk and capacity, to suit her new necessities. As her family increased, so did her pocket, until at length, about the time when she proved a grandmother, it had become thick, and strong, and wide, and large, and more like the buckler which a warrior carries by his side than anything else. Some pockets were much more inaccessible and stingy than others; but with a swelling heart we must do them the justice to say that generosity was the predominant character of the race. A mother's pocket contained a reward for every good deed or service, and a balm for every wound and every woe. It was almost worth while to get a dreadful cut or bruise, in order to experience the unfailing solacement which that pocket could supply. A grandmother's, again, although perhaps of homelier stuff, was even more liberal of its good things—grandmothers being fortunately exempt from all those anxieties by which parents allow themselves to be tormented, lest they should spoil or over-indulge the young. We have known a little elf watch an elderly lady visiter of his mother for hours, like a cat at a mouse-house, eyeing every movement which her hand took in relation to her pocket-hole—now disappointed by her taking out only her snuff-box; now by her drawing forth her seam that she might fall a-working, in order to improve her time; but rarely failing to have his assiduity rewarded in the long-run by some proof of her generosity. When we reflect on the feelings of the juvenile world of thirty years ago on all these matters, and consider that such things are known no longer, we could almost conclude that the banishment of the weeping birch, the explanations given to difficulties at school, and all the other advantages which the youth of the present day enjoy, or are said to enjoy, hardly form a compensation for the banishment of the ladies' pocket.

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

PARASITICAL ANIMALS.

THE existence of parasitical animals, that is, of tribes of creatures which live in and upon other animals, and extract their nourishment from these, is one of the most curious and remarkable phenomena which the history of the animal kingdom offers to our notice. The extent to which these parasites prevail is infinitely greater than is usually imagined. There is not, perhaps, an animal, to what rank soever of the zoological scale it may belong, altogether free from their attacks; many are liable to be assailed by large numbers indiscriminately, while not a few have one or more peculiar species assigned to them. Neither is almost any portion of the animal frame exempt from their visitations. Many take up their abode on the skin, among the hair, feathers, or other materials with which it may be covered, dig nests for themselves in its substance, or find some other suitable residence on the exterior parts of the body: the whole of the extensive tribe, named *Entozoa*, live in the interior of animals—in the brain, liver, lungs, intestines; in short, in almost every part of their viscera, frequently producing serious and fatal diseases. Nay, so complex does the system of parasitical life sometimes become, that we find numerous instances in which one parasite is preyed upon by another, and that again by a third, the process being thus continued through three separate stages.

In many instances we are incapable of forming a proper estimate of the purposes which these creatures are designed to serve; in others the object is more apparent; while in not a few cases we see in them a benevolent provision for a specific end. Many of the races of what are called the lower animals—insects, for example—have a great tendency to superfecundity; that is, to increase beyond due proportion, and surpass the limits which have been assigned them in the economy of nature. By means of these parasites, which are by far the most numerous in such tribes as those just alluded to, a series of checks and counterchecks are established, this exuberant fertility restrained, and a due equilibrium kept up among the different races.

Man himself, to whom dominion over the whole of animated nature has been assigned, as the peculiar privilege of his superior endowments and high destinies, is very far from being in a condition to boast of immunity from the attacks of these assailants. Four species of *Pediculidæ* (speaking in reference to this country only) are liable to infest the exterior of his person; and these, under peculiar circumstances, and in connexion with *Acari*, have sometimes been known to produce fatal diseases. To the malady known by the name of *morbus pedicularis*, the rich, the wise, the noble, and the mighty, have fallen victims. Exclusive of other names of less note are those of Pheretima, as recorded by Herodotus, Antiochus Epiphanes, the Dictator Sylla, the two Herods, the Emperor Maximian, and Philip II.* These, however, are but an insignificant portion of the parasites which make man at once their residence and their food. Upwards of 20 species have been enumerated as living in some portion of the interior of his frame. Some penetrate, to use Kirby's words, into the very seat of thought; others disturb his bile; others circulate with the blood of his veins; others, again, are seated in his kidneys; others in his muscles, &c. Nor is the diversity of the species more remarkable than the occasional numbers of the same species, and the enormous dimensions which others sometimes attain. Eight hundred and seventy parasitic worms have been counted in one liver; tapeworms have been known to extend to 30 feet in length, and even in some instances, it is asserted, to 128 feet! In tropical countries the natives are liable to the attacks of a gigantic parasite, known by the name of the Guinea worm (*Filaria medinensis*), which insinuates itself within the skin of the legs, where it occasionally continues for many years, sometimes without producing much pain, at other times causing great agony, according to the place it occupies. It is said to attain the length of ten feet, and the thickness of a pigeon's quill. The patient is on the watch for a portion of its body appearing through the skin, when he seizes it and draws it forth with great slowness and caution, for fear of breaking it. The Jigger (*Pulex penetrans*) of intertropical countries is infinitely more troublesome than its counterpart (*Pulex irritans*) in the colder regions of the earth; for it burrows into the flesh of the feet, and soon swells into a large ball, the latter being a membranous bag containing the eggs. When the young issue from it, they produce a severe ulceration, which is always difficult to cure, and sometimes proves mortal. According to Humboldt, there exists in South America a species of gad-fly (*Œstrus hominis*) which deposits its eggs on human beings, and there rears its young as its natural and appropriate habitat.

Not a few of the above-mentioned parasites likewise occur in and upon various kinds of mammiferous animals; and there are, of course, many others peculiar to the latter. Almost every species of quadruped has its own pedicular inhabitant; and not only so, but in some instances different kinds are appropriated to different parts of the body. This is the case, for example, with the common ox; and this animal presents the farther peculiarity, that it has a distinct species allotted to the young. These considerations, in a physiological point of view, are not a little remarkable. Most of our domestic animals are very subject to the inroads of parasites, probably in some measure in consequence of the changes they have undergone in their food and habits by the process of domestication. To enumerate all these would extend this notice beyond due limits, and lead us to trespass on the province of the veterinary surgeon. One of the most common is what are called *hydatids* in sheep, which often prove very injurious to that useful animal. *H. cerebralis* infests the brain, producing vertigo or sturdy; and the presence of the parasites may be known by the state of disquietude into which the animal is thrown, frequently turning its head to one side with a sudden jerk, running quickly forward without any apparent cause, then suddenly stopping as in a state of bewilderment. The fluke-worm (*Fasciola hepatica*) is very common not only in the liver of the sheep, but also of the other ruminating animals—of the pig, and even occasionally of man himself. It has the form of a small oval leaf, pointed behind, and having a narrow elongation in front, on which the first sucker is placed, opening into a kind of throat supplied with canals for conveying the bile—on which the creature feeds—into all parts of its body.

In the whole tribe of parasites, there is not, perhaps, one whose history altogether is more curious and interesting than that of the gad-fly, which produces bots in horses. This fly is about the size of the common blue-bottle fly, and of a yellowish-brown colour; the female provided with a tubular instrument terminating in a hook, for depositing her eggs. Having selected the horse to which she is to intrust her progeny, she hovers over him with an egg in the pincers at the extremity of the anal tube, and on the first favourable opportunity pounces upon him, and deposits the egg on a hair, to which it adheres by a glutinous matter with which it is coated. This done, the maternal duties of the parent fly cease, and the egg is left to the singular series of vicissitudes it is destined to undergo. It must be hatched in the interior of the horse, and the latter becomes the unconscious instrument of conveying it thither. When licking himself, as horses are apt to do when grazing, urged thereto by the bites and titillation of various flies, the eggs of the gad-fly adhere to his tongue and lips, and thus readily find their way into the interior of the mouth. To render this desired result the more probable, the eggs are usually laid on the fore-quarter of the horse, in such places as he can reach with his tongue; but even when this is not the case, the eggs are not necessarily lost, as horses are in the habit of licking each other, and one free from bots may thus receive them from another. The warmth and moisture of the mouth soon cause the larvæ to burst through the envelope of the egg, and they are either swallowed with the food, or find their way into the stomach by their own proper exertions. They have now reached their appropriate receptacle, the domicile where they are to spend the principal portion of their lives. In shape, they are not unlike some kinds of powder-flask, the segments with short spines on the edges, and the anterior terminating in a narrow neck, which has two hooks at its extremity. By means of these they anchor themselves to the internal membrane of the stomach, where they feed upon the humours secreted by that membrane, wholly uninjured by the gastric juice, and retaining their position amid all the changes which the great central organ of nutrition undergoes. They generally occupy their genial quarters (the temperature of a horse's stomach is about 102 degrees Fahrenheit) upwards of half a year, when they let go their hold, and allow themselves to be ejected, with the digested food, through the ordinary channel. They are then transformed into a chrysalis on the ground, from which, in due time, the fly emerges, to give birth to another offspring, which repeat the same extraordinary cycle of changes.

The gad-fly of the ox rears its young on the exterior of that animal, depositing its eggs on the skin. When the larvæ are excluded, they dig into the skin, and an abscess or tumour is formed around them, which serves both as a place of residence and a reservoir of food, the lymph generated by the irritation yielding the requisite sustenance. The gad-fly of the sheep differs in its economy from both of the above. It lays its eggs on the nostrils of the sheep, where they very soon hatch, and the larvæ find their way into the frontal maxillary and other sinuses or cavities of the face, where they produce a considerable degree of inflammation, and occasion great pain. The same helpless quadruped is frequently overrun with an apterous fly, called the *ked* or spider-fly; but perhaps its most formidable enemies are the common blow-fly (*Musca vomitoria*) and the grey chequered blow-fly (*M. carnaria*). In sheltered situations, and in sultry weather, these flies lay their eggs on the skin, wherever they can find a portion of it exposed; and if the surface be wounded, or the animal in a state of disease, so much better is it adapted to their purposes. Sometimes the larvæ are placed on the skin ready hatched—for these flies are viviparous, and they immediately begin to consume the flesh, and work their way into its substance. If the provident care of the shepherd does not prevent, large wounds are soon inflicted, exposing the viscera in many places, and the hapless victim perishes by a lingering death, presenting the revolting spectacle of being literally eaten alive.

The gigantic mammalia of the deep present, in the vast extent of their surface, "ample scope and verge enough" for the residence of entire colonies of smaller beings. We might suppose that their parasites would be larger than those occurring on animals of inferior dimensions; but this we do not find to be the case, at least in any considerable degree. One of the best known is named by sailors the whale louse (*Oniscus ceti*, Lin.) It is a curious crustaceous animal, with an oval body composed of eight or nine segments, with eight feet, each of which terminates in a strong claw. They are sometimes so abundant, that the whales infested by them are known to be so at a considerable distance by the white colour they impart to the surface, visible when the animal rises to breathe. When removed, the epidermis beneath them is generally found to be eaten away, and the superficial parts much injured. They receive the eggs, when excluded, into a kind of pouch, formed of scales, on the under side of the body, and they remain in this receptacle till hatched; even the young are carried about for a time in this bag, a practice which reminds one of the marsupial pouch of the kangaroo. There are several species nearly related to each other, but differing a good deal in their habits. One of them runs about the surface; others are stationary, and usually found in great numbers agglomerated upon the corneous eminences of the sperm-whale. Another animal somewhat resembling these, but belonging to a different tribe, that of the *Arachnida*, selects the same place of residence. It is about three-quarters of an inch in length, with a narrow body, and eight long many-jointed legs.

The bat parasite (*Pteroptes*) has often excited the surprise of those who observed it, both by its singular

* Denny's "Monographia Anoplurorum Britanniæ," a work just published, in which all the British species are described and beautifully figured. They amount to upwards of 230.

appearance and the extreme rapidity of its movements. It is considered to be an apterous (wingless) fly, although it bears much more resemblance to a spider. Living on the wing of the bat, and more particularly on the denuded part near the claw by which that animal suspends itself, it is very apt to be displaced; to enable it, therefore, to take a firm hold, its feet are furnished with a vesicle beneath, which it can employ as a sucker; and to afford it every chance of recovering itself when pushed from its place, it has the singular power of instantly turning its legs upwards, and walking, as it were, on its back. Nay, it can turn up, if it choose, only a portion of its legs at once, allowing the others to remain in the natural position, so that it can walk supported by two surfaces at once, and these on opposite sides of its body. The head is very small, and rises vertically from the thorax. Colonel Montague, to whom we are indebted for some curious observations on this animal, describes its motions, when confined in a small phial, as inconceivably rapid and agile.

Many kinds of curious creatures, similar to that last mentioned, and generally named spider-flies, live on different kinds of birds. They are, however, provided with wings; the body is flat, hard, and glossy; the legs large and strong, and furnished at the extremity with very powerful claws, aided by an apparatus of suckers. One of the largest of these (*Ornithomyia avicularia*) frequents poultry and game birds; another infests the house-swallow; a third resides on the swift; a fourth is appropriated to the various kinds of grouse, &c. Birds also sustain an immense host of pediculi, a peculiar species being in most instances allotted to each different kind, although a few range over a considerable number of birds. Mr Denny, in the work above referred to, has minutely described upwards of 200 species found on British birds. One of the most singular in shape, which Mr Denny terms "a beautiful parasite," is found plentifully on the peacock; another, not unlike it, is abundant on the turkey. The largest British species, of 3¼ lines in length, was found upon the hawk named the hobby.

The class of fishes has likewise its peculiar parasites, and these present us with many very curious examples of form and structure. Perhaps no fish whatever is without an *attaché* of this kind; but it has been observed that they are by far most numerous and formidable in fishes which are of the most ravenous nature; and it has been conjectured, with much appearance of probability, that this is with the design of impairing their activity and rendering them less extensively destructive to their weaker companions. We can notice only two or three of these fish-parasites. A very curious one (the *Aotheris percarum*) inhabits the perch. It is about 2½ lines long; the head and thorax forming only one piece, undivided by a suture; the abdomen with two oval bodies (egg-pouches) attached to it. It lives within the mouth of the perch—rather a perilous residence—where it not only runs the risk of being destroyed by the teeth, but of being bruised and carried into the stomach of the fish by the substances which the latter masticates for food. The apparatus by which it fixes itself is well deserving of notice. From the hinder part of what corresponds to the thorax, two strong cartilaginous arms take their origin, one on each side, and these are curved forwards till they meet in front of the head; just over the point where they unite is placed a cup-shaped sucker, of very distinct and regular form. By means of this sucker the animal fixes itself in the cellular membrane, and thus anchored, as it were, it is enabled to ride securely through any storm. It will be observed how admirably adapted this mode of attachment is for allowing perfect freedom of motion to the head and mouth.

The *Argulus foliaceus*, a crustaceous animal, is found upon various kinds of small fresh-water fish in this country, as well as elsewhere. The body is covered with a nearly circular shield, flattened above, and transparent. The legs are twelve in number, all of them feathered and pinnate, except the first pair, so that the animal can swim about with facility when it wishes to change its situation. The first pair of legs are converted into suckers, one of the most common and effective means of attachment among these creatures. The mouth is prolonged into a slender-pointed beak; and when the parasite has fixed his suckers, he thrusts this into the body of the fish, and sucks its blood. All efforts to throw off the creature are fruitless, and the poor fish often becomes its victim. Numerous other species similar to this are appropriated to different kinds of fishes, and there is scarcely any part of their body that is secure from the invasion of these troublesome foes. The gills, in particular, are infested by them. One species (*Tristoma coccineum*), upwards of an inch in breadth, and of a vivid red colour, attaches itself to the gills of the sword-fish; another (*Cecrops*) to those of the turbot; another (*Dichelestium*) to those of the sturgeon. These are fixed by suckers. A lernean worm (*L. branchialis*) has several branching horns surrounding its mouth, and with these it takes root, as it were, among the gills of the cod and haddock. *Lernea ocularis* attaches itself to the eyes of the herring; *Pennella filosa*, which is seven or eight inches long, penetrates into the flesh of the sword-fish and various other species, causing great pain. It may be remarked, that the sword-fish is more than usually subject to the attacks of parasites; and the fact of specimens being often found stranded, has led to the belief that they are at times tormented by them beyond endurance, and cast themselves ashore in despair, to rid themselves at once of their persecutors and their lives. These may serve for examples of the parasites which assail the finny tribes, without entering into the history of the numerous kinds which are more strictly internal feeders or intestinal parasites.

"BIZARRE FABLES."

A NEAT small volume, under the above odd appellation, which has just made its appearance,* deserves a word of notice. The author, who had previously given to the world a volume entitled "Jest and Earnest," appears to possess considerable powers of observation on men and manners, with a happy knack of weaving up little sketches or stories to which a moral may be applied. Wishing every success to this evidently clever writer, we beg to offer a specimen of his fables, which we trust will tempt the reader to procure the remainder for himself—shall we say, for *self-improvement*?

THE RIVAL.

"So, marriage seems in fashion!" said Basil Eustace, throwing the newspaper on the breakfast-table with an air of contempt.

"A good example for us bachelors," said his friend William Norton, "and one I really think I shall follow ere long, if I can find some kind-hearted girl who will accept me. How feel you, Basil?"

"My dear fellow, don't ask me," said Basil. "I trust there is no symptom of approaching insanity in my manner, and that alone could justify the question. Heavens! to become a husband—perhaps a father! To see eternally the same woman, and be called 'Papa, papa!' by an interesting miniature specimen of humanity in short clothes! Oh! the idea, the mere idea, is dreadful!"

Here Basil Eustace cast his eyes towards a large mirror, so placed that he might behold himself reflected at full length. The excitement had certainly made him a degree paler.

"Well, Eustace, this is too bad!" exclaimed Norton, laughing. "So, because you affect a horror of matrimony, all who have more courage than yourself are to be considered mad. You 'a good match' too! as the conventional slang goes."

"Oh, then, you designate me 'a good match?'" said Eustace: "Prove your words, William;" and leaning back in his luxurious chair, he dangled a slipper from the extreme point of his right foot.

"Thus it stands," replied Norton:—"You are the eldest son of a baronet, have five thousand a-year, and are a member of Almack's. You are young, not ill-looking, not ignorant, and have talents, if you were not too indolent to exercise them."

"You flatter me," said Eustace, smiling languidly. "But, my good friend, if I possess all these advantages, why give up all the consideration they bring by marriage? Who would care for me then? Depend upon it, the most foolish thing a young man of any pretension can do is to take a wife. If he must commit the folly, let him wait till he has had his day. Forty or fifty is the proper age for a husband!"

"Very philosophical, and very selfish!" exclaimed Norton. "Then, if ever you become that strange animal called a husband, it will not be until you are 'forty or fifty!' Mind you are not entangled before—that's all! The fair Helen will hardly wait so many years, I am afraid."

"Nonsense, Norton!" said Eustace, looking a little confused, however. "What should make you think of *her*? We have known each other from childhood, and I am sure she only considers me as a brother. We call each other Basil and Helen; and that is too familiar by far."

"Well," said Norton, "take care no disinterested friend of the family asks you suddenly some fine morning 'what your intentions are.' If you were called upon at once to decide, you would find, perhaps, that you could not give her up very easily. But adieu! I must go home and write letters, and will leave you to meditate on my words and Helen Dalton."

Norton departed, and left Basil Eustace indeed meditating deeply. His tirade against matrimony had been more in jest than earnest; and he began to imagine how he should feel if he had seen the marriage of Helen Dalton announced in the newspaper that morning. He discovered plainly that he should not have felt at all placid. To say the truth, though he had talked to Norton about Ellen's considering him only as a brother, he had long entertained a suspicion that he did not look on her only as a sister; and at the present moment this suspicion became stronger than ever. He remembered how disturbed he had been more than once when some handsome young fellow had whispered compliments in her ear, and how indignant he had felt to see her smile instead of frown. "I hope to Heaven," said Basil Eustace, with a sigh; "I hope to Heaven I am not in love!"

A servant entered with a card, which he presented. It was Mr Dalton's, and on the back was written in pencil—"Mr Dalton requests the pleasure of Mr Eustace's company to a quiet dinner at seven."

Basil wrote a brief reply, accepting the invitation, and the servant left the room.

"I shall see her, then, in a few hours," said Basil. "It is strange what an impression those few careless words of Norton have made upon me. Yesterday I should have met Ellen with perfect self-possession; to-day I feel that I shall not do so. Why is this? Can it be possible that I am in love?"

He sighed again more heavily than before, and raising his eyes from the ground, was shocked to discover, by the intelligence of the mirror, how pallid he looked. His hair, too, was in great disorder, and seemed to solicit the friendly aid of a comb. He would not have had Ellen see him then for the world.

Precisely at seven, the cab of Basil Eustace stopped at the door of Mr Dalton.

"Basil," said that gentleman, shaking hands heartily with our hero as he entered the room, "I am delighted to see you. Let me introduce you to some old friends of mine: Mr Thomson, who has just returned from the West Indies, and Mr Dawkins, and Mr Hawkins, and Miss Arabella Jenkins"——

Basil Eustace bowed coldly, and sinking into a chair, amused himself by pulling the ear of a favourite dog. In a few minutes afterwards Ellen appeared. She certainly looked most beautiful. There was some embarrassment in the manner of Basil as he offered his greeting, and it seemed to him that she slightly blushed. But why should she blush on this particular occasion? Perhaps he was more observant than usual.

At dinner he found himself, somehow, seated by her side; and the conversation was so interesting that it was impossible to help resuming it as soon as the gentlemen joined the ladies in the drawing-room. A quiet sheltered corner was the spot chosen, and the subject of the conversation was—marriage.

"Ah! my dear friend," said Basil, with a sentimental air, "beauty and happiness are not always found together. For instance, there is the charming Lucy Melcombe; 'tis whispered that she is fully aware of the merits of another, whilst her father wishes her to marry that monster Simmons. Really it is dreadful—perfectly dreadful! for there is the favoured one totally and wilfully ignorant of what is evident to all but himself; and, in the meantime, the poor girl may be sacrificed to his blindness. So that you see, Ellen," continued Basil, "a lady may be actually in love with a gentleman, and he not at all aware of it."

These words were uttered in our hero's usual *nonchalant* manner, but they seemed to produce a strange effect on the fair Ellen. She became first flushed, then pale, as she turned away her head, and exclaimed, falteringly—"Too true, indeed! Poor Lucy! But come," said she, resuming her composure by an effort, "the company, I see, is adjourning to the dancing-room. Shall we follow?"

Basil hesitated. He felt that he could have remained for ever as he was; he felt a wish to avoid the company below; and, in short, he felt, for the first time, aware that he loved Ellen. Her evident emotion at his last words had filled him with delight, and he ventured to indulge the sweet hope that he was not indifferent to her. Had he, indeed, been describing his own folly in the person of another? and might not the same punishment await further delay?

"Stay, Ellen," said he, detaining her; "now that we are alone, I wish to speak to you on a subject which I feel is essential to my happiness."

"Oh," said she, struggling to appear unconcerned, "you solicit my hand in the first quadrille? Well, your prayer is granted. But let us join our friends immediately, or I fear we shall lose our place."

"No, dearest Ellen!" exclaimed Basil, "my prayer is bolder—far bolder. I can no longer conceal from myself, nor from you, how deeply I love you."

Ellen did not speak; but she suffered him to retain her hand, and her silence was more eloquent than speech could possibly have been. In a few moments, however, she turned her face towards him, and said firmly—"Basil, I will not answer only by blushes and half-finished sentences, as most of my sex perhaps would do, but I will speak to you calmly and sincerely. I am aware, then, that I have a favoured rival, to whom less attention must be paid before you can hope for any return of the affection you profess for me."

"A rival!" exclaimed Basil; "let me assure you"—

"Nay," interrupted Ellen, smiling, "I know all. Do not think to deceive me. Listen: there is one who, under the guise of a friend, continually lures you to the homage you now disavow. Have I your permission to remove this false friend from about you?"

"To do anything," said Basil. "But what means this mystery? Believe me"——

"Enough," said Ellen; "I accept your permission, and promise you I will act upon it."

With these words, and a look full of meaning, she tripped away, leaving Basil in a state of the most unaffected astonishment. Too thoughtful to rejoin the company, he quitted the house and proceeded home.

He slept none at all that night, and morning found him still bewildered in a labyrinth of thought. A rival! What could she mean? "One who, under the guise of a friend, continually lures you to the homage you now disavow." It was a perfect enigma. "There is but one way," said Basil: "I will seek an interview with Ellen at once, and request—demand an explanation from her own lips." He descended to the breakfast-room. "But stay," said he—"a feverish, sleepless night!—I must look wretchedly hag-

* London: W. S. Orr and Co., Paternoster Row. 1842.

gard." Advancing to the mirror, he suddenly started back: it was shivered to atoms. He was about to ring the bell violently, when his eye was attracted by a sealed paper lying amongst the fragments. He seized it, broke the seal, and read as follows:—

"I have kept my word, and your false friend is no more. Do not be angry, for the murderess is ELLEN."

The paper fell from his hands. "Sweet Ellen!" he exclaimed, "I thank you for the deed. Too well I understand now who was your rival. The enigma is solved, and I see how poor a part I have played. I have trifled with your feelings like a vain fool; but my future conduct shall make amends."

And it did. He was more affectionate and unselfish as a husband than he had been as a lover. His friends were astonished at the great change in his character; and a little change in his habits struck them too—in the whole house, from the garret to the kitchen, not a full-length mirror was to be seen.

MORAL.—A man who is so far enamoured of himself as to neglect all others, is very apt to be left by others with the single object of his regard.

PEDESTRIAN EXCURSION IN SWITZERLAND.

UNTERSEEN—LAUTERBRUNNEN—ASCENT OF THE WENGERN ALP.

AUGUST 20.—To-day we resolved to make a detour to Berne, whither we had directed our friends at home to write to us; so, after sailing along the lakes of Brientz and Thun, we hired a vehicle, which brought us back to the lakes next morning. This tour having been elsewhere described, I take up the thread of the narrative from our return to the lakes.

August 21.—We were not able to leave Unterseen till between one and two o'clock, and thus our day was somewhat abbreviated. Our destination was, in the first place, the Bernese Oberland or Highlands—that wondrous assemblage of precipices, torrents, and glaciers, of whose savage glories we had hitherto had but distant and tempting glimpses. Our first point was the valley of Lauterbrunnen, running nearly due south of Unterseen. For some miles, as we walked towards the giant portals of the "palaces of nature," we were among flat verdant pastures, so rich and precious-looking, that we felt it a duty to be careful not to diverge from the pathway, lest we should injure the crop. Coming, however, to two small villages at the extremity of the alluvial land, the scene changed suddenly. The path ascended quickly into a narrow gorge, where rocks rose on either side, covered in all accessible places with pines, through whose dark foliage we could see the white flashing of a fierce stream, the roar of which at the same time came full and deafening on the ear. This torrent was the Lutschine, and it was with no slight eagerness that I scrambled to its brink, for I knew it to be one of those great glacier streams, which, coming forth furious from their icy halls, roll down into the great European rivers, unmatched for the rapidity of their mighty currents. My expectations were not disappointed when I had a full view of the broad white stream, and looked along it far into the recesses of the gorge from which it issued. I have seen the Highland streams in their most excited moments—for instance, in the great floods of 1829—but never had I seen in them anything to compare with the ruthless impetuosity of these glacier torrents. When the Dee has been in a "spate," as it is termed, I have sometimes found amusement in floating down the stream, and trying how fast it could carry me. At some spots where there are rocks or eddies, this might be a dangerous amusement; but what strikes one at once in the character of these Swiss streams is, that nowhere do you see any portion where, if you were tumbling in, it were possible for you to escape with life. The quantity of mineral substances held in solution in these streams makes them thick and muddy; and, on the whole, they have much more of the terrific about them than the beautiful.

The valley did not, like many others we had seen, expand when the narrow portals were passed. It grew narrower and narrower as we went on, and the rocks became more precipitous. Near the entrance the pines were very abundant, but, farther on, the bare rock shot up straight and perpendicular, for a height, we supposed, of about 2000 feet. On the face of these precipices we observed a remarkable instance of disturbance in the strata, which were folded over and over like a table-cloth. The valley is divided into two branches, of which that diverging to the right, and leading to Lauterbrunnen, was our route. These valleys are severed from each other by a like series of precipices with that which bounds either side of the united glen. A little after the separation, there presented itself right before us a mass of rock towering overhead, and literally beyond the perpendicular, for the more friable stone below appeared to have decreased through decay, while above, the mass projected itself forward like a great circular wall plum to the top. It was opposite to this rock that, turning a bend of the ravine, we beheld an object that showed how nature could cast even these mighty bulwarks into insignificance by rearing still grander works above them; for over these rocks, which were so near us and so high, we saw, towards the south, the distant Jungfrau, calm and serene, spreading forth her wide bosom of eternal snows—a fitting empress to hold sway over that wild domain of mountain and precipice.

It had become known to us, that as on this journey we should see physical nature in its noblest form, we should, on the other hand, see moral nature in one of its most degraded aspects. It is the sad fate of spots frequented by tourists, that the chances of gain from scattered profusion supersede the desire to live by honest industry. We are severe on foreigners for their readiness to bow before our mammon—their profuse willingness to barter their natural birthright of independence; but I suspect we overlook the extent to which the canker has spread in our own country. In some districts of the Highlands, the tourists have ingrafted the vices without the virtues of civilisation on the original wild nature of the population, and have produced a sort of mixture of the lacquey and the sorner. The other day, at Arthur's Seat, I was surrounded by children clamorous for the honour of giving me a glass of water from St Anthony's Well. It must be admitted, however, that the precursor of this degradation at home is generally extreme poverty. In the Oberland it is otherwise: genteel begging is a profession, and those who practise it evidently thrive by it. And here let us remark how heavy is the responsibility of those who, by a careless and childish liberality, foster this spirit, and hand over a people to degradation. Among the class of persons who travel in Switzerland, a few *batzen* thrown every now and then from the carriage window is a paltry sacrifice, and more than repaid by the vanity of superior affluence and the profuse gratitude of the recipients. It is in a restraint from such gratifications that a really generous feeling for the people is shown; and we think every man who sees the degradation produced by this species of mendicancy, should inculcate, among tourists, the doctrine of restraint with all his influence. There were several children with baskets of fruit, who were a little clamorous and urgent, to be sure, but whose proceedings were nevertheless all in the way of business and perfectly fair; they proclaimed their prices, and showed an enterprising spirit of competition. These, however, were the denizens of the flat and fruitful banks of Thun. As we went farther up the ravine, a different class appealed to us, who had no just claim to the merits of reciprocity. The best return they had to offer consisted in worthless fragments of quartz, bunches of flowers, or cholera-looking wild-berries. I have known instances where people have treated these efforts as a manifestation of the natural romance and fine feeling of the country, looking upon the

> "Peasant girls with deep blue eyes,
> And hands that offer early flowers,"

as a set of pure beings whose noddles have never been peopled by mercenary notions, and to whom it would be profanity to offer any vulgar dross of coin, whether silver or copper. I know not if there has been much real sincerity in this view of the matter, but, at all events, the artless peasants are now "up to" the trick; and whether you receive their present or not, they show, both by word and gesture, an enthusiastic desire to possess some pecuniary token of your good will. Many of these mendicants do not even offer the semblance of value, but hold out their hands in your face with a sturdy expression of greed in their eyes, and as resolute a manner as if they had been authorised, by an arrêt of the diet, to collect taxes from all travellers in that region. As we approached the village of Lauterbrunnen, several girls, about twelve years old, kept running alongside of us, apparently every now and then making an effort to range themselves in line along the road; but it appeared that we walked too fast to let them accomplish the manœuvre. What particular design they had upon us was a complete mystery; we only felt assured on one point—that the quarter against which it must be aimed was the purse. At last, a portion of these nymphs, by a dexterous forced march across a mound which we had to pass round, fairly flanked us, and were enabled to open their attack. They did so by opening their mouths, and uttering a series of harsh, grating sounds; and this was, it seems, the far-famed *Ranz des vaches*, or the local version of it. I know not whether it was that the songstresses had been simultaneously seized with sore throat, or that the rate we compelled them to proceed at was unfavourable to their vocal powers; but this I can attest, that any sounds more harsh I never heard from mortal lips. Well might Wordsworth say—

> "I listen, but no faculty of mine
> Avails those modulations to detect,
> Which, heard in foreign lands, the Swiss affect
> With tenderest passion."

I have the satisfaction to say that they got nothing by their movement, except a scolding, which we saw administered to them by the less agile fellow-choristers on whom they had attempted to steal a march.

But to return to more pleasing matters. Long we strained our eyes to see the great ornament of this narrow glen—the *staubbach*, or fall of dust; and at length we traced its graceful thread-like outline, dividing the face of one of the perpendicular precipices on our right. There is an appearance of something like a design to appropriate this fall, for the path to it leads through the inn. There is no inconsiderable sagacity in such an arrangement; for when you have to pass through a man's house to see any object, you cannot help feeling under something like an obligation to him, and the creation of such a feeling among tourists is mighty advantageous to an innkeeper. The chief sentiment, however, experienced in approaching this fall, is the impression of its surpassing beauty. When still far from it, you gaze up at the ledge from which the water leaps, with the eyes at a wide angle to the earth, for the cataract is said to be 900 feet high, nearly the sixth part of a mile. It receives its name from the circumstance that, owing to the great height, the small supply of water is dispersed into something like the semblance of dust before it reaches the earth; but whether because recent rain had swelled the stream, or because I took a different view of the subject, it did not appear that the description was quite applicable. The descending water had an appearance of continuity from top to bottom, but its volume was thin and transparent, allowing the rocks behind to be dimly seen through it as if they were covered by light lace. Prodigious is the quantity of spray dispersed around, and green and beautiful are the grassy mounds it refreshes. The staubbach is not a sight of which one would easily tire; yet we left its ethereal presence at last, feeling that though dust-falls may be very beautiful, inns, too, have their attractions.

As the sun had already ceased to penetrate into the deep and narrow valley of Lauterbrunnen, and we wished to sleep at a small inn we had heard of on the Wengern alp, we resolved, with some regret, so far to resign our freedom of motion as to put ourselves into the hands of a guide, sagaciously judging that we would not easily discover, in the dark, a house to which there was no road, perched somewhere or other on a mountain 6000 feet above the sea level. The person to whom we were committed was a most respectable-looking body, short and dumpy, with a quiet and rather shrewd sandy-coloured face. He had no sort of mountaineer or wilderness humbug about him, being attired in a felt hat and a rough grey cloth coat of a broadish cut, with trousers to match. He had much the appearance of a small muirland farmer; and if he had been met, precisely as he joined us, on the banks of Ettrick or Yarrow, instead of the Lutschine, nobody would have turned to look at him. He was sober, civil, and unobtrusive; perhaps the more so as he spoke only German, of which our stock was more select than extensive. He seemed to have but one ruling motive, which was the desire to relieve us, as far as he possibly could, of the burden of our five-franc pieces, in order that as many as possible of them might be transferred to his own pocket. Though he had the appearance of being a tough sturdy creature, he either was not physically strong, or he had been hard worked on some late occasion, for, as he went along, he exhibited frequent symptoms of fatigue; sometimes hung behind, was always ready to sit down, and frequently wiped the perspiration from his brow.

In truth, we had a pretty tough climb of it up that steep and endless bank; but it would be hard to say what labour would be too great to be rewarded by the gorgeous scene that presented itself, when we reached a sort of landing-place, from which we could look from the precipices that had frowned over us eastward when we were threading the glen. The first and noblest object of the scene was the Jungfrau with all her snows—not coldly white, as we had seen her from below, but bathed in a glowing hue of pink cast over her by the setting sun, whose rays then gazed upon her alone, and provided the landscape only with the light reflected from her ample snows. Right before us were the precipices on the western side of the glen, their brows collecting a soft twilight hue from the neighbouring snows and the reflection of the sky, but the gloom darkening on their faces as the eye scanned the surface downwards, and at length reached the deep night in which the bottom of the valley was reposing. Into this wide abyss, where the eye could find nothing but darkness, the lovely staubbach was seen falling. The top of the fall was clear, as if the evening sun shone upon it; but it darkened as it went down, and at last its slender thread was lost in the gloom. As if to increase the fairy-looking effect of this scene, a collection of eccentric rocks, cropping from the top of the opposite precipices, ranged themselves into the exact form of a feudal castle. It was not a mere shadowy outline—every thing seemed to be complete—barbicaned wall, screen, and battlemented tower; if it had not been ten times larger than any edifice human hands ever reared, we must have supposed it a veritable castle; and our guide seeing how intently we gazed on it, thought it right to favour us with the information that it was not a real *schloss*.

The path, which had been hitherto very abrupt, still tending eastward, brought us now through some fields of fine grass, on a bend of the mountain. There are at this point many *chalets* scattered about, and we saw their junior inmates carrying various wooden vessels on their way to and from the milking of the goats. A drink of goat's milk being decided upon by our party as a wholesome and agreeable beverage, means were immediately taken to procure a supply. These means were quite different from what we would have had to pursue at home. Instead of intimating, in the form of bargain and sale, our desire to be the purchasers of a certain quantity of the commodity—a measure that would have involved a needless train of unavailing efforts, in the most difficult of languages—we contented ourselves with laying a hand on one of the wooden vessels in question, and appropriating its contents. Now, had we attempted any such operation in our own independent land, the most stolid urchin would have uttered some indignant exclamations, or made appeal to the vengeance of some father, mother, or "big brother." Here it was quite otherwise. The

youth took a commercial view of the transaction. His discrimination taught him at a glance that we were "good" for so many batzen, and he watched our proceedings with a smiling and satisfied face. After all, it is on the continent only that British liberty can be enjoyed to perfection. At home, every man's freedom of action is counteracted to a certain extent by that of his neighbour's; but in the tourist-frequented parts of the continent, you may do precisely whatever you please, provided you are ready to pay for it. As we proceeded on our way, one of these bucolical urchins threw down his pail with such inconsiderate haste as to upset it, and ran off on some very evident design for his own benefit. He appeared presently with an alpine horn—a sort of wooden trumpet about his own size—and placing himself before a petty perpendicular cliff, remarkable, I suppose, for its echo, blew a loud, full, thrilling blast, which was re-echoed over and over, as if it had scattered itself in fragments of sound among all the surrounding mountains. This was a nice case of pecuniary ethics. We had resolved to give no encouragement to the begging propensities of the district; but we had wished to hear the alpine horn, and we *had* heard it, and it had been sounded for our special ears by a skilful performer, so we thought we were bound in justice to pay for it, and did so.

The night deepened apace as we left the chalets behind us. Indeed, so dark did it become at last, that it was with difficulty that we could see each other when three or four feet apart; and we followed the footsteps of our guide in a string, cautiously and silently, like Indians on a trail. There was no path, and we felt that our way was for some time beneath the shade of trees; but even when it was evident that we had mounted beyond the forest belt, and were treading the bare hill, the darkness was equally profound; no stars could be seen. There was no wind, but a sort of stifling dankness in the air, and it was evident that we might safely characterise ourselves as "under a cloud." In the midst of this silence and darkness, there came upon our ears a loud prolonged roar, like the continued discharge of artillery. It did not require the guide's information to let us know, while we stopped and held our breath, that an avalanche was falling—an occurrence which sometimes takes place by night, but not so frequently as by day. It sounded most startlingly near, yet we knew there was a wide valley between us and the Jungfrau, from whose snowy sides it must have descended. On we went, climbing higher and higher, the cold bracing our limbs for exertion. At last the guide suddenly stopped, a door was opened as if it had been the removal of a portion of the mist from before us, a bright light shone forth, and we found ourselves in the passage of a not uncomfortable-looking tavern. There we partook of a plentiful supper, the chief ingredient of which was chamois steaks; and we remarked that we had never seen a better-filled board than was presented to us by the Inn of the Jungfrau, as this establishment calls itself.

FAVOURITE PHRASES OF THE PRESS.

It must have been remarked by many that, in newspaper and other popular writing, certain terms and phrases are every now and then coming into use, which every body for a while employs on all possible occasions, until, becoming rather stale, they are left to the very weak and small writers alone, or go altogether out of fashion. Generally, these words are first used on some remarkable occasion, and by a remarkable man. Running a complete round of all the world's newspapers, they come at once into every body's mouth, and pass into universal currency; and it is only when mankind at large get thoroughly disgusted with them, that they are allowed to drop.

In our young days, one of the most current of these words was *refreshing*. All sorts of things, from an unaffectedly written book to a glass of ginger beer, were refreshing. Every body was fain to affect a sort of exhaustion and fatigue from the absurdities and follies of the world, in order to have an opportunity of saying of something that it was "refreshing." This universal mania for things refreshing was the consequence of nothing more or less than the employment of the word in a striking and epigrammatic manner in one of the articles of the "Edinburgh Review." The eagerness for things refreshing has of late years experienced a marked decline. The simple fact is, that the word has been worn threadbare.

For some years past there has been a great run upon the word *category*. The logical world has had categories since the days of Archytas of Tarentum. Pythagoras caught them up there, and passed them to Plato. From Aristotle to Kant, all philosophers have laid stress upon the categories. But the public never heard much of the word till La Fayette, one day soon after the last French Revolution, spoke of one part of Europe being under the category of despotism and another under the category of liberalism. The term took at once, and since then every gentleman of the press classifies every thing under categories. Logicians before that period attached a particular meaning to the word, which is not by any means strictly attended to by gentlemen of the press; but that is of little consequence, of course, according to the modern code, if only the word be understood as it is meant. However, we rather think category has become a little worn out, and is beginning to be not nearly so much in request as it once was.

The time at which category arose, gave birth to a few other phrases that have been a good deal hacked about. To *use all constitutional means*, was justly thought to be a most important principle in policy. The word *people* gave place to *the masses*, and the procedure connected with any measure was held as a *movement*. Proposals for general butchery, which our ancestors would have spoken of in some candid but disagreeable manner, were elegantly adumbrated under the term *physical force*. When moderate people did any thing, the fervid spoke of them as *enacting the farce* of so and so; and when something suspiciously plausible was brought forward, the only remark made about it was "*Bah!*" Any thing uncommon or startling was sure to frighten somebody *from his propriety*. Even in the most simple domestic matters, any one happening to be taken somewhat by surprise, invariably *looked unutterable things*. There have always been nobility and gentry in England; but it was only now that any one discovered that there was an *aristocracy*. The most unpretending specimen of a gentleman living on a competency in a country town, now became one of the aristocracy. It was at an earlier time that the word *population* came into vogue, probably in consequence of Mr Malthus's doctrines. Goldsmith, speaking of the intrusion of a mad dog into a village, would have said—"The inhabitants rose to give it chase;" but a modern newspaper, chronicling such an event, would say—"The population rose to a man." Population, we believe, does not strictly apply to persons; but no matter. Let the word, like the dog, have its day. Besides, we always observe that, when grammarians begin to persecute a word, it is sure to be just the more persisted in. The best way to get the British "population" out of any such heresy is to let them flounder in it till they are wearied, when they will be pretty sure to get out of it themselves.

One of the favourite phrases of the press will be, we hope, generally acknowledged to be entitled to more than usual respect—the *law of the land*. Laws were long ago laws, and the law was the law; but when the Reform Bill was passed, it was owned, by a conservative on a particular hustings, to be the law of the land, and as such entitled to fair play; and the law of the land has ever since been a reigning phrase.

A few years ago, when any paragraph appeared in one newspaper which seemed excessively absurd to another, it was customary to quote it with the addition of *Fudge*. This did very well for a while, but, unluckily, a libellous paragraph being quoted with this addition, both the paper which originated it and that which quoted it with the addition, were cast in damages, the judge affecting not to know what fudge meant, though all the world did. This was a cruel commentary on a jest, and the word has since been modestly withdrawn from circulation.

Clique, and *length and breadth of the land*, are also phrases of the last ten years. Any quiet little set of gentlemen who take upon themselves the trouble of managing some piece of public business which nobody else will attend to, is now a *clique*, and, being a clique, they must necessarily be very bad. *Length and breadth of the land* is a good demagogue phrase. It comes finely off the tongue, and tells well on a crowd. Tell any large assemblage that such and such a cause is pervading the country, it will have no effect at all; but say to them that it has gone or is going over the length and breadth of the land, and the sensation on the extreme left and extreme right, the centre, and all over the house, becomes tremendous.

There are also a few learned phrases which gentlemen of the press, and particularly newspaper editors, were in the habit of sporting on all occasions, by way of showing their intimate acquaintance with the classics, but which have now become dreadfully threadbare. Suppose a statesman, in an opposite line of politics, had promised to carry through a measure of importance, the newspaper writer, not many years ago, would probably express himself thus in relation to the matter:—"The subject has been propounded with as much *sang froid* as if the intentions of the hon. gentleman were perfectly *bona fide*. Why, every one at all conversant with the gentleman's history is well aware that the *measure in question* will pass about the period of the *Græcæ Kalendæ*. *Experto crede!*—we well know the motives of the hon. gentleman. His political character has hitherto presented one of the blackest pieces of tergiversation and blackguardism (these expressions must be understood in a *parliamentary sense*) to be found in the whole range of our political history. *Eheu! credat Judæus!* Let no man be deceived by the pretences of the right hon. gentleman. *Verb. sap.*" The threatenings of power, in newspaper language, used to be *a mere brutem fulmen*; a popular orator was *vox et præterea nihil*; and a legislative measure not advancing was *in statu quo*. It may be noticed, too, that statesmen invariably "kept the word of promise to the ear," and were as regularly advised to "assume a virtue if they had it not." A drinking bout in honour of some civic dignitary was elegantly styled "The feast of reason and the flow of soul;"—at which feast the honoured party expressed himself in a manner "which did equal credit to his head and heart," and, in allusion to the "novel and affecting" nature of his situation, actually shed tears, "albeit unused to the melting mood." The public, however, seem heartily sick of all this affectation; at all events, the phrases noticed have been repeated *usque ad nauseam*, and may as well sleep henceforth in "the tomb of all the Capulets."

After this exposé of the favourite phrases of the press in our *widely circulated journal*, will any writer within these realms ever use any of them again? *We pause for a reply.*

A SCOTTISH TUTOR'S FIRST SITUATION.

There is much humour, and something of a more important quality, historical value, in an account of his first situation, given by a Scottish Tutor in a series of papers in Constable's long deceased "Edinburgh Magazine." The author, now a professor in one of the northern universities, began his career about fifty years ago, as teacher of the children of a comfortable Dumfriesshire farmer of the old class; and his description of that person's household and family strikes us as at once highly amusing, and a curious record of a style of things now quite passed away. It was about his sixteenth year that his widowed mother agreed with the honest farmer that her son should establish himself as tutor in his house during the six or seven weeks' recess of the school at which he was proceeding with his own education. The remuneration agreed upon was of a nature which might have seemed proper in the eyes of a Spartan—four fleeces of wool, to be spun into clothes for the young scholar, a ewe-milk cheese, half a stone of butter, three white shillings, and the use of the grey nag to the Martinmas market at Dumfries. Writing twenty years ago, the author thus proceeds:—

"I felt, as I ascended the brae towards the place of my autumn destination, that I was about to enter upon an untried state of existence; and my agitation as, first, the blue and writhing smoke, and, latterly, the spiked and lacerated kitchen-lum head, with the roofing of the whole onstead, rose gradually upon my vision, was very considerable. At this moment the butter, the cheese, the wool, and even the grey nag himself, appeared as nothing in comparison with the sacrifice of comfort and domestic happiness I was on the point of making. I absolutely sat down upon a grey stone, turned my eyes towards my native glen, and, whilst I could contemplate many well-known and familiar objects in the immediate neighbourhood of my beloved home, I thought of the kindly hearts I had left, and could have wished myself a cat, or a dog, or a chicken, provided I could have thus enjoyed the privilege which these animals were now enjoying. To have been fixed, at this moment, as the disobedient wife of the patriarch Lot was fixed, would not, in my present state of despondency, have vexed me; and I deliberated for a considerable time whether I should advance upon my new residence and office, or retreat at once, and give up all ideas of harvest service and gain.

Whilst I sat in this state of suspense, casting many a longing lingering look towards my native Jerusalem, the land of my household gods, the sweet abode of my heart's earlier and later, habitual, sole content, I was saluted by the barking of a colley-dog, who retreated, as if with suspicion (like a courtier, however, still facing me), from my august and gloomy presence, and retired upon the plaided protection of his master. In a word, I now found myself in the presence and under the guidance of 'the gudeman himsel',' who, having taken a turn to the hill to survey the sheep, had seen me on my way, and having discovered my advance, had shaped his descent from the height accordingly. 'Come awa', lad,' said the kindly and honest-hearted farmer in a most encouraging tone; 'kail time's ay lucky time; come awa' hame, and we'll see what the gudewife has got for hungry stomachs. Ye'll be e'en a wee yauppish* after your lang journey; and the weans, puir things, are a' out on the Fyet Know-head, glowring out their een for ye.' This address, very luckily, left me no time for hesitation; so onwards I went, keeping, if not pace, at least parallel with my conductor's strides; and after encountering a strange bevy of children, and dogs, and boggling cattle, I arrived in safety, through dub and mire, at the side of the kitchen fire. I was seated beside the gudeman upon the lang-settle; and whilst dinner was getting forward, I had begun to contemplate my new situation.

Immediately before me there blazed a large peat fire upon a millstone hearth, which, sloping off on all sides,

* Hungry, appetised.

caused every burning clod which tumbled down to drift to a considerable distance. Over this fire was suspended a large potful of newly 'seiped' potatoes, sprinkled over thickly with salt, and sending up, from their cracking and steaming skins, a misty flavour. Beside the fire stood a kail pot, still bubbling and chuckling over—somewhat more inviting contents; and the cubbard, or dresser, gave support to a smoking pail or cogful of crap whey. Above the hearth sat the household gods, in the shape of two barefooted boys—my future pupils, apparently about eleven or twelve years old, scratching their heads manfully from time to time, and looking at the master as if they had been surveying the lion in the Tower. Over their heads, and that of a newly arrived servant lass, who was evidently set in for dinner, hung a drapery, partly composed of old stockings, hoshens, children's clothes, and newly suspended sheep-skins turned inside out, and still indicating, by a few drops of blood on the sooty and dusty bench, that they had not been many hours separated from the carcass they originally covered. The gudewife, with a young child in her arms, or rather hanging leech-ways at her breast, and carefully turned over towards the fire, sat on the opposite side, amidst a whole bevy of younglings who had just escaped, as their hands, faces, and clothes, and whole appearance indicated, from contending with the pigs, or following at every risk the ducks through all the depths and green defilements of the byre-door dub or floshen. Towards the outer-door, and in the rear of all this, were to be seen wet plaids suspended over the corners of beds, and a marshalled supply of kents or staffs, which showed their hooked and variously ornamented heads from above beds and presses, where they had been lodged 'out of the bairns's way.' There was no ceiling, or ornamental frieze; but the absence of this was supplied by a canopy of dense blue smoke, through which, at intervals, the rannel tree and rafters gleamed in all the indistinct decoration of sooty japanned work. Men and women poured in and in, and, without any salutation or ceremony, took their seats or stations precisely where they could find them; and in a few minutes after my arrival, the kitchen exhibited the appearance of a crowded 'kill-oggie'* at halloween. Here, in fact, every thing wore the aspect of liberty and happiness. The cricket chirruped behind the furnace fire with a peculiar note of freedom and comfort. The kittens played and romped it at large; whilst the more sedate mothers of the feline race were carefully navigating their way through and amongst the 'sporades,' immediately beneath and in front of the kitchen table. The servant lass, with her petticoat tucked up, chanted aloud whilst she rinsed the pots or arranged the dishes for dinner. The dogs and elder boys were upon the most intimate and familiar terms imaginable; and the whelps, or puppies, shared the buttering, if not the bread, with the younger children.

All the distinction which attached to the master of this primitive establishment consisted in the privilege of saying grace at meal-time, and of giving prayers at night and morning; whilst the gudewife was quite contented with such casual marks of command and authority as the scolding of the maids and the conducting of her kitchen economy implied. The gudeman, together with the greatest simplicity of manners, was exceedingly irascible, and not unfrequently burst out into paroxysms of rage which were not less striking than ridiculous; but so soon as the evil spirit had departed from Saul, which, in ordinary cases, took place in a very short time, the spring-tide of his natural benevolence returned in full and accumulated flow.

One day he chanced to discover a young horse in the midst of a corn field, and quietly employed in appropriating the grain to his use. Having made several efforts, but without success, to remedy the evil, and finding that in spite of all his and his dog's noisy and preposterous measures, the transgressor still advanced farther into the field, trailing the grain in mouthfuls, and breaking it sadly down, he flew into a paroxysm of passion, ran home as fast as his feet could carry him, and having armed himself with an old Queen-Anne gun, was upon the point, when arrested by the hand of a less mercurial menial, of 'laying a handful of slugs under the old jade's flanks,' as he expressed it. This servant received a pair of extra shoes against next Martinmas Wednesday for his prudent interference. On another occasion, one of his own children having suddenly excited his displeasure, he took up the offender and dashed him violently and headlong into the duck pond; but coming immediately, as was usual, to his better senses, he snatched the culprit from his comfortless rather than dangerous situation, and carrying the 'puir wean' in to his mother, absolutely shed tears over his own cruelty and rashness. Of this circumstance advantage was afterwards taken in procuring a suit of new clothes for the sufferer against the next Thornhill fair. There was not an occasion, in a word, on which the gudeman appeared in extraordinary power and authority, from which he did not retire vanquished and subdued.

The gudewife's character is more difficult to individualise, and yet, in my own imagination and recollection, she sits as separate and distinct as her husband. In one respect she was his perfect counterpart; for nothing on earth could put her into a passion, or make her lose that cool, equable, *most teasing* demeanour, which was natural to her One could never tell whether he had succeeded in giving her satisfaction or not; for if she were displeased, she said little, and looked still less; and if she were satisfied, her external indications of approbation were equally questionable. She moved slowly but steadily in the midst of her family, smoking her pipe, nursing her child, superintending the cheese-making, observing glaring negligences, and keeping the gudeman in mended stockings and night-caps.

The two boys, who, properly speaking, were my pupils, had attained to considerable address in leading cars, in watering horses, and in all that scientific tact which lazy servants know so well how to induce upon easily flattered and active children; but as to literary attainments, having never visited a school, or experienced until now the benefit of a teacher, they were glaringly deficient. Though advanced, nominally, into the Proverbs and the New Testament, and made acquainted, by the ear, with the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the 'Belief,' they were, in reality, still labouring with the perplexing similarities of the *b*'s and the *d*'s, the *p*'s and the *q*'s, and would rather have turned all the sheep upon the hill, or watered all the horses in the grass park, than have mastered the alphabet.

Soon after dinner, the two urchins were urged forward by the compulsory hands of their mother into my august presence; and upon putting a few simple questions to them in succession, I found that the one regularly looked into the face of the other for an answer. The fact was, that in spite of all my endeavours to suit and accommodate my queries to their opportunities and apprehension, I still found myself unsuccessful; till having observed the nether extremities of a humble or earth-bee hanging by the waistcoat-breast of the elder urchin, I made inquiry respecting the amount of 'binks,'* with the knowledge of which he was blessed, and found him deeply versed and correctly informed upon the subject. 'Sandy, there, kens o' three foggies and twa red bottoms; but I ken of a real blue *bummer*, as big as the tap o' yere thumb, man.' This conversation brought us completely into acquaintanceship, and even familiarity, and laid open the floodgates of Rab and Sandy's speech—an evil which all my future art and authority could never remedy.

Towards evening I was conducted into the 'mid-room,' an apartment which lay at an equal distance from the 'but' and from the 'ben;' where, being a stranger, I had tea administered to me by the gudewife herself. Here, surrounded by every kind of children's clothes, and immersed in the gudeman's whole wardrobe of wearing apparel, which lay heaped up upon two wooden chairs, we sat on the side or stock of an adjoining bed, and in immediate opposition to an old fusty *maiden*,† who flourished out her elbows and spread abroad her train in antique style from over the chimney-piece. And here the gudewife and I became so well acquainted and gracious, that long ere the tea was over, I had a squalling brat on each knee, and had been regularly apprised of the obligation under which such occasional accommodation to her convenience in this way would place her. Having never in my life been accustomed to children, I made but an indifferent and a somewhat awkward nurse; but the mother praised my address; and all, in so far, was well. At night, after supper, and at the very instant when the gudeman had given out the first line of the psalm, in the midst of a half-sleeping audience, I was kindly nodded away by the gudewife, and conducted 'ben' to my bed, of which both my precious pupils had previously taken possession, and where they were already lying 'heads and thraws,' with the blankets (for sheets there were none) tossed and roped about in the utmost derangement and confusion. Nor were these, my restless and unaccommodating pupils, the only company I had to contend with during the night; for the ben-house having been appropriated, with the exception of the corner where the bed stood, from time immemorial, to the reception of wool, there had collected and consociated, year after year, a vast variety and a countless amount of vermin, which, like the beasts of prey mentioned in the Psalmist, sallied out during the silence and repose of the night upon predatory excursions. Their motions and evolutions were so rapid, that, like a certain queen of a celebrated city, I could have wished to have had a train of artillery in my chamber, to attack and discomfit them. However, such is the happy constitution of youth and health, and a substantial potato supper, that, after a few fruitless endeavours to diminish the number of assailants by an offensive warfare, I wrapt myself up, as Horace has it, in 'my own integrity,' and positively fell into a sound sleep. When I awoke in the morning, the light had just begun to dawn over the damp and dreary solitude of my, or rather our chamber, and I could still hear the gudeman's powerful and highly pitched voice twining away at the psalms in the kitchen, where, on the preceding evening, I had left him. This circumstance at first occasioned me some surprise, as I had left him singing at night, and concluded that he had not yet ceased his devotional exercise; but upon further investigation, I found that I had slept longer than I had imagined, and that hence my misapprehension had originated.

Here, indeed, I was nominally the instructor of youth, and had the benefit of having myself addressed by young and old under the imposing title of 'the master;' but in fact my daily and habitual employment lay a hundred miles distant from all and every species of teaching. Whenever a push of domestic labour (which during harvest is an event unusually frequent) required the immediate agency of the kitchen-maid and of her assistant, in all humble subserviency, the mistress, I was immediately summoned into action. The cradle was to rock; the bairn 'to tent a wee,' and to keep out of the fire; the broth pot was to cool, and to prevent from o'er-boiling; and I was intrusted with all the weighty and inviting contents of a 'barrel-kirn.' The herd's cog of porridge were likewise to be borne a-field; and many a soft and misty morning have I seen him skin off the brat, and leave the 'clauted' loggings for the service of his dog, beneath the comfortless covering of a wet and spongy plaid. At dinner time, too, I found myself loaded with a stoupful of broth on my head—steady, boys, steady!—and a brace of milk cogs in either hand; and in this guise and capacity it behoved me to make my approach to the harvest 'boon.' For the gudeman, likewise, I was all hands, arms, and legs, converting myself, at his bidding, into a driver of cars, a tramper down of hay, or a turner of fanners. I could never be made acquainted, however, with the art of forking or of threshing corn, though I was occasionally compelled to make the essay.

All this was quite foreign to my former habits; and had it not been that I was gloriously fed, was, after all, kindly used, and looked forward to a rousing *kirn*,* and the grey nag to Dumfries market, I had certainly taken a moonlight leave of my present residence. Yet still I had moments and seasons of most melancholy reflection and longing desire, when I thought of home and all its comforts and early associations. They only who have been brought up amidst the sublimity and withdrawing of mountain scenery—whose affections have been early wedded to the few but permanent and kindly objects which a home thus situated presents—such only can appreciate the full force and depth of my present feelings, that sinking of the soul and despondency of spirit which obtains when 'home,' for the first time in particular, is no longer within immediate and every-day reach. Never did a descendant of Heber, whilst weeping by the brink, and suspending his harp upon the willow-tree of Babel's stream, long more ardently for Zion, city of the living God, than did the unfortunate subject of this history for the burn, the yard, and whole consecrated aspect and establishment of home.

The harvest at last drew towards a close, and 'the kirn,' the long anticipated feast of ingathering, arrived. On the day of the *winning*, as it is termed, of this agricultural conquest, the gudeman's boon amounted to upwards of fifty hooks, for there had been a general turnout from the adjoining villages and farm towns, to aid, gratis and voluntarily, in the accomplishment of this desirable event. Whole hecatombs had been boiled and roasted, and the barn smoked to the rigging, before seven o'clock at night, with every variety of viand in which peasant and hungry stomachs are known to delight. It is needless to particularise where every thing was deserving of commemoration, or to excite the longing of some unhappy reader by description, without being able to gratify it; suffice it to say, that neither haggis nor pudding, of every rank and authority, from the plebeian 'white hause,' up to the imperial 'gibby with the girds,' were absent, and that the herd callan' had like to have choked upon the first mouthful of stewed meat, in his unpropitious and unsanctified haste to secure a bellyful. What had begun in good eating ended in equally valorous drinking, and in all that demonstration of noisy merriment and gleesome delight which a blind fiddler could countenance from his four-stringed and otherwise deficient instrument.

When I returned home, at the end of this my first 'service,' and found myself again conversant with the poets and historians of antiquity, I felt as if, from a state of slavery, I had all at once ascended into freedom and honour; and for the dungeon's damp and confinement, was again permitted to breathe free and dry air, under a blue sky and an ample horizon. On all former occasions of harvest recess, I had returned to my winter tasks with a heavy and a peevish spirit, regretting the past, and averse to encounter the future; but at this time the idea of the school, and the master, and the class, and the emulation, and the honour, and the victory, came upon my newly-awakened faculties in one tide of oppressive delight. Besides, I had earned something which I could call my own, and had it in my power, for the first time in my life, to show some small degree of gratitude to the best and kindest of parents; and when I came over the knowe-head, and descended upon the blessed Goshen of my heart's affection; and when I met the smiles, and the kind inquiries, and the hearty congratulation of my aunts and mother, not to speak of Rover, there was not a happier soul in all King George's dominions."

POEMS OF MISS BLAMIRE.

Miss Blamire was a Cumberland lady, who lived in the latter part of the last century, and was known to have written a few small poetical pieces of merit; but her name had never appeared except in a few provincial miscellanies, and no volume of her verse had ever been published. At length, nearly fifty years after her death, two admirers of her writings have taken the trouble to collect as many of them as possible amongst her surviving friends and collateral relations, and these have been given to the world in a neat volume, with an appropriate biographical memoir and notes.† We learn from this source that Miss Blamire was of a good Cumberland family, born in 1747; that she received an ordinary education, and was distinguished by her frank and lively manners; and that, after an amiable and spotless life, she died unmarried in 1794. Her biographer thus describes her in her twentieth year:—"She had a graceful form, somewhat above the middle size, and a countenance—though slightly marked with the small-pox—beaming with good nature; her dark eyes sparkled with animation, and won every heart at the first introduction. She was called by her affectionate countrymen 'a bonny and varra lish young lass,' which may be interpreted as meaning a beautiful and very lively young girl. Her affability and total freedom from affectation put to flight that reserve which her presence was apt to create in the minds of her humbler associates; for they quickly perceived she really wished them happiness, and aided in promoting it by every effort in her power. She freely mingled in their social parties, called *merry neets* in Cumberland; and by her graceful figure, elegant dancing, and kind-hearted gaiety, gave a zest to the entertainments which without her presence would have been wanting. She has been described to me as enjoying herself greatly on these occasions; marking with a keen eye the various shades of character around

* Roasting of apples and burning nuts at a kill-oggie, on halloween, was a favourite amusement with our ancestors.

* Hives.

† This is the handful of oats which has been cut last the preceding harvest, dressed up into the shape and designation of a maiden.

* Harvest-home.

† The Poetical Works of Miss Susanna Blamire, "the Muse of Cumberland." Now for the first time collected by Henry Lonsdale, M.D. With a Preface, Memoir, and Notes, by Patrick Maxwell. Edinburgh: Menzies. 1842. pp. 262.

her, and the whole proceedings, with intense interest. Before the hilarity of the evening had melted the restraint usual at the commencement of such parties, I have been told she would relish the bashful approaches of the young villager as, with much hesitation, he made his homely bow, and begged she would honour him with her presence at the dance; that she would start up with hearty good-will, spring round the room, and thus dispel those timid fears which at first somewhat marred the free expression of delight or the loud laugh of enjoyment. How much she was the cynosure of those parties, as afterwards she was equally so in those of a higher grade, may be gathered from the following anecdote, which was told me by the late Miss Thompson of Carlisle:—A worthy farmer, who almost worshipped the poetess, about two weeks after her death came to Miss Rowlands, a relation of Miss Blamire, for the sole purpose of having some conversation concerning Miss Sukey, as she was fondly and familiarly called by her neighbours and the people in the district, and for mutually bemoaning their loss. Miss Rowlands excused herself on the plea that the affliction was so recent she could not summon fortitude sufficient to converse on the subject, and intreated him to call on some future day. 'Well, well,' said the kind-hearted farmer as he was taking his departure, 'I could find neither rest nor comfort till I called on you to have some talk about her: the merry neets will not now be worth going to since she is no more!' So vividly does the memory of worth and of genius dwell on our minds, and so fondly do we regard their most trivial actions."

Miss Blamire had begun to write poetry in 1766, when she was only nineteen. In the ensuing year, her sister was married to Colonel Graham of Gartmore, and to that gentleman's beautiful residence in Lower Perthshire Susanna accompanied the pair. The few years which she spent in Scotland served to acquaint her with the manners, language, and popular poetry and music of our country, and made her, it may be said, almost as much a Scottish as an English poetess. How well she was able to simulate the simplicity and pathos of the Doric muse of Scotland is shown in her songs—"The Nabob," "The Siller Croun," &c. Her biographer says—"Whether Mr Graham of Gartmore, author of the song entitled, 'Oh tell me how to woo thee!' was the father of the colonel, or how they stood related to each other, I have not been able to ascertain." This is unfortunate, for the fact we believe to be, that Miss Blamire's brother-in-law was rather distinguished as an amateur verse maker, and it may of course be presumed that close domestic intercourse with such a person must have exercised a powerful influence in directing her mind to poetry. His song, above quoted, was so happy an imitation of the romantic style of a former day, as to impose upon Scott, who gave it a place in his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." We have seen another composition of his, an address spoken in the Edinburgh Theatre in 1771 or 2, on a night devoted to the benefit of Smollett's widow. It appears that Miss Blamire's own relations discouraged her muse, and scarcely could appreciate the entertaining vivacity of her manners and conversation. Sad to relate, illness began to damp the fire of our Cumbrian Sappho when she had little passed her thirtieth year. There is considerable reason to suppose that this was connected in some way with a passion which she entertained for a gentleman of family somewhat superior to her own, whose relatives had interfered to prevent a union between them. Miss Blamire died at Carlisle in her forty-seventh year.

In this collective edition of her poetry, the lead is taken by a piece of considerable length, entitled, "Stocklewath, or the Cumbrian Village." It gives a description of the village and its inhabitants, in a manner which slightly reminds us of Crabbe's early poems, but is more gay and cheerful. The curse of rhetorical stiffness and formality, which blighted so much of the poetry of the last century, is also in part upon that of Miss Blamire, notwithstanding the natural tendency of her genius to break through such bonds. But this fortunately affects only one section of her compositions. In her songs, whether in pure English, or in the Cumbrian or Scottish dialect, she is animated, simple, and tender, often touching a chord which thrills a sympathetic string deep in the reader's bosom. It may, indeed, be confidently predicted of several of these lyrics, that they will live with the best productions of their age, and longer than many that were at first allowed to rank more highly. We must endeavour to justify our opinion by extracting specimens in the various modes of her lyre—and first, for an English song:—

WHEN THE SOFT TEAR STEALS SILENTLY.

When the soft tear steals silently down from the eye,
Take no note of its course, nor detect the slow sigh;
From some spring of shy sorrow its origin flows,
Some tender remembrance that weeps as it goes.

Ah! it is not to say what will bring to the mind
The sweet joys departed, the friends left behind;
A tune, or a song, or the time of the year,
Strikes the key of reflection, and moans in the ear.

Through the gay scenes of youth the remembrancer strays,
Till mem'ry steps back on old pleasures to gaze;
Fleeting shadows they seem that glide calmly away,
The remains of past hours, and the ghosts of a day.

When we set out in life every thing has its charms,
Enkindles the fancy, and all the heart warms;
'Tis this makes us look on the joys that are past
With an eye that turns coldly to glance on the last.

Let the tear, then, flow on, nor mark the full eye,
'Tis the soul's secret off'ring no mortal should spy;
Few hearts are prepared for a rite so divine,
When the feelings alone sacrifice at the shrine.

As an example of the Cumberland dialect, we select

AULD ROBIN FORBES.

And auld Robin Forbes hes gien tem a dance,
I pat on my speckets to see them aw prance;
I thout o' the days when I was but fifteen,
And skipp'd wi' the best upon Forbes's green.
Of aw things that is I think thout is meast queer,
It brings that that's by-past and sets it down here;
I see Willy as plain as I dui this bit leace,
When he tuik his cwoat lappet and deeghted his feace.

The lasses aw wonder'd what Willy cud see
In yen that was dark and hard featured leyke me;
And they wonder'd ay mair when they talk'd o' my wit,
And slily telt Willy that cudn't be it.
But Willy he laugh'd, and he meade me his weyfe,
And whea was mair happy thro' aw his lang leyfe?
It's e'en my great comfort, now Willy is geane,
That he offen said—nea pleace was leyke his awn heame!

I mind when I carried my wark to yon steyle,
Where Willy was deyken, the time to beguile,
He wad fling me a daisy to put i' my breast,
And I hammer'd my noddle to mek out a jest.
But merry or grave, Willy often wad tell
There was nin o' the leave that was leyke my awn sel;
And he spak what he thout, for I'd hardly a plack
When we married, and nobbet ae gown to my back.

When the clock had struck eight I expected him heame,
And wheyles went to meet him as far as Dumleane;
Of aw hours it telt *eight* was dearest to me,
But now when it streyke there's a tear i' my ee.
O Willy! dear Willy! it never can be
That age, time, or death, can divide thee and me!
For that spot on earth that's aye dearest to me,
Is the turf that has cover'd my Willie frae me!

Finally, a song in the Scottish manner—

THE NABOB.

When silent time, wi' lightly foot,
Had trod on thirty years,
I sought again my native land
Wi' many hopes and fears.
Wha kens gin the dear friends I left
May still continue mine?
Or gin I e'er again shall taste
The joys I left langsyne?

As I drew near my ancient pile,
My heart beat a' the way;
Ilk place I pass'd seem'd yet to speak
O' some dear former day;
Those days that follow'd me afar,
Those happy days o' mine,
Whilk made me think the present joys
A' naething to langsyne!

The ivied tower now met my eye,
Where minstrels used to blaw;
Nae friend stepp'd forth wi' open hand,
Nae weel-kenn'd face I saw;
Till Donald totter'd to the door,
Wham I left in his prime,
And grat to see the lad return
He bore about langsyne.

I ran to ilka dear friend's room,
As if to find them there,
I knew where ilk ane used to sit,
And hang o'er mony a chair;
Till soft remembrance threw a veil
Across these een o' mine,
I closed the door, and sobb'd aloud,
To think on auld langsyne!

Some pensy chiels, a new sprung race,
Wad next their welcome pay,
Wha shudder'd at my Gothic wa's,
And wish'd my groves away.
"Cut, cut," they cried, "those aged elms,
Lay low yon mournfu' pine."
Na! na! our fathers' names grow there,
Memorials o' langsyne.

To wean me frae these waefu' thoughts,
They took me to the town;
But sair on ilka weel-kenn'd face
I miss'd the youthfu' bloom.
At balls they pointed to a nymph
Wham a' declared divine;
But sure her mother's blushing cheeks
Were fairer far langsyne!

In vain I sought in music's sound
To find that magic art,
Which oft in Scotland's ancient lays
Has thrill'd through a' my heart.
The sang had mony an artfu' turn;
My ear confess'd 'twas fine;
But miss'd the simple melody
I listen'd to langsyne.

Ye sons to comrades o' my youth,
Forgie an auld man's spleen,
Wha 'midst your gayest scenes still mourns
The days he ance has seen.
When time has past, and seasons fled,
Your hearts will feel like mine;
And aye the sang will maist delight
That minds ye o' langsyne!

GERMAN EXILES.

Michael Koster was one of those unfortunate subjects of Hesse Cassel who were bought by the English government to fight their battles in America. He was taken prisoner at Trenton; and after various vicissitudes, took the first favourable opportunity that presented to make his escape into the interior, where he remained until the conclusion of the struggle which secured the independence of America. Like most of his countrymen, he was frugal and industrious; in the course of a few days he took up a tract of land from the state, cleared a few acres, built a log hut, sowed his first crop, and began to think seriously of getting a wife. This last affair he found to be most difficult. "At length," said he, "I met with mine Kate at an hopsesaw. We danced together, talked over farm affairs, and I accompanied her home. Every thing looked neat and clean about her mother's dwelling, and as she was a good-looking girl, I soon made up my mind. The next time we met I took an opportunity to confess my attachment, found it was reciprocal, and we were finally married." Every thing conspired to render him happy; his wife proved herself worthy of his attachment, managed his dairy, made his butter and cheese, and presented him with several sturdy little children as pledges of their affection. His land repaid their industry, and his wealth increased in proportion. One circumstance alone clouded his felicity; it was the fate of his parents. Of their welfare he heard not a single word; of his fate they must of necessity be ignorant. The village in which they resided had been demolished by the French; and the idea of their destruction in some measure marred his felicity. The arrival of a vessel filled with German redemptioners opened to his mind an avenue of hope. He repaired to Philadelphia, and went on board the vessel, in hopes of obtaining some information on the subject of his errand. His endeavours, however, were fruitless; one old man alone appeared to possess the requisite information; but he was distant and repulsive in his manner: every question seemed to open some galling wound, and awaken some unpleasant situation. Michael felt (to use his own words) "sore upon his heart," and determined to buy the poor man's time. He did so; and they proceeded to have the indentures made out in form. A similarity of name caused an inquiry on the part of the magistrate, and the honest farmer, to his inexpressible delight, discovered his long-lost father!

The old man lived to enjoy the happiness of ease and tranquillity but a few years; the recollection of a wife and children murdered before his eyes could never be effaced; his joy at meeting with a son whom he had ceased to consider as living, combined with his own bodily sufferings, formed such an agitated complication of feelings as eventually destroyed his health: it was one of the son's most pleasing reflections, that he had solaced his declining years and smoothed his passage to the tomb.—*Percy Anecdotes.*

SHOULD BOYS LEARN LATIN?

TAKING up the other day a copy of "Dymond's Essays on the Principles of Morality"—a work of great ability, which appeared a few years ago,* and, as we are glad to learn, has had a considerable circulation—we struck upon the following passages on the subject of classical education: they appear to us so reasonable and convincing, that we think they may with advantage be laid before our readers:—

"Education is one of those things which Lord Bacon would describe as having lain almost unaltered 'upon the dregs of time.' We still fancy that we educate our children when we give them, as its principal constituent, that same instruction which was given before England had a literature of its own, and when Greek and Latin contained almost the sum of human knowledge. Then the knowledge of Greek and Latin was called, and not unjustly called, learning. It was the learning which procured distinction and celebrity. A sort of dignity and charm were thrown around the attainments and the word which designated them. That charm has continued to operate to the present hour, and we still call him a learned man who is skilful in Latin and Greek. Yet Latin and Greek contain an extremely small portion of that knowledge which the world now possesses; an extremely small portion of that which it is of most consequence to acquire. It would be well for society if this word *learning* could be forgotten, or if we could make it the representative of other and very different ideas. But the delusion is continually propagated. The higher ranks of society give the tone to the notions of the rest; and the higher classes are educated at Westminster and Eton, and Cambridge and Oxford. At all these the languages which have ceased to be the languages of a living people—the authors which communicate relatively little knowledge that is adapted to the present affairs of man—are made the first and foremost articles of education. To be familiar with these is still to be a 'learned' man. Inferior institutions imitate the example; and the parent who knows his son will be, like himself, a merchant or manufacturer, thinks it almost indispensable that he should 'learn Latin.'

How stands the fact? When young men leave college to take part in the concerns of active life, how much assistance do they derive from classical literature? Look at the House of Commons. How much does this literature contribute to a member's legislating wisely upon questions of political economy, of jurisprudence, of taxation, of reform? Or how much does it contribute to the capability of any other class of men to serve their families, their country, or mankind? I speak not of those professions to which a dead language may be necessary. A physician learns Latin as he attends the dissecting-room; it is a part of his system of preparation for his pursuits in life. Even with the professions, indeed, the need of a dead language is factitious. It is necessary only because usage has made it so. But I speak of that portion of mankind who, being exempt from the necessity for toil, fill the various gradations of society from that of the prince to the private gentleman. Select what rank or what class you please, and ask how much its members are indebted to ancient learning for their capability to discharge their duties as parents, as men, or as citizens of the state, the answer is literally, 'Almost nothing.' Now this is a serious answer, and involves serious consequences. A young man, when he enters upon the concerns of active life, has to set about acquiring new kinds of knowledge, knowledge totally dissimilar to the greater part of that which his 'education' gave him; and the knowledge which education did give him he is obliged practically to forget—to lay it aside: it is something that is not adapted to the condition and the wants of society. But for what purpose are people educated unless it be to prepare them for this condition and these wants? Or how can that be a judicious system which does not effect these purposes?

* One vol. 8vo. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1836.

That no advantages result from the study of ancient classics it would be idle to maintain. But this is not the question. The question is, Whether *so many* advantages result from this study as from others that might be substituted; and I am persuaded that we shall become more and more willing to answer, No. With respect to the sum of knowledge which the works of antiquity convey, as compared with that which is conveyed by modern literature, the disproportion is great in the extreme. To say that the modern is a hundred times greater than the ancient, is to keep far from the language of exaggeration. And to say the truth, the majority of those who are educated at college leave it with but an imperfect acquaintance with those languages which they have spent years in professing to acquire. There are some men skilled in the languages; there are some 'learned' men; but the very circumstance that great skill procures celebrity is an evidence that great skill is rare. Amongst educated laymen, the number is very small of those whose knowledge of Latin bears any respectable proportion to their knowledge of their own language—of that language which they have hardly professed to learn at all. If the London University should be successfully established, it is probable that at least one collateral benefit will result from it. The wide range of subjects which it proposes to embrace in its system of education will possess an influence upon other institutions; and the time may arrive when the impulse of public opinion shall reduce the mathematics of one of our universities, and the classics of both, to such a relative station amongst the objects of human study as shall be better adapted to the purposes of human life.

If considerations like these apply to the *preference* of classical learning by those classes of society who can devote many years to the general purposes of education, much more do they apply to those who fill the middle ranks. Yet amongst these ranks the charm of the fiction has immense power. It has descended from universities to boarding-schools of thirty pounds a-year; and the parent complacently pays the extra 'three guineas' in order that his boy may 'learn Latin.' We affirm that the knowledge of Latin and Greek is all but *useless* to these boys, and that if the knowledge were useful, they do not acquire it. What are the stations which they are about to fill? One is to be a manufacturer, and one a banker, and one a merchant, and one a shipowner, and one will underwrite at Lloyd's, and one will be a consul at Toulon. Nay, we might go lower and say, one will be a tanner, and one a draper, and one a corn-factor. Yet these boys must learn Latin, and perhaps Greek too. And they do actually spend day after day, and perhaps year after year, upon 'hic, hæc, hoc,' 'propria quæ maribus,' 'et, *and*; cum, *when*;' and the like. What conceivable relationship do these things bear to making steam-engines, or discounting bills, or shipping cargoes, or making leather, or selling cloth? None.

But, indeed, the children of the middle classes do *not* learn the languages. They do not learn them so as to be able to appreciate the merits and the beauties of ancient literature. Ask the boys themselves. Ask them whether they could hold an hour's conversation with Cicero if he should stand before them. The very supposition is absurd. Or can they read and enjoy Cicero as they read and enjoy Addison? No. They do *not learn* the ancient languages. They pore over rules and exercises, and syntax and quantities, but as to learning the language in the same sense as that in which it may be said they learn English, there is not one in a hundred, nor probably in ten thousand, who does it. Yet unless a person does learn a language so as to read it, at least, with perfect facility, what becomes of the use of the study as a means of elevating the *taste*? This is one of the advantages which are attributed to the study of the classics. But without inquiring whether the taste might not be as well cultivated by other means, one short consideration is sufficient: that the taste is not cultivated by *studying* the classics, but by *mastering* them—by acquiring such a familiarity with these works as enables us to appreciate their excellencies. This familiarity, or any thing that approaches to this familiarity, school-boys do not acquire. Playfair makes a computation from which he concludes, that in ordinary boarding-schools 'not above one in a hundred learns to read even Latin decently well; that is, one good reader for every ten thousand pounds expended. As to speaking Latin,' he adds, 'perhaps one out of a thousand may learn that: so that there is a speaker for each sum of one hundred thousand pounds spent on the language.'

Then it is said that the act of studying the ancient languages exercises the memory, cultivates the habit of attention, and teaches, too, the art of reasoning. Grant all this. Cannot, then, the memory be exercised as well by acquiring valuable knowledge as by acquiring a mere knowledge of words? Would the memory lose any thing by affixing ideas to the words it learnt? The same questions apply to those who urge the habit of attention, and to all those advocates of the study who insist upon the exercise which it gives to the mind. We do not question the utility of this exercise; we only say that *while* the mind is exercised it should also be fed. That such topics of advocacy are resorted to is itself an indication of the questionable utility of the study. No one thinks it necessary to adduce such topics as reasons for learning addition and subtraction.

The intelligent reader will perceive that the ground upon which these objections to classical studies are urged is, that they occupy time which might be more beneficially employed. If the period of education were long enough to learn the ancient languages *in addition* to the more beneficial branches of knowledge, our inquiry would be of another kind. But the period is not long enough: a selection must be made; and that which it has been our endeavour to show is, that, in selecting the classics, we make an *unwise* selection.

There is, according to my views, no study that is more adapted to please and improve young persons than that of natural philosophy. When I was a school-boy I attended a few lectures on the air-pump, galvanism, &c., and I value the knowledge which I gained in three evenings more highly than any other that I gained at school in as many months. Whilst our children are poring over lessons which disgust them, we allow that magazine of wonders which heaven has stored up to lie unexplored and unnoticed. There are multitudes of young men and women who are considered respectably educated who are yet wonderfully ignorant of the first principles of natural science. Many a boy who has spent years upon Latin cannot tell how it comes to pass that water rises in a pump; and would stare if he were told that the decanters on the table were not colder than the baize they stand on."

After advocating the study of political economy, zoology, and other branches of useful knowledge, the author proceeds—"These are general suggestions: details are foreign to our purpose; but from these suggestions the intelligent parent will perceive the *kind* of education that is proposed. If such an education would convey to young persons some tolerable portion of 'the knowledge and the spirit of their age and country,' if it would tend to make them 'useful, respectable, and happy' in the various relationships of life, the objects of intellectual education are in the same degree attained. So limited is the opportunity of the young for acquiring knowledge in comparison with the extent of knowledge itself, that, upon some subjects, little more is to be effected during the years that are professedly devoted to education than to induce the desire of information and the habit of seeking it. A boy cannot be expected to acquire very extensive information respecting the application of the mechanical powers; but if he sees the value and the pleasure of studying it, he may hereafter benefit his country and the world by his ingenuity. Or a boy cannot be expected to know more than the elements of chemistry; yet this knowledge may in future enable him to add greatly to the comforts and conveniences of human life. There are indications of a revolution in the system of education, which will probably lead both to great and beneficial results. Science is evidently gaining ground upon the judgments and affections of the public. Elementary books of science are, indeed, the familiar companions of young persons *after they have left school*. They lay aside tenses and parsing for 'conversations on chemistry.' This is, so far, as it should be; and it would be better still if similar books had taken the place, *at school*, of accents and quantities, and cases and genders, and lesson-learning by rote. This revolution is also indicated by the topics which are introduced into mechanics' institutes. These associations seem almost instinctively to prefer science to literature, simply as such. Perhaps it will be said that science is the branch of knowledge which is more peculiarly adapted to their employments in life. But the scientific information which an individual acquires usually produces little immediate effect upon his mode of working. The carpenter cannot put up a staircase the better for attending a lecture on chemistry. No: they prefer science because it is preferable: preferable not for mechanics merely, but for man. It is of less consequence to man to know what Horace wrote, or to be able to criticise the Greek anthology, than to know by what laws the Deity regulates the operations of nature, and by what means those operations are made subservient to the purposes of life."

CLAY MAPS.

We have been shown a clever mode of representing countries, for the purpose of teaching geography to young persons. It consists in making a map in relief by means of potter's clay. The clay is put into a mould properly cut, and the cast being brought out is forthwith baked in an oven, the same as an ordinary piece of pottery. The specimen brought under our notice is a map of Europe, about a foot square. The various countries are raised with their appropriate ranges of mountains; and the whole being variously coloured and impressed with their respective names, also the names of the principal cities, any country or town can at once be pointed out. The seas, rivers, and lakes, form the sunk parts, and these being filled with water, which an environing ledge prevents from running over, both land and water are most effectually represented. As cheap and instructive toys for children, or as ornaments for the cottage chimney-piece, we recommend these clay maps to notice. The inventor is a modest young man, a teacher in Glasgow (Mr John Neilson, St Mungo's School), who has brought the subject to bear under many disadvantages.

USES OF THE POTATO.

The uses to which the potato may be put besides the obvious ones of food, starch, sugar, and spirits, are much more various than most people are aware of. In Thuringia and Saxony, it is made into a kind of cheese, which will last for years if kept in close vessels. To pursue the description given in the "Quarterly Journal of Agriculture"—"It is prepared by boiling the potatoes, and reducing them when cold to a pulp, rejecting the skins. Sour milk is added, or else sweet curd with the whey pressed out, in the proportion of a pint to five lbs. of pulp. It is kneaded several times, drained in small baskets, and simply dried in the shade. In some parts of Germany, potatoes are put to another use. The lower classes are accustomed to incorporate them, after being steamed and reduced to a paste, with the butter to be spread over bread. It thus goes farther where economy is studied; and, that it may longer be preserved, is often salted. It will surprise many to learn that a mode has been suggested by a French chemist for converting potatoes into a substance like coffee. He mixes some of the best olive-oil with a certain portion of dried potato flour, and then adds a small quantity of coffee-powder. He asserts that this will produce a liquor more agreeable than coffee. Chemical ingenuity has likewise converted this most useful root into substitutes for many other articles—as chocolate, tapioca, and vermicelli. The use of potato-starch instead of arrow-root I have already mentioned; and much of it is at present sold under the name of arrow-root, and in France under that of *fécule de pomme de terre*. A chemist in Copenhagen has discovered that the flowers of the plant may be used in dyeing. By this means a beautiful yellow colour may be obtained, which is solid and durable. By plunging the colour into blue, it becomes a perfect green. It has likewise been found that the juice contained in the potato will produce a grey colour of great beauty. The liquor drawn off in the process of making potato-starch will clean silks, woollens, or cottons, without damage to the texture or colour. It is also good for cleaning wainscots. Potatoes are used with excellent effect in the boilers of steam-engines, for preventing the gathering of a calcareous incrustation on the bottom, which is gradually deposited from the water employed. The potatoes give out a glutinous substance which entangles the particles in the water, and prevents them from incrusting the iron of the boiler. A medical use of the potato has been lately suggested in a valuable French publication, namely, as a preventive of, and even a cure for, the scurvy. Roasted potatoes were administered with perfect success to sailors afflicted with the disorder, after other approved medicines had been given in vain. As roasted potatoes are the most effectual, it seems probable that the remedy depends on some of the substances contained in the black liquid which boils out of potatoes, and which are retained in roasting."

ENGLISH ARISTOCRATIC EDUCATION.

We are a great nation, and nowhere is our greatness more conspicuous than in the education of youth. The young Frenchman seems to fulfil his destiny when, having drawn on a pair of the most tight-fitting kid gloves, of that precise shade of colour so approved of by Madame Laffarge, he saunters forth to the Boulevard de Grand, or lounges in the *coulisse* of the opera. The German, whose contempt not only extends to glove-leather, but clean hands, betakes himself early in life to the way they should go, and from which, to do him justice, he never shows any inclination to depart. A meerschaum some three feet long, and a tobacco-bag like a school-boy's satchel, supply his wants in life. The dreamy visions of the unreal woes, and the still more unreal greatness of his country, form the pabulum for his thoughts; and he has no other ambition, for some half-dozen years of his life, than to boast his utter indifference to kings and clean water. Now, we manage matters somewhat better. Our young men, from the outset of their career, are admirable jockeys; and if by any fatality, like the dreadful Revolution of France, our nobles should be compelled to emigrate from their native land, instead of teaching mathematics and music, the small sword and quadrilles, we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that we supply stable-boys to the whole of Europe.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

A CAUSE OF FAILURE IN LIFE.

Many men fail in life from the want, as they are too ready to suppose, of those *great* occasions wherein they might have shown their trust-worthiness and their integrity. But all such persons should remember, that in order to try whether a vessel be leaky, we first prove it with *water* before we trust it with *wine*. The more minute, trivial, and we might say *vernacular*, opportunities of being just and upright, are constantly occurring to every one; and it is an unimpeachable character in these lesser things, that almost invariably prepares and produces those very opportunities of greater advancement and of higher confidence which turn out so rich a harvest, but which those alone are permitted to *reap* who have previously *sown*.—*Lacon.*

DEW.

The dew, celebrated through all times and in every tongue for its sweet influence, presents the most beautiful and striking illustration of the agency of water in the economy of nature, and exhibits one of those wise and bountiful adaptations, by which the whole system of things, animate and inanimate, is fitted and bound together. All bodies on the surface of the earth radiate, or throw out rays of heat, in straight lines—every warmer body to every colder; and the entire surface is itself continually sending rays upwards through the clear air into free space. Thus on the earth's surface all bodies strive, as it were, after an equal temperature (an equilibrium of heat), while the surface as a whole tends gradually towards a cooler state. But while the sun shines, this cooling will not take place, for the earth then receives in general more heat than it gives off; and if the clear sky be shut out by a canopy of clouds, these will arrest and again throw back a portion of the heat, and prevent it from being so speedily dissipated. At night, then, when the sun is absent, the earth will cool the most; on clear nights, also, more than when it is cloudy; and when clouds only partially obscure the sky, those parts will become coolest which look towards the clearest portions of the heavens. Now, when the surface cools, the air in contact with it must cool also; and, like the warm currents on the mountain side, must forsake a portion of the watery vapour it has hitherto retained. This water, like the floating mist on the hills, descends in particles almost infinitely minute. These particles collect on every leaflet, and suspend themselves from every blade of grass, in drops of "pearly dew." And mark here a beautiful adaptation. Different substances are endowed with the property of radiating their heat, and of thus becoming cool with different degrees of rapidity; and those substances which in the air become cool first, also attract first and most abundantly the particles of falling dew. Thus, in the cool of a summer's evening, the grass plot is wet while the gravel walk is dry; and the thirsty pasture and every green leaf are drinking in the descending moisture, while the naked land and the barren highway are still unconscious of its fall.—*Professor Johnstone on Agricultural Chemistry.*

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DECISION.

ALL wisdom is a system of balances. It is allowed that caution and deliberation are good things; but in many circumstances these are false friends, and it is found afterwards that a less considerate policy would have been best. Again, however, it would be very wrong to counsel a bold policy as invariably preferable to a cautious one: it would often be found dangerous. There is, in short, no maxim which is a specific: conditions modify the eligibility of every one of them.

With regard to decision in conduct, the first great point is to know what to decide upon, and the second to know if the plan adopted should be unflinchingly carried out. Many men are remarkably decisive without being wise, or finding their choice a fortunate one. Many hold firmly enough to their plan, when wisdom would rather recommend its being abandoned. Decisiveness of conduct is, in such cases, manifestly no advantage. But when a quick and far-seeing sagacity has once chosen a right course, it is well to adopt it unhesitatingly, cordially, fully, and to go through with it with boldness and energy. Then is decision in conduct found to be a valuable quality—but then only. There is no point in which more mistakes are made. A vast number of men think they are acting with decision, when they are simply rash and headstrong. Many believe they are *thinking* with decision when they are merely uncandid towards all opposing considerations, wise in their own conceit, and perilously obstinate.

It often happens, nevertheless, that decisive men of this kind can point to their happy instances. Conduct like theirs is now and then attended by good fortune. But such cases are only like the dreams that prove true—strongly remarked, while all the false ones are lost sight of. They no more justify the rashness and obstinacy of the parties, than does a death happening soon after the hearing of the death-watch prove that there is a connexion between the perforations of the insect and human mortality. These instances are the ruin of the unwise decisive men, for they encourage the fatal failing. Perhaps successful in one case, which involved no important results, they are emboldened to try the same plan in a very different one, and are sadly punished. Such blindfold decision is, indeed, only a kind of gambling.

In aiming at decisive thinking on controversial subjects, and at the duty and credit of holding fast by opinions, it is important to guard against similar errors. It is easy, by shutting one's eyes to every thing that can be said on the opposite side, and getting one's self-love interested in the matter, to obtain a very comfortable set of very decided opinions, and thus become a respectable sort of wronghead or bigot. But it is not so easy, out of the contending considerations on all sorts of difficult questions, to select such as may form a reasonably sound set of opinions, in adherence to which there may be genuine usefulness and real honour. On the contrary, many of the soundest heads have been amongst the most hesitating on a certain dubious class of subjects. It is easy to laugh at the difficulties and doubts of a Lord Eldon, and to admire the nimbleness of some other men in the same situation; but it is by no means certain that quick decisions in law, any more than in speculative questions, are the best. Mr Canning describes a man as swearing,

——— "with keen discriminating sight,
Black's not so black, nor white so very white."

But, though such a manner of speaking is apt to convey a notion of weakness or hesitation, we should remember that the patient separation of the true from the false, and the correct adjustment of the respective limits of both, are amongst the highest efforts of the logical intellect. Perhaps there are some things on which to talk decisively is only to make an open declaration of short-sightedness and folly.

We see more clearly the value of decision in conduct than that of decision in forming a set of abstract opinions. It must ever be of vast consequence to be able to decide at once upon what is the best course of procedure in any of the affairs of life. It often happens that the reasons for taking a particular step are made a little obscure and dubious by the presence of some advantage connected with the opposite course, or by a difficulty and disadvantage attending the right one. For example, in the great fire at Hamburg, it became evident that no expedient for stopping the conflagration would be effectual but the forming of a gap in the buildings. Here the great difficulty of the senate was to determine on making a large enough sacrifice of buildings, for the buildings were of course valuable, every body was interested for the saving of his own house, and there was still the hope that the flames might not come so far, in which case the sacrifice would have been made needlessly. On the other hand, the risk from making too small a sacrifice was obvious, for the fire was advancing, and it might come up to the site marked out for a gap before the gap was effectually made, when of course a much larger gap would become necessary. It was a fine case for the exertion of a wise decisiveness of judgment. In this, unfortunately, the senate failed. They could not take a sufficiently liberal view of the required sacrifice. The gap which they made was made in vain; the flames went on, and were only finally stopped by a perhaps ten times greater sacrifice.

One of the finest examples of this wise decisiveness on record occurs in the earlier part of Napoleon's historical life. He had made his wonderful irruption into Northern Italy, and overthrown great bodies of the Austrian troops. Little seemed wanting to complete the conquest of Lombardy but the taking of Mantua, to which he devoted 10,000 of his troops. At this juncture, he heard of the approach of a new Austrian army, consisting of 60,000 men, while he had in all only 40,000. By marching quickly along the banks of the Lake of Garda, they cut off his retreat to Milan, which he felt to endanger his position very materially. But the Austrian army came on both sides of the lake, 20,000 on the one and 40,000 on the other. Napoleon determined to take a position at the end of the lake, so as to be between the two parties when they came to join. To pursue the narrative of M. Thiers—"By rapidly forming a main mass, the French might overpower the 20,000 who had turned the lake, and immediately afterwards return to the 40,000 who had defiled between the lake and the Adige. But, to occupy the extremity of the lake, it was necessary to call in all the troops from the Lower Adige and the Lower Mincio; Augereau must be withdrawn from Legnago and Serrurier from Mantua, for so extensive a line was no longer tenable. This involved a great sacrifice, for Mantua had been besieged during two months, a considerable battering train had been transported before it, the fortress was on the point of capitulating, and, by allowing it to be revictualled, the fruit of these vigorous efforts, an almost assured prey, escaped his grasp. Bonaparte, however, did not hesitate; *between two important objects, he had the sagacity to seize the most important and sacrifice to it the other*—a simple resolution in itself, but one which displays not alone the great captain but the great man. It is not in war merely, it occurs in politics and in all the situations of life, that men encounter two objects, and, aiming to compass both, fail in each. Bonaparte possessed that rare and decisive vigour which prompts at once the choice and the sacrifice. Had he persisted in guarding the whole course of the Mincio, from the extremity of the Lake of Garda to Mantua, he would have been pierced; by concentrating on Mantua to cover it, he would have had 70,000 men to cope with at the same time—60,000 in front and 10,000 in the rear. He sacrificed Mantua, and concentrated at the point of the Lake of Garda." The consequences were an admirable reward of the genius shown on the occasion. He first met the corps of 20,000 under Quasdanovich, or rather its advanced parties, which he easily drove back. The Austrian general, surprised to find everywhere imposing masses of the French, was awed, and resolved to halt till he should hear of the other corps under his commander Wurmser. Here the Napoleon genius was again shown, for, guessing what was passing in Quasdanovich's mind, he contented himself with having brought him to a pause, and turned to meet the other party. Of this corps a large portion had passed on with Wurmser to Mantua, leaving 25,000 behind under Bayalitsch. This army advanced with wide-spread wings to envelop the French; but Napoleon penetrated its weakened centre; it lost courage, and withdrew. The French pursued, and greatly damaged it. Other actions ensued; and in six days from the commencement of hostilities, the Austrian generals were again in retreat to the Tyrol, having lost 20,000 men and the kingdom of Lombardy.

In private life, this firmness in making judicious sacrifices is often of great importance. It is as necessary to know when to make such sacrifices, and, it may be added, when to undergo great hazards, as it is to know when to embrace favourable opportunities. Many a commercial man has saved the bulk of his fortune by being able to bring his mind, at some nice juncture, to incur a certain loss, or to expose himself to some considerable risk. It requires a certain liberality of nature to act in this way. The race of narrow wits lose all by clinging desperately to some coward maxim which they can only interpret literally. "Never lose certainty for hope," "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," are their favourite adages—and very good adages they are in most circumstances, but not in all, for it sometimes happens that to make a venture is the best course, not merely for making an advance, but for retaining the present position; and it is abundantly clear that, had those maxims always been adhered to, the world must have stood still almost from the beginning. The liberal-minded, on the other hand, can give a wide enough interpretation to such apothegms, and, if possessed of wisdom, know exactly in any particular case whether they should be rigidly observed or not. To attain to this liberality of mind and this power of judging, and be able to act vigorously and perseveringly in the course adopted, are the grand requisites in this branch of the philosophy of life.

A hesitating, indecisive, and over-cautious manner serves as ill in the most simple and familiar affairs as in the highest; and its consequences are in proportion as bad. To have two things which we wish to do nearly about the same time, and to try to embrace them both in the same morning's labours, or accomplish them by the same walk, usually leads to their not being either of them done well, or in time. The whole pleasure of a day devoted to that object is often lost by a want of decision as to the mode of procedure, or the things to be attempted or done, while all would have been well if a right and rational plan had been started with and rigidly adhered to.

In short, and in fine, decision is a most important quality in all affairs, and particularly in affairs of difficulty; but rashness is not decision; uncandour is not decision; headlong, blundering stupidity is not decision—no, it is only to be exemplified by those who, with expanded and sagacious minds to appreciate circumstances and judge of what is best to be done, possess the firmness to go straight forward with an enlightened resolution.

LIVES OF THE ANGLO-SAXON WRITERS.

The commencement of a splendid design by the Royal Society of Literature—no less than a complete chronological series of British literary biography—presents us with a volume on the Anglo-Saxon writers, by Mr Thomas Wright,* one of those youthful students of antiquities who at present form a somewhat conspicuous class of our intellectual labourers. Mr Wright has executed his task with a degree of diligence, judgment, and good taste, entirely worthy of the whole design to which he is a contributor. His volume will convey to unlearned readers a surprising notion of the extent to which literature flourished amongst the children of the Heptarchy. They will not be prepared to hear that "in England, during the eighth century, the multiplication of books was very great," that religious, political, and narrative poetry were then written both in Latin and in the native tongue, and that even ladies kept up correspondence in the former language with the principal learned men of the time. Yet the fame of some of the writers of that period may be said to be still very generally diffused. Few have not heard of Bede, of Alfred, and of Dunstan. With hardly any exception but that of Alfred, the literary men of England in the Anglo-Saxon period were churchmen or monks. They were the teachers as well as pastors of their flocks, and both wrote books and undertook the duty—equivalent to that of the printer amongst us—of multiplying them. It is impossible to read a just account of these men, devoting themselves in their little cells, often at a distance from all society, to the business of cultivating and diffusing letters, without acknowledging that in their time they were a most useful and praiseworthy part of the community.

Bede, perhaps, stands at the head of the Anglo-Saxon writers. He seems to have spent a modest studious life, unchequered by incident of any kind, at the monastery of Wearmouth, where he died in 735. His works, consisting of Scriptural translations and commentaries, religious treatises, biographies, and an ecclesiastical history of the Anglo-Saxons, which is the only one useful in the present age, were *forty-four* in number; and it is related that he dictated to his amanuensis, and completed a book, on the very day of his death. Alfred, who may be said to have been a century and a half at least posterior to Bede, was also a copious writer, notwithstanding the duties and cares of sovereignty. He translated the historical works of Orosius and Bede, and some religious and moral treatises; also Æsop's Fables and the Psalms; and there is a collection of proverbs attributed to him. Original writing is mingled with some of his translations. He was also zealous to introduce learned men into his country, and to establish seminaries of learning, though the story of his having commenced the University of Oxford is shown by Mr Wright to be liable to strong suspicion. Mr Wright relates a well-known anecdote of Alfred in a somewhat various way:—

"During the first eight years of his reign, Alfred was engaged in constant warfare with the Danes, until, in 878, after numerous battles fought with various success, his fortunes were reduced so low that he was compelled to seek a shelter with a small body of his most faithful companions in the wilds and woods of Somersetshire. His chief abode was in the isle of Athelney, where a remarkable monument of his misfortunes has since been found, in a beautiful enamelled jewel bearing his name, and now preserved in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. This spot was the scene of the interesting legend, so often repeated by modern writers, which appears to have been current in the latter part of the tenth century. The king, according to the oldest document in which this legend is noticed, 'then went lurking through hedges and ways, through woods and fields, so that he, through God's guidance, arrived save at Athelney, and begged shelter in the house of a certain swain, and even diligently served him and his evil wife. It happened one day that this swain's wife heated her oven, and the king sat thereby, warming himself by the fire, the family not knowing that he was the king. Then was the evil woman suddenly stirred up, and said to the king in angry mood, 'Turn thou the loaves, that they burn not: for I see daily that thou art a great eater.' He was quickly obedient to the evil woman, because he needs must.'" It thus appears that the woman only thought that one who assisted so large in eating her household bread should help to prepare it; not that she gave him a box in the ear, as the story commonly goes, for neglecting to turn certain loaves with the firing of which he had been intrusted.

Dunstan seems to have been a very extraordinary person. He was born in 925 near Glastonbury Abbey, and studied in the school at that place. When we read the narrative of his life, we can see very easily that he was indebted for his great distinction not to talent alone, but in part to what would now be considered as a constitutional tendency to delirium. He was liable to fall into a peculiar morbid condition, in which he saw wonderful visions, usually of a religious character. Such things would now be pitied and lamented; in the tenth century, they created awe and admiration. While a young man, he went to Canterbury to visit his uncle Athelm, the archbishop, who introduced him at court. His handsome face and figure, and many accomplishments, amongst which was first-rate skill in playing the harp, made him a great favourite with King Athelstan, but gained him the envy of the courtiers, whose machinations drove him from the palace. Placing himself under the care of another uncle, Alfheh, bishop of Winchester, he there became "passionately enamoured of a maiden of great beauty, of a rank in life equal with his own, and endowed with the accomplishments congenial to his own character, and he sought permission to marry her. But his uncle Alfheh was opposed to the union; he probably foresaw in some measure the splendid destiny which awaited his nephew, and he urged him to overcome his passion, and to embrace the strict rule of monastic life, then prevalent in France, but which had not yet been introduced into this island. Dunstan avowed his distaste for monachism, and refused to act according to his uncle's admonitions. The struggle of contending feelings which arose out of these circumstances brought on a new and severe attack of his disease; and while languishing under a burning fever, his uncle came to his bedside, recommenced his exhortations to embrace a monastic life, and told him that he was now suffering under the effects of God's displeasure for having preferred an earthly bride to the Church of Christ. The words of the bishop had a deep effect upon his mind, and he appears to have made a vow that if he recovered he would retire from the world.

Dunstan fulfilled his vow in a manner that was no less extraordinary than the circumstances of his previous life. He built for himself, adjacent to the walls of the church of Winchester, a little cell, the larger portion of which was sunk below the level of the earth, and which was so small that he could scarcely raise himself upright in it. In this narrow receptacle Dunstan made his dwelling, and he only left it when required to perform the necessary acts and duties of his life. The period of his time which was not passed in devotional exercises, was here employed in the practice of the arts, and numerous branches of knowledge in which he was proficient. Dunstan was distinguished by his fondness for science and the mechanical arts, and he was probably acquainted with many instruments and modes of proceeding which, though their principle is now well understood, were then believed to be the work of superhuman agency. His biographer has preserved one of the incidents that drew upon Dunstan the charge of magic. It seems that before he left the court of Athelstan, he had invented a harp which played spontaneously. A noble lady, named Ethelwynn, who was acquainted with his skill in drawing and design, begged his assistance in ornamenting a handsome stole. Dunstan, as usual, carried with him his harp, which, when he entered the apartment of the ladies, he hung beside the wall; and in the midst of their work they were astonished by strains of excellent music which issued from the instrument. Dunstan had in his cell a forge, at which he manufactured the articles of metal that were necessary for the use or ornament of the church, while he rendered similar services to the people who visited him. He was skilful also in writing and painting (or illuminating), and frequently practised these arts in his cell; while at times the sound of the hammer gave place to that of his harp.

It is not surprising if, in this solitary and uncomfortable abode, Dunstan frequently laboured under the monomania, as it has been described, to which he was constitutionally subject. He believed himself continually persecuted by demons. It is pretended that on one occasion, in the night, when Dunstan was employed as usual at his forge, the devil came to his hut in the form of a man, and brought him a piece of iron which he wished to be beaten into a certain form. Dunstan willingly undertook the work, but, led by some circumstances to suspect the trick which was put upon him, he watched an opportunity, and suddenly seizing the fiend by the nose with his red-hot tongs, forced him to resume his own proper shape. The howling of the tempter was audible for miles round the cell, and when the terrified inhabitants came next morning to Dunstan to inquire the cause, it is said that they heard this story from his own lips." It is remarkable how much resemblance there is between some of the incidents of Dunstan's biography and those in the lives of the reformers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Luther also had his struggles with the evil one, and threw an inkstand at him. Like them, Dunstan had his visions of events yet to come. When obliged, by the persecution of King Edwy, to leave his church of Glastonbury, it rung with unearthly laughter, and the pious abbot, turning again, addressed the invisible demon in the following words:—"Go on, for thou shalt soon have more cause to lament for my return than to rejoice now at my departure." This prediction is perfectly identical with that of John Knox in the French galleys. There is a cheap and easy kind of prophecy by which Dunstan acquired no small part of his fame, consisting in a foretelling of events known to be extremely likely or even threatened. When officiating at the coronation of the murdered Ethelred, he foretold that the sword should not cease its visitations on his house till the throne should have passed to a nation of strangers. In the *third* year thereafter arrived the first flight of the Danish invaders, who in quick time subdued the kingdom. Can we doubt that the invasion was at this very time threatened, and that Dunstan foresaw the likelihood of its success in the distracted and weak state of the existing government?

This pious man was supposed to do many wonderful things by the black art, when, probably, the only witchcraft which he used was a mechanical skill above his age. At one time the prejudices against him rose so high on this account, that some of his neighbours seized him one day and threw him into a pond, probably to judge of his wizardship by his sinking or swimming. Mr Wright adds:—"What was in part the nature of Dunstan's studies while at Glastonbury, we may surmise from the story of a learned and ingenious monk of Malmesbury, named Ailmer, who, not many years afterwards, made wings to fly, an extraordinary advance in the march of mechanical invention, if we reflect that little more than a century before Asser the historian thought the invention of *lanterns* a thing sufficiently wonderful to confer an honour upon his patron, king Alfred. But Ailmer, in the present instance, allowed his zeal to get the better of his judgment. Instead of cautiously making his first experiment from a low wall, he took flight from the top of the church-steeple, and, after fluttering for a short time helplessly in the air, he fell to the ground and broke his legs. Undismayed by this accident, the crippled monk found comfort and encouragement in the reflection, that his invention would certainly have succeeded had he not forgotten to put a tail behind."

In the school-books used in the Anglo-Saxon period, it is curious to find both the system of question and answer, by which so much is now learned, and also that which has been called the Hamiltonian system, by which a foreign tongue is presumed to be acquired by an interlinear translation. For the sharpening of youth [*ad acuendos juvenes*], they had arithmetical problems, such as are still to be found in some treatises of the present age; as, for instance, "The swallow once invited the snail to dinner: he lived just one league from the spot, and the snail travelled at the rate of only one inch a day: how long would it be before he dined?" Again: "An old man met a child, 'Good day, my son!' says he; 'may you live as long as you have lived, and as much more, and thrice as much as all this, and if God gives you one year in addition to the others, you will be just a century old:' what was the lad's age?" In one of these school-books a ship is defined rather beautifully as "a wandering house, a hostle where you will, a traveller that leaves no footsteps, a neighbour of the sand." Enigmas were favourite modes of intellectual exercise in those days, and many collections of them were made. For instance—"What is that from which, if you take the head, it becomes higher? *Answer*—Go to your bed, and there you will find it." Here the joke seems to lie in the ambiguity of the expression; take your head from bed, and it (namely, your head) is of course higher. There was great ignorance, of course, of all the natural sciences, and of none more so than medicine. An ancient manuscript in the British Museum gives a striking picture of the low state of this branch of knowledge. One large section of the book relates to external injuries—as wounds and bites of venomous reptiles. There are also many receipts against poison; all of them significant matters. What appears singular, there are more provisions against diseases of the eye than against any other ailment. "Although this treatise is not a herbal, still the ingredients mentioned are chiefly vegetables, though mixed up sometimes with other substances, such as ale and honey, of which latter commodity the consumption was very great among the Anglo-Saxons, and, less frequently, fat, oil, or wine. The powerful medicinal effects produced by vegetable mixtures, and the facility with which they were obtained, will easily explain the great reputation they enjoyed in an uncultivated age; but the real causes of diseases were little known; the connexion between the complaint and the remedy was seldom or very imperfectly understood; and the success of the latter must have been extremely problematical. The object generally aimed at seems to have been to produce a sudden and strong impression on the system, the effect of which must often have proved fatal."

This treatise, Mr Wright remarks, shows how much superstition was mixed with the practice of medicine. "The ingredients which the physician used frequently owed their virtues to some accidental circumstance with which, in the minds of the people, they were connected; as in the case of one receipt in which those particular herbs only are declared to be efficient 'which grow spontaneously, and are not planted by the hand of man.' Much of their efficiency also depended upon the day on which they were administered, or on which the patient fell ill, and this, again, was regulated by the changes of the moon. The Anglo-Saxon manuscripts contain many lists of the attri-

* Biographia Britannica Literaria, or Biography of Literary Characters of Great Britain and Ireland, arranged in Chronological Order. Anglo-Saxon Period. By Thomas Wright, M.A., 8vo., pp. 554. London: J. W. Parker. 1842.

butes of each day of the lunar month, as they were supposed to be good or evil for sickness and the various operations of life. For example, they inform us that 'The first day of the moon is propitious for all kinds of work; he who falls ill on that day will languish long and suffer much; the infant who is then born will live. The second is also a prosperous day, good for buying, selling, embarking on shipboard, beginning a journey, sowing, grafting, arranging a garden, ploughing land; theft committed on this day will be soon and easily detected; a person who falls sick will soon recover; the child born will grow fast, but will not live long;'" and so on, with many similar delusions. A proof that these fancies were practically worked upon, occurs in the life of John of Beverley. "One day John entered the nunnery of Wetadun (supposed to be Watton in Yorkshire), where the abbess called him to visit a sister in whom the operation of bleeding had been followed by dangerous symptoms. When he was informed that she had been bled on the fourth day of the moon, he blamed the abbess severely for her ignorance; 'for,' said he, 'I remember that Archbishop Theodore, of blessed memory, said that bleeding was very dangerous at that time, when both the light of the moon and the flood of the ocean are on the increase.'"

With one good anecdote of the poet Aldhelm, who was abbot of Malmesbury, we take leave of Mr Wright's volume:—"Aldhelm had observed, with pain, that the peasantry were become negligent in their religious duties, and that no sooner was the church service ended, than they all hastened to their homes and labours, and could with difficulty be persuaded to attend to the exhortations of the preacher. He watched the occasion, and stationed himself in the character of a minstrel on the bridge over which the people had to pass, and soon collected a crowd of hearers by the beauty of his verse; when he found that he had gained possession of their attention, he gradually introduced, among the popular poetry which he was reciting to them, words of a more serious nature, till at length he succeeded in impressing upon their minds a truer feeling of religious devotion; 'whereas, if,' as William of Malmesbury observes, 'he had proceeded with severity and excommunication, he would have made no impression whatever upon them.'"

THE TWO BEGGAR BOYS:

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG.

"I CAN'T encourage a boy of your age in begging," said a gentleman to a little lad, apparently about ten years old, who intreated him to give him a halfpenny; "you should work, not beg."

"I have not got any work," answered the boy.

"Would you do it if you had?" inquired the gentleman.

"Yes," said the boy.

"What are your parents?" asked the gentleman.

"My father's dead," replied the child, "and my mother begs, and sends me out to beg; but I keep away from her, because she beats me."

"And where do you sleep at night, when you don't go home?"

"Anywhere I can—under a hedge, or in a doorway; sometimes I get into a stable-yard or an empty cart."

"That's a miserable life," returned the gentleman: "come with me, and I'll give you a trial. What is your name?"

"George Macmahon."

"Come along, then, George Macmahon. Now, if you are wise, this may prove the turn of your fortune; but remember, beginnings are slow: you must work first for small wages, till you are stronger, and able to earn more; but if I see that you are willing to work, I will do what I can for you."

This gentleman, whose name was Herriott, was the overseer of some public works; so, as George's capabilities were yet but limited, he put a hammer into his hand, and set him to break stones, promising that if he were diligent, and broke as many as he could, he should have eightpence a-day, and a place to sleep in at night.

George Macmahon set to his work apparently with a good heart. The stones were not very hard, and they had already been broken into small pieces—his business was to break them still smaller; and when he exerted his strength and struck them a good blow, he could do it very well. However, when he had worked a little while, he began to make rather long pauses between his strokes, and to look a good deal about him, especially when any well-dressed persons passed that way; and once or twice, when he thought no one was looking, he threw down his hammer, and applied himself to his former trade of begging for a halfpenny to buy a bit of bread. When he had, in this way, made out some three or four hours, he was accosted by an acquaintance of his, a boy about his own age, who was also a beggar. The only difference in their situation was, that the mother of the latter was very sickly and unable to support him; but she did not beat him, and would not have sent him to beg if she could have done anything better for him.

"What!" said the new-comer, whose name was John Reid; "have you got leave to break stones?"

"Yes," answered George, "a gentleman has given me a job; I am to have eightpence a-day, and a place to sleep in;" and George at that moment felt himself a person of considerable consequence.

"I wish he would give me a job too," said John; "do you think he would?"

"You can ask him, if you like," answered George; "that's his office, and I saw him go in there just now." So John presented himself to Mr Herriott, and said he should be very glad if he would give him a job, as he had done to George Macmahon; and after asking him a few questions, Mr Herriott supplied him with a hammer, and set him to work.

It was quite evident, from the way he set about it, that it was John Reid's intention to break as many stones as he could; and accordingly, by night his heap was much larger than George Macmahon's, although he had not worked so long; but then he hit them with all his might, did not make long pauses between his strokes to look about him, and, when any well-dressed persons passed, instead of slipping away to beg for a halfpenny, he only grasped his hammer with more firmness, gave harder blows, and appeared more intent upon his work; for, thought he, it makes one look respectable to be employed, but every body despises beggars. At night they each got their eightpence, for although George had not worked as hard as he could, Mr Herriott did not wish to discourage him; and having bought themselves some supper, they were conducted to a shed, where they passed the night on some clean straw—a much more comfortable bed than they were accustomed to. On the following morning, they both repaired to their toil at the sound of the bell—John Reid with rather augmented vigour; but after the first half hour, George Macmahon's strokes became lighter and his pauses longer, till at last he threw down his hammer, and burst out into a fit of laughter.

"What's the matter?" said John; "what are you laughing at?" "Why, I am laughing to think what fools the gentlefolks must be to suppose we'll work for eightpence a-day at breaking these stones, when we can earn a shilling a-day by begging, and our food besides; for people give us enough to eat at their doors, and then we can spend our money in drink."

"But, then," said John, "we are only beggars, and that's such a disgrace."

"Disgrace!" said George, "pooh! who cares for that?—surely it's better to live without working, if one can?"

"I don't know that," said John: "besides, you know, if we go on begging, we shall never get to be better off—we shall always be beggars to the last; but if we work when we are young, we may grow rich by the time we are old, and live like the gentlefolks."

"It's a long time to wait for what may never happen," replied George; "besides, I'm tired of work—it makes my arm ache: there's a carriage coming down the hill with some ladies in it!" added he suddenly, and away he ran to beseech the ladies to give him a halfpenny to buy a bit of bread. They threw him sixpence. "Now, look here," said he to his comrade; "here's nearly a day's wages just for the asking; one must break a pretty lot of stones before one earns sixpence. Come along; throw down your hammer, and let's be off before Mr Herriott sees us."

"No, I sha'n't," responded John; "I shall stay here and break the stones; but I wish, if you mean to go, you would call and tell my mother where I am, and that she shall see me on Sunday."

"Sunday!" cried George; "you don't mean to stay here till Sunday, do you?"

"Yes, I do," said John; "I'll stay as long as they'll keep me."

George went away laughing at the folly of his companion; and when he met Jane Reid begging, he told her she might expect to see John before Sunday, for he was sure his arm would be so tired that he would soon give up breaking stones.

But George was mistaken: John's arm did ache at first, it is true, but it soon got accustomed to the labour, and then it ceased to ache, and grew daily stronger. Mr Herriott paid him his eightpence every night, and let him sleep in the shed; but he took little more notice of him, for he looked upon it as pretty certain that he would follow the same course as George Macmahon had done, and disappear; and he was justified in thinking so, for he had put several beggar boys to the same proof, and not one of them had held out above a couple of days. However, when a week had elapsed, and John Reid was still hammering away as hard as ever, he began to think better of him—spoke to him encouragingly as he passed, showed him how to do his work with the greatest ease to himself, and occasionally sent him out a slice of bread and meat from his own kitchen. In short, John Reid grew into favour, and Mr Herriott began to think of putting him into some employment more fit for him than breaking stones, which he was scarcely strong enough to do yet, with advantage to himself or his employer. He therefore took him off the road, and set him to remove some earth where they wanted to make a drain; and when this was done, he was sent amongst the carters, to help to load the carts and learn how to manage the horses. Thus, John got on from one thing to another, till he found the way to make himself really useful; and as he always did whatever was given him to do to the best of his abilities, his services were soon in general request among the men; and John's place became no sinecure. He worked hard all day, but then his wages were raised to six shillings a-week—he had enough to eat, and he could afford to pay for half a bed, which was a comfort he had very seldom enjoyed; and then he had the satisfaction of seeing that he was getting on, and gaining the confidence of his employers. It is true, he was often extremely tired after his day's work, yet he felt contented and happy, and rejoiced that he had not followed the example of George Macmahon; for he had earned a treasure that George knew nothing of—the treasure of hope—hope for the future—hope that he might some day have good clothes and a nice house, and live comfortably "like the gentlefolks," and be called *Sir*, as Mr Herriott was; for John thought it must be very pleasant to be respected and looked up to. And John was quite right—it was a very legitimate object of ambition; and it would be well if it were more generally entertained amongst the poor, because there is but one road to success, and that is by the way of industry and honesty. John felt this, and that was the reason he liked his work: he saw that it made him respectable, because it is respectable to be useful. Indeed, the being useful is the source of the only true respect mankind can ever enjoy; all the homage which is yielded to their other attributes—wealth, station, and power—unless these are beneficially exercised, that is, made useful, is only factitious; a sentiment compounded of fear, baseness, and self-interest.

Amongst the persons under Mr Herriott was a young man called Gale, who acted as clerk and bookkeeper. His connexions were in rather a superior condition of life; but having been himself imprudent, and reduced to distress, interest had been made with Mr Herriott's employers, who had appointed him to the situation he held. But adversity had not remedied the faults of his character; he was still too fond of company and convivial parties, and not unfrequently, for the sake of yielding to their seductions, neglected his business.

One Saturday, about three months after John Reid's first introduction to Mr Herriott, that gentleman had desired Gale to go to the town, which was some two miles distant, and bring back the money that would be wanted to pay the men's wages at night; but in the morning Gale forgot it, and in the afternoon there was some amusement in the way that made him dislike the expedition. So he looked about for some one to send in his place, and at last fixed upon John, because he could be the best spared, and was the least likely to be missed, his work being of such various kinds, that if he were not seen busy in one spot he would be supposed to be busy in another. So he dispatched John with a note, desiring the money might be given to the bearer; and although the agent thought *the bearer* rather an odd person to be intrusted with so large a sum, he did not consider himself justified in withholding the money; and consequently John received a bundle of bank-notes, which he buttoned carefully up in his pocket, and set off back again. On his way he fell in with Maggy Macmahon, George's mother. She was begging; and seeing that he looked decent, and no longer wore his beggar's rags, she told him that she supposed, now he was grown such a great man, he could afford to give a poor body a penny. John had some pence in his pocket; and more, perhaps, from a little pardonable vanity than from charity—for he knew Maggy to be a bad woman—he unbuttoned his pocket in order to comply with her request; but he had no sooner done so than she caught sight of the bank notes, and made a snatch at them, calling him, at the same time, a young thief, and asking him where he had stole all that money from. Failing, however, in her object, she tried to seize him by the collar, but John slipped through her fingers and took to his heels. She ran after him for some time, calling "Stop thief!"—but as there was nobody at hand to stop him, and as, being half intoxicated, she could not overtake him herself, she soon gave up the chase, and John arrived safe with his charge, and delivered it to Gale. But Maggy, who had heard from her own son where John was employed, was shrewd enough to guess that he had been sent to fetch the money to pay the week's wages, and that, probably, on the following or some other Saturday, he might be employed on the same errand; and as the road was not much frequented, it occurred to her, that, with a coadjutor, if not alone, she could hardly fail to obtain the booty.

It happened as Maggy had expected. John having been found a faithful messenger on the first occasion, the next time Gale's engagements made it inconvenient for him to go himself, he dispatched him again. John went, accordingly, and received the money; but remembering what had happened on his former expedition, and having the fear of Maggy before his eyes, he hid the money this time in his bosom, resolving to run all the way back, and not to answer her if she accosted him. But Maggy was too cunning for him; she had watched him up to the town; and not doubting the purpose of his errand, she waylaid him on his return, selecting, for her purpose, the most lonely part of the road, and taking her son George with her as a reinforcement. Thus, when the poor boy approached, she suddenly darted out from her concealment, and seizing him by the arm, told him that if he did not give her the money he was carrying she would kill him; but instead of doing what she desired, John cried out for help, and struggled hard to get away, and as he was an active boy, he did at last succeed in releasing himself from her grasp; but unfortunately, just as he was taking to his heels, his clothes having been loosened in the scuffle, the bundle of notes fell from his bosom to the ground, and were in an instant

picked up by George, who had been hitherto an inactive spectator of the conflict. As soon as Maggy saw that her object was attained, she made no further effort to detain John; but deaf to his intreaties to restore him the money, she, with her son, started off in an opposite direction, declaring, that if he attempted to follow her she would take his life. But John, too much alarmed at his loss to heed her threats, persisted in following her, hoping to meet some one to whom he could appeal for assistance; but Maggy obviated this danger by cutting across the fields, till at length, finding she could not get rid of him, she turned suddenly round, and with a savage blow felled him to the earth. By the time John had risen and wiped the blood from his face, Maggy and her son were far out of his reach, so there was nothing left for him but to pursue his way home, which he did with a heavy heart, greatly fearing that this misfortune would bring him much trouble, and perhaps be the occasion of his losing his situation.

As may be imagined, Gale, when he heard John's story, was extremely frightened, and, consequently, extremely angry, for he knew very well the fault was his own, and that his neglect of duty would now be disclosed to Mr Herriott; and as fear and anger are apt to render people very unjust, he refused to believe John's account of the matter, accusing him, in one breath, of carelessness, and in the next of dishonesty, threatening to turn him off and to have him up to the police; but as he could not do either of his own authority, he began by dragging him to Mr Herriott's office, and presenting him to that gentleman in the guise of a culprit brought up for chastisement. After reproving Gale severely for delegating a commission of such a nature to another, and especially to a boy who had so lately been taken off the streets, Mr Herriott turned to John to hear what he had to say for himself, not doubting that the temptation had been too strong for a lad brought up under circumstances so unfavourable, and that he was really guilty of appropriating the money. "But who has given you that blow on the face?" inquired he, on observing that John's nose had been bleeding, and that his mouth was swollen.

"Maggy Macmahon," said he, "because I ran after her to try to get the money back; and after she had knocked me down, she ran so fast that I could not overtake her; but if you'd be pleased to send to where she lives, perhaps you might catch her and get it yet."

This suggestion, whether honestly offered or not, Mr Herriott thought it right to follow; so, having hastily gathered an outline of the case from John, he dispatched him, with three of his most trusty workmen, to look after Maggy, giving the men strict orders not to let John escape, nor even to lose sight of him for a moment. But neither Maggy nor George was to be found at their lodgings, neither did they return there all night; so on the following day, the police having been put upon the alert, the expedition presented themselves before Mr Herriott with John still in their custody, but without any tidings of the money. The disappearance of the mother and son was in some degree a confirmation of the boy's story, and disposed Mr Herriott to listen with a more believing ear to what he said. Still it was possible that there might have been collusion amongst the parties, and that John's share of the booty was somewhere secured for him till he could accept it without danger; and then it occurred to Mr Herriott that very likely it had been given to his mother. The police were therefore desired to investigate the matter, and keep a close eye upon Jane Reid's proceedings; but, on inquiry, it turned out that Jane Reid was in the hospital, dying of a fever, and had been there for some days. So far the circumstances were favourable to John, as was also the discovery that he had brought the money safely on a former occasion; therefore, though still uncertain what to think, Mr Herriott did not turn him away, but merely kept him under strict *surveillance*, desiring the men he could trust to lose sight of him as little as possible. Thus, John went on as before, doing his duty as well as he could, but he was not so happy, because he felt he was suspected; and he saw little hopes of his justification, for Maggy and George returned no more to their lodging, nor did the police succeed in tracing them.

However, fortunately, when people intend to do right, the being watched is much to their advantage; and so it proved with John, for the more narrowly his conduct was observed, the more reason Mr Herriott saw to approve it; and as time advanced, and his acquaintance with John increased, he became thoroughly satisfied that the account the boy had given of the notes had been correct, and that he had actually been robbed of them. This conviction was accompanied by a great augmentation of interest for John, who he felt had been injured by the suspicion, and had thus had a supernumerary difficulty thrown in his upward path, and one that, in a less well-disposed boy, might have discouraged him altogether from well-doing; for, besides the mortification of being doubted, John had a good many crosses to bear from Gale, who resented the loss of the money as the cause of his own exposure, and took many opportunities of making the culprit feel the weight of his displeasure. But Mr Herriott's favour and good opinion were the road to fortune, and John seeing that, bore Gale's ill will with patience; and accordingly, in spite of it, he rose from one thing to another, till he found himself in a situation of trust and authority, being employed as clerk and overseer under Mr Herriott, with a salary of one hundred pounds a-year. This happened when John was twenty-five, exactly fifteen years after the time when he had found George breaking stones, and had asked Mr Herriott to let him have a hammer and give him a job.

John Reid was now a very happy young man; and he was the more happy from the contrast betwixt the present and the past, his comfortable and respectable situation being very unlike the prospect that had opened itself to him in his early years, when, a beggar born, he saw no hopes of ever being anything else; and nothing else would he ever have been, had he not had the wisdom to seize fortune by the forelock, and having once got hold of her, taken good care not to let her go again. In short, though John had never read Shakspeare, he acted as if he was aware that

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

The opportunity had offered—John had seized it—George had refused it—and these reflections led him often to think of George, and to wonder what was become of him; the more especially as he could not but remember that George was, in fact, the humble instrument of his own good fortune; for had he not seen him breaking the stones, it never would have occurred to him to make the application for himself.

It happened, on the occasion of some public rejoicing, that the men were allowed to leave work early, and some indulgences were given to permit of their spending the evening convivially together; but Mr Herriott particularly charged John to see that there was no drunkenness or disorder; and with this view, John put on his hat and cloak a little before midnight, in order to ascertain that the party had broken up, and that the men had retired peaceably to their beds. It was in the depth of winter, the weather was very cold, and the snow was lying three feet deep upon the ground. Having seen that the place where the men had supped was empty, and that all was apparently quiet in the cottages where they slept, Reid gladly turned towards his own dwelling, for the cold gusts of wind that seemed to blow through him, and the sharp sleet that drove against his face, brought out in bold relief the comforts of his tidily-furnished room, bright fire, and wholesome bed; but as he passed a temporary building which had been run up to defend some stores from the weather, he fancied he heard a groan. He listened, and it was repeated. "Ah!" thought he, "after all, I am afraid they have not been so steady as I had hoped; this is some drunken fellow, I suppose, paying the penalty of his excesses;" and he turned into the shed to see who it was. He had a lantern in his hand, and by its dim light he perceived a bundle of rags in one corner, whence the sounds proceeded, and on touching the object with his foot, a face was lifted up from the heap—a face on which death was imprinted, and which, with its hollow eyes, stared upon him with a meaningless stare, that showed that the senses were paralysed by the wretchedness to which the body was reduced. Seeing that this poor creature must die if he remained exposed to the cold of the night, John called up one of the workmen, and with his assistance removed him to a warmer situation; and there, after a little while, the heat of the stove, and a glass of warm brandy and water which they procured from Mr Herriott's house, restored the sufferer to consciousness. John then offered him something to eat; but he shook his head, and said, if it had come earlier it might have done him good, but that now he believed he was past eating. And so he was—and yet he was but a youth; but intemperance when he had money, and want and exposure to the inclemency of the weather when he had none, had done the work of years, and he had reached the last stage of his pilgrimage upon earth. In the morning, Mr Herriott, hearing of the circumstance, came to see him, and perceiving that death was fast approaching, he asked him where he came from, and if he had any friends. The man lifted up his heavy eyelids on hearing the interrogation; but when his eyes fell on Mr Herriott's features, a ray of intelligence and recognition shot from them. "Ah, sir!" said he, "I know you, but you have forgotten me."

"Did I ever see you before?" said Mr Herriott.

"You once gave me a job, sir, and said you'd be a friend to me," answered the miserable creature; "but I hadn't the sense to see what was for my own good. There was a boy, called John Reid" ——

"Ah!" said Mr Herriott, interrupting him, for he recognised at once who the stranger was, and saw the importance of seizing the opportunity to clear his friend John's character from the shadow of an imputation—"I remember you now, and John Reid, too; but John got into trouble about some money that he lost betwixt this and the town. Did you ever hear anything of it?"

"Did he lose his situation for it?" said the dying man, making an effort to raise himself on his elbow—"that was hard—very hard, for he couldn't help it; we took the money from him, I and my mother—but it did us no good; it was soon gone, and then she took to thieving to get more, and made me thieve too. It's too late now; but if I'd staid and broken the stones, it might have been different with me this day—but I was idle, and let the chance slip by me, and I never got another. God bless you, sir! I have lived a bad life—but let me have Christian burial, and the prayers of the church over my coffin." And thus died George Macmahon, the beggar, who refused to work, because he could get a shilling a-day and his food without the inconvenience of labour. But John Reid, who reflected that a beggar can never be anything but a beggar, and who thought it must be pleasant to be respected, and wear good clothes, and be called "Sir, like the gentlefolks," lived to see his honest ambition realised; and after passing his existence in peace, plenty, and contentment—having risen, step by step, till, at Mr Herriott's death, he was appointed to that gentleman's situation—died at a good old age, on a bed surrounded by his children and his grandchildren, to whom he left a comfortable provision, and the blessed inheritance of a good name.

BITS FROM THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

RELATION OF FACTORY LABOUR TO DISEASE AND MORTALITY.

THIS subject was treated in a paper read by Mr Noble, surgeon, Manchester, before the Statistical Section. The author began by adverting to the diversity of opinion which prevailed among medical authorities in reference to the influence of the factory system on the health of the operatives employed in it. Among the witnesses examined before the Parliamentary committee on factory labour, a few years ago, the metropolitan members of the medical profession had been almost unanimous in the opinion, that the factory system was highly prejudicial to health, and that it ought to be considered as the fruitful parent of consumption and scrofula. On that occasion, one witness, who, in the early part of his career, had had some experience in the centre of manufacturing industry, had made bold to assert that scrofulous diseases were immeasurably more abundant in Manchester than in London and other parts of the kingdom, and that the proportion in which that disease was developed could not be less than one in ten. On the other hand, there were many medical men who contended, that factory labour tended to fortify those engaged in it against scrofula and consumption. Amid such conflicting testimony, it was difficult to come to any satisfactory conclusion; but perhaps the best mode of arriving at the truth would be by leaving the opinions of men alone, and inquiring into the facts of the case. It was with this view, then, that he proposed to inquire to what extent the positive results obtained by the registrar-general confirm the idea, that consumption is more frequent in Manchester than in less densely-populated districts. But, before proceeding with the details of his proposed plan, he might just remark, with regard to the national system of registration, that, although defective in some respects, it would be a valuable auxiliary to our other means of investigation, especially on all questions relative to epidemic and contagious diseases, and especially in the prosecution of such inquiries as the present. The numerical statements he was about to submit were taken from the third and last published report of the registrar-general, and they applied exclusively to the year 1839. According to the census of 1831 (that of 1841 not having been obtained at the period of compiling the registrar's last reports), there were resident in Manchester and Salford 49,392 families; and the total deaths registered in 1839 amounted to 9223, of which 1454 are recorded as having been from consumption. This was, in round numbers, in the proportion of about one death annually from consumption to every 34 families; and in the total deaths from all causes, of three from consumption in every nineteen. Now, certainly, these facts furnished a very decided proof of the extensive prevalence of the disease in this district; and it might also seem to afford a decided confirmation of the doctrine, that factory employment tends to produce consumption. If we extended our inquiries to other parts of the kingdom, this supposition was still farther confirmed. In Essex, for example, with a population of 62,403 families, the deaths from consumption during the above year were less by 250 than in Manchester, although the population of Essex, in 1831, was 13,000 families above that of Manchester. If the inquiry were to rest here, the inevitable inference would be, that the statements as to the great prevalence of consumption in Manchester and its neighbourhood were strikingly confirmed by the facts mentioned. But it ought always to be kept in mind, that, independent of employment in factories, there were many influences at work in large towns which necessarily tended to shorten life. So far as the working classes were concerned, the confined atmosphere of their dwellings (many of them residing in cellars), the irregularity of their employment, and the variations in the rate of wages, all tended to increase the rate of mortality. But although the rate of mortality in Essex was greater than that of Manchester, it appeared from the returns that, compared with the number of deaths from all causes, the cases of consumption were actually fewer in this factory district than in agricultural Essex, being in the latter as 4 in every 21, and in the former but as 3 in 19. Again, if a comparison were drawn between Manchester and another agricultural district, the same result would be obtained. Taking a district which embraced Cambridgeshire, Huntingdonshire, and the southern part of Lincolnshire, comprising a population of 67,351 families, the deaths from all causes, in 1839, were 7306, and those from consumption 1308, or 1 death from the latter cause in every 5; showing, as in the case of Essex, a much lower rate of mortality than

that of these districts, but a greater proportion of deaths from pulmonary complaints. But there was another mode of ascertaining whether factory labour tended to foster consumption. Let them compare other large towns, where there were no factories, with Manchester, and see not only what the rate of mortality was, but also whether the number of deaths from consumption were not as great as they were in that chief seat of the factory system. For example, he would take the case of Liverpool and West Derby, a district resembling this in size and extent of population, but in which there was hardly any thing in the shape of manufactures. In 1831, the population of Liverpool and West Derby was 43,026 families, which was 6000 below that of Manchester and Salford at the same period, and yet the number of deaths registered for 1831 was 9181, which was only 42 less than the number of deaths in Manchester; while the deaths from consumption amounted to 1762, or 300 in excess of those in this town. In Birmingham, where there were no factories, the population in 1831 was 23,934 families, and in 1839, the registered deaths were 3639; those from consumption being 668, which was a rather smaller proportion than in Manchester. In London, the rate of mortality was much lower than in Manchester. In 1831, the metropolitan districts contained 373,209 families; the deaths were 45,441; those from consumption 7104, being in the proportion of two deaths annually for every 105 families, or in the proportion of three out of every nineteen deaths from all causes. From these numerical statements, which were of unquestionable authenticity, it was evident that Manchester and Salford were much more free from consumption than some other large towns. Thus far, then, they had looked in vain for evidence in favour of the assertion, that the factory system is favourable to the development of pulmonary consumption. But it might still be urged that, although the total number of deaths from consumption in Manchester were less than in the other towns he had named, yet that, of the fatal cases of pulmonary disease which do occur, an undue preponderance would be found among the factory population. With a view to ascertain what grounds there might be for this notion, he had, by permission of the superintendant-registrar of this district, gone over the books for this district, relating to the years 1838, 1839, and 1840. Believing that three years would form a fair average, he had taken the death-books of the township of Manchester for that period, and selected therefrom the age and stated occupation of all persons registered as having died of consumption, pthisis, or decline, between the ages of fifteen and forty. He had selected the township of Manchester, to the exclusion of Ardwicke, Hulme, and Chorlton-upon-Medlock, because he thought it contained a fair proportion of the factory population, and might therefore be considered a tolerably just type of the whole. He had limited the inquiry to those persons between fifteen and forty, because he considered it likely that, if occupation of any kind shortened life by inducing consumption, the affection would in most cases be developed, and would terminate fatally, within those limits; and because, in omitting from calculations the cases marked consumption or decline below fifteen and above forty, he was most likely to embrace the largest average of real cases of consumption. He found, then, that in the three years he had named, the township of Manchester, with a population of about 160,000 souls, and with an average of 6000 deaths annually, there were 1141 registered deaths from consumption; and, as nearly as could be ascertained, 174 of these were of persons working in factories, or somewhat less than one-sixth of the whole.

It might still be said, however, that factory labour prematurely exhausted the vital energies, and gave rise to an unusually early mortality from various chronic diseases. But if such were the fact, they surely expect to find such early mortality manifested in the cases registered as consumption. Anxious to see how far this was the case, he had classified the ages of the 1141 deaths from consumption in the township of Manchester, and the result was as follows:—

AGES.	DEATHS.
15 and under 20,	195
20 .. 25,	243
25 .. 30,	260
30 .. 35,	223
35 .. 40,	220

Now, on comparing these numbers with data of a similar nature regarding other towns, he found a most remarkable coincidence. Take, for example, the table which Sir James Clarke had given, in his work on tubercular pthisis, of the proportion, at different ages above 15, of 1000 deaths from pulmonary consumption, and it would be found to approach very closely to that he had given. In a table compiled from the mortality returns of Berlin, Chester, Carlisle, Paris, Edinburgh, Nottingham, and Philadelphia, that writer had shown that the deaths at different ages were in the following proportions:—

AGES.	DEATHS.
15 and under 20,	99 in every 1000
20 .. 30,	285 .. ..
30 .. 40,	248 .. ..

It would be seen, therefore, by comparing these numbers with those in the preceding table, that they bore very nearly the same relation to each other in both cases; from which it might fairly be concluded, that the population of Manchester is not at all more liable to the early invasion of this malady than that of other places. The general conclusion from all these facts was, that manufacturing habits do not exert any unusual influence in the production or premature development of pulmonary consumption, seeing that the vital statistics of this metropolis of the cotton manufacture, so far as they have been analysed and compared with similar data from other towns, exhibit no preponderance of deaths from that cause, but, on the contrary, a smaller rate of mortality, compared with the number of deaths from other causes, than was to be found in the rural districts. In conclusion, Mr Noble remarked, that he was far from entertaining the opinion which some did, that factory labour was protective from scrofulous diseases, and conducive to general good health. On the contrary, he believed that it was most prejudicial to sound health; but at the same time he felt satisfied that in this respect it differed very little, if at all, from most other occupations at which the great mass of the working population in towns were obliged to labour for their livelihood.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

THE COUNT DE BUFFON.

George Louis Leclerc Buffon, the most popular writer upon natural history, perhaps, of any age or country, was born at Montbard, in the department of Cote-D'Or, within the ancient province of Burgundy, on the 7th September 1707. His father was a counsellor of parliament in that district, and possessed a handsome fortune, enabling him to give his son the advantage of a very careful and liberal education. Dijon was the scene of young Buffon's primary studies, which speedily took the direction of science and natural history, although his father was desirous that he should train himself for the legal profession. It is said that an intimacy formed at this early period with a young English nobleman, Lord Kingston, and his tutor, a very accomplished person, had no slight effect in turning the attention of Buffon to scientific pursuits. It was arranged that he should travel with these associates, and accordingly he passed through France and Italy in their company. During this journey, ere he had quite attained his majority, he succeeded, by the death of his mother, to a large fortune, estimated by some biographers at twelve thousand pounds sterling annually. Thus handsomely provided with means, he within a few succeeding years settled down into that continuous course of study, mingled with elegant enjoyment, in which he persisted to the close of his life. His time was chiefly spent at his pleasant retreat at Montbard, and partly, also, amid the accomplished and scientific society of Paris.

Before he became known in the literary world, Buffon had visited England, and it was in some measure with the view of perfecting himself in the language of that country that he undertook those tasks which first brought his name before the public. He translated and published the "Vegetable Statics" of Hale, and also the "Fluxions" of Newton, works which sufficiently indicate the character of his favourite studies. The able prefaces attached to these versions gained for him considerable reputation, and he soon augmented it by original papers read before the Academy of Sciences, of which he was elected a member in 1733. Mathematics, physics, and rural economics, formed the subjects of these various essays; and one of them, at least, attracted general if not universal attention. The object of Buffon, in the case in question, was to determine the possibility of the feat ascribed to Archimedes at the siege of Syracuse. Historians have related of that philosopher, that, by means of powerful reflecting mirrors, he set fire to the hostile and besieging ships "at the distance of a bowshot." After many preparatory experiments, Buffon constructed a mirror, formed of 168 pieces of silvered glass, each six inches square, and by the combined action of ninety-eight of these divisions (which could be used singly or collectively) he set fire to a tarred and sulphured plank at the distance of 126 feet, while the sun's rays were ordinarily powerful. A plank covered with wool was fired at 138 feet with 112 mirrors; chips of sulphured and charcoaled wood were ignited at 250 feet by 154 mirrors in two and a-half minutes; and 128 mirrors set fire to a tarred plank at 150 feet almost instantaneously. Many similar experiments were performed by Buffon, and they may be fairly held to have determined for ever the perfect possibility of the combustion of the Roman ships by Archimedes.

These inquiries show that Buffon would unquestionably have attained to a high rank in almost any branch of physical science which it might have been his choice to pursue. But his talents and time were destined to be absorbed by other studies. His friend Dufay, Intendant of the Royal Gardens and Cabinet, chanced to be seized with a mortal illness in the midst of zealous schemes for the furtherance of his peculiar science, and wrote from his bed to the minister, pointing out Buffon as the man best qualified to take his place. In consequence, the latter, in the year 1739, when only thirty-two, was installed in the vacated office.

A man of inferior genius might have been startled at the thought, if, indeed, he ever conceived it, of reducing to order the immense quantity of materials which had been accumulated from time to time in relation to natural science, and which stood, when they came before the new intendant, in the most chaotic shape—a mass valuable, indeed, in parts, but, as a whole, rude, indigested, without form and void. Buffon, however, did not shrink from the prospect before him. Ere long, he had conceived the plan of a great systematic work, embracing the history of every branch of animal nature, and he entered with ardour on its execution. At the same time, he saw the necessity, with an end so vast in view, of obtaining the aid of men who were competent to afford it, and who might supply deficiencies of which he himself was conscious. The most valuable assistant thus engaged by him was Daubenton, to whose indefatigable industry he owed all, or nearly all, the minute anatomical researches, drawings, and preparations, upon which his own toils were based. The comprehensive and ingenious theories, the attractive pictures of animal habits, the brilliant descriptions, the comparisons and classifications which permanently illuminated and popularised this most interesting branch of human knowledge—all these things flowed from the genius of Buffon himself. Ten years passed away, subsequently to 1739, ere he and his colleague were prepared to enter on their view of natural history, which began with quadrupeds, though this was preceded by a "Theory of the Earth" from the pen of Buffon. The latter composition is ingenious and eloquent, but its hypotheses have been overthrown by later discoveries in geology. Betwixt 1749 and 1769 fifteen large volumes appeared, amply working out the great schemes of the master-writer, and embracing accounts of the entire animal creation. Supplements, several in number, followed in succession, each adding new facts to some department or other of the previous whole.

Buffon had high and peculiar merit in devoting his lifetime, as he did, to science. He possessed a noble and commanding person, and a handsome fortune—ready inlets to all the gaieties of luxurious society. In addition to these seductive advantages, he was naturally fond of finery and display, and of an indolent temperament. Vanity was also shown to be one of his foibles, by his liking for reading his compositions to all around him. Yet during the greater proportion of his mature years, with all these weaknesses, he spent not less than fourteen hours a-day in study. He himself, when asked in his advanced years how he had contrived to do so much, replied, "Have I not passed fifty years at my desk?" Nor were these habits of application easily acquired. It is related that, distrustful of himself in his early days, he was compelled to order, and even to bribe, his servant to *force* him from bed at a certain hour, in spite of all orders and intreaties which might be weakly given at the time to the contrary—a proceeding which reminds one of the story of Ulysses, when he tied himself to the mast to listen to the Sirens, and commanded his men to disregard all his calls on them to stop. When he had settled into studious habits, he regulated his time in the following manner:—"After he was dressed, he dictated letters, and overlooked his domestic affairs; and at six o'clock he commenced his studies at the pavilion called the Tower of St Louis. This pavilion was situated at the extremity of the garden, about a furlong from the house; and the only furniture which it contained was a large wooden secretary and an arm-chair. No pictures relieved the naked appearance of the apartment, or distracted the thoughts of the learned possessor. The entrance was by green folding-doors; the walls were painted green, and the interior had the appearance of a chapel, on account of the elevation of the roof. Within this was another cabinet, where Buffon resided the greater part of the year, on account of the coldness of the other apartment, and where he composed the greater number of his works. It was a small square building, situated on the side of a terrace, and was ornamented with drawings of birds and beasts. Prince Henry of Prussia called it the cradle of natural history; and Rousseau, before he entered it, used to fall on his knees and kiss the threshold. At nine o'clock, Buffon usually took an hour's rest; and his breakfast, which consisted of a piece of bread and two glasses of wine, was brought to the pavilion. When he had written two hours after breakfast, he returned to the house. At dinner he spent a considerable portion of time, and indulged in all the gaieties and trifles which occurred at table. After dinner he slept an hour in his room, took a solitary walk, and during the rest of the evening he either conversed with his family or

guests, or sat at his desk examining the papers which were submitted to his judgment. At nine o'clock he went to bed, to prepare himself for the same routine of judgment and pleasure. In this manner were spent no fewer than fifty years of his life."

It would be a piece of presumption to make any critical observations, at this time of day, on the great work which thus occupied the existence of Buffon, and which ever has been one of the most popular works in the range of literature, being written in a most attractive and eloquent style, and correct in a vast number of its general facts and descriptions. To this work he added one on "Minerals," and some smaller treatises. The author of these obtained high and deserved honours from his king and country. In 1771, Louis XIV. erected his estate into a Compté, and, accordingly, he is best known by the title of Count. Buffon's private happiness was also secured, and his fortunes augmented, by his marriage, in 1752, with Mademoiselle Saint Belin. The fruit of this union was one son, who was unfortunate enough, it may be here mentioned, to fall a victim to the popular fury in the days of the Revolution.

The Count de Buffon lived to an advanced age, but his latter years were rendered painful by the malady of the stone. He nevertheless persisted in his studies, and refused to submit to an operation, though urged to it on all hands. The consequence of this imprudent obstinacy was, that, after eight years of severe torture, he sank under the complaint, on the 16th of April 1788, in his eighty-first year. Fifty small stones were found in his body on a posthumous examination. He was buried at Montbard, and twenty thousand persons, including the most distinguished men of France of the time, assembled to witness the ceremony, and do honour to his memory.

Alas, for human weakness! Of these twenty thousand spectators it would be curious to know how many were present within two years afterwards, when, through the popular hatred to all that savoured of nobility, the coffin of the naturalist was torn from its resting-place, and his monument razed to the ground!

This sketch may be fitly closed by a description of the house of Buffon from the pen of Miss Costello, who recently visited the place, in her pilgrimage to Auvergne from Picardy:—

"All the valley, and all up the steep coteaux, is cultivated chiefly with vines, which love a rocky soil. Masses of grey rock appear now and then amidst the green, and give a solemn aspect to the landscape. On an enormous block of this stone was built, in ages remote and mysterious, a stupendous castle frowning on the very summit of the mountain, and commanding all the country around. It might be of Roman construction originally, as is recorded, and have served as a retreat to the feudal lords of the troublous times which succeeded. St Louis might have dwelt there, for his name is given to one of the towers; at all events, there are walls enough, tall, strong, and thick, to build a town, if it were possible to dislodge their masses from the earth. Buffon found this treasure on his estate, and resolved to improve the happy accident, at the same time desiring to exercise his benevolence, and benefit the industrious poor around him. Hundreds of labourers were employed by him to arrange the grounds below the fine ruins into terraces and platforms; and under his eye, and directed by his taste, rose magnificent alleys, smiling gardens, secluded bowers, and open walks; avenues of larches, sycamores, acacias, ash, beech, and lime, spread far over the space; the rugged mountain was transformed into an elegant series of promenades adorned with statues, vases, and all that a pure and classic taste could imagine. The tottering walls of the antique towers were repaired, the rubbish of years cleared away, and from stage to stage of La Grosse Tour de l'Aubespin the fine proportions of its beautiful *salles* brought forth; its windows relieved from these obstructions, and allowed to afford the magnificent views which they could present on all sides; its winding stairs renewed and made safe, and the whole fabric restored in all its original grandeur; the ruined walls planed and levelled where necessary; several of those most adapted were covered in, and chambers formed within them, without a stone being displaced or any change of form effected—the perfect groined roofs still asserting their antiquity, and the thick walls telling the tale of their age. Far beneath, at the last descent of his terraces, appears the fine habitation in which the creator of all these wonders resided, and where he received and entertained his numerous friends and guests; but it was not here that his valuable studies were carried on. In the most secluded part of his domain he chose an isolated tower, which he had fitted up with every precaution to exclude noise—double windows and thick doors. Here, surrounded by his books, and free from interruption, the great philosopher of nature meditated, casting his eyes round on a peaceful and silent scene, and allowing his mind full scope. The principal part of his works were written in this retreat, and it would seem to be still held as sacred, few persons venturing to penetrate into the interior, being content to be told, 'Here the great Buffon passed his hours in study,' as they look upwards and observe the walls of the pavilion. It is extremely to be regretted that this relic is in a manner neglected. It is true that the windows have within a few years been repaired, but nothing more has been done; and the opportunity of regaining the *fauteuil* and desk, which were formerly used by Buffon, was allowed to escape. Nothing but bare walls remain; and gloomy and sad looks the old tower, peeping out from the garlands of a magnificent species of small-leaved ivy which almost envelop it."

LEIGH HUNT'S NEW POEM.

As the reverent homage which we pay to the Spensers and Miltons of our early literature does not preclude us from bestowing a lighter yet equally sincere tribute of praise upon its Herricks and Carews, so, in like manner, our admiration for the transcendant luminaries of modern song should not prevent us from heartily acknowledging our obligations to those contemporary poets who stand to them in a similar relation. Leigh Hunt is one who has such claims upon us. Though not to be ranked with the Byrons and Wordsworths, he is not the less a true poet, and has produced things which the world will not readily allow to perish. As a distinguished critic remarked of him, he has endeavoured to combine the characteristics of our old and modern schools of poetry, following the former in painting freely from the *eye*, and, like the latter, accompanying his pictures with an expression of the congenial emotions of the *mind*, with which external objects are or may be associated. Hence, while full of freshness and liveliness, the poems of Mr Hunt are also marked by a prevailing cast of simple and natural reflectiveness. He is, moreover, a writer of no slight degree of originality, often catching a subject in new lights, and, by minute touches, giving the stamp of fidelity to his portraitures. His close attention to nature has, indeed, been indirectly the source of his chief faults, since he seems unluckily to forget that London nature is not universal nature, and through his very faithfulness to *local* truth, both as regards modes of language and of thought, has fallen into vulgarisms which materially deface the beauty of his compositions.

These general remarks have arisen from the publication of a new poem by Mr Hunt, entitled "The Palfrey."* This tale in verse, we are told, is a variation, with additions of the writer's invention, of one of the old French narrative poems that preceded the time of Chaucer. The piece is a short light thing of little pretension, brisk and airy in matter and diction, and marked by many of the author's wonted characteristics, beauties as well as defects. An old knight, Sir Guy de Paul (the story says), lived at Kensington in the days of the first Edward; and with him lived one fair daughter, "the which he loved passing well," though he also loved his lands and his money bags to a degree that jarred with her comforts. She was beloved by a brave young knight, Sir William de la Barre, who was almost wholly dependent for his chance of wealth upon an old uncle, Sir Grey. "Go and bid Sir Grey come and satisfy me about the destination of his means," said the father to the lover, "and, if all is as it should be, I may give you my daughter." So, mounted upon his nephew's *Palfrey*, Sir Grey goes by persuasion to the mansion of Sir Guy, there falls in love himself with sweet Anne de Paul, and obtains her father's leave to bear away the reluctant damosel to his own halls to be wed. For safety, the aged and jealous wooer takes a number of old men with him on this journey, choosing night, too, as the fitting time for it; and so it falls out that Sir Guy,

> "on a night, when all things round,
> Save the trees and the moon, were sleeping sound,
> From his casement in shadow beholds his child,
> Bent in her weeping, yet alway mild,
> The fairest thing in the moon's fair ray,
> Borne like some bundle of theft away;
> Borne by a horde of old thieves away,
> The guests and the guards of false Sir Grey.
>
> She pray'd, but she spake out aloud no word;
> She wept, but no breath of self-pity was heard.
> Her woe was a sight for no dotards to see;
> And yet not bereft of all balm was she;
> One balm there was left her, one strange but rare,
> Nay, one in the shape of a very despair—
> To wit, the palfrey that wont to bear
> The knight De la Barre on his daily way
> To her, and love, and false Sir Grey.
> Him it had borne, her now it bore;
> And weeping sweet, though more and more,
> And praying for its master's bliss,
> (Oh! no true love will scoff at this),
> She stoop'd, and gave its neck a kiss."

The foolish old knight Sir Grey, then, his young bride-elect, and his grey-beard attendants, are on their way; and

> "The Palfrey goes, the Palfrey goes,
> Merrily still the Palfrey goes;
> He goes a path he never chose,
> Yet still full well the Palfrey goes."

Meanwhile, let us turn, with the third canto of the tale, to Sir William de la Barre, who, on the evening of that same journey, unconscious of his uncle's changed and selfish purposes, sat in his own poor home of Hendon Hall, entranced in dreams of joy.

> "For he had heard of rare delights
> Between those two old feasting knights,
> And of a pillion, new and fair,
> Ordain'd to go some road as rare;
> With whom? For what sweet rider's art?
> Whose, but the dancer's at his heart,
> The light, the bright, yet balmy she,
> And who shall fetch her home but he?
> Who else be summon'd speedily,
> By the kind uncle full of glee,
> To fetch away that ecstasy?
> So, ever since that news, *his ear*,
> *Listening with a lofty fear*,
> *Lest it catch one sound too late*,
> *Stood open like a palace gate*,
> *That waits the bride of some great king*,
> *Heard with her trumpets travelling.*"

The close of this seems to us very musical, and contains a beautiful similitude. The young knight of whom it speaks, however, is disturbed amid his delusive dreams by a letter from Anne's father, announcing that the young lady is about to be wedded to his own uncle, and with her full consent! The poor young knight is thrown into an agony of shifting passion, and remains so till midnight, when he hears

> "A tinkle of the house's bell;
> What news can midnight have to tell?"

Ah! little dreams he at first of the truth. The grey-beard band, who were that night engaged in carrying off the fair Anne de Paul, had, ere they started, taken something comfortable to ward off the night chills; and one by one, Sir Grey and all, they had sunk into a drowsiness, poetically said to be

> "composed of spices fine,
> Supper, fresh air, and old mull'd wine."

Anne, also, becomes soporose; but not so her Palfrey. The thoughtful animal keeps wide awake to catch the turning that led, not to Sir Grey's, but to the stalls of his true master, Sir William de la Barre. That turning he finds, and entering it, alone, and unnoticed by the sleepers,

> "Goes neither to the right nor left,
> But straight as honesty from theft,
> Straight as the dainty to the tooth,
> Straight as his lady's love and truth,
> Straight for the point, the best of all,
> Sir William's arms and Hendon Hall."

Yes, the fair Anne herself it was who, borne by the wise and wilful Palfrey, pulled the midnight bell, and brought her lover to his gate, almost to die of joy at the sight of his visitant. And then, for one sweet hour, did they devour

> "Each other's questions, answers, eyes,
> Nor ever for divine surprise
> Could take a proper breath, much less
> The supper brought in hastiness
> By the glad little gaping page;
> While rose, meantime, his mother sage
> To wait upon the lady sweet,
> And snore discreetly on the seat
> In the window of the room,
> Whence gleam'd her night-cap through the gloom.
> Then parted they to lie awake
> For transport, spite of all heartache:
> For heaven 's in any roof that covers,
> Any one same night, two lovers.
> They may be divided still;
> They may want, in all but will;
> But they know that each is there,
> Each just parted, each in prayer;
> Each more close, because apart,
> And every thought clasp'd heart to heart."

The morrow comes, and then, since

> "*Good must seem good as well as be;*
> And lest a spot should stain his flower,
> For blushing in a brideless bower,
> Sir William with the lark must rise,
> And bear—but whither bear?—his prize."

To the court they must go, and appeal to the king and queen; and at this very time, happily,

> "The bells in many a giddy ring
> *Run down the wind* to meet the king,
> Who comes to feast, for service done,
> With Earl De Vere at Kensington."

The fair Anne is accordingly placed under the charge of Sir William's aunt, an attendant on the queen; and the majesties of England are soon made aware of the state of things. Of course, the whole now ends happily, as it should do; but we must content ourselves with saying so, and leave our readers to discover for themselves the merry device by which the king caused old Sir Grey, with his sleepy grey-beards, to become a jeer to the court, and Sir Guy to feel shame at his intended barterment of his daughter's hand for gold. After the scene,

> "With princely laughter rose the king,
> Rose all, the laughter echoing,
> Rose the proud wassail, rose the shout
> By the trumpets long stretch'd out;
> You would have thought that roof and all
> Rose in that heart-lifted hall.
> On their knees are two alone;
> The Palfrey and the barb have gone:
> And then arose those two beside,
> And the music from its pride
> Falls into a beauteous prayer,
> Like an angel quitting air;
> And the king and his soft queen
> Smile upon those two serene,
> Whom the priest, accosting bland,
> Puts, full willing, hand in hand.
> Ah! scarcely even king and queen
> Did they then perceive, I ween;
> Nor well to after-memory call
> How they went from out that hall."

* The Palfrey; a Love Story of Old Times. By Leigh Hunt. London: How and Parsons. 1842.

Of course, our extracts give but an imperfect view of this lively little piece, and we can but recommend our readers to turn to it for themselves. It is a production, as has been said, of no great pretensions, but pleasing and healthy-toned. The author has inscribed it, in some rather quaint lines, to the queen.

A QUEER CASE FOR THE LAW.

In 1838, M. le Baron de Cormann, an opulent German noble, inhabited the chateau of his ancestors, situated in the environs of Weïma. An excellent sportsman, and a redoubted smoker, the baron was at the same time one of the ugliest mortals Germany ever produced. Notwithstanding this circumstance, he was an admirer of beauty in others, and conceived a lively passion for Mademoiselle de Reischberg, daughter of a neighbouring castellane, whose antique domicile constituted nearly his whole property. A formal demand of the lady's hand was made by the baron, and the father, delighted with the prospect of such a match, hastened to give the suitor an assurance of his assent and best wishes. It was not so, however, with the young lady, who, herself endowed with extraordinary charms, could not endure the looks of the baron, and had, besides, long ago given away her heart to one of her cousins, a handsome cavalier, in contrast with whom the baron made a very sorry figure. On this account the assiduities of the latter, and the commands of the father, produced no effect. Mademoiselle de Reischberg conclusively declared that she would never give her hand to any man so thoroughly ugly as the Baron de Cormann.

One evening she was tempted, by new intreaties on the part of the suitor, to repeat the preceding declaration even more energetically than before. The downcast baron afterwards wended his way home. He sat down by his blazing fire, called for a pipe and ale; and, betwixt the curling whiffs from his only source of consolation, he exclaimed passionately—"I would give myself to the Old One himself to be as good-looking as that confounded cousin!" In his energy the baron—who, it will soon be pretty evident, was something of a simpleton—spoke aloud; indeed, he almost roared out the words. After the ejaculation, he smoked on vigorously, every blast-like puff giving indication of the storm within. How long he sat absorbed in this occupation, it is impossible for us to say; but certain it is, that when he laid down the pipe, and the fumes around slowly floated away, he saw before him, to his great surprise, an odd-looking personage, but black all over, in countenance and clothes. "You have been heard," said this personage; "sign this paper, and by to-morrow morning you shall be beautiful in the eyes of all the world, though unchanged in your own."

Stupified—almost out of his senses—M. de Cormann sat staring without motion. "Sign!" repeated the figure; "I am never invoked in vain, and you shall find my words to hold good!" The thought of Mademoiselle de Reischberg crossed the baron's brain. Great was the temptation. He took the pen, and again hesitated, being in a state of unspeakable confusion of mind. Then, as if determined not to trust himself with reflection, he hurriedly signed the paper. The stranger lifted it, bowed, and disappeared.

After this proceeding, which had taken place so rapidly that the baron had had scarcely time for connected thought, he sat in silent dreamy stupor through several long hours. With strange feelings he retired to bed, half afraid of the past, and half eager for the dawn, that he might prove the reality of the promised metamorphosis. Morning broke, and the baron arose. He dressed himself, and perceived no change in his appearance; but he had no sooner descended the staircase than the reality of a change was made manifest. Two servants stood in waiting, and the instant that they cast eyes on their master, they started back in great surprise. "Gracious powers! how much my lord is improved in looks! what a noble figure! how beautiful a countenance!" The baron's heart beat thick with exultation. He went out for further proof, bending his course to the mansion of M. de Reischberg, which was close to his own. Two men met him, and they, also, started to behold him. "How noble is my lord's figure!" cried one. "What a charming countenance!" cried the other; "surely he is much altered!"

These and such like ejaculations confirmed the baron in his impression of the reality of the metamorphosis; and he proceeded, without delay, to the house of M. de Reischberg. Here the crowning stroke was given to his triumph. Mademoiselle de Reischberg appeared equally surprised and enchanted with his form and looks. She seemingly could not conceal or restrain her admiration, and the handsome cousin appeared to be driven out of her thoughts at once by the new and irresistible charms of his rival. Striking while the iron was hot, the baron intreated her to reward his long devotion by consenting to be his. The lady hesitated—the cousin seemed to pass, for a last time, across her thoughts; but the baron pressed his request, and the lady gave her consent.

In passing homewards on that happy day, the baron received additional though superfluous proofs of the change in his looks, from the remarks of various persons who came in his way. When before his own fire, a pipe and ale were again called for to heighten the delightful cast of the baron's ruminations. Long he smoked, gazing on the blaze; but at length he laid down the pipe. Then did he first become sensible of a startling fact. His sable visiter of the preceding evening was again before him. "If you fulfil the intention you now entertain of leading Mademoiselle de Reischberg to the altar," said the stranger solemnly, "*you will die on its steps.*" As he spoke he disappeared.

The Baron de Cormann lay for a long time in a swoon after this fearful announcement. When he regained his senses, and could reflect on what had passed, great was his vexation, and greater his terrors. He could not conceal from himself the fact, that, since his visiter had been able to fulfil one promise so effectually, the same being could not fail to fulfil with equal certainty the menace just made, or at least to foresee the future. He saw that the fiend, if fiend it were, had "paltered with him in a double sense," but the evil was irremediable. Preferring life to every other consideration, the baron, ere long, took a decisive resolution. He wrote to the Reischbergs, announcing his altered resolutions respecting marriage, and, in short, declining the honour of the young lady's hand. On the following morning he jumped into his carriage, and drove off for Paris, after leaving precise orders with an agent to sell his chateau and property at Weïma without delay.

It was in the end of 1838 that the Baron de Cormann reached Paris, where he took a handsome hotel in the Rue Dominique. A month or two after his settlement there, he was presented with an acceptance of his own for 120,000 francs, purporting to have been granted by him while in Germany, and a demand was made upon him for payment of the same. The holder of the acceptance, and the requester of payment, was the already-mentioned handsome cousin of Mademoiselle de Reischberg, now become her husband.

The baron was struck dumb by this demand. Never, in the course of his life, was he aware of having signed any such obligation either to the nominal holder of the one before him, or to any person else. Yet he could not deny that the handwriting of the presented bill was his own; it was certainly his signature. Nevertheless, in the consciousness that he really owed no such debt, he refused payment. Immediately afterwards, he went to consult an acute legal friend. After relating the circumstance to that gentleman, and repeating his confident assurance that he never signed, to his knowledge, the obligation in question, though unquestionably his signature was there, the lawyer asked if he never, while in Germany, signed any paper without knowing its contents? The baron thought for an instant, and blushed for his folly. The remembrance of his strange visitant came across his mind with all the attendant circumstances. He compelled himself to tell his legal friend the whole affair.

The acute lawyer saw through the mystery at once. The baron had been ugly at Weïma, he was ugly at Paris, and he had never been aught but ugly any where. The handsome cousin had so suborned his domestics as to acquire a knowledge of every movement, even of every word of the baron, in his own establishment; and being near the spot, perhaps in the house, on the evening of the baron's rash ejaculation respecting a change of personal appearance, he had taken advantage of the circumstance, when it was reported to him, to victimise de Cormann in a double and truly diabolical way. By the connivance of the treacherous servants, and one or two other persons, Mademoiselle de Reischberg included, the poor baron had been thoroughly imposed upon, and, in some respects, he was not undeserving of it, seeing that he credulously consented to attempt success in his suit by such means as those described. The conspirator of a cousin, it is probable, imagined that the baron would pay the sum rather than incur the ridicule of a full disclosure.

The affair, says our French authority, came to a trial, and a celebrated Parisian advocate was engaged for the baron, the note for 120,000 francs being lodged, in the interval, in the safe hands of Messrs Rothschild. We regret that we have heard nothing of the issue of the case, and can only hope that the law prevented the poor credulous baron from being ultimately tricked out of his money by the unscrupulous young lady and her cousin. The moral seems to be—never sign any document of whose purport you are not fully acquainted.

EXPECTATIONS FROM THE COPYRIGHT ACT.

The "Spectator" describes these as exaggerated. "Because," says he, "Milton got a small sum for his 'Paradise Lost,' and the demand for the work has gone on to increase from age to age, every scribbler whose book proves a failure dreams he can gain by a prolongation of the period of copyright. How many of the thousands of works annually published will be worth the expense of reprinting them a dozen years hence? Making allowance for the less numerous population of the country, the book-press worked as busily about the middle of last century as it does now. Cave's Magazine had a circulation of 30,000; the successive impressions of Richardson's novels were devoured with as much eagerness as those of the Waverley Novels in our days; ephemeral and dead-born publications jostled each other as they fell from the press, just as they do now. How many are now remembered? How many of these would be reprinted if the publishers had to pay a tribute to heirs of their authors for leave to print them? Robertson's histories, Roscoe's 'Lorenzo de Medici,' have been reprinted in cheap forms, and have not, as we are informed, indemnified the enterprising publishers. Yet the latter was one of the most popular books of its day, and the former are, to a certain extent, still standard works. It is only works of imagination that can by any chance maintain their popularity with successive ages. Every thinker in the department of history or of physical and moral science, if he be worth any thing, opens the way for others to go beyond him. The business of the mass of men is with results: a few curious inquirers may like to look back and trace the progress by which knowledge has come to be what it is, or a few men of leisure may have a taste for contemplating skilful investigation without reference to what it leads to; but by far the greater number care only for the knowledge they can turn to practical account: they seek for compendiums which contain this knowledge, and leave to the curious few to study and admire the profound thinkers who have contributed to their discovery. And even with regard to works of imagination, those which, like the works of Homer, Shakspeare, and Dante, are felt by all ages, are few—scarce one in a century; while of the inferior class, worthy of attention, yet not rising much above the average level, each age produces enough to amuse its idle hours, and prefers those who talk about things that interest it in the language with which it is familiar, to those who speak of out-of-date topics in an antiquated style. There is no doubt that the trade of literature is a poor one; but there is just as little doubt that, for the great mass of those who pursue it, an eternal copyright would not in the smallest degree mend the matter. And, on the other hand, it is questionable whether great geniuses need its assistance. Shakspeare turned his talents to account; so did Pope; and as for Sir Walter Scott, about whom such a rout is made, had he husbanded his earnings with the slightest degree of judgment, he would have died a wealthy man. Burns and others only suffered by the law of nature, to which all—the genius and the fool—must alike submit. And as for Wordsworth, if a man sets out by telling the public, 'I will not give you what you like, but what you ought to like,' this is magnanimous, doubtless, but it is somewhat unreasonable to ask at once for the reputation of the austere self-denying sage and the money reward of the courtier."

THE "IMMENSE CONCERN" MANIA.

It is a prevailing insanity among shopkeepers of the present day to be at the head of an immense concern, and it is a malady which, in almost every case, finishes with a fatal result, not only to the individual who is the immediate object of the complaint, but to those who may happen to be bitten in the interim. It generally seizes the proprietors of linen-drapers' shops, and, like the bite of the tarantula, sets them cutting the most extraordinary capers, in the course of which they start off with a most lively gallop, and conclude with a pas, not of the most graceful kind, in the Court of Bankruptcy. An immense concern generally begins in a single house, and the disease first develops itself into a strong itching to take the next door, which, when once accomplished, is soon followed by an eccentric resolution to add the words "and Co." to the name of the proprietor. The next stage is an eruption of large placards conveying incoherent hints about "giving away," "selling under prime cost," and other unaccountable acts of generosity which the patient professes to practice; while, by degrees, he grows bolder in the tone of his tickets, and sundry commodities are placed under the public eye, inscribed with mysterious allusions to "an alarming sacrifice." The breaking out upon the goods shortly flies to the windows themselves, which are soon covered with enormous posting bills, in which the words "Extensive Failure" are extremely conspicuous; and there is a desperate effort to arrest attention by thrusting goods almost into the street, with a printed invitation to the public to "Look at this," and a most uncalled-for allusion to the "distress of the Spitalfields weavers." The disease now becomes convulsive; enormous piles of drugget are deposited outside the shop, in bold defiance of the Paving Act; carpets dangle from the upper storeys; blankets float in the air, and pieces of calico flutter in the breeze; while straw bonnets are dashed recklessly into the window, with an intimation that there is a choice of 25,000 all at a price not even worth mentioning. Blocks are dressed up in cloaks to look like customers; dresses that have been lying in the wareroom since last year are labelled as "quite new, and just imported." Every thing is marked at an astounding moderate price; but, by some strange accident, there is not a ticket but what has slipped from one thing to another if any one wants to purchase the labelled article. After these very active symptoms, the disease comes to a termination; the immense concern dies a natural death, and the proprietor amuses the public by a series of candid confessions to the commissioner of bankruptcy, or gratifies a spirit of enterprise by "bolting" to America.—*Glasgow paper.*

PUBLIC HEALTH IN A TIME OF PRIVATION.

The following paragraph appeared early in June in the *Glasgow Courier*. If right in facts and inferences, it affords most important matter of reflection:—"It gives us much pleasure to learn that, notwithstanding the want of employment by the working-classes, and the almost unparalleled amount of destitution which has consequently prevailed for some time past amongst a certain portion of the community, the state of the public health was hardly ever in a more satisfactory condition than at present, since the city contained anything like the same extent of population. Such a state of things must be peculiarly gratifying, particularly when it is considered that we have all along been led to believe that the periodical destitution of a portion of the poorer classes was the principal cause which gave rise to typhus fever, &c., which, spreading from one class to another, not unfrequently became a general scourge. Strong evidence, however, is at present afforded that neither typhus fever nor any other contagious disease is necessarily a concomitant of great poverty amongst a portion of the community; and while we acknowledge the goodness of providence in thus alleviating and making less intolerable 'the ills

which flesh is heir to,' we think we can discover in surrounding circumstances the causes which have been in operation in producing the present very gratifying state of the public health. April, May, and June, up to this date, have been remarkable for the small number of patients either treated by the district surgeons or sent to the Royal Infirmary. Something of this may be attributed to the excellent weather which the country has enjoyed during that period; but we feel quite confident that it has been far more the result of the poor being supplied with a regular, though limited, amount of victuals from the soup kitchen and otherwise, and to the necessity which compelled many of them to abstain from the inordinate use of ardent spirits, than to any other cause whatever. When prosperity returns, therefore, and the working-classes generally are again placed in a condition to support themselves, we trust that the present experience will not be thrown away, and that more money will be spent by them on good wholesome food, and less on what causes so much misery, disease, and death."

PROTECTION OF LAND FROM STORMS.

[From the *Gardeners' Chronicle.*]

Few things are of greater importance to those who live in bleak situations, or on the coast, than to know in what way they may best break the force of the prevailing winds. Belts of wood are generally resorted to, and when they can be formed, they are the best kind of defence; but the difficulty is to obtain them. Many persons are to be found in these islands who, after incurring considerable expense in the attempt, have been obliged to abandon it as hopeless. In Mr Stephens's "Book of the Farm," of which we have on former occasions spoken as a most valuable work, full of interesting practical information, is an account of a method of protecting bleak situations effectually, which will certainly be interesting, and probably will be new to our readers; and which, by permission of the proprietors of that work, we have been able to introduce into our pages. The excellent remarks of the author render any addition on our part superfluous:—

"That a fence affords shelter," says Mr Stephens, "must be a fact cognisant to every one. Feel the warmth of a walled garden—the calm felt under the walls of even a ruin compared to the howling blast around—observe the forward grass, in early spring, on the south side of a hedge compared to that on its other side—and listen to the subdued tone of the wind under a shed to its boisterous noise heard in the open air. Sensibly felt as all these instances of shelter are, they are but isolated cases. In more extended spheres, cottages stand in a calm in the midst of a forest, come the wind from whatever quarter it may. Farm-steadings lie snug under the lee side of a hill. Whole farms are unaffected by wind when embayed amidst encircling hills; and be the shelter, therefore, great or small, the advantages derived from it are sensibly felt. As one instance of the benefits of shelter afforded by even a low wall to a park, from the cutting effects of the sea air, I give a sketch to show you its effects better than words can convey. The wall and the wood next it are of the same height, but a few yards only inwards; the wood rises to a considerable height, and this is effected by a very simple contrivance; namely, the peculiar form of the cope of the wall. It is raised like an isosceles triangle, by which the wind, when it beats against its side, is reflected upwards into the air at the same angle. Had the cope been flat, the blast would have cut off the tops of the trees in a horizontal direction. But without the wood such a form of coping would afford similar shelter. Suppose land exposed on the top of a high coast, where the wind generally sweeps along the surface of the ground, injuring every plant it blows against by a momentum acquired in passing over miles of ocean—were a wall built on the top of the crag, at such a distance from its brow, and of such a height, and with such an angle to its cope, as would deflect the wind upwards, it would cause the wind to have lost most of its momentum before it again reached the ground. Such a wall, or such a belt of wood, or such a plantation without a wall, if projected on a large scale, and planted near the top of a sloping precipice, or other rising ground, would shelter a large extent of country against the prevailing winds. Were such barriers placed in lines, in suitable places, across the country, not only its local but its general climate would be greatly ameliorated.

Instances are not wanting to show the usefulness of such barriers. Even within the experience of the present generation, shelter has been found to amend the climate and increase the crops of particular parts of the country. As instances of wall shelter, the garden of the Earl of Lauderdale at Dunbar, and the plantations, along the seaside, of the Earl of Wemyss at Gosford, both in East Lothian, afford good examples. In the latter instance a coped wall has afforded so perfect a shelter to the plantations, that, at the distance of from twenty to thirty yards, the forest trees are scarcely affected by the seabreeze, on ground which formerly produced nothing of higher growth than sweet-brier and whins. The garden of Mr Traill of Woodwick, at Kirkwall, Orkney, affords another remarkable instance of the benefits of wall-shelter. But the benefits derived from plantations are far more extensive and important, not only in affording shelter, but in improving poor land. 'Previous to the division of the common moor of Methven (in Perthshire) in 1793,' says Mr Thomas Bishop, 'the venerable Lord Lynedoch and Lord Methven had each secured their lower slopes of land adjoining the moor with belts of plantation. The year following I entered Lord Methven's service, and in 1798 planted about sixty acres of the higher moor ground, valued at two shillings per acre, for shelter to eighty or ninety acres set apart for cultivation, and let in three divisions to six individuals. The progress made in improving the land was very slow for the first fifteen years, but thereafter went on rapidly, being aided by the shelter derived from the growth of the plantations; and the whole has now become fair land, bearing annually crops of oats, barley, peas, potatoes, and turnips; and in spring, 1833, exactly forty years from the time of putting down the said plantation, I sold four acres of larch and fir (average growth) standing therein for L.220, which, with the value of reserved trees, and average amount per acre of thinnings sold previously, gave a return of L.67 per acre.' In some situations trees will afford better shelter than stone walls, the latter being most available near the sea side in warding off the blighting effects of the sea breeze. On the summit of Shotley Fell, sixteen miles west of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Mr Burnet, of Shotley Bridge, enclosed 400 acres of moorland with high stone walls, and he cropped the ground in an easy manner for the soil. The land was thus kept in good heart; but the soil being very poor, stock advanced but little, and consequently the land would not have let for above sixpence an acre even under the best management, and after all that had been done for it; but the centre part of each field was then put within a plantation, and the improvement which followed was surprising."

RAILROAD TRANSPORTATION.

We copy the following from a New York newspaper:—"Three thousand wild pigeons, from Michigan, arrived in this city, on the 25th instant, alive, over the Western Railroad. One thousand five hundred bushels of wheat were last week bought in New York city, carried up the North River to Greenbush, and thence sent to Sutton, near Worcester, over the Western Railroad.

We understand that the Western Railroad are about preparing refrigeratory cars, in which fresh beef, pork, veal, poultry, pigeons, venison, wild game, and other fresh meat can, by a moderate quantity of ice, be kept in order in the heat of summer, and in which (in winter) they can be kept from freezing; thereby, in either case, adding much to the value of the article when carried to market.

These refrigerator cars will be used, for the like advantageous purpose, to carry eggs, butter, lard, fish, vegetables, cheese, lemons, oranges, strawberries, and all berries, and fruits, and roots—being a mode of transportation of great value for nice delicacies which bear a good price. We also learn that it is contemplated these refrigerator cars shall go with the passenger trains in twelve hours, through from Albany to Boston, and shall be placed between the tender and passenger cars, giving additional security to the passengers in case of accident. If our Michigan and Ohio friends will put in refrigeratory cars the fresh meat and the wild game they intend for this market, they can send their cars to Buffalo on the lakes; and from Buffalo to Greenbush, partly by railroad and partly by canal, or wholly by the Erie Canal. Then from Greenbush, it can come to Boston quickly and in perfect order, the moment the system now proposed is perfected. In like way, a chowder of fresh Massachusetts cod-fish will be obtained at Chicago.

It may be asked, 'What is a refrigerator car?' It is simply a common car, with a hole at the bottom, which you stop by a sponge, that sponge allowing the water to drop down, while it impedes the air coming up into the car. Then you have four inches of powdered charcoal on the sides, and top, and bottom of the car, compactly between the two boards, which form each of the sides, as well as the top and the bottom. In fact, it is only necessary to imitate the refrigerator, which is used in Boston, in families, and is sold by Kittridge and Blake. If it is said that it will be difficult to make so large a refrigerator as an eight-wheel car will be, we need only reply, that the ice-houses at Fresh Pond are, in fact, large refrigerators, and that some of them are large enough to contain 8000 tons of ice, and have kept ice from melting for a whole year, and longer too.

In sending a cargo of ice to Calcutta, we so arrange the hold of the ship as to make it virtually a large refrigerator; and we do this so efficiently, that, crossing the equator twice on her passage, and being for a long time in the warm water and under the burning sun between the tropics, she yet loses very little of her cargo. Barrels of apples, kept cool in this refrigerator, arrive at Calcutta from Boston in the most perfect order, and command a great price."

[This is all remarkably enterprising, and very wonderful; but one standing at this cool distance may be permitted to ask, Whether the thing is to be done with real or borrowed capital? The imprudence of our transatlantic brethren in plunging into all sorts of schemes of improvement, without first working for the money to carry them into execution, is causing them to be laughed at throughout Europe.]

CUNNING OF A LUNATIC.

A very laughable incident occurred at the lunatic asylum at Lancaster some years ago. A parish officer from the neighbourhood of Middleton took a lunatic to the asylum, pursuant to an order signed by two magistrates. As the man was respectably connected, a gig was hired for the purpose, and he was persuaded that it was merely an excursion of pleasure on which he was going. In the course of the journey, however, something occurred to arouse the suspicions of the lunatic with respect to his real destination; but he said nothing on the subject, made no resistance, and seemed to enjoy his jaunt. When they arrived at Lancaster, it was too late in the evening to proceed to the asylum, and they took up their quarters for the night at an inn. Very early in the morning the lunatic got up, and searched the pockets of the officer, where he found the magistrate's order for his own detention, which of course let him completely into the secret. With that cunning which madmen not unfrequently display, he made the best of his way to the asylum, saw one of the keepers, and told him that he had got a sad mad fellow down at Lancaster, whom he should bring up in the course of the day, adding, "He's a very queer fellow, and has got very odd ways. For instance, I should not wonder if he was to say I was the madman, and that he was bringing me; but you must take care of him, and not believe a word he says." The keeper of course promised compliance, and the lunatic walked back to the inn, where he found the overseer still fast asleep. He awoke him, and they sat down to breakfast together. "You're a very lazy fellow to be lying in bed all day. I have had a good long walk this morning." "Indeed," said the overseer; "I should like to have a walk myself after breakfast; perhaps you will go with me." The lunatic assented; and after breakfast they set out, the overseer leading the way towards the asylum, intending to deliver his charge; but it never occurred to him to examine whether his order was safe. When they got within sight of the asylum, the lunatic exclaimed, "What a fine house this is!" "Yes," said the overseer; "I should like to see the inside of it." "So should I," observed the lunatic. "Well," said the other, "I daresay that they will let us look through: however, I'll ask." They went to the door; the overseer rang the bell, and the keeper, whom the lunatic had previously seen, made his appearance with two or three assistants. The overseer then began to fumble in his pockets for the order, when the lunatic produced it and gave it to the keeper, saying, "This is the man I spoke to you about; you will take care of him, shave his head, and put a strait waistcoat upon him." The men immediately laid hands upon the poor overseer, who vociferated loudly that the other was the madman and he the keeper; but as this only seemed to confirm the story previously told by the lunatic, it did not at all tend to procure his liberation. He was taken away, and became so very obstreperous, that a strait waistcoat was speedily put upon him, and his head was shaved *secundum artem*. Meanwhile the lunatic walked deliberately back to the inn, paid the reckoning, and set out on his journey homeward. The good people were of course not a little surprised on finding the wrong man return: they were afraid that the lunatic in a fit of frenzy had murdered the overseer; and they asked him with great trepidation what he had done with ——? "Done with him," said the madman; "why, I left him at Lancaster Asylum raving mad;" which, indeed, was not very far from truth, for the wits of the poor overseer were well nigh overset by his unexpected detention and subsequent treatment. Farther inquiry was forthwith made, and it was ascertained that the man was actually in the asylum. A magistrate's order was procured for his liberation, and he returned home with a handkerchief tied round his head, in lieu of the covering which nature had bestowed upon it.—*Flowers of Anecdote.*

THE WEALTH OF ENGLAND.

It is a common error in this country (America) to imagine that the riches of England are derived from and dependent upon her commerce; and the influence of this great mistake is shown in the many wild suppositions that have been hazarded, touching the effects of our commercial and financial difficulties upon the financial and political condition of the wonderful little island. The truth is, that the merchants of England, with all their great capital and vast extent of operations, hold but a very small portion of the riches existing in that country; and this can be made apparent by a few simple considerations. Look at the squirearchy, for instance; the thousands and thousands of country gentlemen, with their comfortable incomes of three, or five, or ten thousand pounds per annum, derived exclusively from the soil, and the enormous fortunes of the nobility.

Estimate, if it can be estimated, the immense amount of treasure in the country, existing in the form of plate and jewels. Why, at a single dinner given in London, on the 18th June, gold and silver plate to the amount of a million and a half of dollars was exhibited at once, all the property of one individual—the Duke of Wellington. This celebrated personage could have relieved from all their difficulties all three of the great American houses which have been compelled to stop, simply by turning over to them his dishes and tureens, vases, and candelabra, without diminishing his income one farthing; and there are fifty ladies in London, any one of whom could have put Messrs Brown & Co. in ample funds for all emergencies, merely by making them a present of her diamonds.

Without taking the crown jewels into the account, it is no doubt susceptible of proof, that in London alone there are gold and silver plate and jewels to the amount of two hundred millions of dollars, and it must be remembered that mighty as London is, the wealth of the kingdom in wrought gold and silver is very far from being centred there. An immense quantity of it is scattered among the castles and country seats of the nobility, such as Alnwick Castle, Blenheim, Chatsworth, Belvoir, Woburn Abbey, Bowood, and a hundred others which we could name, and among the lovely mansions of the country gentlemen, with which the whole surface is dotted by thousands. Think of the libraries and galleries, the immense and almost priceless collections of pictures and statues, and costly works of art, in which no country in the world is richer. Why, the whole mercantile wealth of England is but an item of comparatively trifling magnitude. The non-payment of debt, if it were not paid, which, thank Heaven, it soon will be, so far from inflicting a mortal blow upon the prosperity of the kingdom, would never be felt or thought of, except as a handy theme for a sarcasm, now and then directed against republican honesty and honour. The fortune of the Duke of Bedford, or Northumberland, or Devonshire, would clear the whole of it, and nobody but his grace be a farthing the poorer. —*From a New York Paper.*

SELF-ESTEEM PIQUED.

Success seems to be that which forms the distinction between confidence and conceit. Nelson, when young, was piqued at not being noticed in a certain paragraph of the newspapers which detailed an action wherein he had assisted. "But never mind," said he, "I will one day have a gazette of my own."—*Lacon.*

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KNOW BEFORE YOU SPEAK.

AMONGST the petty dishonesties of common life, there are some more hurtful, but perhaps none more paltry, than that of pretending to know where one is ignorant. It is a fault into which many not ill-meaning persons are drawn, from a false shame which would probably be checked if any immediate evil consequences seemed likely to flow from it. They dislike to appear at a loss, or defeated, or under a short-coming, about anything; and thus are tempted either to affect knowledge where they have it not, or in some way to allow it to be supposed that they are not ignorant. For example, some one adverts to a fact in science with which he is familiar. Perhaps it is brought forward for the instruction or entertainment of the rest—perhaps to show his own knowledge—perhaps only in the fair course of conversation: no matter how it may be in this respect—the point at present in question is the want of candour in the persons whom he is addressing, in hearing as if they understood that and all the related facts, putting on an intelligent look, assenting to the proposition as if convinced of its soundness, and perhaps even hazarding some remarks that may favour the supposition of their being as well informed on the subject as the first speaker. Or perhaps a passage of a classic or foreign author is quoted—pedantically or otherwise it matters not—what we have to remark is the unconscientiousness of the rest of the company, or of particular members of it, in letting the thing pass as an intelligible part of the discourse, and appearing to sanction its appositeness, when, in reality, they are either altogether ignorant of the language in which it is written, or have been unable to follow the sense of the passage with any degree of clearness. Another class of cases are those in which particular unconnected facts, such as are found in almanacs, chronological tables, and geographical dictionaries, are referred to, when too often there is an observable anxiety to speak or look as if we were not now, or had not recently been, ignorant of the special point under notice; even the mention of some distantly connected fact being felt as a protection against the supposition of entire ignorance—as, for instance, when the point in question is the name of the remarkable mountain in Ceylon, to state that you knew very intimately a cousin of the gentleman who wrote the last book about the island. All these are offences against good taste much within the range of that last and worst—the active and unprompted bluster of one who talks of what he does not understand. This grand offence is far beyond our hopes of correction; but we think that a few remarks on the comparatively negative instances of the error above described, may be attended with a good effect.

When any rational and well-meaning person feels himself tempted into such courses, let him only consider how absurd it is to suppose that there can be any real disgrace in being ignorant of any particular fact whatever. Science is a vast field—so is learning—insomuch that there can be no man in existence acquainted with the whole of either. The most eminent in both scientific knowledge and in learning know only a part, and are liable to be found ignorant of much. This is well known and universally acknowledged. When, therefore, any ordinary person is found unacquainted with some particular fact, or even with some entire science, or some whole language, there is no reason why he should be deemed a generally ignorant man. It may be presumed that, if he is ignorant of one thing, he is conversant with another, *as is the case with the most eminent students;* and thus he may pass very well, though openly acknowledging that on the point in question he is blank as a newborn babe. These considerations apply with particular force to the last of the above classes of cases. The knowledge is there of a kind which no rational person attempts to make himself master of. It is rather discreditable, in some little measure, to be too well read in such facts. And how well may a man fulfil his duties in the world, and how well informed may he be in what is useful and serviceable, although he does not know one fact in the topography of Ceylon. If these considerations fail, let us only reflect for a moment on the disgrace of being detected in an attempt to conceal ignorance. There is a story of Sheridan having once apparently quoted a passage from a Greek poet in the House of Commons, when in reality he only uttered a gabble resembling Greek. An honourable gentleman, who spoke after him, fully assented to the application of the passage to the case in question. How ineffably ridiculous must that man have appeared when Sheridan disclosed the trick! This is a dishonour to which every one is exposed, who in any way, however slight or negative, affects to appear knowing where he is ignorant.

The practice is also to be regarded as very injurious to conversation. Indeed, when one remembers how much of the time of most social assemblages is occupied in the vapourings of those who would fain be thought knowing, or in worrying down the assertions hazarded by ignorant effrontery, or in allowing those who know nothing on the point in question to speak of something else not called for, merely that they may seem to know something—and when he contrasts this uninstructive jabber with the comparatively well-authenticated statements to be found in books—he might almost be tempted to think that a page well read is worth a whole evening of ordinary conversation. Perhaps it would really be so, if there were not in conversation a gratification to a different part of the mental nature, the social feelings, and also an excitement which occasionally scintillates new and original ideas, and leads to profitable trains of thought and inquiry for the future.

Speaking vaguely in ignorance, and then defending what has been said, is another of the great banes of conversation in all except highly accomplished circles; and I have often wished for the presence of some one who, having committed a whole encyclopædia, almanac, and ready-reckoner, to his mind, would be able to correct all wide and false speaking, and thus check long endless discussions in the outset. I once witnessed the good effects of such a monitor, in the course of an excursion in an Irish steamer. Some young men were delivering their ideas about a variety of matters in the usual loose way, and one of them at length remarked of the pyramids, that they were so very high that he verily believed the Wicklow hills were a joke to them.

"I should think not," said a solemn, quiet-looking man. "The pyramids are known to be very much less than the Wicklow mountains."

"And did you ever see the pyramids, then?"

"No, sir."

"But *I* have; and, I can tell you, the Wicklow hills are nothing at all beside them."

"I am sorry, sir," resumed the solemn man, "that I cannot join you in that opinion. Although I have not seen the pyramids, I know their measure by the accounts of the best authors. The largest is now fixed at five hundred and forty-three feet high. But the Wicklow hills are generally from two to three thousand feet. Besides, pyramids are only the one-third of prisms of equal base and height, and the solidity is as one-third of the area of the base by the height; while the Wicklow hills, being of a swelling form, must, in proportion to height, give more solid contents."

Here was one assertion of loud ignorance completely put down. But another was not long wanting.

"What sad accounts these are for the ladies!" remarked one of the young men; "I mean the accounts which are published of the greater number of women than men in our principal cities, as ascertained by the late census."

"What can it be owing to?" inquired another.

"Why, I suppose it must be owing to a vast number of men being taken away as emigrants, soldiers, and sailors, and to so many of them getting killed in battle and otherwise."

"I should rather think there must be more women born than men."

"Oh, not at all; the numbers must be equal at first, you know."

"I know nothing of the kind. There cannot be so very many men carried away to the colonies and the army. It must be owing to the greater number of girls born. Why, nearly every family I know has more girls than boys."

"Well, for my part, I cannot see how the sexes should not be equal at first."

"But they cannot be equal, I tell you," &c.

Thus commenced a dispute which was kept up stoutly on both sides for a quarter of an hour, without one particle of real information on either; when at length one of the contending parties asked the solemn man if he did not think his view of the question right.

"No, I don't," said the solemn man; "neither of you is right. On the average of European countries, a hundred and six boys are born for every hundred girls. If, therefore, the two sexes had an equal chance of life, and remained in equal circumstances, there should be a preponderance of males to that extent. To account for the opposite being the case, we may chiefly look to the ascertained greater value of female than male life. A man at forty has the expectation of twenty-seven more years; but a woman of forty has the expectation of thirty-one years; and so on in proportion at other ages. The superiority of female to male life is, partly, no doubt, owing to the comparative exemption of women from the severer hardships of life, and from warfare; but it is probably owing in most part to the superior adaptation of their constitutions to the existing general circumstances of society, as the excess of male mortality is greatest in infancy, the deaths of boys in the first year in Europe being as about four to three of girls, while even in still births the females have about the same advantage, the proportions there being as ten to fourteen."

It was of course pedantic to have so much out-of-the-way knowledge at command; but its effect in the present case, in stopping short what would probably have been an incessant wrangle for the remainder of the voyage, made me truly thankful that the solemn man had chanced to be of our company. I am no advocate for all men being crammed with facts such as those which this individual could bring forth so readily; but it is surely no unreasonable demand that, when men are totally ignorant of any subject, they will refrain from disputing about it—that, in short, they should *know before they speak.*

There are some doubtful branches of knowledge, which furnish a rich field for those who delight to speak, oracularly or otherwise, without the previous trouble of acquainting themselves with the subject. Such are phrenology and animal magnetism, respecting which there has been gathered just a sufficiency of facts to afford a probability and to stimulate to

further investigation, but not enough to convince the majority of philosophical minds. When a branch of knowledge is in this state, the speakers in ignorance have no mercy upon it. Facts are nothing to them, for they know nothing about facts. They only know that they are safe from the correction of the majority of enlightened minds in giving such subjects their ridicule. Without the least regard to the specific merits of the two subjects named, I would venture to make the general remark, that some knowledge seems necessary to entitle any one to speak on any point that may come under discussion; and that, without this requisite, it cannot be expected that error, where there is error, will be successfully opposed. A disciple of Dr Gall has remarked, that often, in listening to the empty observations which ignorant men and ignorant women take leave to make on his science, he has been conscious of a more profound degree of the ridiculous than he could recollect ever experiencing on any other occasion in his life—so absurd did it appear, that one unacquainted with the simplest principles of physiology or any other established science, and who had never given one moment's study or one serious thought to the subject under discussion, should make such a gross exhibition of his self-esteem, not only unchecked by the audience, but with their concurrence. What the audience received as legitimate ridicule came before his mind as only a betrayal of ignorance on that and all associated questions, accompanied by a vainglory which the greatest wisdom could not have justified. This feeling in the mind of the phrenologist is natural, and, supposing him to be altogether mistaken with regard to his science, *his* ridicule has certainly a superiority over that of his opponent, in being founded on some knowledge. It is perhaps chiefly from this cause that none of those who adopt doubtful sciences are ever unconvinced. They ground so far upon what they believe to be ascertained truths in nature. Antagonists are contented to suppose, without putting themselves to the trouble of gathering opposite facts. A different effect is not to be expected till men shall generally acknowledge and act upon the maxim, to KNOW BEFORE THEY SPEAK.

NORTHERN COLLIERIES.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

HAVING glanced at the chief points regarding the Newcastle collieries, in their establishment, mode of working, and the calamities attending their operations, it now only remains to touch upon the physical and moral condition of the collier population. The number, then, of persons actually employed in and about the Newcastle pits exceeding 12,000, it is obvious that their physical and moral condition must be a matter of the greatest interest, particularly as that condition also influences to a great extent that of the females and children constituting the families of the pitmen.

To commence with the external appearance of a born and bred pitman, it may be noticed that his outward man distinguishes him from every other operative. His stature is diminutive; his figure disproportionate and misshapen; his legs being much bowed; his chest protruding (the *thoracic* region being unequally developed). His countenance is not less striking than his figure, his cheeks being generally hollow, his brow overhanging, his cheek bones high, his forehead low and retreating; nor is his appearance healthful. His habit is tincted with scrofula. I have seen agricultural labourers, blacksmiths, carpenters, and even those among the wan and distressed stocking-weavers of Nottinghamshire, to whom the term "jolly" might not be inaptly applied, but I never saw a "jolly-looking" pitman. As the germ of this physical degeneration may be formed in the youthful days of the pitman, it is desirable to look for its cause.

The position of the hewer at his work is one of great restraint; he lies, as it were, upon one leg, the other resting on the foot in a state of semi-flexion; his body is thrown forward, and in this position he strikes the seam with his "pick." There is an art in "cutting" coal; the occupation is therefore assumed at as early a period as the operative's strength and the superintendant's arrangements will permit, which generally happen to agree at about the age of 20. Although the chest and arms of the hewer are the best developed parts about him, and are very far from amiss, yet they cannot be compared with the corresponding parts of a Northumbrian agricultural labourer. As sources of health to the pitmen, may be noticed their daily habit of washing and scrubbing themselves above the waist and below the knees, except the back, which, with the rest, is regularly washed once a-week; and also their wearing flannel to absorb perspiration and retain heat, while not working, and to ward off the flame in case of "fire." The fine particles of coal-dust, so far as I have observed, seem little if at all injurious to pitmen, notwithstanding the fatal effects of breathing other kinds of dust; as, for instance, by our stone-masons, especially in Scotland, who "dress" in close places; or our Sheffield knife-grinders, and others. The vegetable origin of coal, and its consequent subjection to the laws of chemistry, seems to furnish a sufficient explanation of this. Pitmen are frequently known to keep their health wonderfully well while "working wet," although having to stand for hours in many inches or a few feet of water—a result that may perhaps be accounted for when we look to the temperature of the water in many cases, to its saline impregnations, to its faculty of absorbing any noxious gases, and of promoting ventilation; to the exercise taken at the time, and, if we except the time of detention at the bottom of the shaft before being pulled up to "bank," we may add, to the care with which the pitman washes, rubs, and changes himself on getting home.

The principal diseases of pitmen are what medical men term functional, and are chiefly, of course, referable to the nervous system. Of these may be particularly mentioned difficulty of breathing (dyspnœa) and indigestion (dyspepsia). The former affection is usually but temporary, and yields to the application of known remedies; and the same might be affirmed of the latter, did not the patient too frequently protract the attack by wilfully transgressing all dietetic rules. A deficiency of moral courage has been alleged as a characteristic of pitmen; but this certainly is not their failing in respect to the dangers of the mine. In the painful hostilities, however, caused by one or two unhappy "strikes," they have given evidence of this infirmity, and have rendered themselves ridiculous by their agressive weakness.

Many of the physical effects of pit work are of tardy growth and manifestation; hence they must be looked for and estimated in some of the old collieries, where the labour has been the uninterrupted occupation of generations. Conclusions deduced, for example, from the appearance of the work-people in the newer collieries of the south of Durham would be partially fallacious. In scrutinising the boys, the corporeal characteristics of the adults may be frequently noticed in incipient development in the adolescents, or hereditarily transmitted to the children. Small bulk of body, paleness and angularity of visage, and their general appearance, which is very far from robust, would lead to the conviction, that they are a somewhat deteriorated race. Some effects, however, of employment in coal-mines, which might have been assumed from *à priori* conclusions, are not found to be established by actual experience. Of this nature is the natural supposition, that the exclusion from sun-light during so large a portion of the day (and in the case of the boys in winter, it almost amounts to an exclusion from the entire daylight) would be actively injurious to the eyesight. But this is not found to be the case in the young; and in the old an occasional tendency to regard objects, especially books, with a peculiar oblique look, is all that I could discover. The most remarkable effect of the exclusion in the mines is the paleness of countenance so generally observable, and so strikingly contrasted with the ruddy visages of those employed at bank. To extreme changes of temperature, not to be braved with impunity by an occasional visitant to the pits (of which I became painfully aware), the miners appear to have become perfectly indurated. Over the slight tunic of flannel in which, together with drawers, they ordinarily labour (although a very near approach to nudity is observable in some deep and hot pits, as in Monkwearmouth; and in Shilbottle pit, which supplies the town of Alnwick with fuel, the men work completely naked), they add a jacket before emerging from the pit-mouth; and thus moderately enveloped, and commonly disdaining greatcoats or plaids in the severest weather, the inclemency of seasons appears to be, as far as they are concerned, completely innocuous. The temperature of the mines varies at different times and in different pits. The average heat in one of the Hetton pits at the bottom of the shaft is 66 degrees, and in the recesses of the workings 70 degrees; while at Monkwearmouth pit, the extreme case, the average heat is about 78 or 80 degrees.

Let us, however, follow the colliers home, and regard them when out of the pit. Upon the termination of their daily duty they return to their houses, which, from the early hour of commencing their mole-like labours, they may be seen doing at mid-day, or earlier, in companies of a very uninviting aspect. Trios or long strings of these black-looking individuals may be seen approaching from the site of the pit, many of them swinging their Davy-lamps about with their long and oddly-carried arms, and others handling the tin bottle which held their coffee. Upon their entrance into their little cottages, they proceed to strip and wash themselves, which, from the secluded character of the colliery villages, they see no harm in performing somewhat openly. The hour of dinner with the factory artisans thus becomes with the colliers the hour of washing; and the repeated ejections of soap-suds from each door testifies to the care with which ablution is accomplished. The meal to which the colliers now sit down is one of no despicable character. There is no deficiency of animal food and of little luxurious appurtenances; one of which used to be considered quite indispensable, namely, a rich kneaded cake, which, from the hissing noise it emits while baking on the "girdle," is termed, not inaptly, a *singing-hinnie*. After taking a very tolerable quantity of the good things set before them, the majority turn into bed, and one hears or sees little of them till the evening, when perhaps they may indulge in a walk, a whiff of tobacco, a scrape on the fiddle, or a puff at the flute, before finally retiring.

The lads and children have now returned from the pit, have undergone their ablutions, and swallowed whatever was in reach, generally contriving to obtain a substantial meal, if prepared for it. Unfortunately, some of the younger boys, who have scarcely become inured to the pit, experience a want of appetite and a revulsion to food, which nature usually overcomes after longer habit and presence in the mine. Instances, however, are not wanting in which the boy never becomes insusceptible of the noxious influences of the pit, and habitual nausea and eructation are superinduced. More than a dozen examples are now before me in the Report; and the frequency of the complaint from so many independent witnesses proves that it is not without foundation. Yet the boys will manage by some contrivance to secure a game at play, or a lounge in the lanes or fields, previously to their early retirement to rest. About nine o'clock fiddles begin to sound very inharmoniously; attempts at solos upon the flute to die away in the birth of the first note; meetings, for various purposes, to break up; and boys to become considerably less pugnacious and vociferous. These are the signs of a settlement for the night; and at ten or eleven o'clock nearly the whole collier village is quiet or snoring. Woe to the ill-starred stranger whose avocations may have detained him to this hour, or beyond it, if he attempt, unguided and unprotected, to thread his way for the first time through the unmitigated darkness of the pitmen's colony. Ten to one but he tumbles unawares into some old railway cutting (which, indeed, happened to myself), and there he is likely to remain for all the assistance that he can obtain from the colliers, whose first sleep would scarcely suffer disturbance from anything short of an explosion of carbureted hydrogen gas. So seldom are the remote pit villages trodden by the feet of strangers, that cuttings and embankments of abandoned railways are sometimes permitted to remain unfenced in the very centre of streets, in perfect consistency with the safety of the inhabitants, but to the imminent risk of the limbs of visitants, who have to grope their way at night, for the first time, through the unlighted neighbourhood.

This leads me to say a word upon the colliery villages. The houses of the pitmen are erected either by the proprietors of the colliery or by companies, who speculate in the building and letting of them to coal owners at from L.3 to L.4 per annum. It is requisite that the houses should not be distant from the pits, and they are therefore grouped round it as land can be obtained. The general appearance of a colliery village is that of two or three long rows, or a square, of low cottages, with frequent intervals. Before each set of cottages is erected a brick building for a common oven, and the loaves baked therein are certainly by no means diminutive. The back rows of the houses too frequently present a kind of central ridge formed by ash heaps and domestic superfluities, which is not only unsightly but sometimes offensive. There is seldom an efficient drainage in this quarter; and the whole arrangement is capable of great improvements. In the newer pit villages the appearance of matters is considerably ameliorated; and it is probable that the appellation of "Shiney Row," which is the phrase by which a colony of this kind is provincially known, arose from the neatness that has for some time characterised many new colliery villages.

So remarkable a dissimilitude as may be perpetually observed between the furniture and the houses themselves, is probably peculiar to the domiciles of the Northern pitmen. Amongst some hundreds of houses visited by me, there were but few that did not partially exhibit this contrast; and in many it was strikingly displayed by the presence of some article of furniture of a comparatively costly description. An eight day clock, a good chest of drawers, and a fine four-post bedstead, the last two often of mahogany, and sometimes of a very superior kind, were commonly to be noticed; for they are deemed indispensable by a decent newly-married couple, and are paid for by instalments. Costly furniture is, however, sometimes environed by despicable lumber, if not by actual uncleanliness.

The duties of a pitmen's wife are very numerous. The male portion of her family are a source of constant trouble to her, for some are going into the mine almost while the others are leaving. The hours of labour and rest not being the same for men and boys, the necessity of preparing numerous meals, at various and somewhat irregular periods of the day, is obviously entailed upon her; what between dinner for one, tea for another, washing and scrubbing materials for a third, and the cries of the child in the cradle, it is clear that she is not an idle personage. The constant exhibition of evacuated habiliments, either in the tub or on the drying line, proves that washing is almost a daily occupation. Although, however, the temptation to become a pitmen's wife does not seem to be great, yet it is sufficiently strong to allow of a frequency of early marriages. Intermarriage is usual amongst the collier population, whose clannishness is as much exhibited in this respect as in any other. From the comparatively high wages which children obtain, namely, from 10d. to 1s. 10d. per day, it is readily conceivable that they are considered as acquisitions to a pitman's fortune. Hence, what is regarded in civic society as by no means a desirable match—to

wit, a widow with a number of children—is looked upon in a contrary light by a pitman, who invariably casts his eye about to secure such a boon, provided only the children be boys. It was narrated to me, upon the authority of the late vicar of N——, that after a lamentable explosion in one of the mines, by which one poor mother of a large family was rendered a widow, a great competition for the hand of the same was expected, on account of the large proportion of boys who called her mother. One of the youngest of the pitmen, who presumed upon *his* good looks, and *her* kind looks, had been so very bold as actually to propose and pop the question at the very brink of the grave. He expected a very serious rebuke for his audacity and unseemly haste, and this he had nerved himself for; but he was taken quite aback, as he said, when the widow unhesitatingly declared her liking for the suitor, but only lamented that he was "too late" in his suit. A still more audacious youth had proposed at the commencement of the funeral procession, and was accepted!

The disagreeables appertaining to the labours of a collier are counterbalanced by the large wages he is in the habit of receiving. The hewer obtains at the rate of twenty shillings per week, and the use of his house, together with an allowance of coal. If the pit be not in full work at any period of the year, still a diminished pay is given. The pits are commonly worked for eleven days per fortnight, and the first-class pay of hewers is for full work 3s. 9d. per day; that of the strong lads, called "trams," or unaided propellers of the coal baskets, is 2s. 6d. to 2s. 2d. per day; that of the younger, "putters," or propellers, from 1s. 10d. to 1s. 6d. The drivers receive 1s. 3d. per day, and the little door-keepers, or "trappers," 10d.

These rates of pay are obviously such as fall to the lot of but few labourers; and did the pitmen possess habits of economy, they might have funds on which to fall back when incapacitated by age and the severity of their employments. Unfortunately, in most cases their economy consists in obtaining as many good things to eat and drink as their money will immediately purchase, and as many more as the shopkeeper will give them credit for; in short, although in the power of many to do so, the instances of pitmen having saved money from their earnings are rare, and if permanent infirmity overtake them, they are thrown upon the parish. It is, however, pleasing to have to add, that considerable improvements in the general habits of the colliers are visible to those who have known them for a series of years. A considerable amount of improvement is due to the efforts of the Methodists, and this all parties acknowledge.

It is generally affirmed that Northumberland is especially remarkable for the number and excellence of its schools; but to whatsoever extent this supposition may be correct, it can only have relation to the agricultural districts and the towns. Until lately, the colliers have possessed but few secular schools in their villages, and the same remark almost applies at present. There are certainly numerous Sunday schools in connexion with the various sects of Methodism, and to these much is owing; but they are neither organised, nor do they undertake to impart such an education as properly belongs to a day school. Some examples are now set, which, it is trusted, may prove beneficial and stimulating; but no one will deny that hitherto the children have been left pretty much to their parents and to themselves. Because pitmen have been found to be a somewhat suspicious and impracticable race, nearly all efforts to establish efficient schools have been relinquished. There are certainly some important exceptions, which are detailed in the Report before me; but in the great majority of instances, the establishment is set up by precisely the most unfit person to conduct it. If a pitman has the misfortune to lose an arm or leg, it would almost seem to have been concluded that he must simultaneously have acquired the skill to teach, and that the catastrophe which has incapacitated him for pit labour has conferred upon him a miraculous power of imparting knowledge. Hence it is no uncommon thing, upon entering a school in the neighbourhood of a coal-mine, to observe at the head of the establishment an evident sufferer from the calamities incident to the pit. It is true that the wooden leg is frequently made to serve various unexpected purposes, and that the remaining arm, even though it should be the left, possesses a remarkable vigour when the "strap" or instrument of correction is found necessary. I remember one schoolmaster in whom steel-hooks supplied the place of hands, and yet he was astonishingly *handy*. Persons, too, deformed from their birth, or unsuccessful in their trades, very commonly occupy this important office. As to what are called the night schools, under present circumstances boys can scarcely be expected to leave the pit for the school-room, or to remain awake there if they do. In some of these night schools, the tremendous fires in the close rooms would have induced me to prefer a well ventilated pit. With reference to the education of females and very young children, there are some dame schools in these villages, but they are liable to the same objections as the boys' schools; and the mistress was frequently found to be a personage whose current of kindliness was either actually frozen up or rapidly congealing.

Much remains to be said; but we must here terminate our remarks upon the Newcastle colliers and collieries. The source in which a detailed elucidation of the points we have touched upon may be found, has been indicated.* It is hoped that the readers of this Journal will have been interested in the information afforded respecting people and places so little known as northern pitmen and northern coal-pits.

PEDESTRIAN TOUR IN SWITZERLAND.

JUNGFRAU—GRINDELWALD—MEYRINGEN.

AUGUST 22.—Having spent the night at the inn of the Jungfrau, in our ascent of the Wengern Alp, we awakened soon after five, anxious to discover what sort of place we were in; but we might have well enough located ourselves, like the Irish milestone, "twenty miles from innywhere," for we were enwrapped by a dense white mist, which lay on us cold and clammy as if we could feel it with our hands. Having victualled ourselves, we started, and as we went along, it was evident that the mist was rarefying, for through occasional interstices we could see prodigious and mysterious-looking objects, sometimes seeming pure white, and sometimes jet black, scarcely caught by the eye, when the mist closed round them again, and baffled the anxious gaze. Oh! that that veil of mist would be lifted up like the curtain of a theatre, and let us behold the wondrous exhibition which we were sure nature had arranged behind it. At length, the mist did gradually and systematically remove itself, presenting black precipices and white coats of snow. The appearance could not but forcibly remind us of the description by Byron in his "Manfred," written on that very spot, when the bard had his eye on precisely the same scene.

> "The mists boil up along the glaciers: clouds
> Rise curling fast beneath me white and sulphury,
> Like foam from the roused ocean of deep hell."

When it was all opened up to us, we gazed upon the scene in the full consciousness and belief that the world had no grander landscape to spread before the admiring eye of man than that which was now laid open to us. Right opposite to us arose the mighty Jungfrau, visible from the summit to the base. Of this mountain, 13,748 feet above the level of the sea, the greater part of the surface on the side opposite to where we stood is one black perpendicular precipice. From the summit of this great wall, there stretch towards the mountain-top fields of everlasting snow, and wherever there is a shelf or indentation on the precipice, the snow lies; so that wherever the eye ranged over the wide surface, it encountered precipice or snow. The group of hills, some of which might be counted part of the Jungfrau, though they enjoyed separate names, stretched far away. These were the Monch, the Eiger, the Schrekhorn, and the Wetterhorn—all of the same character with the Jungfrau, with this difference, that their various summits are more narrow, and that they generally shoot up in slender, steeple-like precipices. Over all we could see the white peak of the Finster-aarhorn, the tallest of the group, measuring 14,070 feet above the sea-level. I had never, upon any previous occasion, beheld celebrated mountain scenery which did not at first sight somewhat disappoint my extravagant expectations; but in scanning these prodigious precipices with my eye, I acknowledged that they filled up all the space which my imagination contained for mountain grandeur.

Our position for a full view was most advantageous, as we were upwards of 6000 feet above the level of the sea. We continued to follow the mountain track, which, after ascending for a while, brought us downwards. We were not within the line of perpetual snow, but there were fields of it here and there in our route; and the broken fragments of rock and torn turf bore evidence to the force of the spring avalanches. We came, in the course of our descent, to a more striking illustration of them, in that shattered pine forest which Byron says "reminded" him of himself and his family. Many of the trees had been snapped clear through, like the masts of a ship in a sea-fight, while others were torn in pieces, or bent to the earth. Those which still stood were stunted hoary-looking things, which seemed to have spent their lives in anxiously fortifying themselves against avalanches, and their bark was covered by long green lichens, which went out in the wind like so many streamers. A fine contrast to these harsher features of the scene, was a patch or rather field of rhododendron, covered all over with crimson blossom. The air was filled with a confused and mysterious murmur, as of the various tongues of the mountain whispering to each other in the waterfall, or the wind, or the waving tree. As noon came on, and the sun acted on the snow, a louder voice was occasionally to be heard, even that of the avalanche, such as we had heard it last night. We heard many of these falls before we could see any of them; and at last, when the eye detected one in the act, the effect was far from being so striking as we would have expected, from the deep roar with which it reverberated among the precipices. Instead of a large portion of the snowy coating of the mountain being hurled into the glen, there descended down one of the many grooves or fissures in the face of the precipice a long narrow stream of broken snow, not unlike the fall of the Staubbach. So large were the features by which it was surrounded, that this descent of several tons' weight of matter down a perpendicular height of probably more than a thousand feet, seemed to be a trifle.

As we descended the east side of the Wengern Alp, we saw the valley of Grindelwald open before us. It did not seem far off, yet its village was but a mere dot in the landscape, and its forests seemed like brushwood. Looking at the two ravines made on either side of the Schrekhorn, between it and the Eiger on the one side and the Wetterhorn on the other, I observed certain bluish-white collections of matter—they were like mountain streams, but rather too white. I was sorry to admit it, but there was no mistaking, in the peculiar form of these, the far-famed glaciers of the Grindelwald, so often represented in pictures. It was provoking to have one's associations about clefts hundreds of feet deep, and tall icebergs, met by something which looked like the heap of snow that might be removed from the area of a respectable citizen's house; but there could be no doubt, that when we reached these glaciers, we would find yawning crevices and precipices of ice, and the fact was only an additional evidence of the gigantic scale of everything around us. When we came near the end of the descent, we met a few tourists, and among others the friends who had walked with us from Lucerne to Brientz. Their leisure had nearly expired, and they were regretting the being obliged to leave the land of mountains, after visiting the Staubbach.

As we descended into the vale of the Grindelwald, being in a country more accessible by the char roads from Unterseen than the rocky ascent we were leaving behind, we had again cause for observing the ingenious schemes employed by the peasantry to ease the pockets of tourists of their spare money. One of the plans consisted of a mock wrestling match; and this failing to attract our attention, we next were assaulted by a jingling noise, and on turning a corner of rock we beheld two women, dressed in what might be called opera cantonal costumes, performing on musical-glasses. The great staple employment of the valley, however, consists in the opening of the gates to the fences which are here and there run along to prevent the cattle from straying. The attendance of a guide might be supposed to give the traveller a security for the accomplishment of this operation, but we generally found two urchins to relieve him of the onerous task, and on more than one occasion we saw a rush made to shut the gate (which had been accidentally left open) before we reached it.*

We dined at Grindelwald, and though I often think that tourists might find something more interesting to describe than the precise composition of every meal they eat, I must describe this dinner. The waiter, when we ordered it, gave a doubtful look, and it was pretty evident that something concerning it was pressing on his mind. No hesitation was expressed, however, and measures were taken which seemed to announce that the meal was to proceed on a large scale. At length appeared the flustered and important face of the waiter, half hidden behind a large covered dish. The dish was set on the table, the cover removed with a flourish, which carried with it, as expressively as a flourish could do, the exclamation, "Now for it!"—and behold, at the bottom of the dish lay three small fishes, each about three and a half inches long! We lay back on our respective chairs, and fell into a fit of laughter; and surely we were entitled to do so. But we did not forget that the matter required to be handled in a practical manner, and instead of creating a storm, which might have been useful on such an emergency in the Strand, we proceeded to draw lots for this the first course. The second course consisted of three pieces of mutton chop, on precisely the same scale, and this was appropriated by lot cast between the remaining two of us. Finally came a cubical morsel of black beef-steak, which fell to the lot of the unsuccessful yet not least fortunate lot drawer. It was now time, we thought, to look the matter in the face, and we demanded if there were aught else to be had. Some little crabbed wild strawberries were produced, but that was not precisely the thing we wished. At last, by means of bread and scrapings of abandoned cold meat, we did manage to get enough for our wants, and were therewith content. It is fair to add, that however much the dinner was deficient in the requisites of a first-rate hotel, there was one feature in which the landlord seemed resolved not to fall below his caste—namely, the charge.

As we proposed to proceed as far as Meyringen before we halted for the night, we thought it as well to strike a bargain with our guide. The allowance for a guide, according to the tariff, is five francs a-day; but we found that there was more than one element to be taken into the calculation, and our friend maintained that for such a distance as we were travelling on that

* It is greatly to be deplored that such Reports are still mainly inaccessible to the public; and even more to be regretted that, to obtain one Report, we must purchase the whole series, at a price, in this instance, of L.1, 7s. Hence, Mr Leifchild's Report will, in fact, cost that sum. The last "Quarterly Review," with various periodicals and newspapers, have indeed epitomised it; but the mass of information which it contains is practically lost to the public, by whom, however, the cost of publication is defrayed.

* [The Swiss are not the sole practisers of schemes to ease tourists of cash. The traveller is exposed to similar devices in various parts of England and Scotland: we need only allude to the hosts of boys and girls in the Isle of Wight, at the Falls of Clyde, and wherever else a penny can be picked up by acting as conductors or gate-openers. Much of this semi-mendicancy is caused by the lavish way in which the English scatter their money while on holiday excursions.—*Ed. C. E. J.*]

day—thirty-six miles—his proper fee was fifteen francs. He was backed by the innkeepers, and very probably it was all according to law; but it is as well for travellers to know, that if five francs be a day's pay, it covers only a walk of twelve miles. Our first destination, before ascending the pass of the Great Scheideck, was to visit the upper glacier. As we neared it, our guide called at a sort of cottage, where it seems the keeper of the glacier resides, who forthwith appeared with a hatchet. I recollect having enjoyed a hearty laugh at the simplicity of a Cockney, who, intending to visit "the steep frowning glories of dark Loch-na-gar," asked if he would not find a cottage at the foot of the hill, with people in it who would show him to the top. The notion was taken from St Paul's and the Monument; but here it was realised on one of Nature's most untameable objects; and the glacier had literally its keeper, without whose sanction you can no more get access to it than you can get a seat at the theatre without the connivance of the box-keeper or some such official. To render it clear how any such appropriation could be successful, it is necessary to explain that this glacier is merely a tail, as it were, of a vast ocean of ice, which covers 200 square miles of the surface of these mountains; and that, as it descends through a very narrow and uneven valley, the masses of ice become shattered and tossed together, so as to present no even surface—nothing but a set of gigantic splinters heaped together, among which it is impossible to proceed for any distance, and on which one cannot enter except by steps cut in the ice by a hatchet. We thought that for his fifteen francs it was the duty of our guide to give us the necessary facilities, and we declined the service of him of the hatchet. I must confess to the folly of attempting to smuggle a stepping on the glacier; but the effort was ill-advised, and I tumbled flat on my back, happy that an eminence prevented the guide from seeing my fall. The step-maker seemed quite accustomed to such refusals; and so, carefully obliterating the notches he had cut, he bade us a cheerful good evening. Our guide had begun to grow a little crusty from our refusing to honour the various drafts he had been making on our patronage in favour of the gate-openers and others, and this proceeding completed our degradation in his eyes. He had hitherto made us civil answers, his affirmatives being "*Ya wohl, hérr,*" which may be translated, "Yes indeed, sir;" but he now suddenly sunk into a surly *ya*. A little civility brought back the *wohl*; but he never recovered the *herr* till it was jerked out of him, as it were, by the descent of his fifteen francs into his palm.

In vindication of our desertion of the glacier of the Grindelwald, we have to plead that we had larger designs on glaciers than it seemed likely we would here be able to execute; how far they were successful, the reader will hereafter have an opportunity of knowing. As we retired from its edge, where the ice was dirty and muddy, and ascended in front of it, we had a more full view of the expanse of the glacier. It improved on us prodigiously. We could see that far up the ice was bright and blue, that it was cleft by numerous crevices, and run up into numberless peaks. Our path lay north-east, over the pass of the Great Scheideck, which rose steeply above us. The top of the pass is 6700 feet above the sea, and as the afternoon sun beat hot upon us, it was warm work. Multitudes of large grasshoppers, about the size of kitty-wrens, were leaping about, and making the air alive with their chirruping. Astonished by their unwonted size, I wished to carry one of them home as a trophy of the Alps. It was not difficult to make the acquisition; but after I had crushed the creature to death, my heart misgave me for having ruthlessly extinguished so much happy and harmless vitality. The Wetterhorn, or peak of Storms, one of the great chain of precipice mountains, rises almost straight up from the pass—a wall of rock with snow above and in all its interstices. Here and there we crossed masses of snow which the monster had shaken from his sides in the earlier part of the year, a circumstance which showed how dangerous the pass must be at some seasons.

When we crossed the summit of the pass, the scene was materially changed. We had left the higher alps of snow and bare rock behind; and the hills before us, though lofty, were not so precipitous, and were covered with trees or other verdure. Looking at them as we passed by the side of a brawling torrent, and under the shade of lofty pines, the whole effect strikingly reminded us of the scenery of the north of Scotland, and it recalled to my mind summer evenings of old spent in wandering among the forests of Braemar. On the left, we came almost unexpectedly on one of the falls of the Reichenbach. The torrent, in its form and the character of the immediately surrounding scenery, reminded us of Foyers; and the grand proportions of the neighbouring mountains made it seem not much larger than that cataract. Not far from the fall we saw a rather elegant-looking small inn, to the door of which our guide marched up with the firm and unhesitating step of one who is performing precisely what is his duty. When we followed him to ask the meaning of this movement, we were met by a fashionably dressed young lady, who gave us a most courteous welcome. When it was explained to her that our sole motive for intruding on her premises was to recover possession of the person of our recreant guide, she expressed very strong surprise, assured us that, as a matter of course, all travellers towards Meyringen stayed in her inn all night, that it was far too late to proceed, &c. &c., and concluded by recommending the peculiar attractions of her waterfall. This part of her argument we answered somewhat in the spirit of competition, by telling her that we had as good a waterfall of our own at home (namely, the fall of Foyers); and she, not to be wanting in courtesy, rejoined that she had heard of it (a statement we doubted), and that it was (professionally speaking) well reported of. Our British obstinacy was all this time rising within us, in the form of a resolution not to be "done;" and we carried off our guide in triumph, notwithstanding that he was, or pretended to be, somewhat fatigued.

The vale of Meyringen, or, as it is otherwise termed, of Hasli, presented to us a lovely prospect in the stillness of the evening. It lay more than 2000 feet beneath us when we first caught a glimpse of it. It is a plain, verdant with forest and pasture, and dotted with villages; while on either side the mountains rise steep and abrupt like walls. It seemed but a narrow vale at first, but as we descended its dimensions widened to our view, till at last night shut out the spectacle. In the gloom, we approached another of the falls of the Reichenbach. The great white mass glimmered fearfully and mysteriously through the darkness, and its sullen roar was the more awfully distinct that the rest of nature was silent. A weary way was the latter part of the descent to Meyringen. The path is renowned for its steepness, and as it is laid with large stones, its descent is like going down a ruined stair 2000 feet long. It was a singular contrast to the darkness, and the cataracts, and the rocks, to find ourselves in a large and swarming hotel brilliantly lighted up, and with a multitude of lively people seated at supper.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

MADAME D'ARBLAY.

Frances Burney, by marriage Madame D'Arblay, was born at Lynn-Regis in Norfolk, on the 13th of June 1752. At that period her father, Dr Charles Burney, a man of very superior attainments, filled the comparatively humble office of organist to the burgh, having accepted of it in the hope of regaining his health, injured by his ardent and laborious prosecution of the study and practice of musical composition in the metropolis. In childhood, Frances Burney showed a marked backwardness in learning her letters, and even at eight years of age was unable to read. But, though common onlookers called her in consequence "the little dunce," an under-current of shrewd observation and lively invention occasionally gleamed through her natural shyness, which led her intelligent mother to stand out against the general opinion, and to say frequently that "she had no fear about Fanny." When with her young companions, and unembarrassed by the presence of strangers, the child would at times display her latent powers of imagination, by imitating such actors as she chanced to have seen, and composing long speeches for them; or she would get up dramatic scenes purely of her own invention. Many readers will remember that another lady of distinguished literary talent, Miss Landon, first showed her abilities by similar exercises of the fancy among the playmates of her youth.

In the year 1760, Dr Burney returned to London with invigorated health, and renewed the acquaintance which he had previously formed with many of the eminent literary men of the age. His daughter Fanny, who at length, at the age of ten, acquired the arts of reading and writing, was soon able to make sharp and shrewd observations on the scenes around her. It is remarkable that she showed a turn for scribbling some years before she began to read with any great diligence, proving that her perceptive faculties were naturally acute in no ordinary degree, while that reflective turn of mind which finds its chief food in books did not so markedly characterise her. As circumstances fell out, she was left in a great measure to educate herself. Her mother died soon after the family removed from Norfolk to London; and when Esther and Susan, her elder and younger sisters, were sent for two years to a Parisian school, Dr Burney did not deem it right that his second daughter should go with them, because she displayed so much affection for her maternal grandmother, a Roman Catholic, that he was afraid of her there becoming attached to the religion of that beloved relative. Frances remained at home, accordingly, and was left in a great measure to her own exertions for self-improvement. Her chief spur lay in her unbounded love for her father, who, though he could not spare time to superintend her educational pursuits, was yet able to give hints which were of great service, these being always regarded by his daughter as laws. As her sister Susan well remarked, on her return from Paris, "sense, sensibility, bashfulness (diffidence before society), and even a degree of prudery," became the chief characteristics of Frances Burney, under the course of training described.

Society was, in many respects, the main school in which Miss Frances Burney's observant powers found the means of development. Her father, who took for his second wife a lady of great merit and amiability, was so highly esteemed as to gather around him a circle of friends, whose intimacy could not but be most improving to his children, and among whom may be mentioned David Garrick, Dr Hawkesworth, the poets Armstrong and Mason, Sir Robert Strange, and Barry the painter. Dr Burney also numbered Samuel Johnson and the Thrales among his friends. The mind of Miss Burney was not idle while mixing in the society of these and other parties, and she continued secretly and perseveringly to expend her whole leisure time in writing tales and such-like short pieces, her sister Susan being her sole confidant in this employment. But her mother-in-law began to suspect the truth, and took occasion so seriously, though without any direct personal application, to condemn the scribbling mania in young women, that the poor incipient authoress, at the call of duty, made a bonfire of her compositions, her sister Susan standing weeping by all the while. But the propensity to stain paper is not so easily repressed, and Miss Burney, after her pen had for a time lain dormant, though her brain remained busy with the task of composition, set down on paper the story of "Evelina, or a Young Lady's Entrance into the World." She completed at first only the first two of the four volumes, and with great secrecy, her pursuance of such a task being known but to her brother and sisters. An application was then made to Dodsley, and afterwards to Lowndes, the publishers, and the latter undertook to issue it when finished. Before that time, however, Miss Burney deemed it right to tell her father of the matter. "Seizing, therefore, an opportunity when her father was bidding her a kind farewell, preparatory to a Chesington visit, she avowed to him, with many blushes, 'her secret little work, and her odd inclination to see it in print;' adding, that her brother Charles would transact the affair with a bookseller at a distance, so that her name could never transpire, and only intreating that he would not himself ask to see the manuscript. 'His amazement was even surpassed by his amusement; and his laugh was so gay, that, revived by its cheering sound, she lost all her fears and embarrassment, and heartily joined in it, though somewhat at the expense of her new author-like dignity.' Dr Burney thought her project as innocent as it was whimsical; and kindly embracing her, enjoined her to be careful in guarding her own *incognita*, and then dropped the subject without even asking the name of her book."

A diary, commenced after the publication of "Evelina" in January 1778, informs us minutely of the feelings of the authoress when her novel met decisively with the approbation of the world. There is something very pleasing in her expressions of delight when she records the praises of her beloved father. He declared it to be one of the best novels which he knew; and in reality the work certainly approaches more closely in wit and humour to those of Fielding and Smollett than any other novel of its day, while it stands incomparably above these models themselves in purity. But though the account of Miss Burney's feelings, when informed of the approval of her father, be sufficiently pleasing, we must say that even the youth of the writer, and the intended confinement of her diary to the eyes of her sisters, cannot make us look with toleration on all the butterings and flutterings, shiverings and quiverings, blushings and flushings, set down relative to Miss Burney's state of authorship in the diary—ultimately arranged by herself, by the way, for the world's eye, and recently published. The entire three volumes, now before us, are stuffed with what this one said, and that one wrote, about Miss Burney's novels, while all the time the diarist is prettily disclaiming all sense of merit, and affecting to believe one-half of such commendations to be fudge. This sort of thing is carried to an extent, in short, which nearly blinds one to the real humour and tact for observation discernible in many of the pictures of society given by the fair diarist. To prove our words, let us open a page at random. It is page 64, vol. i., and the first sentence that there meets the eye is one from the lips of Dr Johnson, with whom, as well as with Mrs Thrale, Miss Burney became very intimate. "I am too proud now to eat [of mutton,]" says the doctor; "sitting by Miss Burney makes me very proud to-day." Turn over a leaf of the diary, and lo! again says the doctor, alluding to a lady having called for a pint of ale, "Madame Duval could not have done a grosser thing." Madame Duval being a character in "Evelina," our authoress here diarises: "Oh, how every body laughed! and to be sure I did not glow at all, nor munch fast, nor look on my plate, nor lose any part of my usual composure!" Sometimes Miss Burney punished her vanity by these affectations. For example, "a gentleman," says she, "inquiring for my father, was asked into the parlour. The then inhabitants were only my mother and me. In entered a square old gentleman, well-wigged, formal, grave, and important. He seated himself. My mother asked if he had any message for my father? 'No, none.' Then he regarded me with a certain dry kind of attention for some time; after which, turning suddenly to my mother, he demanded, 'Pray, ma'am, is this your daughter?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Oh! this is Evelina, is it?' 'No, sir,' cried I, staring at him, and glad none of you were in the way to say Yes. 'No?' repeated he, incredulous; 'is not your name Evelina, ma'am?' 'Dear, no, sir,' again quoth I, staring harder. 'Ma'am,' cried he, drily, 'I beg your pardon! I had understood your name was Evelina.' And soon after, he went away. When he put down his card, who should it prove but Dr Franklin!" Miss Burney would have liked well enough to be personally known to Dr Franklin as the authoress of "Evelina."

Betwixt 1778 and 1786, at which latter period a

great change took place in Miss Burney's situation by her becoming Mistress of the Robes to the Queen, the authoress of "Evelina" added the novel of "Cecilia" to the number of her works, and sustained her credit by it in the literary world. Her time in the interval was spent chiefly in literary society, and the most interesting parts of the diary refer to Samuel Johnson, Mrs Thrale, Burke, Seward, and Boswell. A specimen of her anecdotes may be here given; and firstly, let us give a sample of Dr Johnson's domineering disposition, and the way in which he made all bow to him. "Mrs Burney had on a very pretty linen jacket and coat, and was going to church; but Dr Johnson, who, I suppose, did not like her in a jacket, saw something was the matter, and so found fault with the linen; and he looked and peered, and then said, 'Why, madam, this wont do! you must not go to church so!' So away went poor Mrs Burney and changed her gown! And when she had done so, he did not like it, but he did not know why; so he told her she should not wear a black hat and cloak in summer. Oh, how he did bother poor Mrs Burney; and himself too, for if the things had been put on to his mind, he would have taken no notice of them." Again, for the other side of the picture. "At tea-time the subject turned upon the domestic economy of Dr Johnson's own household. Mrs Thrale has often acquainted me that his house is quite filled and overrun with all sorts of strange creatures, whom he admits for mere charity, and because nobody else will admit then—for his charity is unbounded, or, rather, bounded only by his circumstances. Mrs Thrale—'And pray, who is clerk of your kitchen, sir?' Dr Johnson—'Why, madam, I am afraid there is none; a general anarchy prevails in my kitchen, as I am told by Mr Levat, who says it is not now what it used to be!' 'Mr Levat, I suppose, sir, has the office of keeping the hospital in health; for he is an apothecary.' 'Levat, madam, is a brutal fellow, but I have a good regard for him; for his brutality is in his manners, not his mind.' 'But pray, sir, who is the Poll you talk of? She that you used to abet in her quarrels with Mrs Williams, and call out, 'At her again, Poll! Never flinch, Poll!'' 'Why, I took to Poll very well at first, but she wont do upon a nearer examination.' 'How came she among you, sir?' 'Why, I don't rightly remember, but we could spare her very well from us. Poll is a stupid slut; I had some hopes of her at first; but when I talked to her tightly and closely, I could make nothing of her; she was wiggle-waggle, and I could never persuade her to be categorical. I wish Miss Burney would come among us; if she would only give us a week, we should furnish her with ample materials for a new scene in her next work.'"

Miss Burney began her attendance at court in July or August 1786. Kind though George III. and Queen Charlotte ever were to her, the situation of Mistress of the Royal Robes was rendered very disagreeable by the German women about the queen, and, above all, by the stiff etiquette practised at court. Our space will not permit us to enter on the scenes which Miss Burney witnessed in her court place, but we may point attention to these as among the most amusing things in her journal. We learn from them that the system of rigid, unbending ceremony prevalent in palaces, which wearies out the souls and bodies alike of the chamber grooms and other attendants, is not less fatiguing, in reality, to the royal parties in whose honour it is maintained, and that their lives are but one long yawn. Such, at least, was the case with the third George and his queen; and such must ever be most especially the case where the royal personages, like them, are good dull folks, of exemplary life.

At the end of five years, Miss Burney's spirits and health fairly sunk under her "honourable" office, and she was forced to quit it. Shortly afterwards, she became acquainted with Count Alexander Piochard D'Arblay, an emigrant artillery officer of France, and an attachment took place, which terminated in their union in 1793. Led by this event to take an interest in the French refugees, she drew up some "Reflections relative to the Emigrant Clergy of France," and published the essay for their benefit. Another production from her pen was a tragedy entitled "Edwy and Elgitha," produced at Drury Lane in 1795. It attracted no attention, though her ordinary style of literary composition was most certainly dramatic in no ordinary degree, as her novels and memoirs prove beyond question. So obvious was this quality of her genius, indeed, that Sheridan and others had long before endeavoured to direct her attention to the stage. Some incomplete pieces, however, were the only result. Her reputation as the first novelist of the time seems not to have been affected by the mediocre success of her tragedy, since, in 1796, a new novel from her pen, styled "Camilla," received subscriptions to the amount of *three thousand guineas*. When we consider that she got but twenty pounds for "Evelina," a novel of far greater merit, the dependence of literary earnings upon the repute of the author becomes strikingly apparent. With the proceeds from her novel, which her husband's position rendered not unimportant, Madame D'Arblay built a neat villa or hermitage, which she called "Camilla Cottage," and in which she spent her days in quiet, until the peace of 1802 attracted her husband to Paris. Madame D'Arblay accompanied him, and, contrary to intention, found herself obliged to remain there, M. D'Arblay having been led to form connexions with Napoleon which he afterwards could not in honour retract from. The Russian campaign of 1812 gave the subject of our memoir an opportunity of returning to England, where her husband joined her, and remained till the close of his life in 1818.

Two additional works, "The Wanderer," a novel published in 1814, and "Memoirs of Dr Burney," issued in 1832, were the fruit of Madame D'Arblay's leisure hours, subsequently to her return to England. For the first of these works she received L.1500, though it was less esteemed, and, indeed, possessed much less merit, than any of her earlier novels; the last of them, though marked by blemishes similar to those of her posthumously published "Diary," and bearing some tokens, moreover, of the natural decline of the author's powers, contains many interesting anecdotes relative to the eminent parties with whom Dr Burney associated. For some years after her return to England, Madame D'Arblay had the pleasure of witnessing the high estimation in which her brothers Admiral James Burney, and Dr Charles Burney, the celebrated Greek scholar, were held; and she also enjoyed the society of her son, the Rev. Alexander D'Arblay, curate of Camden Town Chapel. He died, however, in 1837, and his mother did not long survive him. She breathed her last at Bath, on the 6th of January 1840, in her eighty-eighth year.

Madame D'Arblay was almost the last, if not the very last, surviving link betwixt the present age of literature and that of Johnson and Goldsmith. She was undoubtedly a woman of fine talents, and her novels of "Evelina" and "Cecilia" are among the few of the old school which reward perusal, and merit preservation. They hold a middle place betwixt those of Richardson and Fielding, having much of the pure sentiment of the former combined with no slight degree of the wit and humour of the latter novelist. If just, as we believe it to be, this view of the matter places Madame D'Arblay in no mean rank among the novelists of Britain.

LIEBIG'S ANIMAL CHEMISTRY.

RATHER more than twelve months ago,* we presented a brief analysis of one of the greatest works of modern times—"Organic Chemistry in its Application to Agriculture and Physiology," by Dr Justus Liebig, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Giessen, a small town in Germany. The work had been presented in the form of a report to the British Association at its meeting in 1840, and purported to be only the first of a series of treatises completing the subject. At the late meeting of the association at Manchester, the learned doctor presented the second part of his great undertaking, through the medium of Dr Lyon Playfair; and from the report of proceedings on the occasion, the country has already acquired an idea of what constitutes the subject matter of this new addition to Liebig's views of organic chemistry. As we consider this a highly important branch of scientific inquiry, with which it is proper the people should be made acquainted, we propose to give an outline of the professor's discoveries and observations, drawn from a more accurate source than the rough notes of the newspaper reporters. We take Liebig's report as lately published in the form of an octavo volume, and endeavour to present the same kind of analysis of its contents as we did of the preceding.†

The first work referred to the chemistry of vegetable life; that is, the character of those elementary bodies which went to the formation of vegetables, as, for example, gases and the component parts of manures; the present refers to the chemistry of animal organisation, including the principles of vitality, assimilation, nutrition, heat, consumption of parts, secretion, and other conditions of animal existence. Thus, an extensive series of phenomena is treated of, and questions raised of the greatest importance in physiological science. The learned investigator commences with the subject of vitality—"a certain remarkable force, the source of growth, of increase of mass, and of reproduction, or of supply of the matter consumed; a force in a state of rest."

"The increase of mass in a plant," he proceeds to say, "is determined by the occurrence of a decomposition which takes place in certain parts of the plant under the influence of light and heat. In the vital process, as it goes on in vegetables, it is exclusively inorganic matter which undergoes this decomposition; and if, with the most distinguished mineralogists, we consider atmospherical air and certain other gases as minerals, it may be said that the vital process in vegetables accomplishes the transformation of mineral substances into an organism endued with life—that the mineral becomes part of an organ possessing vital force.

The increase of mass in a living plant implies that certain component parts of its nourishment become component parts of the plant; and a comparison of the chemical composition of the plant with that of its nourishment makes known to us, with positive certainty, which of the component parts of the latter have been assimilated, and which have been rejected.

The observations of vegetable physiologists and the researches of chemists have mutually contributed to establish the fact, that the growth and development of vegetables depend on the elimination of oxygen, which is separated from the other component parts of their nourishment. In contradistinction to vegetable life, the life of animals exhibits itself in the continual absorption of the oxygen of the air, and its combination with certain component parts of the animal body. While no part of an organised being can serve as food to vegetables, until, by the processes of putrefaction and decay, it has assumed the form of inorganic matter, the animal organism requires, for its support and development, highly organised atoms. The food of all animals, in all circumstances, consists of parts of organisms."

Then, with respect to the faculty of locomotion—"Everything in the animal organism to which the name of *motion* can be applied, proceeds from the nervous apparatus. The phenomena of motion in vegetables, the circulation of the sap, for example, observed in many of the characeæ, and the closing of flowers and leaves, depend on physical and mechanical causes. A plant is destitute of nerves. Heat and light are the remote causes of motion in vegetables; but in animals we recognise in the nervous apparatus a source of power, capable of renewing itself at every moment of their existence.

While the assimilation of food in vegetables, and the whole process of their formation, are dependent on certain external influences which produce motion, the development of the animal organism is, to a certain extent, independent of these external influences, just because the animal body can produce within itself that source of motion which is indispensable to the vital process.

Assimilation, or the process of formation and growth—in other words, the passage of matter from a state of motion to that of rest—goes on in the same way in animals and in vegetables. In both, the same cause determines the increase of mass. This constitutes the true vegetative life which is carried on without consciousness.

The activity of vegetative life manifests itself in vegetables with the aid of external influences; in animals, by means of influences produced within their organism. Digestion, circulation, secretion, are no doubt under the influence of the nervous system; but the force which gives to the germ, the leaf, and the radical fibres of the vegetable the same wonderful properties, is the same as that residing in the secreting membranes and glands of animals, and which enables every animal organ to perform its own proper function. It is only the source of motion that differs in the two great classes of organised beings."

Passing over some observations on the insufficiency of all theory without a close examination of facts, the author goes on to state that all increase to the body is carried on through the agency of deposits from the blood. His remarks on this transformation are startling:—"All the parts of the animal body are produced from a peculiar fluid, circulating in its organism by virtue of an influence residing in every cell, in every organ, or part of an organ. Physiology teaches that all parts of the body were originally blood, or that at least they were brought to the growing organs by means of this fluid. The most ordinary experience further shows, that at each moment of life, in the animal organism, a continued change of matter, more or less accelerated, is going on; that a part of the structure is transformed into unorganised matter, loses its condition of life, and must be again renewed. Physiology has sufficiently decisive grounds for the opinion that every motion, every manifestation of force, is the result of a transformation of the structure or of its substance; that every conception, every mental affection, is followed by changes in the chemical nature of the secreted fluids; that every thought, every sensation, is accompanied by a change in the composition of the substance of the brain."

Vitality is a consequence of the action of certain transformations; we can discover the laws which govern the transformation, but we can never learn what life—the ultimate result—actually is. In such inquiries, "Wonders surround us on every side. The formation of a crystal, of an octahedron, is not less incomprehensible than the production of a leaf or of a muscular fibre; and the production of vermilion from mercury and sulphur is as much an enigma as the formation of an eye from the substance of the blood.

The first conditions of animal life are nutritious matters and oxygen, introduced into the system. At every moment of his life, man is taking oxygen into his system, by means of the organs of respiration; no pause is observable while life continues.

The observations of physiologists have shown that the body of an adult man, supplied with sufficient food, has neither increased nor diminished in weight at the end of twenty-four hours; yet the quantity of oxygen taken into the system during this period is very considerable.

* No. 485, May 15, 1841.

† Animal Chemistry, or Organic Chemistry in its Applications to Physiology, by Justus Liebig. Edited by W. Gregory, Professor of Medicine, Aberdeen. London: Taylor and Walton, Upper Gower Street. 1842.

According to the experiments of Lavoisier, an adult man takes into his system, from the atmosphere, in one year, 746 pounds—according to Menzies, 837 pounds—of oxygen; yet we find his weight, at the beginning and end of the year, either quite the same, or differing, one way or the other, by at most a few pounds.

What, it may be asked, has become of the enormous weight of oxygen thus introduced, in the course of a year, into the human system?

This question may be answered satisfactorily: no part of this oxygen remains in the system, but it is given out again in the form of a compound of carbon or of hydrogen.

The carbon and hydrogen of certain parts of the body have entered into combination with the oxygen introduced through the lungs and through the skin, and have been given out in the forms of carbonic acid gas and the vapour of water.

At every moment, with every expiration, certain quantities of its elements separate from the animal organism, after having entered into combination, within the body, with the oxygen of the atmosphere.

If we assume, with Lavoisier and Séguin, in order to obtain a foundation for our calculation, that an adult man receives into his system daily 32½ ounces (46,037 cubic inches = 15,661 grains, French weight) of oxygen, and that the weight of the whole mass of his blood, of which 80 per cent. is water, is 24 pounds, it then appears, from the known composition of the blood, that in order to convert the whole of its carbon and hydrogen into carbonic acid and water, 64,103 grains of oxygen are required. This quantity will be taken into the system of an adult in four days five hours.

Whether this oxygen enters into combination with the elements of the blood, or with other parts of the body containing carbon and hydrogen, in either case the conclusion is inevitable, that the body of a man who daily takes into the system 32½ ounces of oxygen must receive daily, in the shape of nourishment, as much carbon and hydrogen as would suffice to supply 24 pounds of blood with these elements; it being presupposed that the weight of the body remains unchanged, and that it retains its normal condition as to health. This supply is furnished in the food."

It appears that a man, taking moderate exercise in the open air, requires 37 ounces of oxygen daily. Since no part of this large supply of oxygen "taken into the system is again given off in any other form but that of a compound of carbon or hydrogen—since, further, the carbon and hydrogen given off are replaced by carbon and hydrogen supplied in the food—it is clear that the amount of nourishment required by the animal body must be in a direct ratio to the quantity of oxygen taken into the system.

Two animals, which in equal times take up by means of the lungs and skin unequal quantities of oxygen, consume quantities of the same nourishment which are unequal in the same ratio.

The consumption of oxygen in equal times may be expressed by the number of respirations; it is clear that, in the same individual, the quantity of nourishment required must vary with the force and number of the respirations.

A child, in whom the organs of respiration are naturally very active, requires food oftener than an adult, and bears hunger less easily. A bird, deprived of food, dies on the third day; while a serpent, with its sluggish respiration, can live without food three months and longer. The number of respirations is smaller in a state of rest than during exercise or work. The quantity of food necessary in both conditions must vary in the same ratio. An excess of food is incompatible with deficiency in respired oxygen, that is, with deficient exercise; just as violent exercise, which implies an increased supply of food, is incompatible with weak digestive organs. In either case the health suffers. But the quantity of oxygen inspired is also affected by the temperature and density of the atmosphere.

The capacity of the chest in an animal is a constant quantity. At every respiration a quantity of air enters, the volume of which may be considered as uniform; but its weight, and consequently that of the oxygen it contains, is not constant. Air is expanded by heat, and contracted by cold, and therefore equal volumes of hot and cold air contain unequal weights of oxygen. In summer, moreover, atmospherical air contains aqueous vapour, while in winter it is dry; the space occupied by vapour in the warm air is filled up by air itself in winter; that is, it contains, for the same volume, more oxygen in winter than in summer.

In summer and in winter, at the pole and at the equator, we respire an equal volume of air; the cold air is warmed during respiration, and acquires the temperature of the body. To introduce into the lungs a given volume of oxygen, less expenditure of force is necessary in winter than in summer; and for the same expenditure, more oxygen is inspired in winter.

It is obvious, that in an equal number of respirations we consume more oxygen at the level of the sea than on a mountain. The quantity both of oxygen inspired, and of carbonic acid expired, must therefore vary with the height of the barometer.

The oxygen taken into the system is given out again in the same forms, whether in summer or in winter; hence we expire more carbon in cold weather, and when the barometer is high, than we do in warm weather; and we must consume more or less carbon in our food in the same proportion; in Sweden more than in Sicily; and in our more temperate climate a full eighth more in winter than in summer.

Even when we consume equal weights of food in cold and warm countries, infinite wisdom has so arranged, that the articles of food in different climates are most unequal in the proportion of carbon they contain. The fruits on which the natives of the south prefer to feed do not, in the fresh state, contain more than 12 per cent. of carbon, while the bacon and train oil used by the inhabitants of the arctic regions contain from 66 to 80 per cent. of carbon.

It is no difficult matter, in warm climates, to study moderation in eating, and men can bear hunger for a long time under the equator; but cold and hunger united very soon exhaust the body.

The mutual action between the elements of the food and the oxygen conveyed by the circulation of the blood to every part of the body is *the source of animal heat.*"

The author proceeds to show how food is the fuel that is constantly required to feed the animal heat; and his observations on this and other interesting parts of his subject will engage our attention in a concluding notice of his work.

THE PLEASURE SEEKER.

[From BIZARRE FABLES, a small and amusing work which we lately recommended to notice.]

AT the close of a sultry day in August, when the sunlight was slowly fading from the sky, and yielding to the mild splendour of the full harvest moon; when the refreshing coolness and delicious calmness of the evening invited all who had sound limbs to walk the earth, and all who had sound lungs to breathe the air; at this time, and in a spot surrounded by the most beautiful scenery in England, a young man lighted his lamp, closely shut his window, drew the curtain, and, opening a book, sat down at the table to read.

This young man did not consider himself mad—neither was he considered so by others. Let me, then, account for these mad proceedings.

Some three months before, he had been conveyed to the cottage where he now resided, in so wretched a state of health that life could hardly be said to inspirit him. By quiet, fresh air, and simple fare, he had been restored nearly to perfect convalescence; but langour and dejection still remained—the residue of the utter mental and bodily prostration which had so lately passed away.

Walter Everett, the invalid, was by profession a Thinker, and had brought on his illness by the exercise of his profession. He had committed the double sin of overworking the brain, and underworking every other bodily organ, and the penance he suffered was severe in proportion. Reading and meditation carried to excess are as destructive, and quite as foolish, as other modes of dissipation.

On this particular evening, for the first time since his illness, he resolved to study as of old. The brightly-burning lamp, the shining white page, again were before him, and all his former feeling of subdued enthusiasm came back with the familiar appearances. The shaken nerves, the dim eyes, were forgotten; and the study which had made them so was remembered only for the benefits it could yield.

But was there no one near to mark this rash self-will, and gently to remonstrate? Lucy, who had sympathised with him in sickness and recovery—who had attended on and cheered him like a ministering angel—was near. She no sooner witnessed the closing of the window, the lighting of the lamp, and the opening of the book, than she stole softly behind his chair, and bringing her pretty face over his shoulder, looked on the page with a playful, scornful air. "What is this, Walter?" said she; "philosophy? nonsense! Shut up your philosophy: we want none this evening."

"And why not this evening, dear Lucy?"

"Because I am determined that you shall not bring on a return of your illness," replied Lucy. "You have not studied now for six months, and you must begin this evening, forsooth! I'll not allow it."

"You are peremptory, Lucy!" said Walter, with a smile.

"Peremptory!" exclaimed Lucy; "yes, it is enough to make any one peremptory. Tell me," continued she demurely, "have you not often declared that the great object of existence to a rational being is the discovery of the means of producing pleasure and the means of producing pain—the adoption of the first, and the rejection of the last; moreover, that a pleasure which is evidently inferior to another pleasure, or which is necessarily mixed up with, or followed by, a greater pain, should be avoided, and that only enjoyed which is in its nature of the highest and purest. Have you not declared all this, and more than this; a great deal more than I can either remember or understand?"

"Granted!" replied Walter, laughing. "Proceed, most philosophical madam!"

"Then, most unphilosophical sir," exclaimed Lucy, "I charge you with acting against your own doctrine. You have done so habitually, and, undeterred by experience, you wish to do so now."

"Ha, Lucy!" exclaimed Walter; "that is a serious charge, indeed! Explain, my dear girl, explain!"

"I will," said Lucy; "and undertake to convert you before I finish my discourse. A pleasure is not to be enjoyed, you say, which is evidently inferior to another pleasure, or which is necessarily mixed up with, or followed by, a greater pain. Now, what caused your illness, pray? Why, your violation of both these maxims. You secluded yourself eternally to read, as if reading were the highest pleasure in the world; and you read with such infatuated eagerness as to ruin your health. Was *this* conduct worthy of a rational being?"

"I plead guilty to the second count of your indictment," said Walter, "but not to the first. I *did* read to excess, I own; but reading itself is, certainly, to use your own words, a pleasure in its nature of the highest and purest."

"Wait a little," said Lucy, "I have not half done with you yet. I maintain that you injured your mental more than your bodily health, and have actually rendered yourself incapable of distinguishing between the different degrees of pleasure. You have read until you can relish nothing but reading. Your highest pleasure has become—the consideration of the means to arrive at pleasure. You have chased a desired thing so long, that you prefer the chase to the possession of the object chased. I accuse you of being a mere pleasure-seeker, a self-denying pleasure-seeker, who, with what he seeks within his grasp, seizes it not at once, but vainly schemes how to seize it in the cleverest way; or how to seize something else more distant, and therefore more attractive. You do not take the best, you know, but must first ascertain that it is the best existing. Whilst common mortals are enjoying, you are reasoning about enjoyment."

"Go on, Lucy!" said Walter, smiling, but faintly.

Lucy continued:—"You have worn out your eyes, bent your shoulders, and confused your brain, by thinking, and the study of others' thinking. And for what? To be confuted by an untaught girl—even by your own poor Lucy! Ah! my dear philosopher, be advised. Do what I tell you, and you will never do wrong!"

"And what is that, Lucy?" inquired Walter. "Pronounce, my pretty instructress, for pupil I must call you no longer."

"Thus stands the case," said Lucy, deliberately—"you have been laid up ill in this cottage for three months, and are now much recovered. The pleasure which I recommend to you, then, is—the enjoyment of this charming evening. It is a pleasure great in itself, and one that will be followed by no atoning pain. You should walk out, if circumstances allowed it; but this I do not recommend, because you are weak, and the injury caused by walking might be greater than the benefit."

"Logically put!" exclaimed Walter. "Say on, wisest of thy sex!"

"Well," continued Lucy, "what is the inference? The evening air being good for you, and you being unable to go out at the door to meet it, the rational course is, that it should come in at the window to meet you. In other words, you must be careless and happy, instead of meditative and miserable. Here are two chairs by the window. You will sit in one, and I will sit in the other; the casement shall be opened, and the book shall be shut; the lamp shall be put out, and the moonlight shall be let in. Instead of looking on wearying letters, you shall look on trees, and grass, and flowers; and you shall talk love to me, and not think philosophy to yourself. Is it agreed, Walter?"

"No, no, Lucy!" exclaimed Walter; "you have painted the picture very temptingly, but I cannot realise it. We will not sit in the chairs by the window; the casement shall not be opened; the lamp shall not be put out; I will not look on trees, and grass, and flowers; and, hardest yet, I will not talk of love."

"What do you bet that all these things will not come to pass?" said Lucy, with an arch look.

"Bet!" exclaimed Walter; "I am *sure* they will not!"

"But what do you bet?" repeated Lucy, pertinaciously.

"Oh, anything!" said Walter, "anything! and I will give as long odds as you like. Against this embroidered note-book of yours, I will stake—let me see, what shall it be?—a first-rate double-action Errard harp; will that do? It is a most magnanimous bet, considering that I am quite determined to win."

"Done!" said Lucy; and "Done!" said Walter.

The word had scarcely passed his lips, when Lucy, with a sudden and violent expiration, extinguished the lamp; with a turn of her finger she closed the book; and when he started from his seat, angry and astonished at this conduct, she threw her arms round his neck, and pulled him gently towards the window.

Here was the Gordian knot most ridiculously and ingloriously cut at once. It was impudent! it was unbearable! Walter struggled to release himself, and uttered various unpleasing exclamations of rage and defiance. But he could not hurt those tender arms; and a silvery laugh was so catching, and a charming and dearly-loved girl so irresistible, that he fairly gave in, yielded himself to his fate, and joined in the laugh with right good will. Lucy placed him in one chair by the window; then she drew the curtain, opened the casement, and sat herself down in the other chair. The moonlight streamed in and displayed the trees, and grass, and flowers without.

Whether Walter talked love to Lucy, I know not; but I suspect that the wager was won in every particular, as Lucy certainly retained her note-book, and

was shortly afterwards presented with a first-rate double-action Errard harp.

MORAL.—When pleasure hovers about your dwelling, open your casement in welcome; for it is most shy and capricious, and never fails to resent any sign of inhospitality.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

CASE OF HARRISON AND THE PERRYS.

In the interesting collection of papers made by Harley, Earl of Oxford, and well known under the title of "The Harleian Miscellany," a pamphlet, of date September 1676, is found, containing an account of the mysterious disappearance of a man denominated William Harrison, and the unhappy consequences that resulted therefrom. The narrative is authenticated by the name of the writer, Sir Thomas Overbury, nephew to the ill-fated gentleman of the same designation, who was so barbarously assassinated in the year 1613. We here abridge the details of the affair of Harrison, which were derived by Sir Thomas from minute inquiries made on the scene of the occurrence.

William Harrison was steward to Viscountess Campden of Campden, in Gloucestershire. On Thursday the 16th of August 1660, he left Campden to walk on foot to Charringworth, about two miles distant, in order there to receive his lady's rents. Harrison was a man of about seventy years of age, yet hale and healthy, and had been accustomed frequently to take similar journeys. On the evening mentioned, however, he did not return at the usual time, and Mrs Harrison, between eight and nine o'clock that evening, sent her servant John Perry to meet his master on the way from Charringworth; but neither Mr Harrison nor his servant John Perry returning that night, the next morning early, Edward Harrison (William's son) went towards Charringworth to inquire after his father. On the way, meeting Perry coming thence, and being informed by him that his father was not there, they went together to Ebrington, a village between Charringworth and Campden, where they were told by one Daniel that Mr Harrison had called at his house the evening before, in his return from Charringworth, but did not stay. Then they went to Paxford, about half a mile thence, where hearing nothing of Mr Harrison, they returned towards Campden; and on the way, learning that a hat, a band, and comb, had been taken up in the highway between Ebrington and Campden, by a poor woman then working in the field, they sought her out, and with her found the hat, band, and comb, which they knew to be Mr Harrison's; and being brought by the woman to the place where she found the same, they there searched for Mr Harrison, supposing he had been murdered, the hat and comb being hacked and cut, and the band bloody; but nothing more could be there found. The news hereof coming to Campden so alarmed the town, that men, women, and children hastened in multitudes to search for Mr Harrison's supposed dead body, but all in vain.

Mrs Harrison's fears for her husband were now much increased; and the circumstance of Perry being sent out the evening before to meet his master, and not returning that night, caused a suspicion that he had robbed and murdered him. Perry was the next day brought before a justice of peace; and being examined concerning his master's absence, and his own staying out on the night when he went to meet Mr Harrison, he made a rambling statement relative to his fears of travelling in the dark, which had led him to sleep in the hen-roost, he said, till the moon rose, after which he went towards Charringworth, but, in consequence of a mist, was obliged to lie down under a hedge, and did not get to the village till the morning came. He only heard then that his master had been there, and had received twenty-three pounds on the previous day. Four persons who had seen Perry confirmed his account of his own movements on the night and morning in question.

Notwithstanding this account which Perry gave of his staying out that night, it was not thought fit to discharge him till further inquiries were made after Mr Harrison; and accordingly he continued in custody at Campden, sometimes in an inn there, and sometimes in the common prison, from Saturday the 18th of August to the Friday following, during which time he was again examined at Campden by the aforesaid justice of peace, but confessed nothing more than before, nor at that time could any further discovery be made what was become of Mr Harrison. But it hath been said, that, during his restraint at Campden, he told some, who pressed him to confess what he knew concerning his master, that a tinker had killed him; and to others, that a gentleman's servant of the neighbourhood had robbed and murdered him; while to others, again, he told that Mr Harrison was murdered and hid in a bean-rick in Campden. But there search was in vain made for him.

At length Perry mentioned that were he again carried before the justice, he would discover to that gentleman what he would discover to nobody else. And thereupon he was (Friday, August the 24th) again brought before the justice of peace, who first examined him, and asked him whether he would yet confess what was become of his master? He answered, "Mr Harrison was murdered, but not by him." The justice of the peace then told him, that if he knew his master to be murdered, he knew likewise by whom it was done. He acknowledged he did; and being urged to confess what he knew concerning it, affirmed, "That it was his mother and his brother that had murdered his master." The justice of peace then advised him to consider what he said, telling him that he feared he might be guilty of his master's death, and that he should not draw more innocent blood upon his head; for what he now charged his mother and brother with might cost them their lives; but he affirming he spoke nothing but the truth, and that if he were immediately to die he would justify it, the justice desired him to declare how and when they did it.

John Perry then stated, that his mother and brother had long urged him to steal money for them; and that at length, on the evening when his mistress sent him to meet his master, he met his brother in the street, and consented to aid him in robbing and murdering Mr Harrison. They watched the latter accordingly, and the brother, after being joined by the mother, attacked him; at which he (John) told his brother he hoped he would not kill his master; who replied, "Peace, peace; you're a fool," and so strangled him. This done, the brother took a bag of money out of his pocket, and threw it into his mother's lap; and then he and his brother carried his master's dead body into the garden adjoining to the Conygree, where they consulted what to do with it, and at length agreed to throw it into the great sink, by Wallington's Mill, behind the garden; and being asked whether it was there, John Perry further said he knew not, for that he left it in the garden, and his mother and brother said they would throw it in there; and if it were not there, he knew not where it was, for that he returned no more to them, but went to the court-gate which goes into the town, where he met with John Pierce, with whom he went into the field, and again returned with him to his master's gate; after which he went into the hen-roost, where he lay till twelve o'clock that night, but slept not; and having, when he came from his mother and brother, brought with him his master's hat-band and comb, which he laid on the hen-roost, he carried the said hat-band and comb, and threw them, after he had given them three or four cuts with his knife, in the highway, where they were afterwards found. And being asked what he intended by so doing, he said he did it that it might be believed his master had been there robbed and murdered; and having thus disposed of his hat-band and comb, he went towards Charringworth, &c., as hath been related.

Upon this confession and accusation, the justice of peace ordered the apprehension of Joan and Richard Perry, the mother and brother of John Perry, and for searching the sink where Mr Harrison's body was said to be thrown; which was accordingly done, but nothing of him could be there found. The fish-pools in Campden were likewise drawn and searched, but nothing could be found.

Saturday, August the 25th, Joan and Richard Perry, together with John Perry, were brought before the justice of peace, who acquainting the said Joan and Richard with what John had laid to their charge, they denied all, with many imprecations on themselves if they were in the least guilty of anything of which they were accused. But John, on the other side, affirmed, to their faces, that he had spoken nothing but the truth, and that they had murdered his master; further telling them, that he could never be at quiet for them since he came into his master's service, being continually followed by them to help them to money, which they told him he might do by giving them notice when his master went to receive his lady's rents; and that he, meeting his brother Richard in Campden town the Thursday morning his master went to Charringworth, told him whither he was going, and upon what errand. Richard confessed he met his brother that morning, and spoke with him, but nothing passed between them to that purpose; and both he and his mother told John he was a villain to accuse them wrongfully as he had done. But John, on the other side, affirmed that he had spoken nothing but the truth, and would justify it to his death.

The morrow being Sunday, they remained at Campden, where the minister of the place, designing to speak to them (if possible to persuade them to repentance, and a farther confession), they were brought to church; and in their way thither, passing by Richard's house, two of his children meeting him, he took the lesser in his arm, leading the other in his hand, when suddenly *both their noses fell a-bleeding*, which was looked upon as ominous.

At the next assizes, held in the spring following, John, Joan, and Richard Perry were tried by the then judge of assize, Sir Robert Hyde, knight, upon the indictment of murder, and pleaded thereunto, severally, not guilty; and when John's confession before the justice was proved *viva voce* by several witnesses who heard the same, he told them he was then mad, and knew not what he said. The other two, Richard and Joan Perry, said they were wholly innocent, and that they knew nothing of Mr Harrison's death, or what was become of him; Richard also said that his brother had accused others as well as him of having murdered his master; which the judge bidding him prove, he said that most of those that had given evidence against him knew it; but naming none, not any one spoke to it, and so the jury found them all three guilty.

Some few days after, being brought to the place of their execution, which was on Broadway Hill, within sight of Campden, the mother (being reputed a witch, and to have so bewitched the sons, that they could confess nothing while she lived) was executed first. After which, Richard, being upon the ladder, professed, as he had done all along, that he was wholly innocent of the fact for which he was then to die; and did with great earnestness beg and beseech his brother, for the satisfaction of the whole world and his own conscience, to declare what he knew concerning him; but John, with a dogged and surly carriage, told the people he was not obliged to confess to them. Yet, immediately before his death, he said that he knew nothing of his master's death, nor what was become of him, but that they might hereafter possibly hear.

Such, nearly, in his own uncurtailed language, is the statement of Sir Thomas Overbury relative to the fate of the Perrys. Unhappily, the assertions of John Perry, whatever might be his motives for making them, were proved to be utterly false, when it was too late to rectify the error, by the return of William Harrison to Campden, about two years after his disappearance. His written statement to Sir Thomas Overbury accounted for his mysterious removal in the following manner:—"On my return home [from Charringworth to Campden, he means], I met among Ebrington furzes one horseman, who said, 'Art thou there?' and I, fearing he would have rid over me, struck his horse over the nose; whereupon he struck at me with his sword several blows, and run it into my side, while I, with my little cane, made my defence as well as I could. At last another came behind me, and run me in the thigh, laid hold on the collar of my doublet, and drew me to a hedge near that place, where a third party joined them. They did not take my money, but mounted me behind one of them, drew my arms about his middle, and fastened my wrists together with something that had a spring-lock to it, as I conceived, by hearing it give a snap as they put it on; then they threw a great cloak over me, and carried me away."

In this manner, according to the statement of the old man, his captors hurried him along, incapable of resisting through the severity of his wounds, until, on Sunday morning, "they brought me (he says) to a place by the sea-side, called Deal, where they laid me down on the ground; and one of them staying by me, the other two walked a little off, to *meet a man*, with whom they talked; and in their discourse I heard them mention *seven pounds*, after which they went away together, and about half an hour after returned. The man, whose name, as I after heard, was Wrenshaw, said he feared I would die before he could get me on board. Then presently they put me into a boat, and carried me on ship board, where my wounds were dressed."

Harrison recovered slowly from his wounds on board, and, after a time, was put into a Turkish vessel, as if by arrangement, and was taken to Smyrna, where he was sold as a slave. "It was my chance to be chosen by a grave physician of eighty-seven years of age, who lived near to Smyrna, who had formerly been in England, and knew Crowland in Lincolnshire, which he preferred before all other places in England."

For a year and some months Harrison remained here, decently treated, and moderately worked, by his master. That personage was at length seized with a mortal illness, and, before his decease, told Harrison that he was free to look after himself. Possessed of a silver bowl, he got secretly on board of a vessel bound for Lisbon, by bribing two sailors with it; and when in the Portuguese capital, found some Englishmen, who procured him a passage to England.

The deplorable end of the three Perrys, and the strange nature of this whole story, caused much speculation to be exercised on the subject. Notwithstanding the excellent character ever borne by William Harrison, many had "hard thoughts" of the old man, but suspicion could fix upon no reason, of the slightest plausibility, for a voluntary disappearance. One conjecture *was* made, to which some probability attached; and this was, that Harrison's own *son* was the author of his abduction. "Some believe," says Sir Thomas Overbury, "that the hopes of the stewardship, which the young man afterwards, by the Lord Campden's favour, enjoyed, might induce him to contrive his father's removal; and this they are the more confirmed in by his *misbehaviour in the office*." Sir Thomas, however, a man of good heart, thinks that the son would not, in case of personal guilt, have prosecuted the Perrys so bitterly as he did, nor have procured the suspension of John Perry in chains, at a spot where he could daily see the body. But as such violence to a father presupposes a spirit of the most wicked order, we fear that the conduct of young Harrison to the Perrys only rendered the presumption greater of his being the criminal party in the first instance. He, alone, as has been said, appeared to have any interest in the commission of such an act.

The conduct of John Perry in some measure justifies the extremity to which the law proceeded against himself, his brother, and his mother. Whether his behaviour sprung from motives of revenge, or was the result of insanity, it is impossible now to say. Happily, now-a-days, the production of the body would be demanded by the law in the absence of direct ocular testimony, ere criminality should be decisively assumed.

The hope which Sir Thomas Overbury expresses, that in due time light would be thrown on the dark portions of this story, was never fulfilled.

SWISS WATCHMAKERS.

From Mr Adam Thomson (25, New Bond Street, London), a gentleman known as the writer of a useful treatise on Time and Time-keepers, we have received a letter, in which we are charged with injustice in lately speaking of the watchmaking trade of Neuchatel.

"Speaking of Swiss watchmakers, you say, 'They are untaxed, live in a simple manner, possess a finer taste, and, from their temperateness of living, have a greater delicacy of hand than the generality of English workmen.' That the Swiss are untaxed, that their tithes are voluntary, and that they live in a simple manner, is true, but the latter part of your remark is incorrect. The French excel us in taste, from having had the advantage of a national school of design; and the Swiss watch, in size and appearance, is but a copy of that of the French. In England, when utility was preferred to ornament, there was never sufficient demand to encourage the manufacture of mere toys. In the reign of George IV., our aristocracy first set the fashion which has now descended to all grades, the greater cheapness of the foreign production having increased the demand. Have these futile ornaments ever advanced science or bettered the condition of mankind? What country first gave the mariner a machine to guide him in his uncertain way? Have not the labours of Graham, Harrison, Arnold, Earnshaw, and Mudge, past members of this now sinking art in England, done more for science and commerce than all the makers of handsome and curious watches in Europe?

The Swiss workman cultivates his own acre of land, and feels himself of some importance in his native country; and it is true that the man who has to struggle with poverty can scarcely attain such a moral dignity; but English watchmakers, as a class, are remarkable for their 'temperateness of living,' their industry and intellect; their 'nimble fingers' ply their vocation as industriously as those you describe, and sometimes (so pressing are their necessities) even on that day which a kind Providence set apart as much for bodily relaxation as for mental improvement.

With regard to your assertion, that English workmen have less 'delicacy of hand,' I can only say that, in an extensive connexion with both French and Swiss watchmakers (some of whom were not unwilling to arrogate to themselves a little more than their due), I never met one who even hinted at such a distinction; on the contrary, they admit that their best watches are those which most resemble the English, and that our inventions and improvements are adopted in their best manufacture. Watchmaking is essentially English, deriving its principles from the researches of Newton, Hooke, Harrison, and Graham. Why, then, is this branch of industry leaving us? Not from want of 'delicacy of hand,' but because the English mechanic, to procure the bare necessaries of life, requires at least 35 per cent. more for his labour than his foreign competitor.

As your article cannot fail in having a prejudicial effect on a suffering but deserving class of men, I trust you will endeavour to correct that part at least wherein superior skill is attributed to foreign workmen. There is already a preference for foreign watches, if not by the considerate, by a large portion of the higher classes of our community. This once-boasted manufacture of England is nearly ruined, and thousands of valuable mechanics (from the nature of their occupation, meek and patient men) quietly meet their fate, being unable to sell their productions at the same price as those who are more fortunately situated. I would, however, ask, If this manufacture, so truly English, is to disappear, will not the same cause destroy others even more valuable to the country? If trade were free, the English workman would seek no favour; his intellect and energy would soon better his condition."

To this temperate and well-meant communication, the writer of the article in question can only express his regret that anything which he said, in reference to English watchmakers, should have given offence, or be construed into a means of injury to their interests. As a class, we are most willing to allow that British watchmakers have done much for practical science, are in many respects worthy of Mr Thomson's encomiums, and that they possess a skill not reached by continental imitators. Still, we may be permitted to ask, why they suffer themselves to be cut out of that large and increasing branch of business, which consists in the manufacture of small watches similar to those of Geneva. These watches may be little better than toys, but if people are set on buying them, surely it would be a wise policy to meet the demand. Mr Thomson declares that it is not from any lack of delicacy of hand, but dearth of provisions, that the English workman cannot compete in this manufacture. We entertain serious doubts on the latter point. A skilled Swiss workman will make 8s. or 9s. per week of wages; but an English artisan of the same class, we believe, will make from 16s. to 20s. This addition of wages is much more than 35 per cent. additional on the cost of food; and our conviction is, that with all our social drawbacks, an English workman, if steady and enjoying regular employment, is placed in a condition, and has chances of advancement, far above the Swiss. Our opinion is, that the prosperity of the Swiss handicraftsmen is less owing to cheapness of food than to an exceedingly simple mode of living. They seem to exist happily on a mere trifle, and make up for local disadvantages by sheer industry, a species of economy which we should say was allied to penury, and the absence of all restrictions on trade and commerce. In a late newspaper we find the following paragraph, purporting to be an extract from the Athenæum. It is possibly an exaggeration, and we only introduce it to show that others have taken a severer view of this question than we have done.

"I do not know a more interesting sight than to visit the watchmaking districts [of Switzerland]. A great deal of the work is done in the mountains; and nearly all the rough work is done there by women, the finer work by men. The wages earned are very low, considering the nature of the work; but the fact is that there is no scarcity of that skill and sobriety, and steadiness of hand and eye, essential to this class of work. There is no monopoly of capacity for it, as there is in London. It is highly-paid work there, and the English watch-workmen possess the means of indulging in drink, not unfrequently without enough of moral principle and intelligence to resist the temptation. It is sometimes the case that they get into difficulties before their work is done, pawn their lathe and tools, and finish and spoil it with inferior instruments. Drink soon impairs the nerves, and they lose their steadiness of hand. There is, therefore, a constant scarcity of first-rate hands in London. This is not the case in Switzerland; the moral and primitive habits of the people extend the sobriety essential to the perfection of the art over the whole community. It is in-door work, and suits them during the long continuance of weather too inclement in the mountains to permit of open air occupation. It is surprising how few are the tools, and how delicate the use of them by the artisan peasantry who carry on this manufacture in Switzerland. Carouges and Geneva are the great marts of the trade, and thence work is given out to the surrounding villagers; they must work hard to earn two francs a-day, and the majority do not average more than 30 sols (15d)."

THE THAMES TUNNEL.

The tunnel has now completely reached across the river—a distance of 1200 feet; and the projector and engineer had the gratification, a short time since, of being the first who walked from bank to bank, to the shaft on the London side. Those shafts on both sides of the river which are intended for foot passengers are really grand things. They are a succession of staircases going round a vast circular excavation, between seventy and eighty feet deep, and when they shall be all lighted with gas, will be among the most extraordinary parts of the whole structure. Even now, they strongly realise the poetic conception of the descent into the caverns of the Egyptian mysteries; and the view of the interior, nearly a quarter of a mile in extent, lighted with a long succession of melancholy flames, would probably have suggested to a Greek the image of an entrance into Tartarus. The expense of the stone bridge is enormous. Waterloo Bridge cost upwards of a million—London bridge about as much more. Westminster and Blackfriars Bridges, which were built at a cheaper rate and in cheaper times, so constantly demand repairs, that they probably have cost more than either of the modern ones; but the tunnel has the advantage of giving a passage from side to side of the Thames, where, from the breadth of the river, a stone bridge would have probably cost nearer two millions than one, and where no bridge could be thrown across without blocking up the most important part of the Thames, that portion which may be called the great wet dock of London. Yet the expense of the whole has not amounted to more than L.400,000; and even this is to be remembered as an expense greatly increased by the utter novelty of the experiment, by difficulties unforeseen in the commencement, by several irruptions of the river, by the dearness of workmen's wages, arising from the peculiar peril and singular nature of the labour connected with an undertaking carried on at all hours, and wholly by artificial light. All this, too, in constant hazard of an influx of the river, and the various difficulties belonging to working in a mine. The weight of a vast body of water above, acting alike during summer and winter, which at any moment might break in, and against whose incursions it was as necessary to fortify the outside of the tunnel as the interior, added greatly to the difficulties of the undertaking. The original object of the tunnel was to convey cattle, passengers, and general traffic from the rich counties on the Kent side, to that great mercantile region of the metropolis, the London and East and West Indian Docks. How far this will be now effected, is a question which remains to be decided by experience. There can be no doubt that if the traffic be not impeded by the fear of passing under the river, it must be immense. The convenience of escaping the long circuit up to London Bridge, which, from the various obstructions in the streets, and the general difficulty of passing through the most crowded portion of the city, must now occupy many hours, would obviously direct the whole current of the traffic into the tunnel. Hitherto, no expedient has been adopted to shorten the passage of the traffic; and the contrivance by which 1200 clear feet are substituted for at least three miles of the most incumbered thoroughfares imaginable, must be adopted as a matter of palpable advantage. Still, there may be difficulties in the way, which practice only can exhibit. But any fear of the structure itself we should regard as altogether visionary. The building of the tunnel seems as solid as a rock. During the whole period from its commencement, we have not heard a single instance of its giving way, vast as the pressure was from above, and trying as were the damps, the ground springs, and the extreme difficulty of building under water. At this moment the roof is obviously as free from damp as the roof of St Pauls! and unless an earthquake should burst it, the whole fabric seems much more likely to last than were it exposed to the diversities of temperature, the heats and frosts, above ground.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

[We fear that some of the above calculations respecting the *utility* of the tunnel are overdrawn. There can be no doubt that by the transit through the tunnel a long circuit will be saved to vehicles and passengers, but will they take advantage of it? They will, certainly, if the passage be free, but, judging from the effects of a toll on Waterloo and Southwark bridges, if the passage be taxed, even in a trifling amount, it will in all likelihood be avoided. We present on next column a glowing eulogy on Brunel, the planner of the tunnel, which has been sent to us by Miss Camilla Toulmin, a lady of rising literary reputation.]

ON THE COMPLETION OF THE THAMES TUNNEL.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

Joy to thee, brave Brunel!—thy task is done,
Th' immortal wreath of fame is nobly won!
Not thine the warrior's stain'd and tear-dew'd crown,
Thou hast a loftier and more pure renown.
Joy to thee, brave Brunel!—thou hast been tried
By the *world's ordeal*, and success hath dried
The well-springs of Distrust, whose waters deep
Engulf such precious things—or coldly steep
The heart of genius, until warped aside,
Or piecemeal rotted, by that ebon tide,
Its might and majesty alike are past:
But thine, Brunel, was of too stern a cast;
Though round thee long had flowed those turbid waves,
Bearing upon their crests the ready glaives
Of ignorance—the bitter taunt and jest
That folly, in its mischievous unrest,
Seizes with vacant laugh, and blindly flings
At dazzling genius on her soaring wings.
And yet, methinks, Distrust's dark icy stream
Did to thy noble heart through long years seem
More fearful than old Father Thames that roll'd
In loud defiance o'er thee; who, controll'd
By the strong spell of science, meekly now
Learns in obedience to thy will to flow!
Oh! how much greater art thou, brave Brunel!
Than Persia's king, who, as old histories tell,
Came with his millions, and but strove in vain
With all his might one rebel wave to chain.
Was there a mind like thine in all his train?
And do not at such thoughts quick mem'ries throng,
Worthy a nobler bard and loftier song,
To tell how dark those wild and barbarous ages,
When warrior's deeds fill'd up the historian's pages?
Now doth at least a twilight dawn; men pay
With fame's bright garlands, not alone who slay,
But them who save and serve. Joy, brave Brunel!
The new "world's wonder" is achieved, and well
By its own self is thy great soul repaid;
And yet wert thou *as great*, ere yet arrayed
With the world's halo, that success has cast
Around thee (for mankind *are* just at last);
Thou wert as great when this "world's wonder" dwelt
Yet unembodied in the mind that felt
Its power to do and dare. Did it then rise
In grand perfection to thy spirit's eyes,
Conceived one moment and matured the next
(As Wisdom's goddess in the heathen text,
Sprung forth all armed from the Thunderer's brain)?
Or was it link by link, the perfect chain
Of thy so wonderful design was wrought
In the mind's mazes of most tangled thought?
Whiche'er, it matters not, for then, as now,
As great thou wert, the thoughtful feel and know;
When thou didst take a lesson from the worm
The strange secureness of thy work to form,
And show the precept men are slow to learn—
Nought God has made is low enough to spurn;
That loftiest science most acutely feels
How vast the lore great Nature's law reveals.
Thou wert *as great*—yea, *greatest* in those years
Of silent grief and watching, when dark fears,
Methinks, must oft have dimm'd or hidden quite
The cheering rays of hope's exceeding light.
The seven years! in which no workman's stroke
Those arches' mute forgetful echoes woke.
But hark! they have a tongue again, and dwell
No more in "cold obstruction"—brave Brunel!
Unquench'd by the dull flood of those long years,
Thy spirit's fire more purely bright appears;
And like a chain electric, runs through all
The busy crew who gathered at thy call;
Teaching them well to understand they shared
The glory of all that which thou hadst dared.
And didst thou life to wood and iron yield,
When thou didst sway thy ever trusty "shield?"*
Joy to thee, great Brunel! thy task is done,
The immortal wreath of fame is nobly won!
Her clarion sounds, and thy name is the note
That echoes catch, and round the world doth float;
And this *is* guerdon worthy even thee;
Ambition's dream made rich reality.
But is there not a joy more deep—intense,
The triumph of thy work's own recompense?
Doth not *this* give to nature's beauteous face
Some added charm or once unheeded grace?
Surely more bright each earthly thing appears
Than in the night of those long struggling years.
Joy to thee, brave Brunel!—I do not know
From the dull common crowd that thoughtful brow,
Where Mind hath fixed her starry diadem;
Yet wilt thou not my lowly verse condemn,
Or spurn the homage I but feebly pay:
And so, ere closes quite my humble lay,
One heartfelt prayer—one farewell chord shall swell,
God bless thee ever, great and brave Brunel!

London, *June* 1842.

* "This mighty instrument—one in idea and object, but consisting of twelve separate parts or divisions, each containing three cells, one above the other—is thus used:—We will suppose that the work being finished in its rear, an advance is desired, and that the divisions are in their usual position, the alternate ones a little before the others. These last have now to be moved. The men in their cells pull down the top poling-board, one of those small defences with which the entire front of the shield is covered, and immediately cut away the ground for about six inches. That done, the poling-board is replaced, and the one below removed, and so on till the entire space in front of these divisions has been excavated to the depth of six inches. Each of the divisions is now advanced by the application of two screws, one at its head and one at its foot, which, resting against the finished brick-work, and turned, impel it forward into the vacant space. The other set of divisions then advance. As the miners are at work at one end of the cells, so the bricklayers are no less actively employed at the other forming the brick walls of the top, sides, and bottom, the superincumbent earth of the top being still held up by the shield till the bricklayers have finished. This is but a rude description of an engine almost as remarkable for its elaborate organisation as for its vast strength. Beneath those great iron ribs a kind of mechanical soul really seems to have been created. It has its shoes and its legs, and uses them, too, with good effect. It raises and depresses its head at pleasure; it presents invincible buttresses in its front to whatever danger may there threaten, and, when the danger is past, again opens its breast for the further advances of the indefatigable host."—"*London*;" *article*, "*The Thames Tunnel.*"

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SANATORY CONDITION OF THE LABOURING POPULATION.

MR CHADWICK, secretary to the Poor-Law Commissioners, has just produced a work of a most remarkable nature, under the form of a Report on the Sanatory Condition of the Labouring Population, and on the Means of its Improvement. It is a work which *must* attract considerable attention, for it gives the first clear light we have had on a subject in which much interest is involved, and which has hitherto been left in a great measure to conjecture. It is an overpowering collection of facts respecting the way in which the labouring classes live, and the remediable evils which press upon them; showing distinctly how much their comfort, their health, and even their morality, are affected by circumstances purely physical and local—such as drainage, the supply of water, and the arrangements of their dwellings. We take the earliest opportunity of presenting a summary of the contents of this extraordinary volume.

Mr Chadwick sets out with some general facts and observations with regard to the amount of mortality in England and Wales from various classes of diseases, and, showing that the deaths from endemic, epidemic, and contagious ailments (the great proportion of which are proved to be *preventible*), are above 56,000 per annum, or about a sixth part of the whole, startles us with the remark, that "the effect is as if the whole county of Westmoreland, or the whole county of Huntingdon, were entirely depopulated annually, and were only occupied again by the growth of a new and feeble population, living under the fears of a similar visitation." Typhus alone, which has a preference for victims in the vigour of life, slaughters more annually than fell on the allies' side at the battle of Waterloo. The evidence, he adds, almost wholly "points to one particular, namely, atmospheric impurity, occasioned by means within the control of legislation, as the main cause of the ravages of epidemic, endemic, and contagious diseases." We may remark, that this is an opinion widely entertained, there being only one prevalent notion at all differing from it, and that is, the view which attributes these diseases mainly to deficient food. The fact we believe to be, that deficient food is only a predisposing cause. In a pure atmosphere, it is comparatively inoperative for such ends; but where to deficient food is added impure air, extensive disease is inevitable.

The report is divided into sections referring to different departments of the subject. The first, on the general condition of the residences of the labouring classes where disease is most prevalent, shows that both in country and town a vast proportion of the labouring class live in very wretched dwellings, where health is not to be expected. We have already heard a good deal of the huddled, damp, and dirty dwellings of this class in large cities; but we have scarcely been prepared to learn that rural villages, which look pleasing from without, and even the detached cottages of the agricultural labourers, are in many instances as destitute of the elements of health, their precincts being full of stagnating filth, while, within, there are damp floors, from which feculent exhalations are constantly rising, and far too narrow accommodations for sleeping. We hear, for instance, of a cottage well situated, and clean externally, but where the sleeping room for six persons measures six feet by ten—consequence, *five cases of typhus fever*. Colerne, on the Great Western Road, is a pretty-looking village, delightfully situated on a hill; but, entered, is found to be undrained, ruinous, and filthy, and occupied by a squalid population—consequence, *scarlet and typhus fever never absent from it*. It is surprising that even such a town as Windsor is full of nuisances, tending to have the most fatal effects upon health—one open drain in particular, on the banks of which the demon of typhus may be said to sit. Throughout the whole county of Northumberland, the residences of the agricultural labourers are mere hovels, like those which used to abound in the Scottish Highlands.

In his classification, Mr Chadwick next proceeds to detail the "public arrangements external to the residences by which the sanatory condition of the labouring population is affected." He shows how general in towns is the deficiency of drains, either for the moisture from the firmament, or the refuse of the population; and establishes by ample evidence the immediate connexion of that condition with the unhealthiness of the inhabitants. For example, says Dr Howard of Manchester, "of the 182 patients admitted into the temporary fever hospital in Balloon Street, 135 at least came from unpaved or otherwise filthy streets." Most of the streets of Leeds are "paved by owners, or partly paved, or are totally unpaved, with the surfaces broken in every direction, and ashes and filth of every description accumulated upon them." In the report on this town, it is remarked, that the additions made of late years to the manufacturing towns of England have been "made without regard to either the personal comfort of the inhabitants or the necessities which congregation requires. To build the greatest number of cottages on the smallest allowable space, seems to have been the original view of the speculators, and the having the houses up and tenanted the utmost of their desires." It would appear, that with respect to removal of refuse, the metropolis is not much less defective than the provincial towns or villages. Of this one grand cause seems to be, that the value of the refuse is not sufficient to pay the expense of cartage. Mr Chadwick adduces a variety of evidence to show the superiority of a self-acting mode of cleansing over every other. He would have this done by flooding everything into proper sewers, and sending it out by iron pipes into the country for irrigation, using steam power to raise the stream where necessary. Thus natural river channels would be kept pure, and an immense saving effected. *The refuse of London would twice pay the expense of water for the inhabitants!* Indeed, the economy of this plan of cleansing is precisely the same as that of bringing water in pipes, instead of sending carts for it. And how great the economy is in the latter instance, is well seen in a calculation by our reporter, that, when a labourer pays 5s. per annum for a pipe of water in his house, he gets 135 pailfuls for a penny farthing. How many penny farthings must he lose in time and labour, which are the same as money, if he or his wife have to carry those 135 pailfuls even so much as two hundred yards! An increase of the supply of water in towns, and its more general introduction into the houses of the labouring classes, are objects which he holds in view as tending much to the improvement of public health.

The third section of the report, "Circumstances, chiefly in the internal economy and bad ventilation of places of work, workmen's lodging-houses, dwellings, and domestic habits affecting the health of the labouring classes," is the most elaborate and perhaps the most important of the whole. It occupies above fifty pages. It is difficult in our small space to give a tolerable view of what is itself a highly condensed summary. Mr Chadwick begins with some evidence as to the condition of tailors' workshops in London, and their effects in deteriorating the health and morals of the men. In a small chamber, heated to a high temperature, and kept very close, a great number of these men squat upon the floor, as close as they can well sit. The want of fresh air produces a great depression of the energies, and gin is drank to support them. It takes twelve hours to do the work of ten; improvident habits are formed; health gives way; and a London journeyman tailor is "done" at fifty. As a contrast to this, the country tailors are generally healthy men, noted for their skill and agility in village sports. The whole of this evil is to be traced to the want of proper ventilation in workshops, a mere fault of arrangement, which could be remedied, for one containing fifty workmen, at the expense of perhaps a day's wages of the whole. We can add, from our own knowledge, that this improvement was lately effected, at a mere trifle of expense, in the workshop of Messrs Lockhart, clothiers, Glasgow, by the conducting of a metal tube from the ceiling of the room to the furnace used for heating the irons. Already, a marked change in comfort is experienced, and we cannot doubt that an equally great improvement in the health of the men will soon be ascertained. Mr Chadwick, keeping in view the loss of one or two hours' work to each man from bad ventilation in the London workshops, and considering what this would come to in twenty years, says—"The subscriptions to the benevolent institution for the relief of the aged and infirm tailors, by individual masters in the metropolis, appear to be large and liberal, and amount to upwards of L.11,000; yet it is to be observed, that if they or the men had been aware of the effects of vitiated atmospheres on the constitution and general strength, and of the means of ventilation, the practicable gain of money from the gain of labour by that sanatory measure could not have been less in one large shop, employing 200 men, than L.100,000. Independently of subscriptions of the whole trade, it would, during their working period of life, have been sufficient, with the enjoyment of greater health and comfort by every workman during the time of work, to have purchased him an annuity of L.1 per week for comfortable and respectable self-support during a period of superannuation, commencing soon after fifty years of age."

The same consequences from deficient ventilation in working-rooms affect the milliners of the metropolis. "It is not doubted by medical witnesses, that in this class of cases, as in the case of tailors, one-third at least of the healthful duration of adult life will be found to have been destroyed by the ignorance of the want of ventilation."

The miners of Durham and Northumberland, when working at a considerable distance from home, have to sleep in temporary lodging-rooms, which are dreadfully over-crowded, and where the air is consequently vitiated to a great extent. They are thought to be more damaged by this than by their work itself. Of 212 deaths of miners in the unions of Cumberland and Westmoreland in 1839, 52 were from consumption.

There is great reason to suppose that, in what are considered as deleterious occupations, much of the bad effects ascribed to the occupation is in reality a consequence of domestic circumstances. "Between different sets of workmen who work at the same descriptions of work during the same hours, and in the same town, but in well or in ill-ventilated factories, a marked difference in the personal condition and general health of the workpeople has been perceived. Great differences are perceptible in the general personal condition of persons working during the same hours in cotton-mills in town and in cotton-mills in rural districts, where they have not only a purer atmosphere,

but commonly larger and more commodious places of abode. The factory superintendants generally state that the workers in the country mills are distinguishable at sight by their more healthy appearance, and by the increased proportions amongst them who have florid complexions. Very lately, the attention of the Austrian government was called to the labour of the persons working in the cotton-factories in the neighbourhood of Vienna. One half, perhaps, of the mills are of the ordinary construction of the cotton-mills in England of from thirty to forty years' date, and they work on the average as much as fifteen hours per diem. But it appears that the houses in which the workers live belong to the capitalists who own the mills, many of whom have displayed a desire to insure, as far as the state of the private residences can insure, the comfort of those whom they employ, and they have accordingly built for them a superior description of tenements. It is stated that the result of the inquiry conducted by the government physicians was, that the average health enjoyed by the workers in those mills is greater than that of any other class of workpeople in the neighbourhood where the mills are situated, and where the general condition of the population is deemed good; the difference in the general health of the two classes (indicated by the proportion of deaths—of 1 in 27 of the general population, and 1 in 31 of the manufacturing population) was ascribed to the difference of the residences."

There is a great accumulation of evidence as to the demoralising effects of the promiscuous use of sleeping apartments amongst the labouring population. Not only are the whole members of one family, young and old, male and female, crowded into one small room, perhaps into one bed, but strangers are often brought into this unseemly association, to the utter destruction of all delicacy, and the absolute corruption of many individuals. This over-crowding is not always a consequence of poverty. Workmen with ample wages are often found submitting to it, to save the merest trifle of rent, which they could well afford. In the course of the inquiry, the effects of an inferior construction of dwelling-house, independent of any over-crowding, were often traced. "A gentleman who has observed closely the condition of the workpeople in the south of Cheshire and the north of Lancashire—men of similar race and education, working at the same description of work, namely, as cotton-spinners, mill hands, and earning nearly the same amount of wages—states that the workmen of the north of Lancashire are obviously inferior to those in the south of Cheshire in health and habits of personal cleanliness and general condition. The difference is traced mainly to the circumstance, that the labourers in the north of Lancashire inhabit stone houses of a description that absorb moisture, the dampness of which affects the health, and causes personal uncleanliness, induced by the difficulty of keeping a clean house." Thus physical seems inseparable from moral deterioration. "The close pent-up air of their abodes," says Mr Chadwick, "has undoubtedly a depressing effect on the nervous energies, and this, again, with the uneducated, and, indeed, with many of the educated workpeople, has an effect on the moral habits by acting as a strong and often irresistible provocative to the use of fermented liquors and ardent spirits. Much may be due to the incitement of association of greater numbers of people; but it is a common fact, that the same workpeople indulge more in drink when living in the close courts and lanes of the town than when living in the country, and that the residence in the different places is attended with a difference of effects similar to those described in respect to the tailors working in crowded rooms in towns and the tailors working separately or in the country. The workpeople who have fallen into habits of drinking strenuously allege the impossibility of avoiding the practice in such places; they do, however, drink in greater quantities in such places, and give increased effect to the noxious miasma by which they are surrounded." Everything is against a people so circumstanced; even the butcher-meat which they buy is sooner tainted than elsewhere, helping to make them live, as it were, from hand to mouth.

Where local and physical circumstances exert so powerful an influence in depraving the taste and moral sense, the common efforts of benevolence do no good, but often rather harm, by affording additional means of intemperance. A journeyman tailor at Bath had never possessed any furniture in his house. Many persons, learning this part of his case only, sent him household articles, which were immediately converted into liquor. This man had L.3 a-week of wages! Sir Charles Shaw, superintendant of police at Manchester, found in a lodging-house there an apartment full of drunken wretches sleeping on the bare floor, with bricks for pillows, and another set who had straw: the former simply preferred paying for gin to paying for straw. The Rev. Whitwell Elwin "found a journeyman painter whose bed was without blankets, whose room was without furniture, who was destitute of even the ordinary utensils of civilised life, whose floor was covered with worse filth than that of the streets. I found this man at dinner with a roast loin of pork stuffed with onions, a Yorkshire pudding, a large jug of ale, cheese, and a salad. I will undertake to say that half the gentlemen of Bath did not sit down on that Sunday to so good a dinner."

Domestic mismanagement is made out to be a predisposing cause of disease. Dr Baker, referring to Derby, places amongst the causes of sickness "the want of domestic comforts, a want which the wages they earn would, in many instances, enable them to remove, if their means were not, as too often happens, expended viciously or improvidently. It is with regret that I speak unfavourably of the poor, whilst my whole aim, in this communication, has been to awaken a sympathy towards those sufferings of which I have been so often a witness. But several years' experience of the habits of the poor, derived from my situation as an hospital physician, and backed by the additional evidence I have obtained by acting for three years as a guardian of the poor in this large town, has, I am sorry to say, served but to confirm me in the opinion I have just now expressed." The committee of medical men at Birmingham give it as their deliberate opinion, that drunkenness prevails most there amongst the workmen earning the highest wages. On this subject we are supplied with a rich illustration from the sanatory report of Mr Mott, in the following form:—

CONTRAST IN THE ECONOMY OF FAMILIES.

1. Cellar in Wellington Court, Chorlton-upon-Medlock; a man, his wife, and seven children; income per week, L.1, 11s.; rent 1s. 6d. per week; three beds for seven, in a dark unventilated back room, bed-covering of the meanest and scantiest kind—the man and wife occupying the front room as a sleeping-room for themselves, in which the whole family take their food and spend their leisure time; here the family in a filthy destitute state, with an income averaging 3s. 5½d. each per week, four being children under 11 years of age.	1. In a dwelling-house in Chorlton Union, containing one sitting-room and two bed-rooms; a man, his wife, and three children; rent 2s. 6d. per week; income per week, 12s. 6d., being an average of 2s. 6d. per week for each person. Here, with a sickly man, the house presented an appearance of comfort in every part, as also the bedding was in good order.
2. Cellar in York Street, Chorlton-upon-Medlock; a man — a hand-loom weaver — his wife and family (one daughter married, with her husband, forms part of the family), comprising altogether seven persons; income L.2, 7s., or 6s. 8½d. per head; rent 2s. Here, with the largest amount of income, the family occupy two filthy damp unwholesome cellars, one of which is a back place without pavement or flooring of any kind, occupied by the loom of the family, and used as a sleeping-room for the married couple and single daughter.	2. In a dwelling-house, Stove Street, one sitting-room, one kitchen, and two bed-rooms; rent 4s. per week. A poor widow, with a daughter also a widow, with ten children, making together 13 in family; income L.1, 6s. per week, averaging 2s. per head per week. Here there is every appearance of cleanliness and comfort.
3. J. S., of Carr Bank (labourer), wages 12s. per week; a wife, and one child aged 15; he is a drunken disorderly fellow, and very much in debt.	3. George Hall, of Carr Bank (labourer), wages 10s. per week; has reared ten children; he is in comfortable circumstances.
4. W. H. of Oakamoore, (wire-drawer), wages L.1 per week; he has a wife and five children; he is in debt, and his family is shamefully neglected.	4. John Hammonds, of Woodhead (collier), wages 18s. per week; has six children to support; he is a steady man, and saving money.
5. G. L., of Kingsley (boatman), wages 18s. per week, with a wife and seven children; his family are in a miserable condition.	5. George Mosley, of Kingsley (collier), wages 18s. per week; he has a wife and seven children; he is saving money.
6. J. B., of Cheadle (collier), wages 18s. per week; wife and three children; his house is in a filthy state, and the furniture not worth 10s.	6. William Faulkner, of Tean (tape-weaver), wages 18s. per week; supports his wife and seven children without assistance.
7. W. W., of Kingsley (boatman), wages 18s. per week; wife and three children; he is a drunken, disorderly fellow, and his family entirely destitute.	7. Charles Rushton, of Lightwoodfields, wages 14s. per week; he supports his wife and five children in credit.
8. R. B., of Cheadle (labourer), wages 12s. per week; wife and five children in miserable circumstances; not a bed to lie on.	8. William Sargeant, of Lightwoodfields (labourer), wages 13s. a-week; he has a wife and six children, whom he supports comfortably.
9. T. B., of Tean (labourer), wages 14s. per week; his wife earns 7s. per week; five children; he is very much in debt; home neglected.	9. William Box, of Tean (tape-weaver), wages 18s. or 20s. per week; supports his wife in bad health, and five children.
10. T. J., of Tean (blacksmith), wages 18s. per week; his wife earns 7s. per week; three children; he is very much in debt, and his family grossly neglected.	10. Ralph Faulkner, of Tean (tape-weaver), wages 18s. or 20s. per week; supports a wife and five children, three of whom are deaf and dumb.

The above report, of course, refers to ordinary times. It shows most luminously how much the labouring-classes have the comfort of their lives in their own hands. Mr Wood of Dundee reports—"There are many families among the working-classes who are in the receipt of from 15s. to 22s. per week, who are insufficiently clothed, and irregularly and poorly fed, and whose houses, as well as their persons, appear filthy, disorderly, and uncomfortable. There are other families among them, containing the same number of persons, whose incomes average from 10s. to 14s. a-week, who are neatly, cleanly, and sufficiently clothed, regularly and suitably fed, and whose houses appear orderly and comfortable. The former class care little for the physical comfort, and far less for the intellectual, moral, and religious education of their children; in many cases, indeed, they neglect the education of their offspring when it is offered to them gratuitously; and in place of sending them to school, where they might be fitted for the duties and disappointments of life, they send them, at a very early age, to some employment where they will earn the poor pittance of 1s. 6d. to 3s. a-week. The latter class, on the contrary, are most anxious to give their children a good education; they study to obtain it for them by every means in their power, and they pay for it most cheerfully. The former class, again, grasp at every benefit which the charitable institutions of the place have provided for the poor. When, for example, medical attendance is given them gratuitously, they not unfrequently despise and refuse it, unless medicines are given them gratuitously also; whereas the latter description of families are not only ready and willing to pay for medicines when prescribed to them, but they generally manifest much gratitude, and very often present their medical attendant with a small fee.

Now, it is among the former class of families where, generally, there appears to me to be a deficiency of wholesome food and of warm clothing, where contagious febrile diseases are most commonly found, and from whence they are most extensively propagated. Fever is no doubt found among the latter more frugal and therefore better conditioned families, but seldom of that malignant contagious character which it invariably assumes among the other class of families. Here, then, we have on the one hand filth, destitution, and disease, associated with good wages; and on the other, cleanliness, comfort, and comparative good health, in connexion with wages which are much lower. The difference in the amount of their incomes does not account for the difference in the amount of comfort which is found existing among the working-classes. The statements just made make known the fact, that above a certain amount, say 12s. or 14s. of weekly income, wages *alone*, without intelligence and good habits, contribute nothing towards the comfort, health, and independence of the working population." We may add, that we have heard precisely the same account of his workmen given by a Dundee manufacturer. The satire of the knife-grinder is but too extensively applicable.

We must here, for the present, take leave of Mr Chadwick. We shall take up his instructive volume again in a succeeding number.

PEDESTRIAN TOUR IN SWITZERLAND.

MEYRINGEN—CATARACT OF HANDECK—HOSPICE OF THE GRIMSEL.

AUGUST 23.—The inn at Meyringen, where we slept, was alive at five o'clock, and several parties were at breakfast preparatory to their several tours. We took a survey of the vale of Hasli, which hitherto we had only seen in the gloom of evening. It is wide and flat, and fruitful, with rich green fields and venerable wood, through which peep many cottage roofs, and a slender church spire. If one could keep his eye resting solely on the surface of the plain, he might imagine himself in an English village; but the frame of rock and mountain in which the landscape is imbedded, soon dissolves the vision. The spot is remarkable even in Switzerland, from the multitude of huge cataracts which are visible from it. High above all, and holding communion, as it were, with the clouds, is the white mass of the mighty Reichenbach; and every here and there some rocky crevice wells forth a cascade that would make the fortune of a British watering-place. As there appears no visible outlet from the valley, one is apt to feel as if, like a tub at a fountain, it must soon become full of water; nor has such a calamity been, in a modified form, entirely unprecedented. As the torrents carry with them quantities of mud and stone, their narrow orifices sometimes become choked; a lake is thus formed behind the barrier, which, when increased to a certain extent, bursts through it, and sends down a torrent of water and mud on poor Meyringen.

Revolving in our minds the philosophy of the employment of guides, we came to the conclusion, that it was an infringement on the liberty of the subject not to be tolerated except in very urgent circumstances. The paths we had hitherto traversed, we believed we would have been able to follow unaided with great ease; indeed, one of our motives for employing a guide was the protection it might afford us from the importunities of others. We were now about to tread a wilder path, where the real services of a pilot might be more necessary, but, on the other hand, it was one in which we would be less liable to meet with importunity; so we made up our minds to trust to our own resources. Like skilful generals, we thought it expedient to let the enemy see that these resources were not to be despised, and accordingly we resolved to start like men who knew what they were about, and where they were going. Our destination being the pass of the Grimsel, we took its bearing (which we found to be south-east by south) on Keller's map, and adjusted it to our position with a pocket compass. We were not quite sure that we were correct, but we knew that everything depended on the air of decision we assumed; and so fortified, we marched forth. We had not walked many paces in our pride of skill, when what appeared the whole establishment of the inn, accompanied by our ex-guide, came clattering after us to tell us we had gone the wrong way. This was humiliating, but it did not render absolutely necessary a forfeiture of liberty; we were still able to shake off our tormentor, and with a few directions to assist us, we took the right way.

At the upper end of the vale, we came to a minor

eminence called the Kirchet, which we mounted by a zig-zag path leading through pleasant forests of pine, rich in underwood and wild flowers. We then descended on the river Aar, which cuts its way right through the centre of this hill. Of all the wild glacier torrents we had yet seen, this was the most relentless and ruffian-like. Attempts had been made to keep its torrent within bounds by moles or broad pier-like walls, made of gigantic blocks of granite. It was wonderful how human industry could rear such works in such a spot. A great city might have been proud of running such bulwarks out to sea, for the protection of her costly fleets. But the Aar had paid no respect to this wonder of enterprise. In many places its iron clasps were wrenched as if they had been straw, and the great blocks of granite were scattered like gravel along the margin of the perpetually foaming and roaring river. We were now in the vale of upper Hasli, smaller, more sterile, and more rocky than its namesake below, and singularly secluded in its aspect. After commencing the ascent of the pass, we lost sight of almost all vestiges of inhabitancy, though we did not immediately escape from the persecution of guides offering their services; and so deep an impression had their importunity made upon our minds, that when we had got within the wild precincts of the gorge, and were amusing ourselves with shouting aloud to the winds and waters, we suddenly stopped with the reflection, that it was a dangerous experiment, that we were in a sort of enemy's country, where we knew not what ambuscade might start up, and that we must avoid exposing ourselves to the risk of calling forth some persecutor in the wilderness.

We had repeatedly to cross the Aar by aërial-looking stone bridges, the parapets of which curved to the semicircle of the arch. This form of bridge is generally to be found spanning the torrents of mountainous regions, and though it be not much respected by the engineers who carry turnpikes over the sedgy rivers of England, it is adapted with great skill to its own locality. No parapet-wall could for a moment hold out against the Aar, when swollen by the melted snows, and those arches have the best chance which present the smallest surface to the current. In the previous parts of our tour, our views of precipices had been somewhat distant, but now we were among them, and had an opportunity of experiencing the terrible sublimity of one of the higher alpine passes. The path was narrow and broken, fit only, as it seemed to us, for pedestrians; but we were told that the sure-footed mule could be trusted on it. I should not have felt comfortable, however, on the back of any mule or other animal, however high its character, on such a road. It was in some places the narrowest possible groove in the face of the rock, which sunk below us like a straight wall to the edge of the hungry torrent, and curved over our heads far into the heavens. I reflected here on the grave statement of Cornelius Nepos, that Hannibal levelled a path for himself across the Alps, by shattering the heated rocks with cold vinegar; and it occurred to me, that if he had been able to accomplish the levelling of such a pass as this, the contract for the vinegar must have been a prodigious job to some great house in Carthage.

Our expectation was raised to a high pitch of excitement as we neared the fall of Handeck, which is reckoned the second in point of grandeur in Europe, Terni being the first. As one approaches a waterfall, the ear generally listens greedily for the first indication of its hollow rumbling; but it seemed useless to listen on this occasion, for the river, bellowing at our feet, filled the ear nearly full with its own roaring; yet we did at last hear a sound that rose even over this, and through the foliage of the trees we caught a glimpse of the white foam of the cataract. To obtain a view from below, we required to scramble along a narrow ledge of rock, rendered slimy by the spray from the fall. The level from which it afforded us a view might be about half way up the fall, which it enabled us to see in full perfection. From this spot, however, we had no view of the abyss into which it precipitates itself—not the least interesting feature of a cataract; and so we delayed not to mount to a higher level. The time and trouble of the ascent showed us how considerable was the height of the fall, but we had no means of precisely estimating it. At the top we found a wooden bridge, from which we could look straight into the gulf. The effect from this point was different from what I had seen in any other waterfall. The water, instead of descending in a compact mass, and throwing up a cloud of foam, seemed, as it were, broken into pieces, which, dispersed through the dark gaping pit, absorbed the sight before it could penetrate to the bottom. It was thus that, gazing downwards, we could not see whence the stream came, nor whither it went, but merely that the great pit we stood above was a caldron, where a chaos of waters was tossed about and tortured by some unseen agency. A waterfall has its pulsations, and here they were visible in such a partial separation of the particles as enabled the eye to see for a moment farther into the darkness of the gulf. The sun was shining bright among the waters; and as we shifted our position from time to time, its effects were visible in diversified groups of little rainbows, which gambolled about in all their finery on the surface of the broken waters. It is a strange feature in the Handeck, that a smaller cataract falls into it at right angles, just where it shoots from the brow of the rock. This is of itself no contemptible cascade, for it descends in a fine smooth sheet of water, casting forth a prodigious quantity of foam; but it is lost in the close vicinity of Handeck. The singular effect produced by the latter must be owing to the vast quantity of the water in proportion to the breadth of the stream. Though I had very insufficient data for coming to any conclusion on the subject, I could not help being of opinion, that the Aar at this spot conveys as large a body of water as the Tay at Perth.

There is a small inn at Handeck, where we took some refreshment. There was an item in the charge which we could not exactly comprehend; and while the landlord with his Swiss German was endeavouring to make it very plain to us, a young foreigner who was, like ourselves, a guest, volunteered an explanation in these words—"That is the water, for you have seen fall." We could not but thank the gentleman for his kindness: to show how much we appreciated it, we acknowledged ourselves satisfied; and it was not until we had gone on our way meditating, that it occurred to us how our host had made the cataract of Handeck an item in his bill.

The character of the scenery changed soon after we had left the fall. The trees, in place of the lofty pines that had been waving over our heads, were flat, gnarled, and stunted, with trunks covered over with lichens of every colour. We encountered, too, sundry patches of snow of considerable size, and one of them made a mound across the bottom of the defile, the Aar plunging into it, and disappearing for a time beneath it as if making an attempt to assuage, in the midst of this cooling mass, the fierceness of its career. The perilousness of the path attracted our attention at this point. It passed over a shelf of granite at an acute angle, worn smooth by avalanches. Notches were cut here and there for the feet, but they offered apparently a slender means of advancement.

As we ascended still farther, the gnarled pines dwindled away at last, and we had nothing about us but granite rock, turf, and snow. In this class of scenery we found the hospice of the Grimsel, a large strong built granite house, with a multitude of very small windows. It stood on the margin of a black lake, and it had nothing to show in the way of pleasure-ground besides the said lake, abundance of snow, and a like quantity of granite; it was undoubtedly the most dreary spot I had ever seen. When we presented ourselves at the door, the landlord, a sturdy massive man, who looked as if he had been hewn out of the granite rocks he was surrounded by, shook our hands warmly with his large horny fist, and in German pronounced a sort of solemn benediction, and a congratulation on our having escaped the dangers of the pass. The house, though to English travellers it is purely an inn, is nominally a religious house of refuge for wayfarers, and the landlord wished to support its reputation. We arrived about four o'clock, and it was with some difficulty that we prevailed on ourselves to pass the afternoon at the hospice, instead of crossing the pass, and taking our chance on the other side. After having secured our means of accommodation, we wandered about, each individually taking his chance of what nature might throw in his path in this wild spot. I was anxious to obtain the best possible view, and therefore I climbed the ascent in front of the hospice for some hundred feet. I contemplated reaching the summit, but found that would be impossible before nightfall.* I therefore sat down under the shadow of a large stone, lit my pipe, and, as its fumes gradually ascended, contemplated the scene around me. The sun was setting from the valleys, but every peak of rock was still bathed in his warm evening rays, and here and there the snow that either clung to the sides of the higher peaks, or lay in valleys not too deep to be visited by the departing sun, displayed a rich pink colour, which I had never before seen equalled in transparency and brilliancy. Far beneath me stood the hospice, on the brink of its dark lake, which lay as black as a drop of ink. The sun had left the hospice and its lake, but the atmosphere around them was singularly clear; and if it had not been for the material diminution of every object, I could not have believed that I had risen some eight hundred feet above the spot. While thus looking forth in meditative mood, a priest marched out from the hospice, accompanied by a number of boys dressed in white blouses. They walked down—a set of pigmies, as they seemed to me—to the edge of the dark pool, and having there amused themselves for a short time, marched back again. I expected to meet this priest and his flock as constituent members of the establishment of the hospice on my return, but I saw nought of them, and it was a mystery to me where they could be hidden.

A table d'hôte is held at the hospice every evening at 7 o'clock, constituting a fashionable dinner for the English, and a supper for the continentals. Between thirty and forty of us sat down together; men of many nations and languages, and evidently all pedestrians—for there was a certain air of rough handling about all of us, and there did not appear in the neighbourhood of the hospice a single mule, the only means by which any one could have been conveyed to the spot. Though the guide-books speak slightingly of the fare afforded to the traveller in this lofty place of entertainment, I am bound to say that the meal laid before us was both abundant and choice. The peculiar structure of the place was strikingly exhibited as we retired to our sleeping apartments; it is that of an hospital, each bed-room being a ward, separated only by a deal board from the next one. We heard that a servant remains in the house all winter, to attend to those who cross the pass at that season. What a life for a human being to lead! The Bell Rock Lighthouse would be a gay residence in comparison, being excited by an occasional shipwreck. The servant has for companions on his dreary watch a couple of the majestic dogs known as the St Bernard's breed. It is impossible to look on these animals without feeling something approaching to veneration both for their physical and moral qualities. They are not, however, it must be admitted, very engaging animals; they do not positively repel attention, but they receive it with a calm and dignified abstraction, as if they chose to convey to the mind of the stranger an impression, that their duties are too serious to admit of the interchange of trifling courtesies.

* [The Grimsel is a lofty pass on the Bernese Alps, admitting travellers from the central part of Switzerland into the valley of the Rhone on the south. Murray, in his admirable Hand-Book, gives the following anecdote respecting this dismal wilderness:—"During the campaign of 1799, the Austrians actually encamped for some time upon the top of the Grimsel, and during their stay gutted the hospice, using every morsel of wood-work for fuel. Every attempt of the French general Lecourbe to dislodge them failed, when a peasant of Guttanen, named Nägeli, offered to conduct a detachment by a circuitous path, known only to himself, to the rear of the Austrian position, on condition that the mountain he was about to cross should be given to him as his reward. This being agreed to, a party, commanded by General Gadin, led by Nägeli over the Doltithorn and the glaciers of Ghelman, fell upon the Austrians unawares, from a point above that which they occupied. They were seized with a panic, and fled at once—many in the direction of the glacier of Aar, where escape was hopeless; and those who were not shot by the French perished in the rents and chasms, where human bones, rusty arms, and tattered clothes, are even now met with, and attest their miserable fate. The guide of the French did not profit by his barren mountain, remaining as poor as before he became possessed of it, but it has since been called after him, Nägeli's Grätli."]

THE FLOWER-GIRL OF MADRID.

A LATE INCIDENT.

THE unhappy state of Spain—that land where ardent feeling makes every disagreement, personal or political, assume an aggravated and embittered form—drove many of the inhabitants, within these few past years, to the neighbouring territory of France. In Bordeaux alone, as many as twenty thousand Spaniards fixed their residence during the struggles betwixt the Carlists and Christinos. The natives and the strangers managed, on the whole, to do very well together; and many permanent connexions were formed in consequence of their being associated in one place, by the accidents of fortune and war.

In 1834, the Countess de Villa Fuente came to live in Bordeaux. It was known that she came from Madrid; but few or none seemed to be acquainted with her private history, or with the causes of her exile. No one accompanied her, with the exception of an infant boy, on whom she lavished the most tender cares, and in reference to whom the character of a widow was very generally assigned to her, despite of her youth and unimpaired beauty. She appeared rich, and kept up a handsome establishment, so that the best society of Bordeaux was open to her at all times. But though not shunning company altogether, she lived on the whole in a retired manner, and the most uncharitable could attach no impropriety to her name, although she was a single and unprotected woman, and though more than one suitor fluttered around her and sought her good graces.

Such was the state of matters during the first three years of her stay in Bordeaux. At the end of that time, the countess, without any known cause, assumed all the outward marks of deep mourning, and threw her establishment into the same sable colours. Within a month or two afterwards, it was noticed by observant eyes that she seemed to distinguish more than usually a certain Monsieur Longpré, a wealthy gentleman of Bordeaux, who had pursued her with unabated ardour for three years, in spite of all her reserve, and even her coldness. The alteration in her manner to him was sufficiently pointed to lead people to conclude, that he would prove the happy man in due time. But his own thoughts about the matter were very unsettled, as the following words from his lips will partly prove. Seizing an occasion to press his suit, when the countess allowed him the honour of an interview, he broke forth at length in half-reproachful tones—"Inesilla, why prolong this state of suspense, so torturing to me? Unless I deceive myself, you favour me above others around you; yes, you love me. I own I have this happy belief. What, then, causes your hesitation, since you are a widow and free? Is it not so? If you are moved by any feelings respecting your child, you know that I love him, and for your sake will love him always."

The countess, at these words, rose from her seat, walked to where her guitar lay, and ran heedlessly over its strings for a few moments. She then turned to the little boy who was playing near her, and said to him, "Juanito! Juanito! go and drive your humming-top elsewhere; the noise gives me a headache." The boy came and sought a caress, and then ran cheerfully away. After his departure, there was a pause for a minute or two, which the countess broke in upon by saying, "Let us talk, M. Longpré, on a subject different from the last. This guitar has reminded me of Spain—of Madrid—and of Manuela, a poor girl there. Her story is an interesting one;

listen, and I will tell it to you—that is, if you choose to hear it." Though the lover was by no means pleased at this evasion of the subject which he had so much at heart, there was so much of grave sweetness in the tones with which the countess made the request, that he at once expressed his willingness to hear the story.

"There lived at Madrid, five years ago," began the countess, "a merchant named Moralès, whose fortune was so considerable, that his only daughter was deemed one of the best matches in the city. Dolorès, as she was called, joined to her pecuniary advantages a countenance and form which the young men of Madrid declared to be of superior beauty. A cavalier, the flower of the noble youths of Spain, saw and loved her. I will spare you, my friend, an account of all the concerts and serenades by which Don Miguel sought to excite a reciprocal passion in the heart of Dolorès. Young, noble, accomplished, and rich, he soon made the desired impression, and, no obstacles being interposed, he was received in the house of Moralès as an accepted suitor. Like others of her race and sex, Dolorès was jealous of possessing love where she gave love; and again and again, to please her, Don Miguel vowed that the daughter of Moralès was the only woman who had ever touched his heart, and that she should be his last love, as she was his first. The marriage-day of the happy pair was fixed; it came; and before the priest and her friends, Dolorès gave her hand to Don Miguel.

A ball followed in the evening. It was yet early, when Dolorès, overpowered by the warmth of the dancing-rooms, and agitated by the all-important event of the day, retired for a few minutes with some of her female friends, in order to rest herself and calm her spirits. She was still seated in her chamber with her companions, when a footstep was heard at the door of the apartment. 'You cannot enter—do not enter, Don Miguel!' cried one or two of the ladies, starting up from the easy postures into which, fatigued by the dance, they had thrown themselves. They conceived that Don Miguel had missed Dolorès from the dance, and had come to inquire after her. But when, in spite of their exclamation, the door of the chamber was opened, they beheld—not Don Miguel, but Manuela, the flower-girl.

Manuela, the flower-girl, was so remarkable for her beauty and handsome figure, that few who were in the habit of walking on the Prado were unacquainted with her by name and appearance. But when she entered the chamber of Dolorès on the marriage-evening of the latter, very unlike her usual aspect was that presented by the flower-girl. Her long black hair hung in disorder around her pale face, and her dark eyes flamed with feverish excitement. She bore before her, by a strap, her flower-basket, in which lay, bedded upon flowers, an infant of two months old.

'Where is the bride?' demanded Manuela, hoarsely, as soon as she entered.

'Manuela!' cried Dolorès, trembling she knew not why, yet endeavouring to seem at ease, 'I am the bride; and you shall bear my bouquets to court.'

'*You* the bride?' exclaimed Manuela, who knew and was known to Dolorès; 'is it you whom he is to marry?'

'Whom he is to marry, Manuela?' answered Dolorès; 'say whom he *has* married! Hath not Don Miguel sent you—sent you to strew our nuptial way with flowers?'

'The traitor!' cried Manuela. 'Behold that infant! it is his—it is mine—it is ours!' The tears of the flower-girl here burst forth in torrents; but she checked them, and continued—'Ah! if you knew all his treachery—all his wickedness. I—a poor girl—sought to avoid him; but he married me—yes, he married me, and the marriage was a false one! I discovered his deceit; but he came to my father, and to my mother, and he calmed them by renewing all his protestations and his promises. It is two months since my child was born; he was with me then, but I knew not, though I know now, that it was but to deceive me the more fully. He already loved you—already.'

Here the poor flower-girl fell down in an exhausted state. She was tenderly cared for by the agitated bride and her friends, and recovered somewhat her strength. 'Only to-day, about two hours since, I learnt that Don Miguel was to wed another. Then I thought, in my madness, of killing him; but I grew more calm. Poor child! what would have become of him—his father killed—his mother *poisoned!*' The fainting condition of the flower-girl explained her words. She had not avenged herself on Don Miguel—but, unable to live, she had taken poison. 'Take my child,' said she to the bride, as she grew momentarily weaker; 'protect him, watch over him, be a mother to him. If you can still love Don Miguel after his cruel abandonment of his child and me, the poor flower-girl shall not be in your way. But, oh! promise, to a dying mother, that you will take care of her child!'

Dolorès had rather signed than spoken the desired promise, when a knock was heard at the chamber-door. Dolorès instantly caused it to be fastened within. The knocks were then repeated, and the voice of Don Miguel was heard desiring admittance. 'You cannot enter,' answered one of the women. The bridegroom addressed himself to Dolorès, and, seeming to believe her ill, besought admittance. The passionate words of affection which he poured out for the ear of the bride fell unheeded. Dolorès hung over the dying flower-girl. 'Manuela,' cried she, 'this child shall never be parted from me while I live. Manuela! Manuela!' continued she in tones of the deepest sympathy, 'live for your child and Don Miguel—he shall be restored to you; mine he is not, and never shall be! Ah, help! she dies!'

While Dolorès was thus engaged, Don Miguel continued to press for admittance; and by this time, either through the noise, or by reason of the bride's absence, a whisper had gone through the mansion that something was amiss. Moralès, with a number of the party, left the ball-room, and came to the door of his daughter's chamber. 'My child,' cried he, 'it is I. Open to me; if anything be amiss, let your father be with you. Open to me.'

On hearing her father's voice, Dolorès, who was tenderly wiping the foam from the convulsed lips of Manuela, roused herself, and gave orders for the opening of the chamber-door. 'Let all enter,' she said firmly. Her command was obeyed; and the first person who rushed forward was Don Miguel. What was his amazement and horror, when, upon the bridal-bed of Dolorès, he saw the pale countenance of one but too well known to him. Manuela had not yet expired. At the instant of his advance, she opened her eyes, and a flash of fire shot across their enfeebled lustre. She slowly raised her finger, and directing it towards him, she said, 'Miserable man, I pardon thee! But beware of my father—*he will kill thee!*' As she spoke, Manuela sank backwards, and died almost instantly in the arms of Dolorès.

The dying woman, her words, and the sight of the infant, formed but too full an explanation of this scene to all who had entered the chamber. Conscience-struck, at least for the moment, Don Miguel fled from the spot. The affair made a great noise in Madrid, but none could condole with Dolorès on the subject, as, on the morning after the event, she had quitted Madrid with the child of Manuela. She fled. Can you guess who she was, and whither she fled?"

"I can—I see her before me!"

"You are right. I fled, in the first instance, with the child of Manuela to a convent, where my father visited me, and where we concerted measures to prevent the assertion by Don Miguel of those marital rights, which worlds would not have tempted me now to concede. It was deemed best that I should go to France. I did so, and was never molested by Don Miguel while he lived: but within the past year the words of Manuela were fulfilled. Her betrayer fell by the hand of her father.

Now, M. Longpré," continued the countess, "you wish me to be your wife. I—I own I esteem—I love you; but my heart trembles at the recollection of the past, for believe not that I escaped without suffering. Assure me on this point, and my hand is yours. I well believe that you would not insult me by paying addresses while bound by other legal engagements; but assure me that none can renew in your case the death-scene of Manuela—that the vows paid to me are not violations of the actual though unacknowledged rights of any other—and I am willingly, gladly yours."

M. Longpré, need we say, eagerly gave the assurance required. Nor did he deceive her. When their marriage-day came, as it soon did, the happiness of Dolorès suffered no alloy from the cause which she had long feared, and her marriage-day afforded only a specimen of the uninterrupted felicity of many after years.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE BANK-NOTE SYSTEM OF AMERICA.

We have lately seen a very remarkable document, received by a friend from New York. It is a large octavo sheet of sixteen pages, each page containing three closely-printed columns, and is entitled, "Day's New York Bank-Note List, and Counterfeit Detector:" it purports to have been established in 1819, being the oldest paper of the kind, and to be published once a fortnight. The copy shown to us is of the date September 16, 1841. The matter of the sheet consists of lists of banks in the various states of the Union; the whole, according to a rough calculation, amounting to about twelve hundred in number; and along with the name of each of these banks is given the current value of its notes, and a short description of the forgeries upon them. In some cases, only the name of a bank is given, along with a single word, or two fractional figures, significant of the value of, or discount on, its paper: thus—

"Merchant's Bank, Norwich, ... ⅜;"

but, more commonly, to the name of the bank is appended a list of forgeries upon its different notes. Sometimes a bank appears to be exposed to not fewer than twelve different kinds of forgeries of its notes; the average is not less than six, and, multiplying the 1200 banks by this number, we find that there is not fewer than 7200 *varieties* of forged bank-notes in circulation. How many notes of each variety are issued, we are presented with no means of judging. To meet this seemingly universal depreciation and forgery, the sheet we allude to is published. It may be considered an indispensable pocket-companion for every individual carrying on business, and also every workman—a kind of dictionary, which requires to be consulted on almost every occasion that a note is presented in payment or exchange.

The necessity for such a remembrancer becomes very evident when we look down the long lists of forgeries. A common means of detection pointed out, is the inferior execution of the spurious notes and the wrong spelling of names. Take the following extract as an example, referring to a 1 dollar note:—

"Union Bank of New York—New York ..... par. 1 dollar, letter A, dated Oct. 1, 1840. Cashier's name, Daniel Ebbetts, is not spelled right, one *t* being omitted. The figure of Washington on the vignette on the right is tall, and the eyes small, and the *one* in the centre of note badly done."

Or, the following of a 20 dollar note on the same bank:

"20 dollars, letter A, payable to H. Cott, dated Oct. 1, 1840. May be detected by the names of the engravers—in the genuine, Caesleur, Durand, Burton, and Edmonds; in the counterfeit, Edmonds is spelt Edmons."

The following, among several others, is given under the head Cattskill Bank:—

"10 dollars, dated Nov. 1, 1836., lett. A, signed H. Hill, cash. Thos. B. Cooke, pres., purporting to be engraved by Cardu, Durand, Austin, and Edmonds—a very close imitation of the genuine. The engraving is rather coarser, note larger, paper thicker, and the margins are broader—the cashier's name a *fac simile*—president's not so good."

There are many hundreds of notices of the above kind; and a not less frequent description of forgeries seems to be the alteration of certain words or figures on genuine notes, so as to make them pass for larger sums than those for which they were actually issued. The following are examples of this ingenious roguery. The first is the alteration of 5 into 50 on the notes of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company:—

"50 dollars altered from 5 dollars—easily detected if you observe the insertion of the word *fifty* in place of the word *five*—the former word being also smaller than the word dollars, with which it should correspond."

The following is under the head "Mechanics' Banking Association:"—

"5 dollars altered from 2 dollars. The vignette of the true 5 dollars is a group of four human beings and a lion—in the 2 dollars, and of course in the altered 5 dollars, a single figure of Ceres.

20 dollars altered from 3 dollars, so well done as to pass with some of the city brokers. These altered notes can readily be detected by holding up the bill to the light. The bank has issued no such denomination."

Another species of fraud consists in altering the name of a broken bank into the name of a solvent one; and the number of places of the same name favours the deception. For instance, there are perhaps a dozen places with the names of Franklin and Monroe, and unless the state, or some other local distinction, be added, it is difficult to know which Franklin or Monroe is meant. The Monroe Bank, Rochester, has, it appears, suffered from this cause. Under the head of that bank the following occurs:—

"Bills of the broken bank of Monroe, *Michigan*, have been so altered as to resemble this bank. Hold up the bills to the light, and you will readily detect the cheat."

There is a similar fraud on the Commercial Bank of Baltimore—

"5 dollars struck from the old 5 dollars on the Commercial Bank of New York having been issued. The word New-York has been extracted, and Baltimore substituted in its place."

What a state of commercial affairs and moral depravity does all this disclose!

NATIONAL ANTIQUITIES.

The "Literary Gazette"—a paper which seems ever ready to encourage improvements connected with taste—has the following in a late number:—

"In the House of Commons on Monday evening, Mr Wyse gave notice of a motion for next session of Parliament, to which we most earnestly wish the utmost success. It is to pray her Majesty to direct the establishment, under efficient management and control, and on a scale commensurate with the dignity of the country, of a National Museum for the reception and preservation of objects connected with the History and Antiquities of the British Islands. Thousands of interesting specimens of British, Celtic, Roman, Danish, and other antiquities, would be contributed from private possessions and collections. The Society of Antiquaries might find a proper place for the reception of many curious matters now buried in its narrow and confused repositories. All similar things hereafter recovered from the bowels of the earth or ancient buildings would at once be taken to their fitting home, and be preserved for ever. Even from foreign parts we might expect the return of objects belonging to our isle in days of old; and, in short, we should have a national museum worthy of the prince and the people."

To these propositions there can be no reasonable objection; but we beg to state what we think is a very general opinion, that the establishment of great museums in London—as this one, we suppose, is to be—is not the only way of promoting national improvement. If the preservation of objects of antiquity be of use, we should, by all means, recommend that means be adopted by the nation at large to preserve, *on the spots where they rest*, all architectural or archaiological remains calculated to throw light on past manners or history. Within this category might be included the preservation of town-crosses, watch-towers, fragments of city and Roman walls, feudal keeps and castles, abbeys and cathedrals, bridges of ancient construction, Druidic stones and tumuli, cairns, &c., all, in as far as such could be accomplished at a moderate expense, and consistently with modern convenience. We trust that antiquarian societies, wherever established, will make a move at the proper time on this subject. Civic authorities, with their usual disregard of taste, have seldom had any respect for antiquities, however curious; and as, in a number of places, they

have removed town-crosses for no rational purpose, we should hope that the restoration of these interesting and ornamental objects will not be lost sight of.

THE USE OF THE TERM ESQUIRE.

Till a recent period, this term was affixed to the names of men of birth and professional persons only. Men of inferior importance had Mr prefixed to their names, and thus a distinction between the two classes was kept up. Now it is quite customary to add "Esq." to the names of the better class of tradesmen, when they are addressed as private persons. It is a trifle, yet it might have been better if the old rule had been adhered to; for, in the first place, the extension of the term is grammatically wrong, seeing that it is only applicable to men entitled to bear arms; and in the second, if there is any honour in the appellation, it is right that the superior class should have it, in which case it would serve as one of the incentives which work upon the ambition of the mercantile classes, prompting them to the industry which leads to honours.

It appears, however, that the tendency of honourable terms is ever, like that of glaciers, downward. In the seventeenth century, in Scotland, the term Mr was reserved for clergymen, barristers, and other persons of consequence, while the mercantile classes only had their naked names. Mr then came down to the mercantile classes, from whom it is now going to the better class of working men. So, also, Sir, which originally signified a lord (*sihor*, Gothic), has gradually descended till it is applied to nearly every reputable person.

APPLAUDING MACHINE.

When attending public dinners, at which the staple business generally consists in giving and receiving toasts, we have often thought it would be a great improvement if a machine were invented to applaud, and thus save the company from the very arduous duty of "giving the honours." It might be advantageous if the machine could be made to utter a few set terms, such as "Once, twice, thrice, hurrah—hurrah!" with a thundering sound to resemble a clapping of hands at each of the intervals, or to give the equally common terms—"Hip, hip, hurrah!" Any way would do, and, indeed, the machine would be invaluable, if it only gave such sounds as clapping of hands, ruffing on the table, and the hurrahing, the speaking part being left to the performance of the toast-master. As the company at a public entertainment is usually called on to give the honours perhaps not fewer than twenty times in the course of an evening, the work is rather fatiguing in warm weather, independently of the tiresomeness of going through the same performance so frequently. An applauding machine appears to us, therefore, to be a decided "desideratum," and we hope the hint will not be lost on the active geniuses of the age who are looking about for objects on which to employ their talents. The machine could not fail "to pay," as it might be patented, and licenses sold for its use. No company, surely, would grudge ten shillings being added to the bill for the loan of a good applauding apparatus.

"OTHER PEOPLE."

I REMEMBER once to have heard the following story.

In a certain northern town lived a worthy man who had an only son. This son was universally set down by the townsfolk as an idiot: the father called him *weak*. One morning as his father sat in his study busily employed, Jamie rushed in, and stood with his face glowing, his hands working, his feet uneasily moving backwards and forwards, and every gesture evincing that he had something important to communicate, and was too nervous to communicate it.

"Well, Jamie," said his father, encouragingly, "what is it?"

"I want something, father," answered Jamie.

"Well, Jamie, and what is it you want?"

"I want a dog, father," answered Jamie.

"A dog!" exclaimed the astonished parent; "and what can you want with a dog?"

"I just want it," said Jamie, twirling his thumbs, and looking down.

"But what for?" again asked his father.

"Well, I don't exactly know," replied Jamie, still twirling his thumbs; "but I want it."

"Tell me what you want with a dog, and you shall have one," said the father; "but I certainly should not like to trust you, unless you show that you have some object in view."

"Everybody in our town keeps a dog but me!" cried Jamie, indignantly, and beginning to whimper. "There's Sandy Donaldson, and Willie Allison, and Rob Gordon, and Wattie Campbell, *all* keep dogs! Other people keep dogs, and why mayn't *I* keep a dog too?"

It was impossible to resist laughing at, or granting a request backed by so exquisite a reason. The father had his joke, and Jamie had his dog; but within a week Jamie was laid up with a lacerated leg, and began to doubt whether the pleasure of keeping a dog compensated for the pain inflicted by the said dog's occasionally taking it into his head to bite his master.

Now, dear reader, perhaps you may laugh at this story of an idiot in a northern town; and, having done so, let us try to extract something useful from it, and ask ourselves whether there be not many idiots in other towns, northern, southern, eastern, and western, who would despise the simplicity of Jamie, and yet who do the very same thing themselves; who pay as much deference to the foolish doings of "other people;" who, like him, keep a dog merely because their friends and neighbours keep dogs; and who, like him, get well bitten for their pains. Yes; the mass of mankind is made up of "Jamies;" and Jamie's town may represent the world.

Old Potts gives, once every year, a grand party of seventy people, with chandeliers, a quadrille band, ices, and champagne. Why he did so, I could never conceive, as he is a merry widower, free from family cares, and, above all things, partial to a quiet rubber. On a late festive occasion, as I stood fixed tightly in a doorway, the master of the revels came towards me through the throng, looking exceedingly uncomfortable, and wiping his forehead with a huge white mouchoir.

"Ah!" exclaimed he, noticing me in the throng. "Hot work. Isn't it? I'm as tired as if I had been walking twenty miles."

"It is very kind of you to take so much trouble on account of your friends," said I, feeling that I ought to say something, and not knowing exactly what to say.

"Ah!" said Potts, bending towards me in a confidential manner; "I hate these crowds, my dear young friend—I hate them! Nothing like a snug party of six or eight!"

"Then why ask sixty or eighty?" said I, reciprocating the tone of confidence.

"Ah, my dear young friend," said Potts, shaking his head; "*you* don't understand these things. By and by, when you keep house, you'll know better. I invite a crowd, now and then, and cram my small rooms, because it's the custom—because it's the custom—nothing more! Other people do so, you know, and not to be singular, so must *I*!"

The neighbourhood of —— Square is thrown into a constant fever of excitement by the incessant pianoforte practice of Miss Isabella Hawkins, the youngest and the most musical of four sisters. I made a morning call there the other day, and was ushered into the drawing-room, where I found Miss Isabella alone, and hard at work on the "Mosé in Egitto" fantasia of Thalberg. It was a trying situation; and I thought it better, under the circumstances, to hope that I had not interrupted practice—to beg that she would proceed—that there was nothing I was fonder of than music. Accordingly, she favoured me with the entire fantasia from beginning to end—from the first mysterious whisper to the final spirit-stirring bang. I heard it without wincing, and at the conclusion was profuse in compliments and thanks, as in duty bound: the only qualification to my pleasure being a fear that the fatigue had been too much for her.

"Why, it *is* a great exertion," said she, leaning back in a state of palpitation; "particularly as I don't like music. Of all things on earth, I detest pianoforte practice most."

"*You* not like music?" exclaimed I; "you who play so delightfully?"

It was the genteel thing to say this, you know; but the fact is, she plays but tolerably—misses half the notes, and "fudges" the other half. Still, she insists on playing Thalberg, and her friends are expected to listen.

"I assure you I care nothing for music," she repeated; "and as for the piano, I hate it—I hate the very sight of it!"—and she looked quite viciously at the poor instrument

"I wonder that you practise so hard then?" said I, innocently.

"Mamma makes me!" said Isabella, with great animation—"mamma makes me, or I never would touch it from year's end to year's end! Oh, you can't think how cross she is if I don't practise every morning; and nothing under three hours will do. I'm sure *I* wish the piano in the fire! But what's the use of wishing? Other people practise, she says; so must *I*!"

Smith is a merchant, and deals in spices and currants, and raisins, and matters of that sort. Smith's life is very mercantile and stupid. He leaves his house at Brixton Hill every morning by a quarter past eight, and arrives at his counting-house in the city by a little past nine. Here he toils until the evening, and then, riding home again, he eats a hearty dinner, and tries to digest it until bed-time. Of course, no constitution can stand this irrationality, and Smith is often very ill, and never at all well. "But, then," as he says, "how is it to be avoided? The physician tells me to apply less to business, to take more exercise, to indulge in relaxation of mind; sir, it can't be done. I must be at my desk by nine, and remain there till six; and it would never do for me to lose time by walking. If I flagged for an instant, my connection would go. Other people overwork themselves, and so must *I*!"

One night last week I was returning from a lecture, when I was startled by a groan close to me. I directed my eyes towards the spot whence the sound appeared to proceed, and discerned, by the light of a neighbouring gas-lamp, a man lying at full length in the gutter. He had put his hat under his head for a pillow, and was snoring with such vehemence as to endanger the repose of every inhabitant of the street. I was willing to give him the chance of securing a better resting-place, and therefore shook him by the shoulder. This only succeeded in rousing him partially. He drew a long sigh, rolled over on his other side, and muttered drowsily, "More gin!"

It would have been inhuman in the extreme to allow him to lie there. I once more, therefore, applied myself to the pleasing task of benevolence, and administered a kind but smart kick, which was so far effective that the inebriated individual opened his eyes, sat up in the gutter, and stared around him with an air of bewilderment.

"Come, get up," said I, "or you'll find this bed rather too damp for your rheumatism! You'll kill yourself!"

"What's the matter? Who are you?" exclaimed the inebriated individual, rubbing his eyes, and not yet capable of appreciating the exact condition of affairs.

"Never mind who I am," said I. "Get up, unless you want to end your days in a gutter. How came you to be in this state, you dissipated character?"

"Why, master," exclaimed the man, "what's the odds of getting up? It's a good enough place to sleep in. You an't one of them temperance set, I 'spose, as wants us to live on bread and water. A drop of gin can't hurt nobody! Besides, you should do as the rest of the world does—that's what I always say! Other people drinks—and, in course, *I* may!"

Now, tell me, reader, is not the mass of mankind made up of "Jamies;" and may not Jamie's town represent the world.

THUROT, THE NAVAL PARTISAN.

FRANCOIS THUROT, an adventurer of the Paul Jones class, whose career presents some remarkable points of interest, was born in the year 1727, at Nuits, in Burgundy. According to the best accounts, his paternal grandfather was an Irishman of the name of Farrell, a captain in the Irish army of James II., and one of the exiles who followed that monarch's fallen fortunes. While attached to the establishment of James at St Germains, Captain Farrell gained the affections of Mademoiselle Thurot, niece to a member of the Parliament of Paris, and wedded her, to the great indignation of her relatives. The latter discountenanced the pair in every way; and it was only on the decease of both that their son was adopted by his mother's friends, and received their family name of Thurot. In the course of his mature years, this individual was three times married, and his second wife brought him the son whose history we are about to relate. She died in giving the child birth; and while he was being carried to the font, the mother was receiving the last offices of humanity in the adjoining place of sepulture. An incident of some importance to the boy at a future period, was the consequence of this somewhat striking circumstance. It was customary at that time for ladies of rank to go to the churches about Christmas, and offer themselves as sponsors for any of the children that might be brought there for baptism, with the charitable view of doing some good to them in their after lives. One Madame Tallard offered in this way to be sponsor for young Thurot; and being led to inquire into the cause of his father's obvious and unusual grief, she was so much moved by what she heard as to make the boy a handsome present, and to promise to do something for him in succeeding years. The promise, it will be found, was not forgotten.

The English memoir-writers say that all these things took place at Boulogne, but the French Biographical Dictionary informs us that the Thurot family were at this time resident in Burgundy, and that Francois was sent by his father to the Jesuit school of Dijon, in order to learn the art of surgery. We are also told, by the same authority, that the boy showed an unconquerable passion for adventure, and military or rather naval affairs, and that he ran off, when about fifteen years old, to the seaport of Dunkirk. Either at the latter place, or at Boulogne, he appears to have become acquainted with one Farrell, an Irishman, who followed the profession of a smuggler. The name of Farrell led to an acquaintance between this man and young Thurot, in consequence of which the latter was induced to make a voyage to Ireland, being told that the O'Farrells were still a flourishing house in Connaught, and that he might there get into the way of advancing his fortunes. After voyaging as far as the Isle of Man with his Irish cousin, the high-spirited lad took some offence at his conductor, and chose to stay on the island behind the vessel. "The world was now before him where to choose;" and his first thought was to enter on board of any vessel that came in the way. But none touched at the time at the island, and Thurot was glad to earn his bread by becoming servant to a gentleman from Anglesey, of the same disreputable profession with Mr Farrell. The Anglesey smuggler was indeed old in the trade of "run-

ning goods," and, taking a fancy for the handsome, active French youth, employed him in various commissions betwixt Man and the Anglesey coasts. Here Thurot learned the English tongue, and acquired that strong taste for naval adventure which characterised him through life, as well as that skill and experience in contraband trading no less characteristic of his after years. Growing wearied of his position, Thurot seized an opportunity afforded to him of visiting Dublin, probably having some curiosity about his Irish relations. Being furnished, at his arrival, with only eleven shillings, he soon fell, as may be imagined, into a state of distress, and found himself obliged to enter the family of Lord B——, in the capacity of valet. The handsome Frenchman, however, excited some unpleasant suspicions in that family, and was forced to shift into that of another nobleman, who dwelt in a country situation by the sea-side. For a time Thurot was here occupied in rural sports; and entering into them with his usual energy, acquired much celebrity for activity, skill, and utility as a caterer for amusement to his master and friends. But numerous smugglers frequented that portion of the coast; and, ere long, our hero involved himself deeply with these people, among whom his dexterity and experience speedily raised him to be a leader. His generosity in distributing teas, brandies, and stuffs of value, among his friends and favourites, at length betrayed him, and his smuggling associates were watched by the revenue officers. Several laden boats were taken; but Thurot, who had gone on board of one, contrived to escape with it, and made his way to Scotland. His share of the saved cargo amounted to one hundred and fifty pounds; and with this sum he made a figure for a short time in Edinburgh. Ultimately, a gentleman of French extraction met with him, and was induced to give or get for him the mastership of the sloop Annie, with which Thurot went to London on an honest commercial trip. But the sloop was accidentally burned on the Thames, and its late master was again left without regular employment.

For the next four years (betwixt 1748 and 1752), Thurot passed frequently betwixt London and France, having devoted himself to his old employment of smuggling. In 1752, he went to reside at Boulogne, and continued in the same line. By his daring, skill, and success, as well as by the extraordinary generosity and humaneness of character which he displayed, he had now made himself the king of the smugglers. His boats ran an immense quantity of goods between the French and English coasts, usually succeeding in carrying out and in nearly L.20,000 worth annually. English and French revenue-coasters might sometimes seize a cargo; but in vain did they attempt to capture or check Thurot in his expeditions. The French writers also say that he was a bold and most successful privateer. At length the French government ordered the president of the province to take up all persons suspected of smuggling at Boulogne, and Thurot had the ill luck to be one of the first seized. He was carried to Dunkirk, and evidence was gathered against him sufficient to convict him capitally; but now the sponsorship of Madame Tallard proved his safeguard. The president just mentioned was the son of that lady, and he was induced so to exert himself that the life of her godson Thurot was spared.

This seeming check in the roving career of Thurot was, in reality, the means of advancing him to honours and rank far above his wildest hopes; and he had ever shown a spirit of ambition that soared above his ordinary employments. The president Tallard had represented, it is probable, the possibility of his being made a highly useful man to his country. He was sent for to Paris; and being examined respecting the smuggling trade, he gave such proofs of his skill, experience, and daring in naval matters, that the government resolved to employ him in the event of a renewal of the war with England. The war did break out in 1755, immediately afterwards, and Thurot received the command of a sloop of war. But this was an instrument too petty for his views, and he asked and obtained leave to join the privateers of Dunkirk. It was at this time that, by his brilliant exploits, the subject of our memoir made his name truly terrible to the merchants of Britain. He took many ships, and deeply injured their commerce in the channel. Attracted by his increasing celebrity as a naval partisan, the French court again sent for him in 1757, and he was nominated to the command of the frigate Friponne. In this he continued so to distinguish himself that Marshal Belleisle got him appointed to the command of a little squadron of two frigates and two corvettes, and he was sent to the northern seas to intercept a large convoy of British merchantmen from Archangel. Thurot had now means somewhat commensurate with his abilities and comprehensive views. After taking nearly ten merchantmen, and cruising a long time, he fell in with four English vessels of war, two of them larger than his own, and an obstinate engagement ensued, in which Thurot was the victor. He subsequently took to Christiansand, in Norway, not fewer than fourteen captured ships. He issued thence again, approached the Scottish coasts, and took one brig of eighteen guns, with a number of large merchantmen, and returned to the port of Dunkirk, after a restless and brilliant course of two years. The British were deemed so completely masters of the seas, and it was so unusual for French captains to meet them on anything like terms of equality, much less of superiority, that Thurot, at this time (1758) but a man of thirty years of age, was received almost with triumphal honours at the French court, and became the lion of the hour. Seeing every other seaman baffled by the enemy, the government turned to Thurot as to an anchor of hope, and sought his advice on the conduct of their naval affairs. Like Paul Jones in later days, he was impressed by a knowledge of the unfortified state of the coasts and towns of Britain; and, like him also, he boldly counselled a descent on the island. The advice was taken. Intending to act on several points at once, the government gave Thurot five frigates, of 168 guns in all, with a complement of 700 sailors and 1270 soldiers, to attack the Irish coasts. The British ships, with the aid of winds and weather, ultimately defeated the other parts of the scheme, but the indefatigable Thurot vindicated his repute to a certain extent in the fulfilment of his own task. No longer a contraband trader or unauthorised privateer, but an honoured servant of his country, he sailed from Dunkirk in October 1759, and got safe to Ostend. But in attempting to pass around the north of Britain, the channel being avoided as filled with British ships, the French frigates were met by a terrible storm, and one of them was so much injured as to require being sent home. At length the squadron reached the Derry coast, but ere they could land, were again driven to sea, and another ship was permanently separated from the number. Thurot's men had now begun to suffer greatly from fatigue and want of provisions, and the other captains intreated him to return to France; but he was unsubdued in spirit, and firmly refused. In order to procure refreshments, he anchored, on the 16th of February, off Islay, and, being able to enforce his will, obtained supplies, for which, however, to his honour, he paid punctually, and even most liberally. The state of his men, after only four months of the sea, may be guessed from the fact, that, on getting ashore, they ate grass with avidity. Here, too, Thurot heard of the failure of the rest of the invading squadron; but still he persisted in his course, and, with his scanty stores, moved for Carrickfergus, determined at least to wipe so far away, by one retaliative descent, the memory of some of the many similar insults inflicted by Britain on France. On the 21st, he anchored in Carrickfergus Bay, and, about three in the afternoon, landed his soldiery, now reduced to about 600 men, along with 200 or 300 sailors. Carrickfergus was then surrounded by an old and ruinous wall, and its castle by one equally old and ruinous. The place was garrisoned with four companies of men, but they were poorly furnished with ammunition. Therefore, though the commandant, Captain Jennings, made a defence, Thurot soon forced the gates and entered the town. He then marched along the streets, keeping up a fire with the garrison, which was retreating to the castle. Here an incident took place which shows the humane character of the assailing party. A little child, in thoughtless play, ran between the combatants, when a French officer started forward, and, taking up the child tenderly, carried it to the next door, which chanced to be the paternal one. Unfortunately, the gallant man exposed himself too much, and was shot. Thurot continued to press on the castle after the garrison had entered, and quickly compelled them to capitulate.

Master of the town, he now demanded supplies of stores, which the magistrates most imprudently hesitated to comply with. In consequence, the town was plundered, Thurot telling them that the fault was their own. After taking what he could, the French commander, satisfied with what he had done to sustain his character, resolved immediately to quit the coast. But the career of the brave adventurer was drawing near its close. The news of has descent had spread; and ere he could leave Carrickfergus Bay, three British frigates, under Captain Elliott, had arrived to encounter him. Nothing daunted, however, Thurot prepared for action; nor could the issue of the contest have been, with any certainty, pronounced beforehand. The vessels were equal in numbers on both sides; and though the French crews were more numerous, they and their ships were in a very worn-out condition, while the British seamen were unspent by toil, and their vessels a little heavier in metal than the others. The engagement commenced with great spirit on both sides. Thurot maintained his character for seamanship and courage, and fought without flinching or retrograding one inch. The well-manned guns of the British covered his decks with dead bodies; a shot struck his own ship under water, and the sea rose high in the hold; yet still Thurot struggled for a chance of victory. Its sun smiled not then upon him. He was not destined, however, to become the captive of a mortal enemy: he fell dead amid his companions on the deck; and, after a contest of an hour and a half in all, the French ships became the prize of the British.

Thus perished, in the prime of manhood, a man of whom his national enemies had learned to think with esteem and respect. "The public (says the "Annual Register" for 1760, the year following the event above related) lamented the death of the brave Thurot, who, even while he commanded a privateer, fought less for plunder than honour; whose behaviour was on all occasions full of humanity and generosity; and whose undaunted courage raised him to rank and merited distinction. His death secured the glory he always sought."

Our readers will see a striking resemblance betwixt the career of Thurot and that of Paul Jones, as well as between the characters of the two men. They exhibited skill, courage, and humanity, in no ordinary degree; and both evidently possessed those characteristics which go to the composition of the Nelsons and the Napiers. Large opportunities for proving their endowments were not granted to either—for our country we may perhaps say happily so, since they were her enemies.

LIEBIG'S ANIMAL CHEMISTRY.*

SECOND NOTICE.

Our author having discussed the source of animal heat, which consists in the mutual action between the elements of the food and the oxygen conveyed by the circulation of the blood to every part of the body, proceeds to show how the heat of the body is sustained in correspondence with the surrounding atmosphere. It is remarkable that the heat of the blood is the same in the arctic regions as at the equator; and to account for this fact, he states that whatever heat is lost by radiation in cold climates, is restored within the body with great rapidity. There is a compensating process, and the compensation takes place more rapidly in winter than in summer, more at the pole than the equator.

Liebig here describes the nice adjustment between the temperature of the atmosphere, the appetite for food, and the support of an equable heat in the body. Every body knows from experience that nothing so effectually keeps out cold as good eating; but few are acquainted with the precise philosophic reason for this. "In order to keep up in the furnace [of the body] a constant temperature, we must vary the supply of fuel according to the external temperature, that is, according to the supply of oxygen. In the animal body the food is the fuel; with a proper supply of oxygen we obtain the heat given out during its oxidation or combustion. In winter, when we take exercise in a cold atmosphere, and when, consequently, the amount of inspired oxygen increases, the necessity for food containing carbon and hydrogen increases in the same ratio; and by gratifying the appetite thus excited, we obtain the most efficient protection against the most piercing cold. A starving man is soon frozen to death; and every one knows that the animals of prey in the arctic regions far exceed in voracity those of the torrid zone.

In cold and temperate climates, the air, which incessantly strives to consume the body, urges man to laborious efforts in order to furnish the means of resistance to its action, while, in hot climates, the necessity of labour to provide food is far less urgent. Our clothing is merely an equivalent for a certain amount of food. The more warmly we are clothed, the less urgent becomes the appetite for food, because the loss of heat by cooling, and consequently the amount of heat to be supplied by the food, is diminished.

If we were to go naked, like certain savage tribes, or if in hunting or fishing we were exposed to the same degree of cold as the Samoiedes, we should be able with ease to consume 10 lbs. of flesh, and perhaps a dozen of tallow candles into the bargain, daily, as warmly-clad travellers have related with astonishment of these people. We should then also be able to take the same quantity of brandy or train oil without bad effects, because the carbon and hydrogen of these substances would only suffice to keep up the equilibrium between the external temperature and that of our bodies."

It now, therefore, appears to be a natural law that the quantity of food must be strictly regulated by the degree of cold in which we are placed, just as if we should require to regulate the brilliancy of a lamp by the degree of darkness to be overcome.

"No isolated fact," proceeds our author, "can affect the truth of this natural law. Without temporary or permanent injury to health, the Neapolitan cannot take more carbon and hydrogen in the shape of food than he expires as carbonic acid and water; and the Esquimaux cannot expire more carbon and hydrogen than he takes into the system as food, unless in a state of disease or of starvation. Let us examine these states a little more closely. The Englishman in Jamaica sees with regret the disappearance of his appetite, previously a source of frequently recurring enjoyment; and he succeeds, by the use of Cayenne pepper and the most powerful stimulants, in enabling himself to take as much food as he was accustomed to eat at home. But the whole of the carbon thus introduced into the system is not consumed; the temperature of the air is too high, and the oppressive heat does not allow him to increase the number of respirations by active exercise, and thus to proportion the waste to the amount of food taken; disease of some kind, therefore, ensues.

On the other hand, England sends her sick, whose diseased digestive organs have, in a greater or less degree, lost the power of bringing the food into that state in which it is best adapted for oxidation, and

* Animal Chemistry, or Organic Chemistry in its Applications to Physiology, by Justus Liebig. Edited by W. Gregory, Professor of Medicine, Aberdeen. London: Taylor and Walton, Upper Gower Street. 1842.

therefore furnish less resistance to the oxidising agency of the atmosphere than is required in their native climate, to southern regions, where the amount of inspired oxygen is diminished in so great a proportion; and the result, an improvement in the health, is obvious. The diseased organs of digestion have sufficient power to place the diminished amount of food in equilibrium with the inspired oxygen; in the colder climate, the organs of respiration themselves would have been consumed in furnishing the necessary resistance to the action of the atmospheric oxygen. In our climate, hepatic diseases, or those arising from excess of carbon, prevail in summer; in winter, pulmonic diseases, or those arising from excess of oxygen, are more frequent. The cooling of the body, by whatever cause it may be produced, increases the amount of food necessary. The mere exposure to the open air, in a carriage or on the deck of a ship, by increasing radiation and vaporisation, increases the loss of heat, and compels us to eat more than usual."

Suppose that a person expires less carbonic acid, and otherwise loses less material, than the oxygen he absorbs, then disease commences; he becomes loaded with fat. Now, begin to starve this person, and he will lose the fat he has accumulated. Go on starving him, and he will lose the muscular fibre. He is gradually consumed by the action of the atmosphere. "Towards the end, the particles of the brain begin to undergo the process of oxidation, and delirium, mania, and death, close the scene; that is to say, all resistance to the oxidising power of the atmospheric oxygen ceases, and the chemical process of eremacausis, or decay, commences, in which every part of the body, the bones excepted, enters into combination with oxygen. The time which is required to cause death by starvation depends on the amount of fat in the body, on the degree of exercise, as in labour or exertion of any kind, on the temperature of the air, and, finally, on the presence or absence of water. Through the skin and lungs there escapes a certain quantity of water; and as the presence of water is essential to the continuance of the vital motions, its dissipation hastens death. Cases have occurred in which a full supply of water being accessible to the sufferer, death has not occurred till after the lapse of twenty days. In one case, life was sustained in this way for the period of sixty days.

In all chronic diseases death is produced by the same cause, namely, the chemical action of the atmosphere. When those substances are wanting whose function in the organism is to support the process of respiration; when the diseased organs are incapable of performing their proper function of producing these substances; when they have lost the power of transforming the food into that shape in which it may, by entering into combination with the oxygen of the air, protect the system from its influence—then the substance of the organs themselves, the fat of the body, the substance of the muscles, the nerves, and the brain, are unavoidably consumed. The true cause of death in these cases is the respiratory process, that is, the action of the atmosphere. A deficiency of food, and a want of power to convert the food into a part of the organism, are both, equally, a want of resistance; and this is the negative cause of the cessation of the vital process. The flame is extinguished, because the oil is consumed; and it is the oxygen of the air which has consumed it.

Respiration is the falling weight, the bent spring, which keeps the clock in motion; the inspirations and expirations are the strokes of the pendulum which regulate it. In our ordinary time-pieces, we know with mathematical accuracy the effect produced on their rate of going by changes in the length of the pendulum or in the external temperature. Few, however, have a clear conception of the influence of air and temperature on the health of the human body; and yet the research into the conditions necessary to keep it in the normal state is not more difficult than in the case of a clock."

Our author next adverts to the metamorphosis of food into animal tissues, particularly in the young, and to the peculiar modifications of the food in carnivorous and graminivorous creatures. Milk, he observes, is precisely the kind of food which affords a superabundance of oxygen to increase the bulk of the young mammalia. "The continued increase of mass, or growth, and the free and unimpeded development of the organs in the young animal, are dependent on the presence of foreign substances, which, in the nutritive process, have no other function than to protect the newly formed organs from the action of the oxygen. It is the elements of these substances which unite with the oxygen; the organs themselves could not do so without being consumed; that is, growth, or increase of mass in the body, the consumption of oxygen remaining the same, would be utterly impossible. The preceding considerations leave no doubt as to the purpose for which nature has added to the food of the young of carnivorous mammalia substances devoid of nitrogen, which their organism cannot employ for nutrition, strictly so called, that is, for the production of blood; substances which may be entirely dispensed with in their nourishment in the adult state. In the young of carnivorous birds, the want of all motion is an obvious cause of diminished waste in the organised parts; hence, milk is not provided for them."

He now brings his views to bear on man's social condition. We have space for only a few passages. "A nation of hunters, on a limited space, is utterly incapable of increasing its numbers beyond a certain point, which is soon attained. The carbon necessary for respiration must be obtained from the animals, of which only a limited number can live on the space supposed. These animals collect from plants the constituents of their organs and of their blood, and yield them, in turn, to the savages who live by the chase alone. They, again, receive this food unaccompanied by those compounds, destitute of nitrogen, which, during the life of the animals, served to support the respiratory process. In such men, confined to an animal diet, it is the carbon of the flesh and of the blood which must take the place of starch and sugar. But 15 lbs. of flesh contain not more carbon than 4 lbs. of starch; and while the savage with one animal and an equal weight of starch could maintain life and health for a certain number of days, he would be compelled, if confined to flesh, in order to procure the carbon necessary for respiration, during the same time, to consume five such animals.

It is easy to see, from these considerations, how close the connexion is between agriculture and the multiplication of the human species. The cultivation of our crops has ultimately no other object than the production of a maximum of those substances which are adapted for assimilation and respiration, in the smallest possible space. Grain and other nutritious vegetables yield us, not only in starch, sugar, and gum, the carbon which protects our organs from the action of oxygen, and produces in the organism the heat which is essential to life, but also, in the form of vegetable fibrine, albumen, and caseine, our blood, from which the other parts of our body are developed.

Man, when confined to animal food, respires, like the carnivora, at the expense of the matters produced by the metamorphosis of organised tissues; and just as the lion, tiger, and hyæna, in the cages of a menagerie, are compelled to accelerate the waste of the organised tissues by incessant motion, in order to furnish the matter necessary for respiration, so the savage, for the very same object, is forced to make the most laborious exertions, and go through a vast amount of muscular exercise. He is compelled to consume force merely in order to supply matter for respiration.

Cultivation is the economy of force. Science teaches us the simplest means of obtaining the greatest effect with the smallest expenditure of power, and with given means to produce a maximum of force. The unprofitable exertion of power, the waste of force in agriculture, in other branches of industry, in science, or in social economy, is characteristic of the savage state or of the want of cultivation."

We have now, we think, presented a sufficiently ample review of the able work before us, leaving, however, much to be examined by the reader on the subjects of animal motion, theory of disease, and other departments of this extensive subject. We may afterwards advert to Liebig's views on the theory of disease, but meanwhile recommend the work to the patient study of all who take delight in philosophic investigation.

THE SHAKSPEARE HOAX.

ALLUSIONS being often made to the Shakspeare or rather Ireland forgeries, while the generation familiar with them is nearly passed away, it becomes in some measure necessary, for the sake of the general reader of the present day, that an account of that extraordinary imposture should be presented.

Mr Samuel Ireland, who became deeply mixed up with the "Shakspeare Forgeries," was a person of excellent private character, and of some eminence in the world of letters, being the author of various antiquarian and topographical works, published about the end of last century. He was particularly distinguished among his friends for his devotion to the memory of Shakspeare. The slightest scrap of ancient writing, referring even indirectly to that great name, was to Samuel Ireland a treasure of priceless worth, and an autograph of the bard himself was a thing meriting almost the reverence of idolatry. Unfortunately, however, only two or three scraps of Shakspeare's writing had descended to posterity, the signature of his will being the most certainly authentic of these. In such circumstances, the delight and triumph of Mr Ireland may be imagined, when, in 1795, his own son, Samuel William Henry Ireland, a lad of eighteen years of age, not only announced his discovery of a deed bearing the *sign-manual of William Shakspeare*, but at the same time placed that very deed in his father's hands. The father was almost beside himself, in fact, with joy, and called around him, on the instant, all the antiquaries and Shakspearian enthusiasts of London, in order to astonish them with his prize. The relic, which purported to be a mortgage-deed betwixt Shakspeare and one Michael Fraser and his wife, was viewed with such rapturous and soul-engrossing veneration, that only after the lapse of several days did some individual grow calm enough to inquire where the document had been found. Young Ireland, the discoverer, was at that time in the office of a conveyancer, but deeds of such antiquity were not likely, it was apparent, to have existed there. Accordingly, when referred to, the young man assigned a different source to the precious relic. He had become acquainted, he said, with a gentleman of ancient family, who had permitted a search to be made among his numerous family papers, and there (said the youth) had the deed been found. The gentleman had presented it to the fortunate discoverer, but, being a very retiring and diffident person, and knowing the stir which would be made about the matter, he had bound the other solemnly to the concealment of the giver's name. This statement of young Ireland, in place of meeting with discredit, was most readily swallowed, and even threw a deeper interest over the affair; and the cry of all enthusiastic antiquaries was for more—more signatures—more deeds! The Honourable Mr Byng, Sir Frederick Eden, and a great number of other literary amateurs, unanimously declared, that, where this one deed had been found, the identical mass of papers beyond doubt existed which had been long sought for in vain by the commentators on Shakspeare.

Young Ireland, urged on all hands to continue his researches, ere long gratified the expectations of the curious by producing, one after another, "Shakspeare's Profession of Faith," a "Letter to Lord Southampton," a "Letter to Anne *Hatherwaye*" (the poet's wife), "Five Poetical Stanzas" to the same lady, a "Letter to Queen Elizabeth," and several notes of hand and other minor documents, all of them apparently either in Shakspeare's own hand-writing or signed by him. These documents were laid before the first antiquaries and men of letters of the day, and were received by all, with the exception of a very few persons, without suspicion. Not even the production of a "Deed of gift to *William Henry Ireland*," described as the friend of the poet, and as having saved his life on the river Thames, brought any discredit on these wonderful discoveries, though certainly the production of such a deed, with such names, was a pretty sharp trial of the *swallow* of the antiquarian world. Among the noted men who saw and implicitly believed in the authenticity of the Shakspeare papers, Dr Samuel Parr may be mentioned in the first place. The doctor drew up and signed a certificate, stating that "the undersigned had inspected the Shakspeare papers, and were convinced of their authenticity." The name of Parr was followed by those of Herbert Croft, the Earl of Lauderdale, Valpy, and many others. James Boswell was among the subscribers; and "previous to signing his name, he *fell upon his knees*, and in a tone of enthusiasm, thanked Heaven that he had lived to witness this discovery, and exclaimed, that he could *now die in peace!*" Sir Isaac Heard, Garter King at Arms, Jonathan Hewlett, translator of the Old Temple Records, and several of the principal English heralds—men accustomed to minute examinations of ancient documents—were also among the vouchers for the antiquity of the Shakspeare papers. But perhaps the most remarkable name in the list was that of John Pinkerton, the historian and antiquary, whose experience in antique writings may be held to have exceeded that of any other man of his day. It is needless to go farther into the list, after mentioning such names as these. The strange truth respecting these papers must now be told. Can the reader hear without wonder and amaze, that the papers under notice, asserted to be *two hundred* years old, had been fabricated, in most instances, not many *hours* previous to their production before the eyes of these experienced and admiring antiquaries! And they had been fabricated, moreover, by a lad of eighteen, totally unskilled beforehand in the art of copying ancient writing!

According to the confessions of young Ireland, which were published in 1805, his original motive for the execution of these forgeries was simply to give pleasure to his father. He had long sought for an autograph of Shakspeare to present to the latter, and being unable to find one, at length bethought him, in an evil hour, of producing a spurious copy. He did so, and his father was rendered happy. In departing thus far from the straight path, the young man foresaw none of the consequences which really followed. He conceived, he says, that his father would be pleased, and "there an end." But the inquiries made compelled him to fabricate a story regarding their source; and the demand for farther Shakspearian relics led him on, according to the common law in morals, from lie to lie, and from the production of paper after paper, until he had coiled around himself a mesh of deceit which he might well tremble at the thought of unweaving. How could he venture to confess his forgeries, after having led such men as Joseph Warton and Samuel Parr to commit themselves by the most extravagant eulogies of the pseudo-Shakspearian compositions! "We have many fine things," said one of these individuals, "in our church service, and our litany abounds in beauties; but *here*, sir, *here* is a man who has distanced us all." This said of the hurried composition of a smart lad of eighteen! Parr afterwards tried to back out of the scrape into which he had fallen; but he was undeniably, and grossly, and egregiously deceived at the outset of the affair. Our faith in taste and criticism receives a sad shock from such circumstances as these.

Pushed and pushing onwards in his course, young Ireland at length announced the discovery not only of the manuscript originals of many of Shakspeare's Plays, but also of a new and hitherto unknown one, with the title of "Vortigern and Rowena." A new drama by Shakspeare! The literary world was wild with expectation. And all the while, according to his own account, the youth of eighteen, who had ventured upon this daring announcement, had not penned one line of the promised piece, and, indeed, had never

written a verse in his life. The announcement of the play brought out an attack from Malone, one of the few who denounced the Ireland papers as forgeries, although it is to be feared that he was actuated more by a bitter jealousy of the invaders of his province of collector of Shakspeariana than by any other motive. He warned the public not to be imposed upon by the spurious play, as he was just about to prove the whole affair a tissue of forgeries. The elder Ireland defended the authenticity of the papers in a pamphlet. The play was written, and shown to antiquaries, and, even then, criticism continued completely at fault. The great theatres were both eager for the play, and Drury Lane was the successful competitor, Sheridan being then at its head. James Henry Pye, the Poet-Laureat, and Sir James Bland Burgess, contended for the honour of writing a prologue to the piece, and the baronet carried the day; while another literary amateur wrote an epilogue. The 2d of April, 1796, was the day appointed for the representation, and all London looked with eagerness to the event.

But there was one man who knew Shakspeare too well to be gulled like others around him, and that man was essential to the success of the pseudo-Shakspearian play. John Kemble did take upon him the part of Vortigern, but he took it at the command of his superiors, and did not hesitate to call the whole a downright forgery. The author, in a published edition of the play, ascribes to John Kemble's contempt of his part the consequences that followed the representation. A house, crowded to excess, met to listen to the piece, and all, says the author, went on well, until John Kemble came to the line,

"And when this solemn mockery is o'er,"

which he pronounced (says the author still) in so pointedly scornful a manner, that an irrepressible clamour commenced in the house, and settled for ever the fate of Vortigern.

The truth seems to be, that, whatever might be the case with critics and antiquaries, the *public* were not in this case to be hoaxed. They knew the mettle of their illustrious and enduring favourite too well to be deceived, and their award decisively closed the Ireland humbug. The eyes of the learned few were opened by the plain common-sense of the illiterate many, and all men cried out against the impudent forgery. Poor Samuel Ireland suffered grievously in character; and it was to protect his father, the son says, that he came forward and made a full confession. The consequence of his misdeeds, he further says, was a life of voluntary yet painful exile, and the endurance of all manner of obloquy, for years in succession. The doom was certainly not altogether undeserved.

We have now had enough of this sad affair, which certainly forms one of the most curious instances in literary history, of critical judgment thoroughly at fault. In this respect, it gives a lesson at once amusing and instructive. But it is unnecessary to dwell on the *morale* of the affair, which is so obvious that it may be safely left to the reader's own reflections.

SCOTLAND: A SONG.

The hills of my country are mantled with snow,
Yet, oh! I but love them the more;
More noble they seem in the sun's setting glow,
Than all that the vales of the Southron can show,
When gay with the summer's whole store.

Though brighter the landscape, and blander the air,
In climes that look straight to the sun,
The dearest enjoyments of home are not there,
The chat and the laugh by the hearth's cheering glare,
When day and its labours are done.

And thus, like the snow-covered hills of their land,
Its sons may seem rugged and rude,
Yet gentler in heart is each man of the band,
More kindly in feeling, more open in hand,
Than all whom the tropics include.

T. S.

ENGLISH SAILORS.

Voltaire has the merit of having discovered the cause of the superiority of English sailors at sea. The natives of the south of Europe navigate smooth seas, those of the north are frozen up during winter, but the English seas are open all the year, and are navigated in long, dark, stormy nights, when nothing but great skill and incessant exertion can preserve the vessel. Hence arises a degree of confidence in their sailors, which is almost incredible: the greater the danger, the greater is their activity; instead of shrinking from toil, every man is at his post. Having no faith in miracles for their deliverance, they almost work miracles to deliver themselves; and instead of preparing for death, strain every sinew to avoid it. Added to this confidence, they have also in war that which arises from constant success. The English sailor feels that he is master of the sea. Whatever he sees is to do him homage. He is always on the look-out, not with the fear of an enemy before his eyes, but, like a strong pirate, with the hope of gain: and when going into action with an equal or even superior force, he calculates his profits as certainly as if the enemy were already taken. "There," said the master of a frigate, when the captain did not choose to engage a superior French force, because he had a convoy in charge, "there," said he, with a groan, "there's seven hundred pounds lost to me for ever!" As for fear, it is not in their nature. One of these men went to see a juggler exhibit his tricks: there happened to be a quantity of gunpowder in the apartment underneath, which took fire and blew up the house. The sailor was thrown into a garden behind, where he fell without being hurt. He stretched his arms and legs, got up, shook himself, rubbed his eyes, and then cried out—conceiving what had happened to be only part of the performance, and perfectly willing to go through the whole—"Well, I wonder what the fellow intends to do next."—*Flowers of Anecdote.*

[The merit of Voltaire's views on this subject will scarcely bear investigation. More probably, the intrepidity of the English sailor is simply a result of physical organisation: he belongs to a race possessing great mental activity and power, and favoured by local circumstances, this has made him what he is. If Voltaire had taken a trip to the Highlands, he would have seen a Celtic population seated on the shores of stormy seas, yet possessing no taste for maritime pursuits. An enlightened philosophy teaches that situation and circumstances are of little use when the native qualifications of mind are defective. Voltaire knew nothing of this philosophy.]

GOOD FOR EVIL.

Juan de Esquivel, the first governor of Jamaica, was sent by Diego Columbus, son of the great Columbus, in 1509, with about seventy men, to enforce his claim to the government. He was one of the few Castilians who, amidst all the horrors of bloodshed and infectious rapine, were distinguished for generosity and humanity. One eminent instance of this is related by Herrera. About the time that he sailed from Hispaniola, to take possession of his new government of Jamaica, his competitor, Ojeda, was on the eve of his departure to the continent. Ojeda violently opposed the intended expedition of Esquivel, and publicly threatened that if he should find him at Jamaica, he would hang him up as a rebel. Ojeda in his voyage was shipwrecked on the coast of Cuba, and in danger of perishing for want of food. He implored succour from the very man whose destruction he had meditated. Esquivel, thus acquainted with the sufferings of his enemy, sent an officer to conduct him to Jamaica, received him with the tenderest sympathy, treated him with kindness, and provided him with the means of a speedy and safe conveyance to Hispaniola. How truly might it be said, that under him "the ravages of conquest were restrained within the limits of humanity!" It is pleasing to add, that Ojeda was not ungrateful to his benefactor.—*From a Scrap-Book.*

ENJOYMENTS.

Under this head we have to consider what it is difficult to define in reference to people in general. Our physical as well as our mental tastes are almost as different as our faces and figures. Each is ready to exclaim, "It is a matter of surprise to me that Mr A. can find so much enjoyment in business—eternal business—night, noon, and morning." Again, Mr A. says, "Well, I wonder how Mr B. can continue to live in what he calls a round of pleasure and amusement." Each sees the mote in his brother's eye, but observes not the beam in his own; in other words, is tolerant of his own folly only. Change or variety appears to be desired by all, unless by those labouring under a species of monomania. The traveller by occupation sighs for rest; while he, doomed to drudge in the same locality, longs for the freedom of a loose leg and change of scene.

In truth, enjoyment is quite a relative idea, depending upon a host of contingencies, such as age, temperament, peculiarities, &c. The influence of age or period of life needs not a reference to the sacred Scriptures to prove its well-known effects.

In childhood, manhood, and old age, we make a retrospect tête-à-tête with experience, not at all complimentary to the preceding stage; and although we may cast a "longing lingering look" on boyhood's days, owing to the pleasures they then afforded, yet still we do often regret that so much time was idly spent. The objects of ambition or avarice—unlike the straws and rattles of childhood, or the finely gilded toys of the emulation of riper years—are persistent besetting delusions to the very last—even on a death-bed.

The conqueror still sighs after fame—darling fame—that "nerved his arm and steeled his sword." The miser hugs his money-bags, and petitions Death to spare him yet a little until he receive some valuable post-obits. We have heard a great deal of how valueless the things of this world appear to the dying man; but we have too often seen the reverse, to give assent to this assertion as the rule, which forms but the mere exception; men generally die as they have lived—"the ruling passion strong in death."

On the subject of enjoyments, we can only say that each individual must determine upon what he likes best in this respect, and act accordingly. The man who pays most attention to the culture and discipline of his mind is laying the true and firm foundation for such a taste as will lead him to seek for enjoyment in moral and intellectual pursuits—those that leave no sting behind. Remember that the pleasures of the sensualist and of the voluptuary perish in the very enjoyment.—*Hayden's Physiology for the Public.*

TO PRESERVE FLOWERS FRESH.

It is now eighteen years ago since we first saw, in the drawing-room of a gentleman now no more, in the hot dry weather of the dog-days, flowers preserved day after day in all their freshness by the following simple contrivance:—A flat dish of porcelain had water poured into it. In the water a vase of flowers was set; over the whole a bell-glass was placed with its rim in the water. This was a "Ward's case" in principle, although different in its construction. The air that surrounded the flowers being confined beneath the bell-glass, was constantly moist with the water that rose into it in the form of vapour. As fast as the water was condensed, it ran down the sides of the bell-glass back into the dish; and if means had been taken to enclose the water on the outside of the bell-glass, so as to prevent its evaporating into the air of the sitting-room, the atmosphere around the flowers would have remained continually damp. What is the explanation of this? Do the flowers feed on the viewless vapour that surrounds them? Perhaps they do; but the great cause of their preserving their freshness is to be sought in another fact. When flowers are brought into a sitting-room, they fade because of the dryness of the air. The air of a sitting-room is usually something drier than that of the garden, and always much more so than that of a good greenhouse or stove. Flowers when gathered, are cut off from the supply of moisture collected for them by their roots, and their mutilated stems are far from having so great a power of sucking up fluids as the roots have. If, then, with diminished powers of feeding, they are exposed to augmented perspiration, as is the case in a dry sitting-room, it is evident that the balance of gain on the one hand by the roots, and of loss on the other hand by their whole surface, cannot be maintained. The result can only be their destruction. Now, to place them in a damp atmosphere is to restore this balance; because, if their power of sucking by their wounded ends is diminished, so is their power of perspiring; for a damp atmosphere will rob them of no water—hence they maintain their freshness. The only difference between plants in a "Ward's case" and flowers in the little apparatus just described is this—that the former is intended for plants to grow in for a considerable space of time, while the latter is merely for their preservation for a few days; and that the air which surrounds the flowers is always charged with the same quantity of vapour, will vary with the circumstances, and at the will of him who has the management of it. We recommend those who love to see plenty of fresh flowers in their sitting-rooms in dry weather to procure it. The experiment can be tried by inserting a tumbler over a rose-bud in a saucer of water. —*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

CRIME DURING THE FAIR WEEK IN GLASGOW.

We are gratified to observe from a report in a newspaper, the "Scotch Reformers' Gazette," that the number of offences—such as drunkenness, disorderly conduct, and assaults—committed in Glasgow during a certain week in July, called the "fair week," is on the decline. In the fair week of 1841, the number of persons charged with offences at the police court was 404, and in 1842 it was only 241. Our authority observes on this subject, "It thus appears that there is a great diminution in the extent of crime, and we are glad also to find that the most heinous offences have been much lessened—there being but few of those brutal and savage assaults now committed that were formerly so common. We must, in common justice, attribute much of this desirable change, both as to the number and character of offences, to the beneficial influence of the temperance movement, to dull trade, and to the more enlightened conduct of our lower native population towards their Irish brethren. But we would also give the credit that is due to the judicious police regulations now in force. We believe that, in addition to the moral influence just spoken of, the improvement is attributable to the preventive nature of our present system of police, by which the peace and good order of our community, even at such striking times as 'the fair,' have been effectually preserved."

VARIOUS ASPECTS OF CAPTAINS OF THE NAVY.

It is well known to the world at large that some captains of the Royal Navy possess three distinct natures. The first is called their "manner afloat," which signifies a certain harshness of address when speaking to those under their command. The second is styled "their duty," which they put on in the most obsequious form when receiving orders or notice from superiors. The third is their "shore-going habit," in which they array themselves with a certain carelessness, meant to represent an honest, open-hearted, frank, though blunt good nature, a ready smile and an apparent cordial friendship for all; that is, for all who are beyond their power, and do not care one sixpence for their rank and epaulettes, and who fancy (poor deluded creatures!) that a captain on shore and a captain on his own quarter-deck are one and the same person. They who think thus know little about the matter. Not that I mean that this is a universal character. There are many perfect gentlemen, many of the kindest hearts that ever beat, high in rank in our service. But even these are forced to alter their manners when in command. While there are some, as I have above described, whose real nature is tyranny, and whose urbanity on shore is a mere matter of masquerade.—*Continental Literary Journal.*

IMPROVED BOARDING-SCHOOLS.

Fathers of families in England occasionally apply to us for information respecting boarding-schools for boys in Scotland, "which we can recommend as being conducted on an improved routine of instruction, and at a moderate charge." We regret that we are seldom able to answer such inquiries satisfactorily. We could point out one or two good boarding-schools, but only for boys of a high class, and also two or three good public schools, but these are in large towns, and therefore not the thing required. What is wanted, as far as we can understand, is a boarding-school in some healthy country place, at which boys would be taught not only the elementary but those advanced branches of instruction which improved views of education suggest; such, for example, as the laws of matter and motion, mechanics, hydrostatics, optics, electricity, astronomy, geography, geology, chemistry, zoology, botany, physiology, political economy, history, and so on; also instruction in classical and modern languages for those who wished to go that length. The whole routine, with board, and proper moral and religious instruction, to be given at from L.30 to L.40 per annum. If there has already been established any such boarding-school on a respectable footing, we shall be glad to hear of it, and, if satisfied, to recommend it to public support.

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EXTRAVAGANCIES OF THE DRAMA.

OUR social institutions, customs, manners, and amusements, are characterised, beyond question, by a great many features and peculiarities, which the force of habit alone prevents us from viewing with ridicule, if not from repressing as gross outrages upon common sense. This is a trite enough observation, it must be confessed; yet the marvel is, that often as it is made in reference to a variety of subjects of greater or lesser consequence, our eyes are never the nearer being opened, and we are still contented to exercise our vision through the dulling and deceiving film of habit and conventionalism. Perhaps the operation of these influences is nowhere more observable than in the case of our dramatic and scenic exhibitions. Things are said, done, and shown in our theatres, which, when one examines them without the spectacles of custom on one's nose, appear certainly very strange and ridiculous; and the more particularly do they appear in such lights when one remembers the pretensions of the stage to "hold the mirror up to nature," and show "the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure." Professed imitations are there habitually given of characters too absurd to have ever had prototypes in human nature, and language is put into their mouths such as man never spoke in real life; while people look on, and listen, and applaud, simply, to all seeming, because their grandsires did so before them. For proof of this, take note of the Irishmen and Scotsmen of the stage, or the creations of fancy on which, from time immemorial, it has been the good pleasure of dramatic writers to bestow these designations. As regards speech, dress, manners, and other characteristics, these creations no more resemble the Irishmen and Scotsmen of real life, past or present, than the latter are like to the natives of Dahomey or Ashantee in the colour of their skins. Shakspeare began this series of ridiculous misrepresentations in the Captain Macmorris and Captain Jamy of his "Henry V.;" but for him there is excuse in the comparative ignorance which prevailed in his time relative to Ireland and Scotland. Imitating his faults when they could not imitate his beauties, dramatic writers have never since produced play or farce (as Carleton remarks in reference to his own countrymen) "in which, when an Irishman is introduced, he is not drawn as a broad grotesque blunderer, every sentence he speaks involving a bull, and every act the result of headlong folly, or cool but unstudied effrontery. I do not remember an instance in which he acts upon the stage any other part than that of the buffoon of the piece, uttering language which, wherever it may have been found, was at all events never heard in Ireland, unless upon the boards of a theatre. The Captain O'Cutters, O'Blunders, and Dennis Bulgrudderies, of the English stage, never had existence except in the imagination of those who were as ignorant of the Irish people as they were of their language and feelings. Even Sheridan was forced to pander to this erroneous estimate and distorted conception of our character; for, after all, Sir Lucius O'Trigger was *his* Irishman, but not Ireland's Irishman." Mr Carleton forcibly exposes the long-lived absurdity of imputing to the Irish any special propensity to bulls or blunders, and shows that the foundation of that idea lay simply in the imperfect comprehension which the Irish long had, and have even yet, of the English language.

In reference to the Irishman of the drama, the truth seems to be, that, a buffoon being a necessary character for many of the purposes of the stage, our dramatists have deemed it proper to call such creations of their fancy by the generic title of *Irishman;* and a name rejoicing in the prefix of O', with a plentiful scattering of *ochs, sowls, be-aisy's,* and blunders in their talk, has had the effect of causing the strange personations of this class pervading our plays, to be received as genuine sons of Erin all the world over, by one generation after another. There might have been little else than folly merely in our so long tolerating the application of the Irishman's name in this way, had it been understood that the appellation was but a useful conventional one for a class of characters which the stage requires; but this has not been the case. The ridicule which was solely due to the creature of the dramatist's invention, was transferred to the real members of that community whose national name was so misused. "It passed (says Mr Carleton) from the stage into the recesses of private life, wrought itself into the feelings till it became a prejudice, and the Irishman was consequently looked upon and treated as a being made up of absurdity and cunning—a compound of knave and fool, fit only to be punished for his knavery or laughed at for his folly." This is certainly nothing more than the truth. The stage, hitherto at least, has been one of the chief instruments by which national character has been appreciated; and from the senseless reception of the stage-pictures of Irish character as genuine, a depreciatory feeling towards the actual Irish people has been long fostered in the sister country. Many a worthy man must have suffered, for instance, both in interests and feelings, from the stigma conveyed in the term "fortune-hunter," which the drama has been the chief means of fixing upon the children of the "emerald isle."

The professed representations of Scottish character and Scottish scenery and peculiarities on the stage, afford matter for laughter chiefly. We have heard it asserted, that very worthy people in London have the firm belief that the citizens of Edinburgh wear the *kilt* universally, and that, on visiting England, they assume certain nameless articles of dress merely as a mark of respect for the more civilised tastes of the south. Whether this be the London belief or not, certain it is that the stage, as far as Scottish matters are concerned, is practically conducted on that principle. To pourtray a Scottish scene there, a most unsparing allowance of mountain, rock, wood, and waterfall, must be made; and these natural features, to distinguish them from the same kind of scenery elsewhere, require simply to be on a monstrous scale. The painter, apparently, must keep in his mind's eye the "steep-frowning glories of dark Loch-na-gar," the written model of a Scottish scene to an English mind. Then, again, every living thing introduced into such a scene—man, woman, and child—must be clothed in tartans. The *women* must have plaids, mantles, and snoods of that material; and the *men,* be they kings, chiefs, caterans, or cow-herds, must figure in tartan coats and kilts, and also display hose and buckled shoes, with blue bonnets and swingeing feathers therein. It is almost needless to say further, that a dirk and purse are also essential to the Scot of the stage; and moreover, and above all, a *claymore* of fearful length and strength, with which a "terrific combat," as the bills have it, is always effected amid the hills and cataracts aforesaid. The "terrific combat" is an element of the Scoto-scenic exhibition never to be omitted.

The good people who swallow these things as characteristic of Scotland proper, are much in need of being set right in their ideas. On the streets of London, tartans and kilts are as common a sight as in Edinburgh. Tourists must know this, but apparently nobody else does. As for dirks and claymores, we can assure our southern friends that the terrific fighters of the stage have no prototypes among Scotsmen. A gully-knife, fit only to slice a skim-milk cheese, constitutes the most deadly weapon which we have ever seen in the hands of the ploughman or shepherd of the Scottish dales.

Then, what a language do the approved Scotsmen of the stage emit, and what forms and names do they bear! Speaking through the nose seems to be deemed essentially characteristic of Scotsmen. A lumbering animal with a shock head of red-hair, which he scratches perpetually, enters on the stage, and pours forth, in a great measure through the organ mentioned, a gibberish composed chiefly of *oichs, hoichs, tow's, ta'e,* and *mon's,* and is deemed by his admiring auditory the veritable Scot. Twenty other personages may be on the scene, equally Scottish in name and position with this single party, but they speak their best English, and are not deemed the true specimens of Caledonia. Now, we humbly assure our southern readers that all Scotsmen are not red-haired, and that in our talk we have no peculiar fancy for snivelling. As little are we aware of the existence of any persons called Mac-Screws or Mac-Sawneys among us, as certain dramas would imply. Nor do we even believe that, leaving what is more especially called Scotland for the most remote nooks of the Highlands, we shall there find any such personages, figures, names, or modes of talk. We shall find Gaelic spoken in some places, and in others a form of Scotch or English; but that chaotic mixture of these tongues which prevails on the stage, is the proper dialect of no district or spot with which we are acquainted. It is a curious truth, indeed, that in those parts of the Highlands where the original Gaelic has been superseded, a dialect of the English tongue is spoken excelling in purity any to be found in most of the provinces, or perhaps even the metropolis of England. Such is the case at Inverary, for instance, and partly at and around Inverness.

Scottish readers may think it a work of supererogation for us thus seriously to deny that the shock-headed, scratching, grunting, fighting animal in tartan, is a fair specimen of the general population of Scotland; but in reality the belief that such is the case is widely spread among our southern neighbours, and even among the respectably educated of them. Artists, who should and *do* know better, have fostered the notion by sticking men in kilts into all their pictures of Scottish scenery, even where these have reference to the banks of the Tweed or the Clyde, or other spots which never were trodden by limbs adorned with such a species of dress. The stage, we repeat, aided by paintings, has been instrumental in giving Englishmen most ridiculous ideas of Scotland. Not conceiving it possible, we suppose, that men who wore kilts could possess any of the luxurious inventions of civilisation, a respectable London merchant lately asked a friend of ours if we had *gas* in Edinburgh; and he exhibited a most humiliating degree of surprise on learning that we had actually advanced so far in practical science as to manufacture and use that article.

As in the case of the conventional Irishman and Scotsman of the stage, so is it with its Frenchmen, its Italians, its Spaniards, its Germans, its negroes, and others. They are not human beings of varied character, such as Shakspeare introduced into his plays when he laid the scenes abroad. They are respectively but reiterations of one character, which it has pleased dramatists to constitute the stage-model of an entire national community. For example, the Frenchman introduced into the English drama is uni-

versally but the shrugging, monkey-looking Canton of "The Clandestine Marriage," or the Monsieur Morbleu of "Monsieur Tonson," dished up over and over again, with no difference in essentials, though thrown, it may be, into situations varied in some little degree. See one stage-Frenchman, and you see all. Is nature thus limited in her power of varying character, with a great nation to work upon! Surely the mirror is not held up to her here.

Classes of men have the same kind of conventional representatives on the stage as nations have. See one sailor, and you see all that the modern drama ever shows to you of that class. When a tar is promised to you in any piece, you may feel assured of beholding a man with blue jacket, white trousers, straw hat, pigtail, and buckles, who dances a hornpipe, chews tobacco, mouths a host of boisterous sentences relative to the honour of old England, bans the French, and garnishes his dialogue with a most multitudinous amount of "avasts," "lubbers," "swabs," "what cheers," and good set phrases of the like kidney. Now, though all the sailors that ever sailed the salt seas were marked by these features of exterior and manners, surely the drama should present something more than mere outward forms, in order to hold up the mirror to nature, and show vice and virtue their own image. As things are managed at present, dramatic authors seem to hold that they accomplish all when they give little more than externals, according with the set rules and practices of the stage established by their predecessors. Variety of character is never dreamed of, apparently; though, being men, sailors must vary in a thousand respects like other men. Even as regards their characteristic manners, it is absurd to suppose that they are all as much alike as peas or pigeons' eggs. Nor can every Jack be disposed to dance hornpipes everlastingly, in season and out of season.

Sailors form but a specimen of the sort of class-conventionalisms to which we allude. If a lawyer, a country squire, a barber, an auctioneer, a village-mayor, or almost any professional or official person whatever, appear in the list of personages in a modern drama, any one who has the slightest acquaintance with such matters may prognosticate with certainty what the dress, manners, mode of speech, and other peculiarities, will be in every individual case. They will all be found in accordance with the conventional stage rules, in each instance specially laid down and provided. And to augment the sameness resulting from this state of things, the actual *representers of character* upon the stage have become moulded and modelled, upon similar principles, into certain forms, unchanging and unchangeable. Histrionic companies, now-a-days, are for the most part composed of individuals who have trained themselves, not to the personation of such varied characters as nature presents, but to perform each a stated species of character, out of which they cannot step for the lives of them. In every company, for example, there is a performer who plays the dandy or puppy parts, and can play nothing else. There is your enacter of mysterious bandits and Blue-beard counts. There is your old-man-obstinate performer, or one who represents hot-headed admirals and hard-hearted fathers. There is your old-man-virtuous, or he who plays distressed merchants and ancient faithful servitors; your knowing valet; your comic Irishman; and so on. So completely does an actor belong to one part, and one part to him, that it is common to say such an actor is a "capital villain," a "first-rate scoundrel." The lady-performers are arranged in like manner into the old-woman-tragic and old-woman-comic; the young-woman-sentimental, and young-woman-chambermaidish; and so on. The confinement of performers thus to one walk, though it may have been originally caused by the adherence of dramatic writers to set conventional rules, reacts upon the efforts of these in turn, and increases the mischief. Seeing the manner in which histrionic companies are usually arranged, the modern dramatist looks not to nature for his conceptions. He draws every character and arranges every phrase exactly as he thinks they will best suit the people who are to represent and utter them. He writes a part for the puppy-performer, a part for old-obstinate, a part for old-virtuous, a part for knowing-valet, parts for miss-sentimental, miss-chambermaidish, old-woman-comic, and the rest, the thread of a plot which ties the whole together being a matter of extremely little moment in his eyes.

The dramatist is certain of some measure of success, by taking this direct and secure way of bringing out the powers of each individual performer. But though he may thus far have acted prudently, as histrionic matters at present stand, the end of this entire system is, that our dramatic pieces have become, more and more completely, but a hashing up of the same things over again. We find in them endless old admirals (performed by the old-men-obstinate), who speak like barking dogs, quarrel with everybody, and always have nephews or nieces whom they want to marry to some hateful or hated person or another. As all must end well at last, we find these ancient blockheads usually wheeling round at the last moment, without the shadow of a reason, and giving their consent to the identical match which they have all along opposed. Such a personage uniformly concludes with a "Well, you young dog, I suppose you must have her. So, take my blessing"—and hereupon he pulls out his white handkerchief, and snivels considerably. There are, so far as we have observed, no beings in human nature resembling these old-obstinates. As great a libel upon youthful humanity is the lover-gentleman of such pieces, who can do little else than exclaim, "Adorable Julia!" and cane his servant (the knowing valet)—for which latter act, by the way, the valet in real life would assuredly either knock his master down, or summon him before the police-magistrate, or perhaps do both. The "adorable Julias" of the light modern drama, again, are intolerable pieces of insipidity, without enough of intellect to sew the A B C upon a sampler. They can but lisp perpetually "Pa" and "Ma," and "Dear Charles;" and they speak of elopements for life as they would do of taking a morning walk. Can anybody feel a rational interest in the fate of such bib-and-tucker heroines as these, or have any wish but to see them well chastised by their governesses, and sent to bed supperless?

We must not dwell too long on these points, however, and must trust it to the reader himself to make a more extended application of the preceding hints. But there is one other point to which we would advert before closing these observations on dramatic matters. While following not, or incapable of following, our elder dramatists in their vivid and varied depicting of actual, living, breathing human nature, many modern dramatists seem to think that they attain to the style, at least, of the Augustan age of the English drama, by interlarding their attempts plentifully with such phrases as "i' faith," "marry," "my masters," and the like. These things have accordingly become a part of the laughable conventionalisms of the stage. We may perhaps best make the reader understand us here by throwing a few of these stereotype phrases into a sort of speech for the nonce. Suppose a gentleman, or say nobleman, to behold another approaching, into whose eyes he wishes to throw a little pulverulent matter. He will then probably speak—on the stage of course—after the following sort. The stock phrases are in italics:—

> "*Ha! can I trust mine eyes?* No!—yes! 'Tis he!
> Now must I smooth my tongue.—*But hush! he comes.*
> (*To the other*).
> Ha! *by the mass*, it glads me to the core, sir,
> To note how *excellent well* thou bear'st thine years.
> *Marry*, my good lord, *i' th'* olden days,
> I *do remember me*, thou look'dst it bravely;
> And yet, *i' faith*, methinks old grandsire Time
> That *comes me* rudely in to pluck men's beards,
> And plant *you* white hairs where *your* black have been,
> Hath scarcely touched thy *honourable* visage.
> Nay, never shake thy head—*gentle, my lord.*
> *Go to, man;* by *this light*, I say, 'tis so.
> *My masters*, judge ye, *an* I speak not truly.
> Note well this, *worthy sir! By'r lady*, friends,
> He is my junior but by some few years,
> And mark the difference between us now.
> *S'blood*, that *same* wielder *o' the* crooked scythe
> Hath used me vilely. *A'* brought us to the light
> *A'most* at once; and *lo! you here*, my masters,
> How plain his marks on me, while on my friend
> His hand hath fall'n as soft as even dew.
> Well, *there be* some well used, and others not.
> *Afore me*, an it go not nigh to anger one.

And so on. Such phrases as these, with a broken line now and then, with breaches in rhythm, and a few words thickly consonanted (such as "foul-mouth'dst" and the like), plentifully bestrew the more ambitious dramas of the present day. The constructors of them think not of the quality of the metal; the antique setting seems to be all in all.

In conclusion—is there not to be found in the prevalence of these dramatic conventionalisms a partial reason, at least, for the declension of the stage from its high position in past days? Educated spectators, and they are now numerous, cannot but distinguish the artificial and unnatural cast of the scenes and characters presented to them, and therefore fail to take that interest in the spectacle, or in the fates of the personages represented, which it is essential to excite; and when the more intelligent classes lose their liking and respect for the drama, others must soon adopt the same views. Shakspeare and Jonson ranged human nature in search of new, proper, and varied subjects for the stage. Modern dramatists seem to have but a set number of puppet figures, which they shake together, as it were, in a bag, and present in the slightly-varied positions assumed by them, without changing, however, one iota of their aspect or attire, much less of their intrinsic characters.

SANATORY CONDITION OF THE LABOURING POPULATION.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE fourth section of Mr Chadwick's remarkable work adverts to the "comparative chances of life in different classes of the community." This is a subject which has already been investigated, to very curious results, by M. Villermé of Paris. Inquiries amongst ourselves come to precisely the same effect, namely, that the severity of the pressure of disease and mortality is generally in proportion to the poorness of circumstances. The difference is much greater than could well be believed, except upon the most powerful evidence. Mr Chadwick states, that in some districts of a city the deaths are only 1 for every 57 of the population annually, while in other districts of the same city they are 1 for every 28, being more than twice the former amount. He has with great industry collected a series of returns from different manufacturing towns and districts in England, showing the average age of the individuals deceased within a certain time of three classes of society, namely—1. Gentry and professional persons; 2. Tradesmen and their families; and 3. Labourers, mechanics, and servants; from which it invariably appears that the average age of the first class is much above that of the two others, and that the average age of the second class is much above that of the third. In Truro, for the three classes respectively, it is 40, 33, and 25 years; in Leeds, 44, 27, and 19; in Liverpool, 35, 22, and 15; in Whitechapel, 45, 27, and 22; in Kensington, 44, 29, and 26—the two last exhibiting, it will be observed, a more favourable average to the third class in a city district occupied by the upper ranks, than in a mean district—an effect probably, in part, of the good condition in which the servants of the upper classes are kept. When we go into a simply rural district, where the third class is mainly composed of agricultural labourers, we find the return for that class much more favourable than in dense manufacturing cities. For instance, in Rutlandshire, the numbers respectively are 52, 41, and 38—the last class thus showing better chance of life than the second does in any of the places above mentioned. This is a very instructive fact, particularly when we bear in mind that the wages of the agricultural labourers of Rutlandshire average barely *one-half* of the wages of the third class in the large manufacturing towns. Mr Chadwick has had maps of Leeds and of Bethnal Green parish constructed, to show, by comparative depth of colouring, the liability of various districts to contagious disease and cholera; and the deep colours are invariably upon the dense mean districts occupied by the humbler classes. He requested from the medical authorities of Aberdeen a similar map of that city, desiring at the same time that they would distinguish the streets occupied by the different grades of society. "They returned a map so marked as to disease, but stated that it had been thought unnecessary to distinguish the streets inhabited by the different orders of society, as that was done with sufficient accuracy by the different tints representing the degrees of intensity of the prevalence of fever."

"An impression is often prevalent," says Mr Chadwick, "that a heavy mortality is an unavoidable condition of all large towns, and of a town population in general. It has, however, been shown that groups of cottages on a high hill, exposed to the most salubrious breezes, when cleanliness is neglected, are often the nests of fever and disease as intense as the most crowded districts. The mortuary returns of particular districts prove that a high degree of mortality does not invariably belong to the population of all towns, and probably not necessarily to any, even where the population is engaged in manufactures. The proportion of deaths appears in some of the suburbs of the metropolis (as at Hackney), and of Manchester and Leeds, to be lower than amongst the highest

classes in two of the agricultural counties." It is also to be remarked that, in some generally unhealthy districts of towns, there are streets of a better class, and *vice versa*; and it has been found, when minute inquiry was made, that these exceptions showed the respective differences of mortality which were to be expected. Mr Elwin, reporting from Bath, says, "The average [age] among the labourers was greatly diminished by the returns from some notorious courts, and raised again to a still higher proportion by districts which appertained rather to the country than the town." This gentleman found the average for a good district depressed by a colony of shoemakers. "My attention," he says, "was called to this circumstance by the clerk incidentally remarking that more shoemakers were married at his office, and were uniformly more dirty and ill-dressed, than any other class of persons. The proneness to marriage or concubinage in proportion to the degradation of the parties is notorious, and I anticipated from the fact an abundant offspring, afterwards to be carried off by premature disease. Accordingly, I went with this view through several of the registers, and the result was, that, while the average of death amongst the families of labourers and artisans in general was [1 in] 24 and 25, that of shoemakers was [1 in] 14."

It would be a very erroneous inference from the above facts, that, of equal numbers of *grown persons* of the three classes, the chance of life was in the proportions indicated. It is upon the young and infantine that the weight of adverse physical circumstances chiefly falls. In Manchester, of 1000 children born, 570 die before they complete the fifth year of their age. In 1840, of the children in their first year, 23 per cent., or nearly a fourth, perished. It appears as a general fact, that more than half of the children of the working classes die before they are five years old, and only one-fourth of the children of the gentry. Such seems to be the case wherever there is a large mortality; and it is also found as invariably that, where there is a large mortality, there is a *still greater fecundity*, always keeping up society at its full number, or even increasing it. In Manchester, where the deaths are 1 in 28 annually, the births are 1 to 26: in Rutlandshire, where the deaths are only 1 in 52, the births are 1 to 33. Even marriages are more numerous where the deaths are greatest. The city of Geneva has had an accurate system of registration for three centuries. In that time, it has slowly increased its population from 13,000 to 27,000. To persons not accustomed to inquiries of this kind, it would appear rather strange, that, although the population of Geneva has always been increasing more and more rapidly, the proportions of marriages and births have been constantly decreasing. The fact is, that the population has increased, not by a greater number of births, but by a smaller number of deaths: the expectation of life of a child at birth is now 45 years; but in the seventeenth century it was only 13.

Mr Chadwick remarks—"An impression of an undefined optimism is frequently entertained by persons who are aware of the wretched condition of a large portion of the labouring population; and this impression is more frequently entertained than expressed, as the ground of inaction for the relief of the prevalent misery from disease, that its ravages form the natural or positive check, or, as Dr Short terms it, a 'terrible corrective,' to the pressure of population on the means of subsistence. In the most crowded districts which have been the subject of the present inquiry, the facts do not justify this impression; they show that the theory is inapplicable to the present circumstances of the population. How erroneous the inferences are in their unrestrained generality, which assume that the poverty or the privation which is sometimes the consequence is always the cause of the disease, will have been seen from such evidence as that adduced from Glasgow and Spitalfields, proving that the greater proportion of those attacked by disease are in full work at the time; and the evidence from the fever hospitals, that the greatest proportion of the patients are received in high bodily condition. If wages be taken as the test of the means of subsistence, it may be asked, how are such facts to be reconciled as these, that at a time when wages in Manchester were 10s. per head weekly on all employed in the manufactories, including children or young persons in the average, so that, if three or four members of a family were employed, the wages of a family would be 30s. or 40s. weekly, the average chances of life to all of the labouring-classes were only 17 years; whilst in the whole of Rutlandshire, where the wages were certainly not one-half that amount, we find the mean chances of life to every individual of the lowest class were 38 years? Or, to take another instance, that whilst in Leeds, where, according to Mr Baker's report, the wages of the families of the worst-conditioned workers were upwards of L.1, 1s. per week, and the chances of life amongst the whole labouring population of the borough were only 19 years; whilst in the county of Wilts, where the labourer's family would not receive much more than half that amount of wages in money, and perhaps not two-thirds of money's worth in money and produce together, we find the average chances of life to the labouring classes 32 years?" The population of Guanaxuato, in Mexico, where the deaths are 1 in 20 annually, and the births 1 in 16, is sunk in filth, vice, and misery. Mr Chadwick conceives that it resembles "the wretched population of the worst parts of Glasgow, Edinburgh, London, and Bath, and the lodging-houses throughout the country." He adds—"Seeing that the banana (with the plantain or maize) is the chief food of the inferior Mexican populace, their degraded condition has been ascribed to the fertility of that plant, as the degradation of a large proportion of our population has been ascribed to the use of the potato; whereas a closer examination would have shown the fact of large classes living industriously and virtuously chiefly on simple food, and preferring saving money to better living; and that, if a high and various meat diet were the cause of health, industry, and morality, those virtues should stand highest amongst the population of the lodging-houses, for more meat and varied food is consumed in those abodes of pestilence than amongst the industrious population of the village. In Manchester, where we have seen that the chances of life are only 17 years, the proportions and varieties of meat consumed by the labouring classes are as their greater amount of wages, compared with the meat consumed by the labouring classes in Rutlandshire, whose mean chances of life are 38 years. But I apprehend that the superior health in Rutlandshire is as little ascribable to their simpler food, as the greater amount of disease amidst the town population is ascribable to the greater proportion of meat which is there consumed. It is probable, indeed, that the standard of vitality in Rutlandshire might be raised still higher by improvements in the quality of their food. There are abundant reasons to render it desirable that the food of the population should be varied; but it is shown that banishing the potato, or discouraging its use, or introducing any other food, will not banish disease."

The fifth section of the report is on the "pecuniary burdens created by the neglect of sanatory measures;" but it has a somewhat wider application. It must be sufficiently obvious as a general fact, that it is better, other circumstances being equal, to have a population in which there is a just and natural proportion of all ages, than one containing a great proportion of the young and unproductive classes, or of widows, orphans, and other dependants on the bounty of the rest, which is the kind of population inevitably resulting where there is a great mortality, and its attendant, a rapid reproduction. Mr Chadwick enters into a variety of statements showing the actual burden thrown on the poor-rates in England in consequence of the premature deaths of working men. The evidence is of a striking nature; but we cannot well follow it in all its intricacies. To many the pecuniary part of the question will be of less interest than another which he adverts to in this section. Much is represented by the single remark, that in the ten registration districts of Leeds, while the mortality prevalent in them varies coincidently with their physical condition, "*the recklessness and immorality, as shown in the proportion of illegitimate births, increases in a greater proportion than the mortality.*" After giving some tables, showing the proportion of men of experience and staid habits in a healthy population, he goes on to remark to what an extent the young predominate in Manchester and some other physically unfavourable districts. It was found, on some occasions of turbulence in that town, that the turbulent were the young exclusively: the mature were peaceable, and disposed to repress the turbulent, but they were a feeble minority, in consequence of the thinning of their numbers by premature deaths. In strikes, the young generally lead, overbearing all the social influence of their seniors. In London mobs, it is also observed that the great majority are young.

It has been found that, in recruiting in one of the physically depressed districts, a smaller proportion of those who enlist proves fit for service. In the metropolitan police, of the candidates who come forward for admission, it is rare that one from Whitechapel or Spitalfields is found suitable. The criminal classes are generally stunted in stature and of inferior strength. "I might adduce," says Mr Chadwick, "the evidence of the teachers of the pauper children at Norwood, to show that a deteriorated physical condition does in fact greatly increase the difficulty of moral and intellectual cultivation. The intellects of the children of such inferior physical organisation are torpid; it is comparatively difficult to gain their attention, or to sustain it; it requires much labour to irradiate the countenance with intelligence, and the irradiation is apt to be transient. As a class, they are comparatively irritable and bad tempered. The most experienced and zealous teachers are gladdened by the sight of well-grown healthy children, which presents to them better promise that their labours will be less difficult and more lasting and successful. On one occasion a comparison was made between the progress of two sets of children in Glasgow, the one set taken from the wynds, and placed under the care of one of the most skilful and successful infant schoolmasters, the other a set of children from a more healthy town district, and of a better physical condition, placed under the care of a pupil of the master who had charge of the children from the wynds. After a trial for a sufficient time, the more experienced master acknowledged the comparative inferiority of his pupils, and his inability to keep them up to the pace of the better bodily conditioned children.

The facts indicated will suffice to show the importance of the moral and political considerations, namely, that the noxious physical agencies depress the health and bodily condition of the population, and act as obstacles to education and to moral culture; that in abridging the duration of the adult life of the working-classes, they check the growth of productive skill, and abridge the amount of social experience and steady moral habits in the community; that they substitute for a population that accumulates and preserves instruction and is steadily progressive, a population that is young, inexperienced, ignorant, credulous, irritable, passionate, and dangerous, having a perpetual tendency to moral as well as physical deterioration."

It is necessary to guard against an impression very apt to be formed from the fact of the higher chances of life being found amongst the upper classes, namely, that expensive modes of living are essential to health. This is by no means the case. The probability rather is, that the higher classes are comparatively healthy, not in consequence, but in spite of, expensive modes of living, which too often involve indulgence in what is positively deleterious. The working classes in the great seats of manufactures have far more rich, varied, and stimulating diet than the rural labourers, yet they have been shown to be much less healthy. The diet in prisons is very light; yet it is matter of common observation amongst the medical persons superintending them, that the health of the inmates is generally much higher than that of almost any part of the surrounding population. "Notwithstanding the depressing influence of imprisonment, the effect of cleanliness, dryness, better ventilation, temperance, and simple food, is almost sufficient to prevent disease arising within the prison, and to put the prisoners in a better working condition at the termination than at the commencement of their imprisonment. At the Glasgow bridewell, the prisoners are weighed at their entry and at their discharge, and it is found that, on the average, they gain in weight by their imprisonment." Mr Chadwick might have added, what we ascertained and stated in this paper a few years ago,* that the mortality in the Edinburgh Charity Workhouse, where the diet is light, was strikingly less than in the Manchester workhouse, where it is comparatively rich and substantial. Indeed, it appears plain, from an ample variety of facts collected in modern times, that the medical authorities which preach slenderness of diet as best for health are in the right; and that what is strictly called *want*, the evil so much held up to dread and pity by the poets, should in reality be assigned but a secondary rank amongst the ills which afflict human kind. It may be that Mr Chadwick ascribes too much importance to the physical conditions on which his report throws so much light—we incline to believe that he does—but it seems impossible to doubt that to a very great extent, to an extent far beyond what would be supposed at all probable even by those who have their eyes open to such investigations, the comfort and happiness of our community are affected unfavourably by mere misarrangements as to health which are capable of remedy.

How the remedy is to be applied, we shall see in a subsequent article.

AN INCIDENT AT BOULOGNE.

The custom which our fashionable Englishmen have of flying to the coast of France, when debts and the like mishaps render their own country somewhat too hot to hold them comfortably, causes Boulogne and other towns forming the chief places of rendezvous on such occasions, to present, for the most part, a strangely assorted society, and to witness, at times, very curious scenes. We do not precisely ask our readers to believe the following romantic story in all its details, though there is nothing very improbable in any part of them.

Sir George Tindal was a young baronet of good English family, who came to Boulogne a few years ago, under rather peculiar circumstances. He had been left very young with command of a good patrimonial estate, but had given way so far to the fashionable follies of the young in high life, as to allow nearly the whole of it to fly away on the turf as fast as race-horses could carry it. He had still good expectations, however. A maternal relative, a merchant, and one of the richest in the metropolis, was likely, in the due course of things, to leave Sir George his fortune, as his nearest heir. He was fond of the young man, but had been greatly and perilously alienated by the conduct and reverses of the latter. It was while meditating on this subject that an idea struck the nearly ruined baronet. "How successful," thought he, "my uncle has been by his speculations in the funds! Might not I have a chance that way, also? Might not I cast in my poor remnant of means into that great lottery, and pull out a prize? I may as well try it: all that I have now is scarcely worth thinking twice about. I shall try at least."

Poor Sir George! He forgot that though some

* Inquiries respecting Food, Nos. 366 and 368.

seas may be deep, there are others which cannot be sounded at all; that however deep one may be in the mire, there is a chance of getting deeper. He *did* venture his all in the stocks. He was successful once, and even twice. Getting inspirited by his good fortune, he thought he had but to venture further and win more. Alas! he was a novice, merely, in the hands of veteran gamblers. Some of the very worst members of the body who speculate in these matters got him into their hands; and knowing well what his expectations were, and where they lay, they led him on by a nibble or two, until, by a series of ruses, considered not infamous only on such a field of transactions, they at length got him placed under a load of debt which even all his uncle's means would with difficulty lighten. Holding him bound by signatures and bonds, they then waited coolly for his accession to his prospective inheritance, knowing well that the same prospect would keep their victim also within reach of their grasp at any time.

Sir George wandered about town for some months after these mishaps, like a man with a rope around his neck. During that time he had many reasonings with himself on an important point. This point affected his whole prospective fortunes. The young baronet was naturally possessed of good sense; he was well educated, and it may be said that his heart was good, and his intentions fair towards all men, under ordinary circumstances; but his course of life, and the associations he had formed, had relaxed his moral principles. This acquired defect came now into play. The point which he canvassed with himself was, whether or not, after having most distinctly ascertained that he had been the dupe of his creditors, his engagements with them were binding upon him. His good sense said yes, for they had acted within the law; his sense of honour said the same, for they had his bonds; "but then," said other internal arguers, "they got these by base means, and they have not lost a shilling by me. The article *experience* was what my folly bought from them at the price of a fair fortune, and with it came no penny out of their pockets. Besides, if I pay these harpies, I shall be beggared." The end of the whole was, that the uncle of Sir George died; the young baronet was left heir; and within a few hours almost after being put in possession of his fortune, which was the portable one of an old monied hoarder, the young baronet was on his way with it to Boulogne. The creditors stormed and vowed revenge; but they at first knew not whither he might fly, and there are great difficulties attending the recovery of money from creditors on the continent in any case.

Sir George fixed himself in a small country house near Boulogne. He had been able to carry thither a sufficiency for permanent maintenance — above twenty thousand pounds, nearly the amount of his funded embarrassments, after what he called "fair debts" were privately settled. He lived for some time in great seclusion, only occasionally appearing in public. The society which he then met was not of a character to trouble itself much about what he had done, or was doing, or was about to do, so long as he maintained a fashionable appearance and a gentlemanly deportment. So Sir George led a very quiet and undisturbed existence for a time, always excepting some little twinges from a sense of violated honour, until love, the universal busy-body, came in the way to overthrow the runaway's repose. A lady made her appearance in Boulogne, bearing the name and style of the Baroness d'Estival. Report said that she was an English woman by birth, and the widow of a foreign noble; and she was young, beautiful, and reputed rich. Ere long, such attractions brought all the danglers of dangling Boulogne into subjection to the baroness; and among the rest, our baronet saw and admired the lady. For a time, however, he was undistinguished by her, nor did he make any marked advances on his own part. An accident brought round an eclaircissement. By a peculiar piece of awkwardness, as it seemed, on the part of her servant, the caleche of the baroness was nearly overturned near Sir George's door. The young baronet sprung out; and the lady appearing faint and terrified, he intreated her to alight for a few moments. She complied. It was the hour of lunch, and they lunched together. Sir George begged her to view his garden, and they walked together. When the lady was at last about to depart, Sir George begged leave to take the reins out of the hands of the awkward servant, and escort her home in person. The result of all was, that the baronet became an established visitant of the baroness; and having declared his passion, received an answer which left him much to hope, while at the same time it promised nothing positive.

Sir George could not be long acquainted with the fair baroness without discovering that she had one remarkable and somewhat eccentric taste. She was distractedly fond of angling, a perfect female Walton. She had hired for the season a large yawl, something between a fishing-boat and a yacht, and every morning, when the weather was good, she rose with the sun to amuse herself off the coast with the rod. "I cannot comprehend the pleasure you take in this occupation," said Sir George to her one day. "It is a charming recreation," answered she gaily; "and, besides, my physicians have recommended to me to take as much air and exercise at sea as possible. I acquired the taste through this cause. It is sometimes dull, to be sure, for the sailors and my servants are no company. But I have been pressed by a certain gallant major, and a certain warlike colonel, to permit them to bear me company, and I think I must really consent some day." How could a lover forbear to intreat permission to occupy the place of these rival suitors? Sir George could not. He begged and sued, and the fair lady gave her consent that he should accompany her next morning on one of her odd excursions to sea.

The day proved beautiful, and the pair went aboard at sunrise. They sailed, however, far out to sea, and along the coast, ere any desire for fishing was shown by the lady. The water was not favourable, she said, at one place, and then she declared that she had no fancy, on this morning, for the exercise. Sir George was rather pleased with this disinclination, which was owing, he flattered himself, to her being absorbed by his own conversation; and she, on her part, seemed only to think of charming him by sweet discourse. At length a slight shower fell, and the baroness asked her lover to enter a small rude cabin, where a glass of wine and cake were offered to him. Here the pair sat, hour after hour, the lady enchanting her lover with talk that caused him to forget all but her present self. At length, he pulled out his watch and started up. "What!" cried he, "the day is far advanced, and I don't think they have ever put about!" The wind, too, was blowing nearly direct from the coast. "Come, madam, if you fish at all today, it is surely time to begin."

The answer startled the poor baronet. "I *have* angled," said she quietly; "and, what is more, I have caught my fish." "What mean you?" cried Sir George. "What fish have you caught?" "Twenty thousand pounds," answered the lady, with coolness. Sir George grew pale, and stept hurriedly on deck. "Distraction!" cried he, as soon as he had looked around. "Put about instantly, pilot; that is Margate!—we are off England!" "Exactly so, Sir George," said the lady at his back. He turned round and looked at her. "Your purpose, then, is to take me" —— "To London, Sir George," said the lady, interrupting him with calmness, though a gratified flush was on her cheek. Sir George turned to the sailors. "My purse!" said he; "twenty-five louis for you, if you put about for Boulogne!" "Twenty-five louis!" said the lady, disdainfully, "when twenty thousand pounds are in the other scale!" "Barbarous, treacherous woman!" cried the infuriated baronet, as he looked around, with an eye that threatened peril to all, if he had but had the means to inflict it; but the baroness gave a signal, and in an instant his arms were pinned to his side by two pair of brawny arms. The baronet struggled, but in vain; a cord was produced, and he was only saved from the ignominy of being bound, by giving his assurance that he would remain in quiet durance in the cabin. It seemed to him that he had nothing for it but to submit.

Sir George, reduced to this condition, looked with indignation at his captor. She had checked the sailors for harshness in their usage of him; but otherwise she expressed no visible emotion. "Betrayed by you!" said the captive, "you whom I loved so much!" "You loved me!" "Yes; well you knew it!" answered Sir George. "Since you are an adventuress, cruel woman, would not my whole fortune, with my hand, have better paid you than a miserable hire?" The lady spoke not in reply, and Sir George also held a scornful silence from that moment, until he landed in the Thames. He was here put into the hands of the sailors, and conducted to an hotel, on giving his solemn promise that he would not attempt to escape. Believing all to be lost in any case, he was glad to be relieved from the confinement of a jail, though it might be but till his creditors were warned of his capture.

It was night when this landing in the Thames took place. Sir George spent a wretched night, moaning over that fate which his conscience told him was not unmerited. In the morning he drew up an act, briefly giving up all to his creditors. He had scarcely finished this when a visiter was announced. It was his betrayer, the baroness. "Wretched woman, what seek you?" said he sternly. "Is not *your* task done? I have now to do with others." "With none but me," said the lady in a low voice, and with a timidity of manner most unlike her previous deportment. "What do you mean, madam?" asked Sir George. "I am your sole creditor," said the lady; and she placed in his hands some papers, which he at once saw to be his own redeemed bonds. He looked up in amazement. "You had a cousin once, Sir George," said the lady, with her eyes on the floor. "I had—Anne Fulton," said Sir George; "we were playmates in childhood." "She went abroad, when a child, with her family?" continued the lady. "She did," said the baronet; "and, I have heard, was married to a very wealthy planter in the island where they settled. It pained me to hear it, for we loved each other even when infants." "She wedded against her will," continued the lady; "for she, too, remembered old days. She is now a widow." A light had been gradually breaking upon Sir George's mind. He started hastily forward, and took hold of the lady's hand, almost throwing himself at her feet. "You are" —— "I am your cousin Anne," said the lady.

It is needless to carry our tale beyond the point when the imagination of the reader can do all that remains to be done. The lady had returned to England a rich widow; had learned the situation and embarrassments of her well-remembered cousin; had seen him at Boulogne; had contrived the overturn at his door, and made his acquaintance. She had only thought of the fishing scheme through a spice of romance in her temperament, and that she might get him to England, where she might have his debts paid. They wedded, and lived happily, like all lovers in stories; and we wish all were as true as the present one.

DEPLORATIONS ON A DOMESTIC EVIL.

The world has been torn by the contending claims of rival razor-strops; why has British genius never been applied to the production of some equally ready and sure means of sharpening carving-knives? The happiness of domestic life depends to a degree, far beyond what could have been previously supposed, on the good serviceable condition of this article of conveniency. That famous conjunction of grievances, a smoky house and a scolding wife, is not complete without a blunt carving-knife. It is an evil which every one possessing that important essential, meat to carve, must have felt to be among the most frequently occurring, and in quality one of the most vexing, which he has ever known.

In a state of collapse from hunger, you hear the announcement of dinner. You pass with ill-maintained deliberation to the table where the viands are spread. You think to be satisfied without delay; but, lo! you find your carving-knife totally disqualified for its duty. You have to wait ten minutes in an agony of appetite and vexation till some hurried and imperfect remedy has been applied, after which you once more try to carve, and perhaps now partially succeed. But the thwarting and delay have put you out of humour with yourself, your dinner, and your wife; and that food which was designed to comfort and sustain you, is deprived of one-half of its value. Ten to one you don't get into a tolerable conceit with the general frame of things in this world for the whole evening.

Or I shall suppose you entertaining a choice selection of your friends at dinner. The broad sirloin is before you. Almost everybody eats beef, for the veal has been discovered to be a little underdone. The demand is incessant. You are told that Mrs S. will trouble you; that Miss D. wishes a slice rather rare; that Mr T. is waiting; and much more to the like purpose. But it seems that wait they must, all of them. The knife is in its usually inept condition. Your attempts to penetrate the crisp cartilage at the top prove all in vain. You toil, you struggle, you groan in secret. You try a common knife, without in the least improving the case. A steel is brought, and you hastily endeavour to give a tithe of that sharpness which ought to have been deliberately conferred by the powers of the scullery in the course of the morning. But you have been disconcerted and heated, and your hand has become unsteady. The consequence is, that the slices which you send away are rude and ungainly masses, quite unworthy of your skill and experience as a carver; and the dinner is eaten half cold, which might have been eaten warm. All the time, you are compelled, by the tyrannical laws of society, to maintain a smiling and cheerful front, while secretly mortified to the last degree.

A blunt carving-knife is sufficient to give a fatal turn to the whole current of a life. An amiable youth, of retiring manners, loved a young lady who was thought to be pretty equally balanced between him and a rival somewhat his senior. One day it was contrived by a benevolent hostess that he was placed next the fair damsel at dinner. He was asked to carve a fowl opposite to him, and amongst those whom he had to help was his mistress. He tried to show his skill, of which he really had some portion, by carving the fowl in an easy, genteel fashion; but either some supernal power, unfavourable to his suit, had previously blunted the knife, or it had become blunt through mere ordinary use, and had not been sharpened when it ought. He drew the dish nearer; he began to look anxiously for joints; he strained, he perspired, he became excited. Still, he was baffled in all his endeavours. Meanwhile, he felt that the eyes of Emmeline were upon him, and that to have detached the wing which she wanted, and laid it upon her plate, would have been worth untold gold. Alas! in one last, desperate effort, he caused the whole fowl to fly into her lap! Reader, only think what must have been the feelings of this unfortunate youth, as he forked up the errant hen from the lap of his lady-love, while all eyes were bent upon him and her, and waiting-maids were flying in all directions to give the assistance that was altogether in vain for the great object. Is it to be wondered at that Emmeline pre-

ferred the rival, and that our youth was three months after on his way to bury his grief and shame in the back settlements of Australia?

Blunt knives go deeper into the physiology of common existence than could be supposed from their character. Unable, without a great struggle, to cut your meat into sufficiently small pieces, you trust to your teeth instead. But perhaps your teeth are bad, or a natural hastiness disqualifies you for going through the process of mastication deliberately. You consequently swallow your food in a state not nearly so well prepared as it ought to be for the process of digestion, and thus injure your health.

Ladies, if you wish your husbands to preserve their temper, or their health; if you wish to save young men from disgrace in the eyes of their lady loves, have your knives well sharpened. It is a sacred duty, which you cannot neglect without the most serious evils ensuing.

Perhaps our whole system of carving meat at table is bad. A free-born Roman gentleman could never have submitted to the drudgery of cutting flesh and fowl to pieces for a set of hungry guests, whilst himself was as hungrily waiting for his own share of the feast. He had all this service performed by slaves. Juvenal describes these fellows standing at a side-table, dissecting the dishes, and handing the pieces to the guests as they were wanted:—

> "Meantime, to put thy partner to the test,
> Lo, the spruce carver, to his task address'd,
> Skips like a harlequin from place to place,
> And waves his knife with pantomimic grace,
> Till every dish be ranged, and every joint
> Dissected by just rules from point to point.
> Thou think'st this folly—'tis a vulgar thought;
> To such perfection now is carving brought,
> That different gestures by our carving men,
> Are used for different dishes, hare and hen," &c.
>
> —*Gifford's Translation.*

It also appears that appropriate music played all the time. There is nothing to hinder us from having a class of supplementaries for these duties, such as is customary on the continent. It would be a new and splendid feature at our dinner-parties, to see a spruce carver flourishing away at a side-table.

ENGLISH FARMERS' CLUBS.

Some time ago, we mentioned the gratifying fact of the institution of farmers' clubs in various parts of England, at whose meetings, conducted on strictly temperance principles, much good is likely to be done by conversations and discussions on topics connected with agriculture and practical science. As a specimen of the kind of entertainment at these rural assemblies, we are furnished with the following notes taken at a meeting in February in the present year. The subject for discussion referred to *climate, and the probable means of its melioration.*

The chairman for the night having been appointed, and all preliminaries arranged, the person whose duty it was to open the subject, commenced by observing that England, as well as many other countries in the same latitude, had a much lower temperature now than in former times; and, in comparatively late years, the climate had been much deteriorated. From its insular position, he continued, it must ever, to a certain extent, experience a variable atmosphere; and it was allowed by many who have had ample opportunities of judging, that it was the most variable of any on the globe. Its great defects, undoubtedly, are the dry cold easterly winds prevalent in spring, and the frequent rain and cloudy skies common to our summer months. Within the experience of the last forty years, how apparent was the deterioration of our climate to every one! He recollected that, when a boy, a bunch of grapes grown in the open air was as common as a bunch of cherries. It was in vain, however, to look for the maturity of the vine for these many seasons past. The increasing humidity of the atmosphere and deficiency of sun was unquestionably the cause of that change; and to the same cause, added he, is without doubt to be attributed the failure of our *wheat crops.*

Recurring to the subject of the former geniality of our climate, he referred to the writings of William of Malmesbury, whose luxuriant picture of certain tracts is well worth perusal. His description of the vale of Gloucester in those times refers an enchanting fertility to the spot. This author even spoke of the exportation of wine to other countries; and that England was at that period celebrated for the cultivation of the grape, is proved by certain localities in the southern districts of England bearing the name of vineyards. These occurred more particularly in the counties of Hereford, Somerset, Hampshire, Kent, Essex, and Cambridge; and it should also be added, that at the time of the Norman Conquest, the Isle of Ely was characteristically called the Isle of Vines.

A member, who seemed rather sceptical as to the capability of the climate to produce the vine, here interposed, and observed that the wines here noticed by the learned monk and others, might perhaps have been perry and cider—a construction which seemed to afford much amusement to many of the members.

The previous speaker, on resuming, continued at some length to prove the stability of his position, and adduced as evidence that cider and perry could not have been the liquors spoken of, these being evidently of modern invention, from the circumstance of there not being a word in the Latin language to signify either; and it was not till the time of Henry VIII. that the apple and the pear began to be generally cultivated in this country.

A foreign author, speaking of the climate of England, has with much point observed, that we had July weather in April, and November weather in May; and the opinion is generally received, that our summers are more wet, and consequently colder than they formerly were—a fact which the experience of the last twenty-six years goes far to corroborate.

The conversation now shifted to the hands of another member, who observed, that wheat was almost the only sufferer from this humidity; that neither barley, oats, nor green crops are much injured by wet; and that in the table just exhibited, it was wheat that was generally understood as the failure.

In the course of conversation, it was admitted that, from its superior value, wheat was an object of primary interest to the agriculturist of this country; its price being, on an average, more by two-thirds than that of oats, and by one-third than that of barley. It was also remarked, that of the 12,000,000 of acres in cultivation in England, 3,800,000 are appropriated to wheat; while in Scotland, where the principal grain reared is oats, the wheat crops cover but 140,000 acres.

A member here observed, that this very humidity which was so unfavourable to wheat was not prejudicial to other crops, but even favourable. The green appearance of England, and its luxuriant foliage, the consequence of its humid climate, never fail to strike every stranger with wonder. If wheat did not thrive, barley might be said to luxuriate; for where was that grain to be found equal to our English barley?

A well-read elderly gentleman, whose opinion seemed entitled to respect, in the course of many valuable remarks, said, that barley differed from wheat in many material points. That it thrives well near the sea, whereas wheat is averse to the sea-breeze; that barley is grown in high northern latitudes, as in Finland, Siberia, and Kamschatka; while wheat did not thrive beyond the 53d degree of north latitude.

The observations of this gentleman went also to prove, that the growth of wheat did not suffer from this excess of humidity, the *drawback* of our climate; on the contrary, the crops were often deficient, though seemingly luxuriant to the eye; and if there was at the proper time sufficient sun to mature them, the produce would be equally satisfactory with the appearance. Under the circumstances of this drawback, the "grains which fill the bushel," as an ingenious author has remarked, "are generally deficient. In the case of wheat, particularly," he observed, "it would appear that a certain duration of steady sunshine is absolutely necessary for the formation and development of gluten, the most valuable portion of vegetable substance."

The result of his reflection on the causes of the deterioration of our climate, and the probable means of its amelioration, he would endeavour to deliver to the meeting with as much brevity as possible. Without drawing on astronomical causes for the increased humidity of our climate, it will, he observed, be as well to confine ourselves to what is apparent to our senses, to those which daily present themselves to our view. It was an undoubted fact, that of late the evaporation from the earth's surface was much increased, and in his opinion the causes resolved themselves into the following:—

1. The numerous bodies of nearly stagnant water in the numerous canals, which have of late years been cut. 2. The numerous plantations, more especially of foreign trees, and of such whose exhaling or evaporating power is prodigiously great. 3. To the multifarious intersections of the surface by fences, especially of hawthorn. 4. To the conducting property of vegetable points abstracting the electricity of the atmosphere, and consequently the descent of rain.

I shall, continued our spokesman, consider these heads in the order I have given them; and as canals come first in order, I shall commence with them and their property in rendering the atmosphere humid.

The canals of Great Britain amount in number to 180, and extend to the amazing length of 2682 miles; an immense watery surface, considering the limited area of our island. These must necessarily give out a prodigious quantity of vapour, more, in short, than the same extent of sea-water would—the evaporating property of liquids being in the direct ratio of their boiling-point; that of fresh water being 212, while that of sea-water is 223 degrees.

Whatever may have been, added he, the necessity of these means of internal conveyance in past times, that necessity is now removed by the more speedy transit of the railway; so that, in the course of a few years, it is to be hoped that there will be much less evaporating surface of this kind than now exists.

Fish-ponds and artificial pieces of water had also their effect, too, in rendering the atmosphere more humid; but, as the speaker jocularly remarked, there was not much chance of our getting soon rid of these sources of humidity; as it would be a very difficult matter, indeed, to persuade our gentry to dispense with these ornamental appendages to their demesnes. He next noticed the

Evaporation from vegetable surfaces.—That vegetable substances evaporate from the under surface of their leaves, is a fact of which any one may satisfy himself by placing a leaf, without detaching it from the stem, under an inverted glass, and exposing it to the sun's rays; the dew collected on the inside of the glass is occasioned by the leaf's evaporation.

That some vegetable substances possess this property in a remarkable degree, was shown by a series of experiments above a century ago by Dr Hales, and which he communicated to the Royal Society; one of the most remarkable of which related to the evaporating property of the sun-flower, which the doctor exposed to the influence of the sun and air in a garden-pot, on a fine day in the month of July. The plant he selected for experiment weighed about 3 pounds, and during the day's exposure perspired about 30 ounces. By removing the leaves, and so diminishing the perspiring surface, the power of exhaling moisture nearly ceased, as it now, instead of 30, exhaled only 1 ounce in the same time. A great variety of ingenious experiments may be found in the same paper, all demonstrating the evaporating power of plants, especially those of foreign derivation.

The multifarious intersections of the land by fences.—Experiments have been made with a view to ascertain whether the exhalation of our fences might not be lessened by substituting other shrubs or plants for those now generally used. Accordingly, he found a sprig of hawthorn exhaled 7 grains out of 16, while a similar sprig of evergreen lost only 3 grains out of 16. The next experiment was the hawthorn and holly, each weighing 48 grains. The hawthorn lost 19, the holly only two grains. The loss of the furze was only half a grain in 17 grains, and the Scotch fir 2 grains in 74 grains. On comparing the results of other experiments, he adds, I found the exhalations always least from the indigenous trees; the native crab and pear being less than the cultivated variety, that of the sloe and bullace being less than that of the Orlean and green-gage plum.

The gentleman having sat down amid some applause, the chairman here observed, that a very important conclusion might naturally be drawn from these interesting experiments. It occurred to him, as he made no doubt it did to every other gentleman who was present, that exotic vegetables cultivated in this climate still retain the original functions which were given them by their Creator, who no doubt formed trees and plants of various qualities, but suited to the various climates in which he was pleased to place them; that men have incautiously removed such vegetable productions, still retaining their habits, into situations where the sun's influence is insufficient to dispel the vaporous atmosphere they continually generate.

Besides producing humidity in the atmosphere by evaporation, observed a gentleman who seemed to have given his subject much attention, vegetable substances, as had been observed by the last speaker but one, cause moisture by abstracting from the atmosphere its electricity, which held in solution the vapour exhaled from vegetable and other sources. The fact is known and acknowledged, that heat and electricity (modifications no doubt of the same agent) have the property of holding vapour, not merely in suspension, but in that fine state of division called solution, the consequence of which is transparency. This electricity abstracted, or its affinity for water overcome on a proper conductor being presented, a decomposition takes place somewhat similar to the precipitation of lead on metallic zinc.*

At this stage of the conversation, the chairman addressed himself to a person who had the reputation of having given some attention to chemistry, and asked whether that science, which was now becoming so general in its application, might not be called into requisition to ,counteract some of those drawbacks under which our climate suffered.

The gentleman so called on, with much promptness rose and observed, that he had of late given the subject much attention, and had come to the conclusion, that the aids which chemistry could lend to agriculture were chiefly limited to the examination of soils, that of vegetable and animal matter, and of appropriating the manure to the crop to be raised. These no doubt were very important points, but were not at all equivalent to the extensive benefit that Liebig proclaimed, when he asserted that agriculture might be equally benefited, as manufactures heretofore have been, by this powerful alliance.

It occurred to him (the speaker) that there was this great drawback on the part of the agriculturist, that almost destroyed all analogy between them. In all his operations, the manufacturer could go to work within doors, consequently could regulate his temperature at will; in short, form his own atmosphere. But the agriculturist was at all times and in all seasons subjected to every variation of temperature which this variable climate presented. As far

* [We consider that this mode of accounting for the humidity of modern summers, affords a fine instance of reasoning from local views and prejudices. The learned gentleman apparently knew or thought of no other country than England. We wonder how he would apply his theory to Scotland, where the fences are chiefly of stone, where there are few exotic plants, scarcely any canals, and above all, a system of universal drainage, which leaves no pools or moisture on the surface, yet where the summers have become as cloudy and humid as they are in the southern division of Britain. Absurd as are the views of this expounder of natural science, they will not be lost, if the present notice points out the danger of drawing sweeping conclusions from too narrow a basis of facts.—Ed. C. E. J.]

as the application of manures was concerned, the chemist could do much, from his knowledge of the ultimate elements of the manure, and the ultimate elements of the plant to be raised; and his skill may be most advantageously directed *in artificially supplying to the soil what has been abstracted by the last crop.*

The ability afforded by chemistry of *making* artificial manures is also undoubtedly great; nothing, however, as yet has been done in this way, except clumsy attempts by speculating men, who are taking advantage of the present agricultural enthusiasm; and it will remain a point worthy of the consideration of the ingenious chemist, whether he can present something to the world comprehensive in its principles and concentrated in its bulk. After all, added the gentleman, I much question whether we are not egregiously wrong in not imitating nature in her operations—in allowing, according to her example, no loss to take place in any of her various departments. Wherever we turn our eyes, change, continued change, is sure to meet our view; but then that change, although apparently it may not "leave a wreck behind" of the original substance, yet it is by no means destruction. In nature, all is economy, nothing being destroyed or allowed to run to waste, yet our national delicacy permits the *very best species* of manure thus to escape; as the Thames, and other rivers running through large towns, carry along with them to the ocean the most valuable aid which our soil could receive. The Chinese, the best gardeners in the world, might perhaps be able to give us a lesson on this subject. But there was no encountering deep-rooted prejudices; innovations, though ultimately improvements, must be gradually introduced; and time, with her mellowing hand, must soften down many repugnancies which have no foundation in nature, but often only borrow their authority from blind and unmeaning usage. Here the conversation turned on the subject of manures in general, and particularly on these two recently introduced to public notice—guano, and that of Mr Daniel of Bath; the one a natural product, being the deposit of a sea-fowl frequenting the shores of the southern coast of America, the other an artificial compound. But we shall not follow the speakers; and conclude by observing that, at a certain hour, the chairman having considered it time for any resolutions to be put and passed, the following resolution was accordingly put and carried unanimously:—

"That as a probable means of ameliorating our climate, and rendering it less humid, we consider an extended and efficient system of draining to be highly beneficial, a removal of all unnecessary exhaling surfaces and vegetable conductors of electricity, great caution in the choice of trees, and a judicious selection of vegetables in the formation of fences."

Thus passed the evening, in a manner, it must be allowed, rather different from what characterised the farmers' parties some half a century ago.

MOFFAT ON SOUTH AFRICA.

Mr Robert Moffat, who lately returned from South Africa, after having acted for twenty-three years as agent for the London Missionary Society in that colony, has published an account of his residence and adventures there in a somewhat bulky octave,* embellished with drawings of various characteristic objects and scenes. Making some allowance for certain class peculiarities of style and thought, it is a valuable addition to our means of forming an acquaintance with a very remarkable part of the earth, for it throws considerable light on the physical as well as moral features of the Cape colony and its neighbourhood. There is also much interest in the narratives of Mr Moffat's exertions for the enlightenment of the heathen, the fearfully difficult and dangerous journeys which he undertook, the great hardships which he at all times endured, and the almost ceaseless perils in which he stood from those whom he was endeavouring to benefit. Such a tale of self-sacrifice for the sake of fellow-creatures is fit to touch those who are most indifferent to the peculiar objects which missionaries have in view; and if any one has contracted the opinion that men always act from selfish motives, we would only request him to read this book, and be convinced of the contrary.

The country, upwards of a hundred miles inland from the Cape of Good Hope, is full of vast sandy and rocky tracts, with here and there fertile patches along the banks of rivers. Afflicted by long-continued droughts, it is in general ill adapted for cultivation, and no life could well be more miserable than that of the barbarous tribes who occupy it. These people are for the most part very meanly endowed by nature, and their whole attention is absorbed in the business of finding a bare sufficiency of food, of one kind or another, to keep soul and body together. They are frequently at war with each other, which adds greatly to the difficulty of maintaining missionary stations amongst them. Their country is also infested by lions, hyænas, hippopotami, and other beasts of prey. To obtain a serious and intelligent attention from such a people to the instructions offered to them, must have been a task as difficult as it was to travel through their scorching plains without water, without provision, and with wild animals ever howling around. Yet, by dint of a perseverance which the common affairs of the world rarely exemplify, some progress has been made in civilising and Christianising them; and there are instances of more than usually ferocious chiefs being converted into gentle and benevolent beings by these means.

One of these extraordinary converts was a man named Africaner, a chief among the Bechuanas. Having been exasperated by the aggressions of the Dutch settlers, he had proved a complete scourge to them; and distinguished himself by such a series of murders and other outrages, that the Cape government put a price of 1000 dollars upon his head. Strange to say, this lion of the desert was tamed by the missionaries, and became an excellent man, and the means of advancing their objects, to no small extent, among his countrymen. Mr Moffat gives an affecting account of a visit he paid to Cape-Town, with Africaner in his company. The chief had some difficulty in making up his mind to this step, for he was still an outlaw; but he at length consented to put on a semi-English dress and take his chance. In their intercourse with the Dutch boors, they often heard the most dreadful accounts of the savage doings of Africaner, and, when Mr Moffat stated that that person was now so much changed, they could hardly believe him. One honest farmer said, "Well, if what you assert be true respecting that man, I have only one wish, and that is, to see him before I die; and, when you return, as sure as the sun is over our heads, I will go with you to see him, though he killed my own uncle." Mr Moffat had not before known this fact; yet he ventured to say, pointing to his companion, "This is Africaner!" The astonishment of the honest boor was extreme. "On arriving at Cape-Town," says Mr Moffat, "I waited on his excellency the Governor, Lord Charles Somerset, who appeared to receive, with considerable scepticism, my testimony that I had brought the far-famed Africaner on a visit to his excellency. The following day was appointed for an interview, when the chief was received by Lord Charles with great affability and kindness; and he expressed his pleasure at seeing thus before him one who had formerly been the scourge of the country, and the terror of the border colonists. His excellency was evidently much struck with this result of missionary enterprise, the benefit of which he had sometimes doubted. Whatever he might think of his former views, his excellency was now convinced that a most important point had been gained; and, as a testimony of his good feeling, he presented Africaner with an excellent waggon, value eighty pounds sterling. A short time previous to my visit to the Cape, a deputation from the London Missionary Society, consisting of the Reverends J. Campbell and Dr Philip, arrived for the purpose of examining the state of our African missions, and to them Africaner's visit was a subject of deep interest. It appeared to be one of the happiest moments of Mr Campbell's life to hold converse with this man, at whose very name, on his first visit to Namaqua-land, he had trembled, but on whom, in answer to many prayers, he now looked as a brother beloved. Africaner's appearance in Cape-Town excited considerable attention, as his name and exploits had been familiar to many of its inhabitants for more than twenty years. Many were struck with the unexpected mildness and gentleness of his demeanour, and others with his piety and accurate knowledge of the Scriptures. His New Testament was an interesting object of attention, it was so completely thumbed and worn by use. His answers to a number of questions put to him by the friends in Cape-Town, and at a public meeting at the Paarl, exhibited his diligence as a student in the doctrines of the gospel, especially when it is remembered that Africaner never saw a catechism in his life, but obtained all his knowledge on theological subjects from a careful perusal of the Scriptures and the verbal instructions of the missionary."

It is not possible for us, in our narrow space, to present any thing like an outline of Mr Moffat's exertions amongst the tribes of the Cape. We must content ourselves with adverting to a few of the more curious and striking passages in his volume. One of these refers to a very odd though somewhat trivial occurrence in the life of Africaner before he was civilised. While sacking a place where a Dutch missionary, named Albrecht, had formerly been stationed, "one of the chieftain's attendants strayed into the burying-ground, where already a few mounds distinguished it from the surrounding waste as the place of the dead. Stepping over what he supposed a newly-closed grave, he heard, to his surprise, soft notes of music vibrate beneath. He stood motionless, gazing over his shoulder, with mouth and eyes dilated, hesitating whether to stand still and *see* the dead arise, which he had heard the missionaries preach about, or take to his heels. After no little palpitation of heart, in order to assure himself, he mustered courage to make another trial, for the tones he had heard had died away. His second leap again roused the sepulchral harp, which now fell in soft but awful cadence on his ear. Without casting an eye behind, he darted off to the camp, and, with breathless amazement, announced to Africaner the startling discovery he had made of life and music in the grave. The appearance of the man convinced Africaner that he was in earnest, for reason seldom reels in that country. The chief, fearless of the living or the dead, was not to be scared even by the supposed spectre of the tomb—arose, and ordered his men to follow him to the spot. One jumped and another jumped, and at each succeeding leap succeeding notes of the softest music vibrated on the ear from beneath. Recourse was had instantly to exhumation. The mysterious musician was soon brought to light. It proved to be Mrs Albrecht's piano-forte, which she had taken with her from London, and which was the first ever conveyed into the Transgariepine regions. Being too cumbrous to be taken in a hasty flight, it had been buried in a soil where, from the entire absence of moisture, it might, but for this circumstance, have remained unscathed. Africaner, whose martial spirit made him a fitter associate for Mars than for the Muses, allowed the instrument to be dissected, parts of which I have seen, from which those fingers now silent in the grave had called forth divine harmony."

As an illustration of the miseries incidental to savage life—"Among the poorer classes it is, indeed, struggling for existence; and when the aged become too weak to provide for themselves, and are a burden to those whom they brought forth and reared to manhood, they are not unfrequently abandoned by their own children, with a meal of victuals and a cruise of water, to perish in the desert; and I have seen a small circle of stakes fastened in the ground, within which were still lying the bones of a parent bleached in the sun, who had been thus abandoned. In one instance I observed a small broken earthenware vessel, in which the last draught of water had been left. 'What is this?' I said, pointing to the stakes, addressing Africaner. His reply was, 'This is heathenism;' and then described this parricidal custom. A day or two after, a circumstance occurred which corroborated his statements. We had travelled all day over a sandy plain, and passed a sleepless night from extreme thirst and fatigue. Rising early in the morning, and leaving the people to get the waggon ready to follow, I went forward with one of our number, in order to see if we could not perceive some indications of water by the foot-marks of game, for it was in a part of the country where we could not expect the traces of man. After passing a ridge of hills, and advancing a considerable way on the plain, we discovered, at a distance, a little smoke rising amidst a few bushes, which seemed to skirt a ravine. Animated with the prospect, we hastened forward, eagerly anticipating a delicious draught of water, no matter what the quality might be. When we had arrived within a few hundred yards of the spot, we stood still, startled at the fresh marks of lions, which appeared to have been there only an hour before us. We had no guns, being too tired to carry them, and we hesitated for a moment whether to proceed or return. The waggon was yet distant, and thirst impelled us to go on, but it was with caution, keeping a sharp look-out at every bush we passed.

On reaching the spot, we beheld an object of heart-rending distress. It was a venerable-looking old woman, a living skeleton, sitting, with her head leaning on her knees. She appeared terrified at our presence, and especially at me. She tried to rise, but, trembling with weakness, sunk again to the earth. I addressed her by the name which sounds sweet in every clime, and charms even the savage ear, 'My mother, fear not; we are friends, and will do you no harm.' I put several questions to her, but she appeared either speechless or afraid to open her lips. I again repeated, 'Pray, mother, who are you, and how do you come to be in this situation?' to which she replied, 'I am a woman; I have been here four days; my children have left me here to die' —— 'Your children!' I interrupted. 'Yes,' raising her hand to her shrivelled bosom; 'my own children, three sons and two daughters. They are gone,' pointing with her finger, 'to yonder blue mountain, and have left me to die.' 'And, pray, why did they leave you?' I inquired. Spreading out her hands—'I am old, you see, and I am no longer able to serve them; when they kill game, I am too feeble to help in carrying home the flesh; I am not able to gather wood to make fire; and I cannot carry their children on my back, as I used to do.' This last sentence was more than I could bear; and though my tongue was cleaving to the roof of my mouth for want of water, this reply opened a fountain of tears. I remarked, that I was surprised that she had escaped the lions, which seemed to abound, and to have approached very near the spot where she was. She took hold of the skin of her left arm with her fingers, and raising it up as one would do a loose linen, she added, 'I hear the lions; but there is nothing on me that they would eat; I have no flesh on me for them to scent.' At this moment the waggon drew near, which greatly alarmed her, for she supposed that it was an animal. Assuring her that it would do her no harm, I said that, as I could not stay, I would put her into the waggon and take her with me. At this remark she became convulsed with terror. Others addressed her, but all to no effect. She replied, that if we took her, and left her at another village, they would only do the same thing again. 'It is our custom; I am nearly dead; I do not want to die again.' The sun was now piercingly hot; the oxen were raging in the yoke, and we ourselves nearly delirious. Finding it impossible to influence the woman to move, without running the risk of her dying convulsed in our hands, we collected a quantity of fuel, gave her a good supply of dry meat, some tobacco, and a knife, with some other articles; telling her we should return in two days, and stop the night, when she would be able to go with us, only she must keep up a good fire at night, as the lions would smell the dried flesh, if they did not scent her. We

* "Missionary Labours and Scenes in Southern Africa." By Robert Moffat. London: Snow. 1842.

then pursued our course; and after a long ride, passing a rocky ridge of hills, we came to a stagnant pool, into which men and oxen rushed precipitately, though the water was almost too muddy to go down our throats.

On our return to the spot, according to promise, we found the old woman and every thing gone; but, on examination, discovered the footmarks of two men, from the hills referred to, who appeared to have taken her away. Several months afterwards, I learned, from an individual who visited the station, that the sons, seeing from a distance the waggon halt at the spot where they had so unnaturally left their mother to perish, came to see, supposing the travellers had been viewing the mangled remains of their mother. Finding her alive, and supplied with food, and on her telling the story of the strangers' kindness, they were alarmed, and dreading the vengeance of the great chief, whom they supposed me to be, took her home, and were providing for her with more than usual care."

Mr Moffat gives many anecdotes of wild animals, particularly lions, from which he made many narrow escapes in the course of his wanderings. The following is one of his most striking stories of lion adventure:—"A man belonging to Mr Schmelen's congregation, at Bethany, returning homewards from a visit to his friends, took a circuitous course in order to pass a small fountain, or rather pool, where he hoped to kill an antelope to carry home to his family. The sun had risen to some height by the time he reached the spot, and seeing no game, he laid his gun down on a shelving low rock, the back part of which was covered over with a species of dwarf thorn bushes. He went to the water, took a hearty drink, and returned to the rock, smoked his pipe, and, being a little tired, fell asleep. In a short time, the heat reflected from the rock awoke him; and, opening his eyes, he saw a large lion crouching before him, with its eyes glaring in his face, and within little more than a yard of his feet. He sat motionless for some minutes, till he had recovered his presence of mind; then eyeing his gun, moved his hand slowly towards it; the lion, seeing him, raised its head, and gave a tremendous roar; he made another and another attempt, but the gun being far beyond his reach, he gave it up, as the lion seemed well aware of his object, and was enraged whenever he attempted to move his hand. His situation now became painful in the extreme; the rock on which he sat became so hot that he could scarcely bear his naked feet to touch it, and kept moving them, alternately placing one above the other. The day passed, and the night also, but the lion never moved from the spot; the sun rose again, and its intense heat soon rendered his feet past feeling. At noon the lion rose and walked to the water, only a few yards distant, looking behind him as it went, lest the man should move; and seeing him stretch out his hand to take his gun, turned in a rage, and was on the point of springing upon him. The animal went to the water, drank, and returning, lay down again at the edge of the rock. Another night passed: the man, in describing it, said he knew not whether he slept; but if he did, it must have been with his eyes open, for he always saw the lion at his feet. Next day, in the forenoon, the animal went again to the water; and, while there, he listened to some noise apparently from an opposite quarter, and disappeared in the bushes. The man now made another effort, and seized his gun; but on attempting to rise, he fell, his ankles being without power. With his gun in his hand, he crept towards the water, and drank; but looking at his feet, he saw, as he expressed it, his 'toes roasted,' and the skin torn off with the grass. There he sat a few moments, expecting the lion's return, when he was resolved to send the contents of the gun through its head; but, as it did not appear, tieing his gun to his back, the poor man made the best of his way on his hands and knees to the nearest path, hoping some solitary individual might pass. He could go no farther, when, fortunately, a person came up, who took him to a place of safety, whence he obtained help, though he lost his toes, and was a cripple for life."

DICKSON ON THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Dr Samuel Dickson, a London physician, has written a rather strange sort of book—"Fallacies of the Faculty," in which, while upholding certain notions of his own on the cause and cure of disease, he gives a few hard hits to the medical world on its frequent rejection of evident truths:—

"How was the exposition of the circulation of the blood first received? Harvey, its discoverer, was persecuted through life; his enemies, in derision, styled him the *Circulator*, a word in its original Latin signifying 'vagabond' or 'quack;' and their efforts to destroy him were so far successful, that he lost the greater part of his practice through their united machinations. You all know that when a limb is amputated, the surgeons, to prevent the patient bleeding to death, tie the arteries. Before the time of Francis I., they were in the habit of stanching the blood by applying boiling pitch to the surface of the stump. Ambrose Parè introduced the *ligature* as a substitute—he first tied the arteries. What was the reward of Ambrose Parè? He was hooted and howled down by the Faculty of Physic, who ridiculed the idea of putting the life of man upon a thread, when boiling pitch had stood the test of centuries! In vain he pleaded the agony of the application—in vain he showed the success of the ligature. Corporations seldom forgive merit in an adversary; they continued to persecute him with the most remorseless rancour. Is there a physician now-a-days who would dispute the value of antimony as a medicine? Who first introduced it into practice? Paracelsus. But Paracelsus was not a fellow of the College of Physicians of Paris; the Parisian doctors were therefore, by the rules of their order, bound to oppose the introduction of antimony as a crime. A crime it was accordingly voted; and the French Parliament, at the instigation of the college, passed an act which made it penal to prescribe it. To the Jesuits of Peru Protestant England owes the invaluable bark. How did Protestant England first receive this gift of the Jesuits? Being a popish remedy, they at once rejected it. In 1693, Dr Groenvelt discovered the curative power of cantharides in dropsy. What an excellent thing for Dr Groenvelt! Excellent indeed; for no sooner did his cures begin to make a noise than he was at once committed to Newgate by warrant of the president of the College of Physicians for prescribing cantharides internally. Blush, most sapient college of physicians—your present president, Sir Henry Halford, is a humble imitator of the ruined Groenvelt! Before the discovery of vaccination, *inoculation* for small-pox was found to mitigate greatly that terrible disease. Who first introduced small-pox inoculation? Lady Mary Montague, who had seen its success in Turkey. Happy Lady Mary Montague! Her rank, sex, beauty, genius, all doubtless conspired to bring it into notice. Listen to Lord Wharncliffe, who has written her life, and learn from his story this terrible truth, that *persecution* ever has been, and ever will be, the only reward of the benefactors of the human race. 'Lady Mary,' says his lordship, 'protested that in the four or five years immediately succeeding her arrival at home, she seldom passed a day without repenting of her patriotic undertaking; and she vowed she never would have attempted it if she had foreseen the vexation, the persecution, and even the obloquy, it brought upon her. The clamours raised against the practice, and of course against her, were beyond belief. The faculty all rose in arms to a man, foretelling failure and the most disastrous consequences; the clergy descanted from their pulpits on the impiety; and the common people were taught to hoot at her as an unnatural mother who had risked the lives of her own children. We now read in grave medical biography, that the discovery was instantly hailed, and the method adopted, by the principal members of that profession. Very likely they left this recorded; for whenever an invention or a project, and the same may be said of persons, has made its way so well by itself as to establish a certain reputation, most people are sure to find out that they always patronised it from the beginning, and a happy gift of forgetfulness enables many to believe their own assertion. But what said Lady Mary of the actual fact and actual time? Why, that the four great physicians deputed by government to watch the progress of her daughter's inoculation, betrayed not only such incredulity as to its success, but such *an unwillingness to have it succeed*, such an evident spirit of rancour and malignity, that she never cared to leave the child alone with them one second, lest it should in some secret way suffer from their interference.'

How was the still greater discovery of the immortal Jenner received—vaccination? Like every other discovery—with ridicule and contempt. By the Royal College of Physicians, not only was he persecuted and oppressed, but the pedants of that most pedantic of bodies declined to give him their license to practise his profession in London, because, forsooth, he, a man of deeds, not words, very properly declined to undergo at their hands a schoolboy examination in Greek and Latin. But even religion and the Bible were made engines of attack against Jenner. From these Errhman of Frankfort deduced his chief grounds of accusation against the new practice; and he gravely attempted to prove, from quotations of the prophetical parts of Scripture, and the fathers of the church, that vaccination was the real *antichrist!* How can you wonder that medicine should have made so little progress, if those only make fortunes by means of it who know nothing more than the jargon and crudities which pass for medical science with the vulgar? The sight which two thousand years ago Solomon saw, *you*, gentlemen, with your own eyes have seen, 'he returned and saw *under the sun, that there was neither bread to the wise, nor riches to men of understanding, nor favour to men of skill.*'"

The doctor denounces most emphatically and justly an odious system pursued in London and perhaps other parts of England, by which the emoluments of the medical practitioner depend in a great measure on the quantity of useless drugs he inflicts on his deluded patient. We add the query—Are the English, generally speaking, not prejudiced in favour of taking drugs—would they think the doctor worthy of any payment at all if he did not give them a certain daily allowance of draughts, pills, and powders?

A SPANISH SLAVER.

[From a newspaper of July last.]

The maritime tribunal of Brest has been engaged in the trial of a case of piracy and violation of the existing treaties between France and Spain against a continuation of the slave trade. The hearing commenced on the 28th ult., and lasted till the 3d inst., inclusive. The whole of the important and interesting circumstances, as exposed by the proceedings, are comprised in the following statement:—

A Mexican brig of war, called the *Pocha*, taken by Admiral Baudin's fleet in 1838, became, by successive sales and transfers, the property of a Spaniard named Vivo, resident at the Havannah. Vivo, who had been previously engaged in the slave-trade in a subordinate capacity, had her fitted out as a slave-ship, and engaged a crew of forty-five men. As this traffic was prohibited by the laws of Spain, he, by fraudulent representations, furnished himself with Portuguese papers, and sailed on the 25th of December 1840, from the Havannah, direct for the coast of Mozambique. Being thus apparently under the Portuguese flag, he had not any visits to fear, except from the English cruisers, and from them he hoped to escape through the superior sailing of his vessel. When he left the Havannah he had no merchandise on board, but had provided himself with an ample sum of money in specie. On his arrival at Mozambique, the slave-trade had been prohibited by Portugal, and the governor, in obedience to orders he had received from his government, fined Vivo 2500 piasters for contravention of the treaty that had been entered into; and having seized and taken away from his ship all that could be used in the illicit traffic, he commanded Vivo to return to the Havannah, giving him papers expressly for this destination, and appointed a Portuguese subject, Captain Costa Vianna, to take the chief command of the ship. He at the same time embarked in her seventeen men who had lost their ship, as passengers for the Havannah.

Vivo, notwithstanding the new captain placed over him on leaving the coast of Mozambique, retained the full command of the vessel, and by his representations induced the crew and passengers to consent to deviate from the course to the Havannah, against the will of the Portuguese Captain Costa Vianna, who protested, as he has since declared, against the violation of the governor's orders. Steering to Bombestock, he on his arrival there found three American vessels, from which he procured water-tanks, provisions, planks, fifty muskets, and the other stores necessary for his first projected trade. Having obtained these, he sailed to the coast of Pomba. Here, by deceit, he gained possession of a small boat, called a pangaille, got her crew of six men on board, and secured them in the hold or between decks. When the chief of the boat remonstrated against this act of fraud and violence, Vivo justified himself on the ground that it was but a retaliation for the money of which the governor of Mozambique had robbed him.

On the following morning the Pocha fell in with, and by main force captured, a large pangaille, manned by eighteen free Arabs, and containing one hundred and twenty blacks. Having taken on board these, and all the provisions and stores the boat contained, he set it adrift with two old Arabs, of whose fate nothing has been heard. The Pocha then returned to Bombestock for the lieutenant, who had been left at that place to purchase rice. Thence she went to Nossibé, where Vivo found the French sloop of war Prévoyante, and went on board to visit Captain Jehenne, who received him politely, invited him to breakfast, and promised to return the visit the next morning. Although no doubt of the Pocha being a slaver could be entertained, Captain Jehenne was restrained from searching her, as Portugal did not admit that right. More serious suspicions, however, arose, when, early in the morning, instead of waiting for Captain Jehenne's return visit, the Pocha was seen making off with all her sails set. In the course of the day the whole shore was in commotion, it having been discovered that she had landed some of her men at another point of the island, and carried off many men and women, after killing one man who had offered resistance. The Prévoyante found the Pocha again at the island of Mayotte. As the sloop approached, the men at her mast head saw many heavy bodies, but of what nature could not be distinguished, thrown from the Pocha into the sea, and then water was drawn up and dashed upon the deck as if to clean it. No doubt was entertained that the objects thrown overboard were the poor blacks, or some of them. Captain Jehenne sent an officer into the vessel, who discovered in confinement the Arabs who had been captured in the two pangailles, and at the same time ascertained that the vessel was without any papers warranting her appearance in that latitude. Upon these facts the Prévoyante took possession of the Pocha, and carried her into the island of Bourbon. Here the vessel was condemned, and her crew sent to France to be tried for piracy.

On their arrival at Brest, a correspondence took place on the subject between the governments of France and Portugal, at the end of which the latter power renounced all claim to the prisoners as its subjects, and left them to be tried before the French tribunal. After reading the indictment and the report of Captain Jehenne, and the other documentary evidence, the prisoner Vivo was interrogated. He admitted all the essential facts, but denied his being guilty of piracy, justifying his seizure of the two pangailles as a mere act of reprisal on the governor of Mozambique, for taking from him the 2500 piasters, which he maintained was a robbery. He denied having been guilty of any outrage on shore, and of this it does not appear that any evidence was produced. He also denied that any blacks were thrown into the sea. Vianna, the nominal captain, was next called upon to account for being engaged in these infamous transactions. He declared that, although put in command of the Pocha by the governor of Mozambique, he never had the least authority in her, which was assumed and maintained throughout by Vivo, under whose orders every transaction took place. He gave his evidence with great reserve, being evidently under strong fears of the consequences which might arise from Vivo and his mate Ripoll, who was Vivo's principal agent, and who is evidently a man of determined resolution as well as great physical powers. Hamis Ben Omar, the owner of the smaller pangaille, who came willingly to France to appear as a witness on the trial, was examined, and gave in the French language, which he spoke well, a clear and distinct account of the treacherous manner in which he, his men, and boat, were gained possession of, and detained by the Pocha. He also acted as interpreter in the examination of Bacari Iman Bacos, the master of the larger boat. This witness repeated the account of the capture of her by Ripoll, and a crew sent out in the smaller pangaille. He stated that he had in his boat one hundred and twenty slaves, which he had purchased for working an estate he possessed at Zanzibar, and affirmed that he and his men were free and independent, and that the governor of Mozambique had no property or interest whatever in the slaves, which belonged to him alone. They both complained bitterly of the treatment they received on board the Pocha, and more particularly at having their beards shaven, which

was a gross violation of their religious feelings as Mahometans. Vivo, however, justified the act as necessary for cleanliness and the preservation of their health. The evidence of the numerous other witnesses tended to establish the truth of all the facts stated. The Commissaire Rapporteur, the public prosecutor in the French Admiralty Courts, in delivering his requisitory, insisted upon judgment against Vivo, Vianna, and Ripoll, as having been guilty of piracy in seizing and detaining the two pangailles, and plundering the merchandise they contained, leaving the rest of the prisoners to the discretion of the court.

The tribunal, after a very long deliberation, pronounced Vivo, Vianna, and Ripoll, guilty of piracy, but with extenuating circumstances as to the two latter. Consequently, Vivo was sentenced to close confinement, with labour, for ten years, and Vianna and Ripoll to the same punishment for five years. The rest of the prisoners, composing the crew of the Pocha, forty-five in number, were acquitted.

THE INDIAN CHIEF.

One of the first settlers in Western New York was Judge W., who established himself at Whitestown, about four miles from Utica. He brought his family with him, among whom was a widowed daughter with an only child—a fine boy about four years old. You will recollect that the tract around was an unbroken forest, and this was the domain of the savage tribes.

Judge W. saw the necessity of keeping on good terms with the Indians, for as he was nearly alone, he was completely at their mercy. Accordingly, he took every opportunity to secure their good will in return. Several of the chiefs came to see him, and all appeared pacific. But there was one thing that troubled him; an aged chief of the Seneca tribe, and one of great influence, who resided at a distance of about six miles, had not been to see him, nor could he by any means ascertain the feelings and views of the sachem in respect to his settlement in that region. At last he sent him a message, and the answer was, that the chief would visit him on the morrow.

True to his appointment, the sachem came. Judge W. received him with marks of respect, and introduced his wife, his daughter, and the little boy. The interview that followed was deeply interesting. Upon its result the judge considered that his security might depend, and he was therefore exceedingly anxious to make a favourable impression upon the chief. He expressed to him his desire to settle in the country; to live on terms of amity and good fellowship with the Indians; and to be useful to them by introducing among them the arts of civilisation.

The chief heard him out, and then said, "Brother, you ask much, and promise much. What pledge can you give of your faith?"

"The honour of a man that never knew deception," was the reply.

"The white man's word may be good to the white man, yet it is but wind when spoken to the Indian," said the sachem.

"I have put my life into your hands," said the judge; "is this an evidence of my good intentions? I have placed confidence in the Indian, and I will not believe that he will abuse or betray the trust that is thus reposed."

"So much is well," replied the chief; "the Indian will repay confidence with confidence; if you will trust him, he will trust you. But I must have a pledge. Let this boy go with me to my wigwam; I will bring him back in three days with my answer."

If an arrow had pierced the bosom of the mother, she could not have felt deeper the pang that went to her heart, as the Indian made this proposal. She sprang from her seat, and rushing to the boy who stood at the side of the sachem, looking into his face with pleased wonder and admiration, she encircled him in her arms, and was about to fly from the room. A gloomy and ominous frown came over the sachem's brow, but he did not speak.

But not so with Judge W. He knew that the success of the enterprise, the very lives of his family, depended upon the decision of the moment. "Stay, stay, my daughter," said he. "Bring back the boy, I beseech you. I would not risk a hair of his head. He is not more dear to you than to me. But, my child, he must go with the chief. God will watch over him. He will be as safe in the sachem's wigwam as beneath our roof and in your arms."

I shall not attempt to describe the agony of the mother during the three ensuing days. She was agitated by contending hopes and fears. In the night she awoke from sleep, seeming to hear the screams of her child calling upon his mother for help. But the time wore away, and the third day came. How slowly did the hours pass! The morning waned away, and the afternoon was now far advanced; yet the sachem came not. There was a gloom over the whole household. The mother was pale and silent, as if despair were setting cloudy round her heart. Judge W. walked to and fro, going every few minutes to the door, looking through the opening in the forest towards the sachem's abode.

At last, as the rays of the setting sun were thrown upon the tops of the forest around, the eagle feathers of the chieftain were seen dancing above the bushes in the distance. He advanced rapidly, and the little boy was at his side. He was gaily attired as a young chief, his feet being dressed in mocassins; a fine beaver skin was over his shoulders, and eagle feathers were stuck in his hair. He was in excellent spirits, and so proud was he of his honours, that he seemed two inches taller than before. He was soon in his mother's arms, and that brief minute she seemed to pass from death to life. It was a happy meeting—too happy for me to describe.

"The white man has conquered!" said the sachem; "hereafter let us be friends. You have trusted the Indian; he will repay you with confidence and friendship." He was as good as his word; and Judge W. lived there many years, laying the foundation of a flourishing and prosperous community.—*Merry's Museum.*

FEMALE BEAUTY.

Those who are accustomed to enlightened views on this subject, will know that there are different kinds of personal beauty, amongst which that of form and colouring holds a very inferior rank. There is beauty of expression, for instance, of sweetness, of nobility, of intellectual refinement, of feeling, of animation, of meekness, of resignation, and many other kinds of beauty, which may all be allied to the plainest features, and yet may remain to give pleasure long after the blooming cheek has faded, and silver grey has mingled with the hair. And how far more powerful in their influence upon others are some of those kinds of beauty; for, after all, beauty depends more upon the movements of the face than upon the form of the features when at rest; and thus, a countenance habitually under the influence of amiable feelings acquires a beauty of the highest order, from the frequency with which such feelings are the originating cause of the movements or expressions which stamp their character upon it. Who has not waited for the first opening of the lips of a celebrated belle, to see whether her claims would be supported by "the mind, the music breathing from her face," and who has not occasionally turned away repelled by the utter blank, or worse than blank, which the simple movement of the mouth, in speaking or smiling, has revealed? The language of poetry describes the loud laugh as indicative of the vulgar mind; and certainly there are expressions, conveyed even through the medium of a smile, which need not Lavater to inform us that refinement of feeling or elevation of soul has little to do with the fair countenance on which they are impressed. On the other hand, there are plain women sometimes met with in society, every movement of whose features is instinct with intelligence; who from the genuine heart-warm smiles which play about the mouth, the sweetly modulated voice, and the lightening up of an eye that looks as if it could "comprehend the universe," become perfectly beautiful to those who live with them and love them. Before such pretensions to beauty as these, how soon do the pink and white of a merely pretty face vanish into nothing!—*Mrs Ellis's Daughters of England.*

SUNSET.

[BY SWYNFEN JERVIS.]

Now to his palace in the west
The king of day returns to rest.
Not as when first he rose to sight,
Soaring through the fields of space,
Gladdening all things with the light
Of his ever-beaming face;
Nor when, too bright for mortal eyes,
His noontide splendour filled the exulting skies:
Around his car of glittering sheen
No more the dancing Hours are seen;
Of all that faithless, fleeting train,
True to their sovereign none remain:
High seated on his fiery throne,
He rides triumphant, but alone.
Meantime the gorgeous car of state
Through heaven's wide champaign slopes its downward flight;
Now sinks behind yon towering steep,
Now skirts the margin of the deep,
And now before the western gate
Stands, one broad blaze of living light.
Touched by some all-powerful hand,
Slowly the golden gates expand;
While echoing from the inmost hall,
Where duly ranged in order stand,
Rank above rank, the minstrel band,
A thousand pealing voices raise
The song of welcome, joy, and praise,
To Him whose greatness fears no fall,
Who by his own exhaustless might
Upholds the planets in their flight,
Yet looks with equal eye on all,
Scattering with impartial hand
Blessings o'er many a smiling land.
Nor ceased the harmonious strain, until
Sleep closed the monarch's eyes, and all was still.
While round his royal couch of state
The courtier stars in silence wait,
Meek Twilight, in her robe of grey,
To the lone mountain bent her way
But musing onwards kept her eye
Still fixed upon the western sky,
And as she viewed the changing scene,
Oft on her slender staff would lean,
With many a lengthened pause and lingering step between.
On lake, and forest, hamlet, hut, and tower,
Evening descends, like dew upon the flower.
Last rose majestic Night, and over all
Flung the dim foldings of her shadowy pall.

—*From the Spectator newspaper.*

FLIGHT OF THREE HUNDRED CARRIER PIGEONS.

An extraordinary and interesting flight of carrier pigeons, to decide a match, was witnessed in the neighbourhood of Birmingham, on Tuesday the 12th July last. About three hundred pigeons, belonging to merchants and other parties at Antwerp, were forwarded a few days previously to Mr Muntz, brother of one of the members for the borough, with a request that he would see them fairly started at six o'clock on the above morning. This request was accordingly complied with, the whole of the pigeons having been started on their journey almost simultaneously, from Mr Muntz's residence at Handsworth; and after making some gyrations in the air, they took an easterly direction, and favoured by a fresh breeze, they were out of sight in a few minutes. Mr Muntz has since received intelligence of the safe arrival of the whole flock, the first pigeon having reached Antwerp at half-past nine o'clock the same morning, followed in rapid succession by the others, in fives and tens, the last pigeon reaching its destination at half-past ten. Estimating the distance from Birmingham to Antwerp (measuring in a straight line) at 300 miles, and allowing for the difference in time between the two points, the first bird would appear to have travelled at the surprising velocity of ninety miles per hour. It is not the least singular fact connected with the match, that amongst so large a number of pigeons, not one should have wandered from its homeward course.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

FIR TOPS A VALUABLE FUEL.

Dr Howieson, lecturer on botany in Edinburgh, met with the following occurrence in Fifeshire, during one of his botanical excursions:—Calling at the cottage of a medical practitioner, a former pupil of his, he found the Æsculapius going to mount his pony to visit his patients. Upon the two friends meeting, the practitioner remarked, "Doctor, it is not every day I see you, we must go in and have a *haver*." Upon entering the parlour, there was no fire. He rung the bell; his housekeeper came in carrying in her white apron a quantity of dried fir-tree tops, and a lighted candle in her hand. She threw the fir-cones into the polished grate, broke a coal into pieces, and laid them over them. She then applied the candle, when almost instantaneously they broke into a beautiful strong flame, from the great quantity of turpentine they contained. They soon set fire to the coals, and in a few minutes a delightful warm fire was the result. A few blasts of the bellows might be an improvement. Next followed the decanters and glasses; and it may perhaps be unnecessary to add, the two doctors made themselves comfortable in front of the fir-cone fire. The practitioner obtained this knowledge in the following manner:—He was attending a poor woman residing close to the forest. She could not pay him. With the gratitude of the rural population, next morning her two daughters came to his house, each carrying a sack filled with dried fir cones collected in the wood. They told him they were for kindling a fire, and if he had no coals they would make an excellent durable fire of themselves. The cones of the *Pinus silvestris* (Scotch fir) contain a great quantity of solid woody matter in addition to the resinous, and are excellently adapted for fuel. They are used over Italy, Switzerland, &c. This circumstance is little known, and the intention of these remarks is to recommend their use to the poor population of Scotland.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

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"THERE IS NO HURRY!"—A TALE.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

PART I.

I DO not tell you whether the village of Repton, where the two brothers John and Charles Adams originally resided, is near or far from London: it is a pretty village to this day; and when John Adams, some five-and-thirty years ago, stood on the top of Repton Hill, and looked down upon the houses—the little church, whose simple gate was flanked by two noble yew trees, beneath whose branches he had often sat—the murmuring river in which he had often fished—the cherry orchards, where the ripe fruit hung like balls of coral; when he looked down upon all these dear domestic sights—for so every native of Repton considered them—John Adams might have been supposed to question if he had acted wisely in selling to his brother Charles the share of the well-cultivated farm, which had been equally divided at their father's death. It extended to the left of the spot on which he was standing, almost within a ring fence; the meadows, fresh shorn of their produce, and fragrant with the perfume of new hay—the crops full of promise, and the lazy cattle laving themselves in the standing pond of the abundant farm-yard; in a paddock, set apart for his especial use, was the old blind horse his father had bestrode during the last fifteen years of his life; it leant its sightless head upon the gate, half upturned, he fancied, towards where he stood. It is wonderful what small things will sometimes stir up the hearts of strong men, ay, and what is still more difficult, even of ambitious men. Yet he did not feel at that moment a regret for the fair acres he had parted with; he was full of the importance which the possession of a considerable sum of money gives a young man, who has been fagging almost unsuccessfully in an arduous profession, and one which requires a certain appearance of success to command success—for John Adams even then placed M. D. after his plain name; yet still, despite the absence of sorrow, and the consciousness of increased power, he continued to look at poor old Ball until his eyes swam in tears.

With the presence of his father, which the sight of the old horse had conjured up, came the remembrance of his peculiarities, his habits, his expressions; and he wondered, as they passed in review before him, how he could ever have thought the dear old man testy or tedious; even his frequent quotations from "Poor Richard" appeared to him, for the first time, the results of common prudence; and his rude but wise rhyme, when, in the joy of his heart, he told his father he had absolutely received five guineas as one fee from an ancient dame who had three middle-aged daughters (he had not, however, acquainted his father with *that* fact), came more forcibly to his memory than it had ever done to his ear—

> "For want and age save while you may;
> No morning sun shines all the day."

He repeated the last line over and over again, as his father had done; but as his "morning sun" was at that moment shining, it is not matter of astonishment that the remembrance was evanescent, and that it did not make the impression upon him his father had desired *long* before.

A young, unmarried, handsome physician, with about three thousand pounds in his pocket, and "good expectations," might be excused for building "des chateaux en Espagne." A very wise old lady said once to me—"Those who have none on earth may be forgiven for building them in the air; but those who have them on earth should be content therewith." Not so, however, was John Adams; he built and built, and then by degrees descended to the realities of his position. What power would not that three thousand pounds give him! He wondered if Dr Lee would turn his back upon him now, when they met in consultation; and Mr Chubb, the county apothecary, would he laugh and ask him if he could read his own prescriptions? Then he recurred to a dream—for it was so vague at that time as to be little more—whether it would not be better to abandon altogether country practice, and establish himself in the metropolis—LONDON. A thousand pounds, advantageously spent, with a few introductions, would do a great deal in London, and that was not a third of what he had. And this great idea banished all remembrance of the past, all sense of the present—the young aspirant thought only of the future.

* * * *

Five years have passed. Dr John Adams was "settled" in a small "showy" house in the vicinity of Mayfair; he had, the world said, made an excellent match. He married a very pretty girl, "highly connected," and was considered to be possessed of personal property, because, for so young a physician, Dr Adams lived in "a superior style." His brother Charles was still residing in the old farm-house, to which, beyond the mere keeping it in repair, he had done but little, except, indeed, adding a wife to his establishment—a very gentle, loving, yet industrious girl, whose dower was too small to have been her only attraction. Thus both brothers might be said to be fairly launched in life.

It might be imagined that Charles Adams, having determined to reside in his native village, and remain, what his father and grandfather had been, a simple gentleman farmer, and that rather on a small than a large scale, was altogether without that feeling of ambition which stimulates exertion and elevates the mind. Charles Adams had quite enough of this—which may be said, like fire, to be "a good servant, but a bad master"—but he made it subservient to the dictates of prudence—and a forethought, the gift, perhaps, that, above all others, we should most earnestly covet for those whose prosperity we would secure. To save his brother's portion of the freehold from going into the hands of strangers, he incurred a debt; and wisely—while he gave to his land all that was necessary to make it yield its increase—he abridged all other expenses, and was ably seconded in this by his wife, who *resolved*, until principal and interest were discharged, to live quietly and carefully. Charles contended that every appearance made beyond a man's means was an attempted fraud upon the public; while John shook his head, and answered that it might do very well for Charles to say so, as no one expected the sack that brought the grain to market to be of fine Holland, but that no man in a profession could get on in London without making "an appearance." At this Charles shrugged his shoulders, and thanked God he lived at Repton.

The brothers, as years moved rapidly on—engaged as they were by their mutual industry and success in their several fields of action—met but seldom. It was impossible to say which of the two continued the most prosperous. Dr Adams made several lucky hits; and having so obtained a position, was fortunate in having an abundance of patients in an intermediate sort of state—that is, neither very well nor very ill. Of a really bland and courteous nature, he was kind and attentive to all, and it was certain that such of his patients as were only in moderate circumstances, got well long before those who were rich; his friends attributed this to his humanity as much as to his skill; his enemies said he did not like "poor patients." Perhaps there was a mingling of truth in both statements. The money he had received for his portion of the land was spent, certainly, before his receipts equalled his expenditure; and strangely enough, by the time the farmer had paid off his debt, the doctor was involved, not to a large amount, but enough to render his "appearance" to a certain degree fictitious. This embarrassment, to do him justice, was not of long continuance; he became the fashion; and before prosperity had turned his head by an influx of wealth, so as to render him careless, he got rid of his debt, and then his wife agreed with him "that they might live as they pleased."

It so happened that Charles Adams was present when this observation was made, and it spoke well for both the brothers that their different positions in society had not in the smallest degree cooled their boyhood's affection; not even the money transactions of former times, which so frequently create disunion, had changed them; they met less frequently, but they always met with pleasure, and separated with regret.

"Well!" exclaimed the doctor triumphantly, as he glanced around his splendid rooms, and threw himself into a *chaise longue*—then a new luxury—"well, it is certainly a charming feeling to be entirely out of debt."

"And yet," said his wife, "it would not be wise to confess it in our circle."

"Why?" inquired Charles.

"Because it would prove that we had been in it," answered the lady.

"At all events," said John, "now I shall not have to reproach myself with every extra expense, and think I ought to pay my debts first; now I may live exactly as I please."

"I do not think so," said Charles.

"Not think so!" repeated Mrs Adams in a tone of astonishment.

"Not think so!" exclaimed John; "do I not make the money myself?"

"Granted, my dear fellow; to be sure you do," said Charles.

"Then why should I not spend it as pleases me best? Is there any reason why I should not?"

As if to give the strongest dramatic effect to Charles's opinion, the nurse at that moment opened the drawing-room door, and four little laughing children rushed into the room.

"There—are four reasons against your spending your income exactly as you please; unless, indeed, part of your plan be to provide for them," answered Charles very seriously.

"I am sure," observed Mrs Adams, with the half-offended air of a weak woman when she hears the truth, "John need not be told his duty to his children; he has always been a most affectionate father."

"A father may be fond and foolish," said Charles, who was peculiarly English in his mode of giving an opinion. "For my part, I could not kiss my little Mary and Anne when I go to bed at night, if I did not feel I had already formed an accumulating fund for their future support—a support they will need all the more when their parents are taken from them, as they must be, in the course of time."

"They must marry," said Mrs Adams.

"That is a chance," replied Charles; "women hang on hands now-a-days. At all events, by God's blessing, I am resolved that, if they are beauties, they shall never be forced by poverty to accept unworthy matches; if they are plain, they shall have enough to live upon without husbands."

"That is easy enough for you, Charles," said the doctor, "who have had your broad acres to support

you, and no necessity for expenditure or show of any kind; who might go from Monday morning till Saturday night in home-spun, and never give anything beyond home-brewed and gooseberry wine, with a chance bottle of port to your visiters—while I, Heaven help me! was obliged to dash in a well-appointed equipage, entertain, and appear to be doing a great deal in my profession, when a guinea would pine in solitude for a week together in my pocket."

"I do not want to talk with you of the past, John," said Charles; "our ideas are more likely to agree now than they were ten or twelve years ago; I will speak of the future and present. You are now out of debt, in the very prime of life, and in the receipt of a splendid income; but do not, let me intreat you, spend it as it comes; lay by something for those children; provide for them either by insurance, or some of the many means that are open to us all. Do not, my dear brother, be betrayed by health, or the temptation for display, to live up to an income the nature of which is so essentially precarious."

"Really," murmured Mrs Adams, "you put one into very low spirits."

Charles remained silent, waiting his brother's reply.

"My dear Charles," he said at last, "there is a great deal of truth in what you say—certainly a great deal; but I cannot change my style of living, strange as it may seem. If I did, I should lose my practice. And then I must educate my children; *that* is an imperative duty, is it not?"

"Certainly it is; it is a *part* of the provision I have spoken of, but not the whole—a portion only. If you have the means to do both, it is your duty to do both; and you *have* the means. Nay, my dear sister, do not seem angry or annoyed with me; it is for the sake of your children I speak; it is to prevent their ever knowing practically what we do know theoretically—that the world is a hard world; hard and unfeeling to those who need its aid. It is to prevent the possibility of their feeling *a reverse*."

Mrs Adams burst into tears, and walked out of the room. Charles was convinced that *she* would not uphold his opinion.

"Certainly," said John, "I intend to provide for my children; but *there is no hurry*, and" ——

"There should be no hesitation in the case," interrupted Charles; "every man *intends* to provide for his children. God forbid that I should imagine any man to be sufficiently wicked to say—I have been the means of bringing this child into existence—I have brought it up in the indulgence of all the luxuries with which I indulged myself; and now I intend to withdraw them all from it, and leave it to fight its own way through the world. No man could look on the face of the innocent child nestling in your bosom and say *that*; but if you do not appropriate a portion of the means you possess to save that child from the 'hereafter,' you act as if you had resolved so to cast it on the wild waters of a turbulent world."

"But, Charles, I intend to do all that you counsel; no wonder poor Lucy could not bear these words, when I, your own and only brother, find them stern and reproachful; no wonder that such should be the case; of course I *intend* to provide for my children."

"Then DO IT," said Charles.

"Why, so I will; but cannot in a moment. I have already said there is no hurry. You must give a little time."

"The time may come, my dear John, when TIME will give you no time. You have been spending over and above your debt—more than, as the father of four children, you have any right to spend. The duty parents owe their children in this respect has preyed more strongly on my mind than usual, as I have been called on lately to witness its effects—to see its misery. One family at Repton, a family of eight children, has been left entirely without provision, by a man who enjoyed a situation of five hundred a-year in quarterly payments."

"That man is, however, guiltless. What could he save out of five hundred a-year? How could he live on less?" replied the doctor.

"Live upon four, and insure his life for the benefit of those children. Nay," continued Charles, in the vehemence of his feelings, "the man who does not provide means of existence for his helpless children, until they are able to provide for themselves, cannot be called a reasonable person; and the legislature ought to oblige such to contribute to a fund to prevent the spread of the worst sort of pauperism—that which comes upon well-born children from the carelessness or selfishness of their parents. God in his wisdom, and certainly in his mercy, removed the poor broken-hearted widow of the person I alluded to a month after his death; and the infant, whose nourishment from its birth had been mingled with bitterness, followed in a few days. I saw myself seven children crowd round the coffin that was provided by charity; I saw three taken to the workhouse, and the elder four distributed amongst kind-hearted hard-working people, who are trying to inure the young soft hands, accustomed to silken idleness, to the toils of homely industry. I ask you, John Adams, how the husband of that woman, the father of those children, can meet his God, when it is required of him to give an account of his stewardship?"

"It is very true—very shocking indeed," observed Dr Adams. "I certainly will do something to secure my wife and children from the possibility of anything like *that*, although, whatever were to happen to me, I am sure Lucy's family would prevent"——

Charles broke in upon the sentence his brother found it difficult to complete—"And can you expect distant or even near relatives to perform what you, whose duty it is, neglect? Or would you leave those dear ones to the bitterness of dependence, when, by the sacrifice or curtailment of those luxurious habits which, if not closely watched, increase in number, and at last become necessaries, you could leave them in comfort and independence? We all hope for the leisure of a death-bed—awful enough, come as it may—awful, even when beyond its gloom we see the risen Sun of Righteousness in all his glory—awful, though our faith be strong in Him who is our strength; but if the consciousness of having neglected those duties which we were sent on earth to perform be with us then, dark, indeed, will be the Valley of the Shadow of Death. I do not want, however, to read a homily, my dear brother, but to impress a truth; and I do hope that you will prevent the possibility of these dear children feeling what they must feel, enduring what they must endure, if *you* passed into another world without performing your duty towards them, and through them to society, in this."

Mrs Adams met her brother-in-law that day (people five-and-twenty years ago did dine by day) at dinner, with an air of offence. She was, of course, lady-like and quiet, but it was evident she was displeased. Everything at table was perfect according to its kind. There was no guest present who was not superior in wealth and position to the doctor himself, and each was quite aware of the fact. Those who climb boldly sometimes take a false step, but at all times make dangerous ones. When Charles looked round upon the splendid plate and stylish servants—when the children were ushered in after dinner, and every tongue was loud in praises of their beauty—an involuntary shudder passed through his heart, and he almost accused himself of selfishness, when he was comforted by the remembrance of the provision made for his own little ones, who were as pretty, as well educated, and as happy in their cheerful country home.

The next morning he was on his return to Repton, happy in the assurance his brother had given him before they parted, that he would really lay by a large sum for the regular insurance of his life.

"My dear John," said the doctor's wife, "when does the new carriage come home? I thought we were to have had it this week. The old chariot looked so dull to-day, just as you were going out, when Dr Fitzlane's new chocolate-colour passed; certainly that chocolate-coloured carriage picked out with blue and those blue liveries are very, very pretty."

"Well, Lucy, I think them too gay—the liveries I mean—for an M.D.; quieter colours do best; and as to the new carriage, I had not absolutely ordered it. I don't see why I cannot go on with the jobs; and I almost think I shall do so, and appropriate the money I intended for *my own* carriage to another purpose."

"What purpose?"

"Why, to effect an insurance on my life. There was a great deal of truth in what Charles said the other day, although he said it coarsely, which is not usual with him; but he felt the subject, and I feel it also; so I think of, as I said, going quietly on with the jobs—at all events till next year—and devoting this money to the insurance."

It is difficult to believe how any woman, situated as Mrs Adams was, could have objected to a plan so evidently for her advantage and the advantage of her family; but she was one of those who never like to think of the possibility of a reverse of fortune—who thrust care off as long as they can, and who feel more pleasure in being lavish as to the present than in saving for the future.

"I am sure," she answered, in the half-petted half-peevish tone that evinces a weak mind—"I am sure if anything was to happen to you, I would break my heart at once, and my family, of course, would provide for the children. I could not bear the idea of reaping any advantage by your death; and really the jobs are so very inferior to what they used to be—and Dr Leeswor, next door but one, has purchased such a handsome chariot—you have at least twice his practice; and —— Why, dear John, you never were in such health; there will be no necessity for this painful insurance. And after you have set up your *own* carriage, you can begin and lay by, and in a few years there will be plenty for the children; and I shall not have the galling feeling that any living thing would profit by your death. Dear John, pray do not think of this painful insurance; it may do very well for a man like your brother—a man without refinement; but just fancy the mental torture of such a provision."

Much more Mrs Adams talked; and the doctor, who loved display, and had no desire to see Dr Leeswor, his particular rival, or even Dr Fitzlane, better appointed than himself, felt strongly inclined towards the new carriage, and thought it would certainly be pleasanter to save than to insure, and resolved to begin immediately *after* the purchase of his new equipage.

When persons are very prosperous, a few ten or twenty pounds do not much signify, but the principle of careless expenditure is hard to curb.

Various things occurred to put off the doctor's plan of laying by. Mrs Adams had an illness, that rendered a residence abroad necessary for a winter or two. The eldest boy must go to Eton. As their mamma was not at home, the little girls were sent to school. Bad as Mrs Adams's management was, it was better than no management at all. If the doctor had given up his entertainments, his "friends" would have said he was going down in the world, and his patients would have imagined him less skilful; besides, notwithstanding his increased expenditure, he found he had ample means, not to lay by, but to spend on without debt or difficulty. Sometimes his promise to his brother would cross his mind, but it was soon dispelled by what he had led himself to believe was the impossibility of attending to it then. When Mrs Adams returned, she complained that the children were too much for her nerves and strength, and her husband's tenderness induced him to yield his favourite plan of bringing up his girls under his own roof. In process of time two little ones were added to the four, and still his means kept pace with his expenses; in short, for ten years he was a favourite with the class of persons who render favouritism fortune. It is impossible, within the compass of a tale, to trace the minutiæ of the brothers' history; the children of both were handsome, intelligent, and, in the world's opinion, well educated. John's eldest daughter was one amongst a thousand for beauty of mind and person; hers was no glaring display of figure or information. She was gentle, tender, and affectionate; of a disposition sensitive, and attuned to all those rare virtues in her sphere, which form at once the treasures of domestic life and the ornaments of society. She it was who soothed the nervous irritability of her mother's sick chamber and perpetual peevishness, and graced her father's drawing-room by a presence that was attractive to both old and young, from its sweetness and unpretending modesty; her two younger sisters called forth all her tenderness, from the extreme delicacy of their health; but her brothers were even greater objects of solicitude—handsome spirited lads—the eldest waiting for a situation, promised, but not given; the second also waiting for a cadetship; while the youngest was still at Eton. These three young men thought it incumbent on them to evince their belief in their father's prosperity by their expenditure, and accordingly they spent much more than the sons of a professional man ought to spend under any circumstances. Of all waitings, the waiting upon patronage is the most tedious and the most enervating to the waiter. Dr Adams felt it in all its bitterness when his sons' bills came to be paid; but he consoled himself, also, for his dilatoriness with regard to a provision for his daughters—it was impossible to lay by while his children were being educated; but the moment his eldest sons got the appointments they were promised, he would certainly save, or insure, or do something.

People who only *talk* about doing "something," generally end by doing "nothing." Another year passed; Mrs Adams was still an invalid, the younger girls more delicate than ever, the boys waiting, as before, their promised appointments, and more extravagant than ever; and Miss Adams had made a conquest which even her father thought worthy of her.

The gentleman who had become really attached to this beautiful girl was of a high family, who were sufficiently charmed with the object of his affections to give their full sanction, as far as person and position were concerned; but the prudent father of the would-be bridegroom thought it right to take an early opportunity of waiting upon the doctor, stating his son's prospects, and frankly asking what sum Dr Adams proposed settling on his daughter. Great, indeed, was his astonishment at the reply—"He should not be able to give his daughter anything *immediately*, but at his death." The doctor, for the first time for many years, felt the bitterness of his *false position*. He hesitated, degraded by the knowledge that he must sink in the opinion of the man of the world by whom he was addressed; he was irritated at his want of available funds being known; and though well aware that the affections of his darling child were bound up in the son of the very gentlemanly but most prudent person who sat before him, he was so high and so irritable in his bearing, that the fathers parted, not in anger, but in anything but good feeling.

Sir Augustus Barry was not slow to set before his son the disadvantages of a union, where the extravagant habits of Miss Adams had no more stable support than her father's life; he argued that a want of forethought in the parents would be likely to produce a want of forethought in the children; and knowing well what could be done with such means as Dr Adams had had at his command for years, he was not inclined to put a kind construction upon so total a want of the very quality which he considered the best a man could possess; after some delay, and much consideration of the matter, he told his son that he really could not consent to his marriage with a penniless bride. And Dr Adams, finding that the old gentleman, with a total want of that delicacy which monied men do not frequently possess, had spoken of what he termed too truly and too strongly his "heartless" want of forethought, and characterised as a selfishness the indulgence of a love for display and extravagance, when children were to be placed in the world and portioned—insulted the son for the fault of the father, and forbade his daughter to receive him.

Mary Adams endeavoured to bear this as meekly as she had borne the flattery and the tenderness which had been lavished on her since her birth. The bitter, bitter knowledge that she was considered by her lover's family as a girl who, with the chance of being penniless, lived like a princess, was inconceivably galling; and though she had dismissed her lover, and knew that her father had insulted him, still she wondered how he could so soon forget her, and never write even a line of farewell. From her mother she did not expect sympathy; she was too tender and too proud to seek it; and her father, more occupied than ever, was seldom in his own house. Her uncle, who had not been in town for some years, at last arrived, and was not less struck by the extreme grace and beauty of his niece, than by the deep melancholy which saddened her voice and weighed down her spirits. He was evidently anxious to mention something which made him joyous and happy; and when the doctor entered the library with him, he said, "And may not Mary come in also?" Mary did come in; and her gentle presence subdued her uncle's spirits. "I had meant to tell the intended change in my family only to you, brother John; but it has occurred to me we were all wrong about

my niece; they said at home, 'Do not invite my cousin, she is too fine, too gay to come to a country wedding; she would not like it;' but I think, surrounded as she is by luxuries, that the fresh air of Repton, the fresh flowers, fresh fields, and fresh smiles of her cousins would do my niece good, great good, and we shall be quite gay in our own homely way—the gaiety that upsprings from hearts grateful to the Almighty for his goodness. The fact is, that in about three weeks *my* Mary is to be married to our rector's eldest son! In three weeks. As he is only his father's curate, they could not have afforded to marry for five or six years, if I had not been able to tell down a handsome sum for Mary's fortune; it was a proud thing to be able to make a good child happy by care in time. 'Care in time,' that's my stronghold! How glad we were to look back and think, that while we educated them properly, we denied ourselves to perform our duty to the children God had given to our care. We have not been as *gay* as our neighbours, whose means were less than ours; we could not be so, seeing we had to provide for five children; but our pleasure has been to elevate and render those children happy and prosperous. Mary will be so happy, dear child—so happy! Only think, John, she will be six years the sooner happy from our *care in time!*" This was more than his niece could bear. The good father was so full of his daughter's happiness, and the doctor so overwhelmed with self-reproach—never felt so bitterly as at that moment—that neither perceived the death-like paleness that overspread the less fortunate Mary's face. She got up to leave the room, staggered, and fell at her father's feet.

"We have murdered her between us," muttered Dr Adams, while he raised her up; "murdered her; but *I* struck the first blow. God forgive me! God forgive me!"

That night the brothers spent in deep and earnest converse. The certainty of his own prosperity, the self-gratulation that follows a just and careful discharge of duties imposed alike by reason and religion, had not raised Charles above his brother in his own esteem. Pained beyond description at the suffering he had so unconsciously inflicted on his niece—horror-struck at the fact, that thousands upon thousands had been lavished, yet nothing done for hereafter, the hereafter that *must* come, he urged upon John the danger of delay, the uncertainty of life. Circumstances increased his influence. Dr Adams had been made painfully aware that gilding was not gold. The beauty, position, and talents of his beloved child, although fully acknowledged, had failed to establish her in life. "Look, Charles," he said, after imparting all to his brother, absolutely weeping over the state of uncomplaining but deep sorrow to which his child was reduced, "if I could command the necessary sum, I would to-morrow insure my life for a sum that would place them beyond the possible reach of necessity of any kind."

"Do not wait for that," was the generous reply of Charles Adams; "I have some unemployed hundreds at this moment. Come with me to-morrow; do not delay a day, no, nor an hour; and take my word for it you will have reason to bless your resolve. Only imagine what would be the case if God called you to give an account of your stewardship." But he checked himself; he saw that more was not necessary; and the brothers separated for a few hours, both anxious for the morning. It was impossible to say which of the two hurried over breakfast with the greatest rapidity. The carriage was at the door; and Dr Adams left word with his butler that he was gone into the city on urgent business, and would be back in two hours.

"I don't think," exclaimed Charles, rubbing his hands gleefully, "I don't think, that if my dear niece were happy, I should ever have been so happy in all my life as I am at this moment."

"I feel already," replied John, "as if a great weight were removed from my heart; and were it not for the debt which I have contracted to you—— Ah, Charles, I little dreamt, when I looked down from the hill over Repton, and thought my store inexhaustible, that I should be obliged to you thus late in life. And yet I protest I hardly know where I could have drawn in; one expense grows so out of another. These boys have been so very extravagant; but I shall soon have the two eldest off; they cannot keep them much longer waiting."

"Work is better than waiting; but let the lads fight their way; they have had, I suppose, a good education; they ought to have had professions. There is something to me awfully lazy in your 'appointments;' a young man of spirit will appoint himself; but it is the females of a family, brought up as yours have been, who are to be considered. Women's position in society is changed from what it was some years ago; it was expected that they must marry; and so they were left, before their marriage, dependent upon fathers and brothers, as creatures that could do nothing for themselves. Now, poor things, I really don't know why, but girls do not marry off as they used. They become old, and frequently—owing to the expectation of their settling—without the provision necessary for a comfortable old age. This is the parent of those despicable tricks and arts which women resort to to get married, as they have no acknowledged position independent of matrimony. Something ought to be done to prevent this. And when the country steadies a little from the great revolution of past years, I suppose something may be thought of by improved teaching—and systems to enable women to assist themselves, and be recompensed for the assistance they yield others. Now, imagine your dear girls, those younger ones particularly, deprived of you"——

"Here is the patient upon whom I must call, *en route*," interrupted the doctor.

The carriage drew up.

"I wish," said Charles, "you had called here on your return. I wanted the insurance to have been your first business to-day."

"I shall not be five minutes," was the reply. The servant let down the step, and the doctor bounded up towards the open door. In his progress, he trod upon a bit, a mere shred, of orange-peel; it was the mischief of a moment; he slipped, and his temple struck against the sharp column of an iron-scraper. Within one hour, Dr John Adams had ceased to exist.

What the mental and bodily agony of that one hour was, you can better understand than I can describe. He was fully conscious that he was dying—and he knew all the misery that was to follow.

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

PARASITICAL ANIMALS.

THE class of insects affords us numerous examples of creatures pre-eminently parasitic. They effect a lodgment, as has been seen, in and upon a great variety of different animals, and in an equally great variety of different methods: they do not themselves, however, escape similar inroads; and the great compensatory law, "To eat and to be eaten," is as strictly enforced in their case as it is in most others. The larger beetles are infested with those thread-like worms called *gordii;* and such as are so afflicted are said, in some parts of England, to be possessed by an imp. They are frequently also overrun with acari or mites; the great dorr, or dung-chafer, is often observed lying on the path in warm weather completely disabled from this cause. The useful and industrious bee not only has her treasured sweets pillaged by other animals, but is herself assailed by a small spider-like parasite (*Braula cœca*) of a very singular description. The body is brown and shining, composed of a tough leathery substance. The animal is totally blind, no appearance of eyes having been detected; their place is occupied by a subsidiary pair of feelers. The terminal joint of the foot is not provided with claws, as is commonly the case with such creatures, but with a cross row of numerous hooks, much better fitted for holding on by the fine hair which invests the body of the bee. The presence of the parasite evidently occasions great annoyance, for the bee becomes extremely restless, running about in all directions, as if seeking rest or the means of getting rid of its enemy; and when the queen is attacked, she intermits her operation of egg-laying, and shows every symptom of uneasiness. The vegetating mite (*Uropoda vegetans*) attaches itself to many kinds of insects in immense numbers, by means of a long and delicate filament arising from the extremity of its body; and through this slender tube it pumps the juices by which it is nourished. Thus it is that many insects which support themselves by sucking the blood of other animals are compelled, by a kind of retributary process, to contribute a portion of their own nutritive fluid for the sustenance of others. Those who have suffered from the phlebotomy of gnats and midges, and more especially those luckless travellers in foreign lands whose sleep has been so often murdered by the pestilent mosquitos, notwithstanding all their troublesome precautions of fumigation and muslin curtains, will, it is to be feared, be almost gratified to learn that their bloodthirsty assailants themselves suffer pain similar to what they inflict, by being forced to support in turn a tiny foe which makes a settlement on their bodies. Perhaps the most curious observation on the parasitical system ever made was that related by the distinguished Swedish naturalist, the Baron de Geer. He observed a heap of small acari upon the body of a kind of wood-beetle (*Leptura*), several of which are common in this country, and he placed them under a magnifying glass to watch their proceedings. He perceived that the beetle was incapable of walking, and seemed by its contortions to be enduring great pain. The cause of this immediately became apparent. One parasite had fixed its sucker in the insect, and was draining its juices; to this parasite another of the same kind was attached, and doing the same thing to it; while a third drained the second, and so on in succession through a considerable number, the whole firmly fixed together by the funnel-shaped tubes that issue from their tails, and forming a continuous chain of suckers! A portion of the fluid, or white blood of the insect, was no doubt absorbed by each in its passage; and thus the whole series appear to have been satisfied, although only one was drinking from the fountain head.

The little creatures hitherto alluded to as parasitical upon insects, are not themselves, properly speaking, insects, for although the acari are pretty closely related to them, they possess attributes indicating an essential distinction. But it does happen with insects properly so called, and it is one of the most remarkable circumstances in their history, that they are very often parasitic on each other. Extensive tribes can only maintain themselves in existence by the destruction of individuals of their own class; and this prevails to such a degree as to render it obvious that it is one of the natural checks which have been placed on their inordinate increase.

The tribe of insects on which this duty is principally, although by no means exclusively, devolved, are the *Ichneumons*, of which a great number occur in almost every country, and not much short of a thousand species in our own island. The name ichneumon has been transferred to them from a quadruped inhabiting the banks of the Nile, and which, as well as the famous Ibis, received divine honours from the Egyptians, on account of its supposed utility in destroying the eggs of crocodiles and serpents—a service similar to that performed by these insects in regard to noxious members of their own class. The larger kinds, or ichneumons proper, are easily known by their peculiar form, the body being generally long and very narrow, and the abdomen or hinder part united to the anterior by a narrow peduncle; and to the hinder extremity is attached a long slender appendage, often exceeding the length of the body, divisible into three pieces scarcely thicker than a hair. These constitute the instrument employed by the insects to place their eggs in the interior of the bodies of other insects, forming at once an auger to bore a hole and a conduit to convey the eggs to their destined station. There is not, perhaps, a caterpillar, especially if at all a common one, and devouring plants of utility to man and animals, that has not one or more of these parasites which make it their prey. The ordinary mode of proceeding is for the ichneumon to alight on the caterpillar, to thrust its auger into its body, and leave an egg in the hole, repeating the operation in several different places, care being taken at the same time that the number of eggs deposited be proportioned to the capacity of the caterpillar to afford food for the larvæ to which they are to give birth. The latter eat their way into the interior of the body, and consume all the fatty matter; directed, however, by a singular instinct, they avoid injuring the vital parts, so that the involuntary foster-mother lives sufficiently long to enable the parasites to reach maturity. They then either force a passage out, and undergo their remaining metamorphoses on the ground, or these changes take place within the shrivelled skin of the dead caterpillar.

It does not often happen that ichneumons commit their progeny to the bodies of mature, or, as they are called, perfect, insects; and this is quite in accordance with their assigned duty of preventing the superabundance of other tribes. Moths and butterflies, in general, are the most destructive insects to vegetation, and these, therefore, require most to be kept in subordination. Now, the females of these two tribes, particularly of the former, usually deposit their eggs in a very short time after they enter upon their winged state, and in most cases soon afterwards die, as if they had completed the grand purpose for which they had assumed the perfect form, namely, the continuation of the species. The same thing, to a greater or less extent, may be said of most insects. If, therefore, the parasitic flies were to oviposit on perfect insects, the probability, or rather in most instances the certainty, is, that these insects would not be thereby prevented from laying their eggs; and their speedy death, from natural causes, would also of necessity entail that of the parasites. Still, there are instances to the contrary; for example, the troublesome cockroach (*Blatta orientalis*), or black beetle, as it is often called, so common in bakehouses and similar places, often becomes the victim of a small ichneumonideous fly, of a most extraordinary aspect, from the circumstance of the abdomen, which usually forms the most conspicuous portion of these animals, being reduced to a minute triangular piece, and connected with the body by a long slender stalk, as if it were an accidental appendage rather than an organ of such essential importance.

The eggs of insects, especially those of butterflies and moths, are often made a receptacle for parasites; and the minuteness of the latter may be conceived from the singular fact, that a single egg, scarcely bigger than a pin head, has been known to produce several! The chrysalides of butterflies, moths, and saw-flies, are also chosen nurseries of the ichneumons, their auger enabling them to bore through the hard case, and lodge their eggs in the interior. The length of the ovipositing instrument is shown to be of essential advantage in such cases, for the chrysalides are generally placed in the bottom of crevices, in the interior of plants, under leaves, in the earth, and other places of concealment, which a shorter implement could not reach. It is impossible to mention this without being struck with the singular instinct, or faculty, by which the ichneumon discovers the object of its search, when to our senses there is not the smallest indication of its presence. One of them has been seen to pierce the tubular stalk of an herbaceous plant, just over the spot where a chrysalis was concealed in the interior; and yet a careful examination of the spot afterwards could not enable the observer to detect the slightest difference between that and the adjoining portions of the stem. This fact, and several others of a precisely similar nature, give strength to the supposition that these creatures are endowed with a peculiar sense or faculty, to which we and the higher animals possess nothing analogous, and of which, therefore, we can form no adequate conception. Sometimes a single ichneumon is reared in one chrysalis; as, for example, in that of the magpie moth, so common in gardens; sometimes a whole swarm, as in the chrysalis of the common white cabbage butterfly. Even though the ichneumons, however, as in the latter instance, issue from the chrysalis, they may have been first received by the caterpillar; and, indeed, this is generally the case where there are many. But the caterpillar may have been near its change when the parasites were hatched in it, and they therefore continue in the chrysalis till they come to maturity, their mordications not having been so great as to prevent the transformation to a chrysalis, although the infested insect in no instance survives that stage of its development. An example of a parasite of this nature, so common that it may fall under the observation of every one, is to be found in the *Microgaster glomeratus*, which occurs in the caterpillar and chrysalis of the

common white cabbage butterfly. After these caterpillars have climbed up walls, into outhouses, and occasionally even into dwelling-houses, which they do for the purpose of undergoing the change to a chrysalis, they may be often observed lying in a dead or dying state upon a cluster of small oval bodies, composed of a fine yellow silk. These are the cocoons of the Microgaster, which have been spun after they eat their way through the skin of the caterpillar, and there they will continue to lie till the mature flies be ready to issue forth. This they accomplish by pushing open a small circular piece at one end of the cocoon, which is but slightly attached, and opens to pressure from within, almost like the lid of a snuff-box. The flies are about two lines long, the body shining black, the legs reddish-yellow, the wings brightly iridescent, having few nervures, and each with a triangular black spot near the middle of the anterior margin.

Before the mode in which these creatures propagate themselves was understood, their appearance excited great surprise among naturalists, and it is amusing to observe how they attempted to account for a swarm of four-winged flies issuing from a chrysalis which was naturally expected to produce a butterfly. One supposed that when, from any defect or weakness, nature failed to bring forth a butterfly from a caterpillar, in order that her object might not be entirely lost she changed her purpose, and formed of the materials insects of smaller size and less perfect structure. In the parallel case of gall-flies, the most skilful observer of his day was forced into the notion that they were generated by a vegetative and sensitive soul in the plant itself; and other opinions, equally extravagant, were promulgated on the subject.

The number of insects, particularly of a noxious kind, that fall victims to these insidious foes, is greater than could be readily believed. It is not too much to assert, that without this corrective agency on the part of nature itself, it would be impossible for man, with all his skill and resources, to rear many of the crops on which he now chiefly depends for subsistence. A little midge (*Cecidomyia tritici*), just large enough to be distinctly visible without a magnifying glass, would in all probability sweep the wheat crop before it, so great are its capacities for multiplication and consumption, were it not kept within comparatively safe limits by the operation of no fewer than *three* separate species of parasites.* Its American counterpart, the still more formidable Hessian-fly (*Cecidomyia destructor*), is kept in check by a diminutive enemy of a similar description; and as this seems to take the field without receiving assistance from any allied force, its numbers are proportionally great to make up for the deficiency. The number of moths (one of the tribes most extensively injurious to vegetables) that fall a sacrifice to similar foes, is well known to those who collect caterpillars and chrysalides in the fields, and keep them for the purpose of obtaining fresh specimens of the perfect insects. Of ten chrysalides of the moth which defoliates currant bushes, collected for the purpose alluded to, seven were found to be pierced by ichneumons; and this is perhaps not much beyond the general average in such cases. The destructive caterpillar of the Arches Moth is attacked by no fewer than *four* species of two-winged parasitical flies, and *five* ichneumons; and so speedily do their combined onsets reduce its ranks to a harmless condition, that an esteemed German writer recommends that numbers of them should be reared in a room, and then let loose upon the depredators.

But if such parasites were always allowed to ravage uncontrolled, they might in certain cases completely extirpate the tribes on which they prey. Hence the necessity of an occasional counterpoise to adjust the balance. This is effected by a double parasitism—the parasite itself becoming the victim of another. Of this we shall mention only one example out of the many that might be adduced. Every one is acquainted with the injuries done to plants by the aphides or plant-lice, which live in society, and attach themselves to the stem, leaves, &c., and extract the vegetative juices by suction, clustering together in such numbers as to destroy the health of the plant, and give it a most unsightly appearance. These vegetable pests are preyed upon by many destructive enemies; but that now to be noticed is a small ichneumon named *Aphidius rapae*. "As there are many generations of these flies in a summer," says Mr Curtis, "it follows that they are most formidable enemies to the plant-lice; and Providence, watchful of all his works, and regarding in the smallest as well as the greatest that balance which preserves the order of the universe, to avert the total annihilation of the feeble aphides, has provided numerous other parasitic flies to destroy the destroyers, and again keep them in check. The aphidii are such constant attendants upon infested plants, that I scarcely ever notice any unaccompanied by the horny shells of the defunct plant-lice; and even in a green-house I have seen nearly as many of these parasites as there were of the aphides. The flies which destroy the maggots of the full-fed aphidii, glutted with the vitals of the plant-lice, are all Hymenoptera; and whilst they fly about to reconnoitre the aphides, no sooner have they met with one that contains a maggot than they pierce the already indurated shell, and deposit an egg within; as soon as it hatches, it commences feeding upon the parasitic maggot, or, more probably, on the quiescent pupa."† Instead of an aphidius, therefore, one or other of three or four different parasites burst from their dark cell, and these can propagate their species in no other way but by repeating the same process—a wonderful instance of ingenious and elaborate contrivance for maintaining an almost boundless multitude of living beings, and at the same time rendering the existence of these multitudes perfectly compatible with the general welfare of the whole.

* To enable him to form a definite notion of the number of larvæ of the wheat-midge that are housed with the grain from infested fields, Professor Henslow of Cambridge recently counted those contained in a certain measure of chaff-dust, and thence calculated the numbers in a bushel of it. These were, in one instance, 131,616; in another, 173,376; and in a third, 406,944!

* Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. Vol. III. Part i. p. 59.

† British and Foreign Medical Review, October 1838.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

IMITATIVE CRIME.

PUBLIC attention is now and then arrested by series of crimes, each instance of which after the first is clearly produced by the principle of imitation. It is a subject of some importance in highly advanced communities, and demands some investigation into its causes.

Offences which take place in these circumstances are the result of a morbid inclination to imitate. The imitative faculty is, like all the other mental faculties, liable to an excitation amounting to disease, in which condition it leads to acts that give an appearance of infatuation or want of self-control. A few cases in which this mental affection rose to a great height, may be said to be amongst the most curious anecdotes of human nature which have been recorded. M. Pinel describes an idiot girl who repeated, like an automaton, everything she heard said, and imitated every gesture and action of others with the greatest accuracy. Cabanis gives an account of a man so excitable, "that he felt himself impelled to repeat all the attitudes and movements which he witnessed. If at any time they hindered him to obey that impulse, either by constraining his limbs or obliging him to assume contrary attitudes, he experienced the most insupportable anguish." This is not strictly the class of cases to which those in question belong, but they serve to illustrate a morbid imitativeness generally. We here see a tendency to simulate the acts of others, to a degree which defied all control from the reasoning faculties, as usually exercised.

There is another class of cases which come a little nearer to those in question. These are cases in which a convulsive disorder or mental malady attacking one person, spreads to a number of others. It has been found in hospitals, that all the patients in one ward have been seized, one after another, with fits of some kind, in consequence of seeing a real case in one of their number. In 1837, at the school of Bielefeld, in Germany, a girl named Arnold was seized with an epileptic fit during school hours. Though she was instantly carried home, her appearance made a great impression on her female associates. After a few days, one of these was seized in like manner. Next day, two more were seized. On the ensuing day, the school had scarcely assembled, when three were affected; and in less than half an hour the number amounted to twenty. The malady was treated in the usual way with little effect. It was ascertained that, besides the girl Arnold, none of these children had ever had epileptic fits before, or shown the slightest predisposition to the disease.† In an English factory, a few years ago, a single girl being seized with convulsions, fully half of her companions had fallen into the same condition in the course of the ensuing two days, and it was not without great difficulty that a stop was put to the epidemic. The wild doings at some religious meetings in America are a similar affection. The process seems to be this. The feelings are, in the first place, much agitated, and the whole affective system becomes inordinately susceptible. The imitative faculty then acquires an unusual activity, and carries off the patient into acts and attitudes which he would never think of exhibiting in a sane moment.

Yet this condition is capable of being acted upon from without, and that to some purpose. In the well-authenticated case of the children of the poor-house at Haarlem, who fell one after another into fits in consequence of a girl of their number becoming so affected, Boerhaave put a stop to the malady by getting certain irons made red hot in presence of the juvenile inmates, and mentioning, with professional solemnity, that every one who took the fits must be burnt to the bone by these instruments. It is stated that not one case took place after this exhibition, although they had been frequent up to that moment. We have here, unquestionably, a simple instance of one strong impulse or tendency being overcome by another. The tendency to go off in convulsions like their neighbours was a strong and a real one, but the dread of cauterising was, while equally real, a stronger one, and therefore gained the victory. There is a story of suicide being prevalent in a French regiment in consequence of one striking instance, and being at last put down by an order that the corpse of every man who put an end to his own life should be subjected to some prescribed ignominious treatment.

The application of these facts to the regicidal mania which appeared in France a few years ago, and more recently in England, is obvious. The object is to repel the tendency by a force of the mind calculated to be effectual in such a class of cases. As it appears that those who commit such crimes are chiefly impelled by a desire to become the objects of a flattering public interest, the best course would be to inflict the punishment most inconsistent with that desire; one, in short, which would mark public contempt or ridicule.

It is curious to observe how crime is affected in modern times by that element of our state, formerly wanting—the press. Almost every day we may trace misdemeanours of an important character to the notoriety with which the newspapers invest some events. Had the boy Jones intruded into the palace in the time of Elizabeth, there would have been no means of acquiring notoriety from the act, and it probably would not have been repeated. Made a noted person by the press (which with many is the same as a hero), the offender is tempted to renew the misdemeanour. Popular disturbances long ago spread slowly: now, let any take place in one district, they are instantly proclaimed over all by the newspapers, and spread from point to point partly by favour of this diffusion of the simple intelligence, and partly by virtue of the excitement which the notoriety produces. The duties of those who enforce the laws must be much modified by these new conditions.

PEDESTRIAN TOUR IN SWITZERLAND.

THE GRIMSEL—GLACIER OF THE RHONE—DESCENT OF THE VALLAIS TO BRIEG.

AUGUST 24.—When I rose at an early hour in the hospice of the Grimsel, I felt much as I have done on many a winter morning in town—cold and drowsy, and averse to much exertion. The feeling was shared by my companions, and we were all eager to leave behind us the region of snow and granite, and descend as soon as possible to a sunnier clime: we waited not for breakfast, but carried with us bread and meat, and some wine, to which we might betake ourselves as hunger suggested. When we passed the door of the hospice, the open air sent a still colder chill through our blood. The rich light which the setting sun of last night had cast upon the rocks and snows was gone, and everything had a leaden and cheerless aspect; indeed, no objects were visible for any considerable distance, and if we had known the locality better, we would have perceived that the top of the pass, which we had to cross, was shrouded in mist. Early as it was, a few of the professional guides were lounging about; and as we started unattended, we could not but observe that they cast significant looks at each other, which seemed more emphatic than the usual professional sneer which personages of that class throw on the forlorn mortals who, either from choice or necessity, depend on their own resources. It was not difficult to find the path, which, for some way after we left the hospice, was well trodden. As we rose higher, we had to pass over ledges of bare rock and fields of hardened snow, where footsteps had left small trace, but there were poles erected here and there to mark the track, and we had little difficulty in noticing them. But there was an enemy in the path which we did not foresee—a dense and heavy mist, into the body of which we entered so gradually, that we were in thick darkness ere we were well roused to its existence. We walked in a triangle, and when any one came to a post, he shouted, and thus we knew that we were still in the track. Proceeding in this manner, we came at last to the edge of a piece of water. It was impossible to perceive boundaries to it; and for aught the eye could descry to the contrary, it might be the Black Sea, for it was swarthy as Spartan soup: we applied at this spot to Murray's Hand-book, in hopes of finding some account of these mysterious waters, and we there found the following statement: "On the crest [of the pass] lies a small lake called Todten See, or Lake of the Dead, because the bodies of those who perished in the pass were thrown into it by way of burial." This was highly consolatory.

We were now in what the Americans call a *fix*, for we had lost all trace of path or posts, and we condescended to admit, that if a guide were to present himself for one moment, and just tell us whether to go to the right or to the left, we would excuse his presence during such announcement. As matters stood, we had to make the best use of our own resources. We spread Keller's map on a stone, laid our compass above it, and grouping round it like the witches in Macbeth, set about taking bearings with a very serious and scientific formality. The result was, that we resolved to proceed to the left, which carried us apparently in a south-easterly direction. Here we found a footpath—it was so narrow that it might be used only by the goats; but it was something. We had still to ascend, and as we were between seven and eight thousand feet above the sea, the cold was severe. But a new element was gradually being added to our evils. The wind beginning with feverish gusts, at last blew fiercely in our faces, bringing with it a sleety rain; we were glad it was not snow. The hurricane grew louder and louder, and we heard its wild bellowings in the unseen clefts of the rocks like the blowing of a thousand bellows. At length it was clear that we were at the ridge of the pass, where the rain that trickled on one side would go down to the German

Ocean, and that on the other to the Mediterranean. It was a comfort to have a descent before us; but there was one alloy to this, in the too apparent fact that we had taken the wrong path, for that which we followed led decidedly too much eastward to lead to Ober Gestelen on the Rhone, our place of destination. However, it was a decided path, and leave it we would not. Our suspicion was, that it led to the Furca, and that we were thus on the way into Italy.

We had now wandered a good many miles, and hunger came upon us; but with the storm raging round and round us, it was a most puzzling problem how we could accomplish what could in any sense be called a comfortable meal. Among the huge rocks we were surrounded by, not one would afford a shadow of shelter, for the wind rushed into every cranny, and there was nothing for it but to open the brown paper package we had brought from the hospice, and feed in the face of the wind and rain. We had fortunately a bottle of wine with us, which was mighty acceptable, and so far raised our spirits, that we made some bold attempts to accompany our meal with vocal music, in which we were so far successful as to prove satisfactorily that not one of us had either voice or ear for such an accomplishment. On we went, recruited and refreshed, and at last the storm began to abate and the mist to clear away. It was during this latter operation that I observed, looming through the partial veil of vapour, a huge white-looking mass spread out far under us. When the atmosphere became a little clearer, there was no chance of the majestic features of this object being mistaken by any one who had seen it pourtrayed in picture—it was indeed the great Glacier of the Rhone, spreading its convex and almost dome-like surface of ice across the valley, of which the declivity we were descending formed one of the mountain walls. We now knew where we were, and taking off our hats, gave the glacier a hearty cheer. We did not venture to descend upon it, near which we saw a wild and lonely-looking house, probably a hospice for travellers crossing the Furca; and we contented ourselves with viewing from a safe distance its fearful chasms and glittering pyramids of ice. Not the least wonderful part of this prodigious scene is the mighty river which dashes at once full and large from the great portal arch below, like a plumed army galloping forth from a castle gate. It is a source worthy of a noble river, and we were far from regretting this result of a few miles' departure from the nearest path.

When we came near the river's brink, we passed a singular edifice of unhewn stone, with no windows, but with a locked and stancheoned oaken door. It was a mysterious-looking object, and made us suspect that the Todten See was not the only receptacle for the unfortunates who met their death on the three passes which here meet—the Gries, the Grimsel, and the Furca. We had a rapid descent by the side of the turbulent Rhone, which shoots itself over successive shelves of rock, making cataracts to which Foyers and the Falls of Clyde are driblets, and which, from the great bulk of water tossed over them, challenge comparison even with the great Handeck. Near the source there were no trees, but after a descent of a few miles, we came to forests of dusky pines, clothing the mountain sides in broad masses. The sky, though not misty, was dark and lowering; and the sad and solemn aspect of the whole scene—the pines, the dark sky, and the turbulent river—forcibly reminded one of the many such landscapes pourtrayed by the bold pencil of Ruysdael. At length we reached the villages of Ober-wald and Ober-gestelen; and at them we noticed, what every mile we walked in the canton of the Vallais confirmed to us, the marked difference between the population we had come among and that we had just left. The Bernese are fair, fat, and full featured—decidedly German in aspect; but if there be any truth in physiognomical characteristics, the oval faces, swarthy complexions, hooked noses, and penetrating black eyes of the Vallaisians, tell of a kindred origin with their Italian neighbours of the other side of the south-east chain of hills. In the females, the characteristic features of the two cantons are encouraged, as it were, by their distinguishing costumes. The broad straw hats of the women of Berne shade their complexions from almost every blink of sun, while those of the Vallais have a sort of coronet-shaped head-dress springing up in a continuous line from their straight foreheads. The first individual we saw was a girl of remarkable beauty standing at the church door of Ober-wald, in a gay and many-coloured dress, with her pasteboard coronet gilt, a wreath of flowers surrounding it, and a garland in her hand. We imagined this to be one of the characteristic devices for taxing our pockets; but we wronged the innocent girl, as she was apparently only doing honour to the holiday of her patron saint; and we soon found that we were in a land where, travellers being few, the extortion system so scientifically pursued in the Oberland is comparatively unknown.

We passed through several of the Vallais villages, and strange unearthly-looking things are the habitations they consist of. Each house is mounted high upon massive posts, and with its gallery and wide overshelving roof, peculiar to all the Swiss cottages, is built of a wood so darkly stained as to look like ebony. These sepulchral-looking edifices are disposed with a most marvellous degree of zig-zag disorder, and all had an air of the most abstract desolation. In these strange villages we noticed several Gothic churches, remarkable for the aërial lightness of their architecture. It closely resembled, if it was not indeed identical with, the kind of Gothic called the Byzantine, exhibiting long slender towers, sometimes with pear-shaped cupolas and airy belfries, with open galleries and rows of interlaced round-arched windows.

As we descended, the banks of the Rhone became less rocky, and in some places the river passed through rich meadow land; but its course was still furious. All along, the sides of the valley were high and steep, pines growing where the slope afforded room, bare rocks cropping out here and there, and occasionally snow or glaciers covering the higher ranges of the hills, or stretching down into the tributary glens. For some miles we lost sight of the river, and were ascending gradually to a considerable height. We then descended by an abrupt zig-zag path, from the top of which the river appeared like a rippling brook, passing under a small and elegant-looking bridge. The size of all the objects we were surrounded by deceived our eyes; the rippling brook, when the tedious descent had been accomplished, was the Rhone, still wider than when we had left it; and the bridge which spanned it was a prodigious mass of masonry, yet withal of elegant structure and fine proportions. We had here got into one of our old scrapes—a difficulty about the way, being in ignorance which bank of the river we should follow. We had not met a human being, or passed a wayside house, for several miles, nor was there any prospect of our being in future more fortunate. Now, there happened to be near this spot a pretty half mansion-looking cottage, peeping forth from the brow of a shady hill, and it was deemed expedient to consult the inmates as to our future movements. I was deputed to this task, which I found was not an easy one, for the eye had as usual diminished the distance. In any part of the world I had heretofore frequented, there would have been found a path of some description or other leading to such a dwelling, but here there was no such means of communication, and I had to scramble through thicket and brushwood, over stream and rock, as untrodden as if I had been finding my way in an uninhabited wilderness. The cottage had not so inviting an appearance from a near as from a distant view. Like the others, it was raised on poles; and having mounted a stair which led to the open door, I entered and found myself in a wareroom coated all round by cheeses, laid tier above tier. I was standing in the midst of the place cogitating on my position, when a tall sturdy man, uttering a gruff exclamation of surprise and wrath, issued from some unseen corner, and stood between me and the door. Here, now, was a dilemma; for not only had I to perform my original duty of asking the way, but I had likewise to summon up German enough to do justice to my own character, and to demonstrate that the felonious appropriation of Gruyere cheese was not a feature of it. Suffice it to say, that I was successful in both attempts, and returned with a mind at ease. Still had we to tread along that solitary road, with the river roaring at our sides, so close that we feared, as night approached, and the trees on the other side added to the darkness, there might be a danger of missing our footing, and being committed to its ruthless waves. Darkness came on while we were yet several miles from Brieg, our intended place of sleeping; and there were complaints about sore feet, and other indications, which rendered a nearer place of rest desirable. At length we came to a large irregular chateau-looking house, at the wide arched door of which a costumed ecclesiastic was mounting a horse, while a woman held a lantern. On asking if the place were a *gasthouse*, we were told that it was, and at our service. We followed her of the lantern up a steep staircase and along a corridor, all flagged with heavy blocks of granite. A door was then opened, which revealed a scene like the raising of the curtain in the theatre. It showed a large room, well and almost brilliantly lighted up. At a long table sat several male and female young peasants playing at cards, in their holiday dresses of divers colours—the females looking singularly like stage queens, with their high foreheads surmounted by the gilt pasteboard coronet peculiar to their costume. The landlady was here revealed to us, tall, stately, and swarthy, with a coronet too, *un peu de goitre* giving her neck a more stately arch, and the darkness of her costume and the majesty of her stride making her the Siddons of the exhibition. The old lady received us with a courteous and patronising urbanity, and set us down on carved chairs to a carved side-table, where we were provided with a comfortable though not rich supper, and a couple of bottles of the red wine of the neighbouring vineyards of Italy. While we remained in the room, we could not but wonder at the venerable appearance of all things about us. Hans Holbein or Theodore Beza might have entered such an inn, and had such fare from such a hostess among such guests. There were chests, and cabinets, and divers pieces of furniture in the room elaborately carved in oak; it was difficult to say whether they were relics of antiquity, or were the indications that here the genius of man stood at rest, and stuck to the ways and fashions which have fled from our busy island two centuries ago.

August 25.—We awoke early, after such slumbers as those only are entitled to who, like us, had trodden upwards of forty miles of mountain road. We proposed to walk on to Brieg before breakfast, and in pursuance of this object we demanded our reckoning. We expected that it would be moderate, but the amount, when stated, certainly surprised us—it was in all four francs, just one-fifth of what we would have been charged for the like entertainment in a tourist's inn. When we asked if she were sure it was quite right, the worthy landlady did not exactly comprehend the point of view from which we inspected it, and answered, with something like a frown, that it was quite right, and not too dear. On paying it, we handed a franc to the waiting-woman, and she, not being at all accustomed to such acts of munificence, while holding the coin in the palm of her hand, demanded a specific explanation of the intent of the gift. We reflected, as we went along, on the steps by which a run of tourists might metamorphose the unworldly simplicity of our hostess and her attendant into such sordid beings as the tourist inns generally present. Nay, we had a misgiving that we might ourselves have laid the first stone of such a change, and that, after our departure, it might enter into the dreams of the worthy couple that there are somewhere or other about the world people who can afford to pay more than a shilling and three farthings for a supper, a plentiful cup of wine, and a night's lodging.

We still pursued the banks of the Rhone, which was here a singular commixture of marsh land and precipice; the former created by the mud heaved up by the river in its restless course. Farther down the stream, and opposite to Brieg, we saw one of those bone receptacles which seem placed for the purpose of startling the thoughtless traveller into a recollection of the great journey of life. It was a low dark vault, with a small arch opening to the road, displaying within some thousands of skulls piled on each other like cannon balls.

We now crossed a long wooden bridge to Brieg, wherein, as we were looking round with hungry breakfast-seeking eyes, a civil jolly-looking man beckoned to us from the window of an inn, and seeing we were not averse to enter, came to the door thereof, and told us so many things about the excellence and the cheapness of his entertainments, that we were fain to think providence had sent us to precisely the right place. But the breakfast, when produced, by no means answered these high expectations. The coffee was not coffee, as the host himself admitted; for he said it was all they had for coffee at Brieg. The viands were not merely coarse and plain—that we were accustomed to—but they were antiquated and offensively mouldy. "Well, well," we thought, "the man wont charge much; let us pay him, and be off, and see what we can get elsewhere." But we forgot that we were on the high road to Italy by the Simplon, where the art of fleecing is carried to high perfection. The charge was seven and a half francs, just one penny each more than we had paid in London for the renowned breakfasts of the Tavistock. Our friend made a most civil bow when we paid the money, and another when we told him we would let all our friends know how he treated his guests. The promise so made to him I hereby faithfully fulfil, by stating that his house is called the Hotel de Simplon.

MANCHESTER.

About three years ago we noticed the publication of a neat and useful volume descriptive of Manchester, and now have the pleasure of observing that a second and enlarged edition of the same work has made its appearance.* The volume contains a large mass of materials respecting the metropolis of the cotton manufacture, and the whole so judiciously collected and arranged, that the work may well serve as a model for guide-books. Both from its handsomely printed pages, and from our own recollections, we propose giving our readers an idea of Manchester in its physical and social features.

The first glance at Manchester and its populous suburbs produces an unfavourable impression on those accustomed to a pure atmosphere and natural scenery. On all sides we see densely-packed masses of red brick houses; thoroughfares crowded with carts employed in some of the various branches of manufacture; if at the universal hour for dinner (one o'clock), great numbers of factory girls, and workmen in fustian or velveteen, hurrying along to that important meal; while overhead, there most likely floats a wide canopy of smoke produced from the numerous tall chimneys which environ the town. Lying in the middle of a generally flat territory, the town, with Salford on the one side, and Chorlton-upon-Medlock and Hulme on the others, has had ample room to expand, and is now found to comprehend the largest mass of population, that of the metropolis excepted, in the United Kingdom. According to the latest census, the number of persons inhabiting the combined town districts was 354,142, a large proportion of whom were young persons of both sexes engaged in manufacturing establishments.

In connexion with this prodigious hive of industry, there are many circumstances worthy of observation. First, let us say a word of the factory system which has called together so many human beings, and is the means

* The Hand-Book of Manchester. By B. Love. Manchester: Love and Barton. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1842. 1 vol. 18mo.

of keeping them in employment. Cotton-spinning and power-loom weaving form, as is well known, the staple object of pursuit; next, bleaching, dyeing, and printing; silk throwing and manufacture; cotton thread and small wares; machine making; collieries; sawmills; fustian shearing; and so on—the whole using the enormous steam force of nearly 10,000 horses. The persons employed in a cotton-mill of the first order are in five departments, corresponding to the various stages of manufacture; and each individual performing a fractional part of the required labour. In the parish of Manchester alone there are nearly 40,000 boys, girls, men, and women, employed in the fractional labours of the cotton-mill system.

Farey, in his treatise on the Steam-Engine, has justly observed, that an extensive cotton-mill affords one of the most striking instances of the application of the greatest powers to perform a prodigious quantity of light and easy work. "A steam-engine of 100 horse-power," says he, "which has the strength of 880 men, gives a rapid motion to 50,000 spindles for spinning fine cotton threads; each spindle forms a separate thread, and the whole number work together, in an immense building, erected on purpose, and so adapted to receive the machines that no room is lost. Seven hundred and fifty people are sufficient to attend all the operations of such a cotton-mill; and by the assistance of the steam-engine, they will be enabled to spin as much thread as 200,000 persons could do without machinery, or one person can do as much as 266. The engine itself only requires two men to attend it, and supply it with fuel. Each spindle in a mill will produce between two and a half and three hanks (of 840 yards each) per day, which is upwards of a mile and a quarter of thread in twelve hours; so that the 50,000 spindles will produce 62,500 miles of thread every day, of twelve hours, which is more than a sufficient length to go two and a half times round the globe."

Perhaps the largest of the cotton-mill establishments in Manchester is that of Messrs Birley and Co. We find, from the account before us, that "the number of hands employed by this firm is 1600, whose wages annually amount to the sum of L.40,000. The amount of moving power is equivalent to the labour of 397 horses. The number of spindles in the mill is about 80,000. The annual consumption of raw cotton is about 4,000,000 lbs. weight. The annual consumption of coal 8000 tons. The annual consumption of oil, for the purpose of oiling the machinery, is about 5000 gallons, and of tallow for the same purpose, 50 cwt. The annual cost of gas is L.600. One room alone, belonging to this firm, contains upwards of 600 power-looms. The establishment in which the fabric is manufactured for waterproof clothing, such as 'Macintosh cloaks,' belongs to Messrs Birley and Co., and is a part of their concern. In this department of business the number of hands employed varies from 200 to 600. The immense amount of 250,000 lbs. weight of India rubber is annually consumed in the process of manufacture, to dissolve which 100,000 gallons of spirits are employed."

The establishments for the manufacture of small wares, such as tapes of silk or cotton, are among the most interesting in the place. "In its progress from the raw material, a piece of tape affords employment to the broker of the merchant, to the broker of the manufacturer, to the carrier, to the mixer of the cotton, to the tenters of the willow, of the blower, of the carding-engine, of the drawing-frame, slubbing-frame, roving-frame, and throstle; to the doffer, bobbin-winder, reeler, warper, pin-winder, weaver, taker-in, putter-out, bleacher, scraper, callender-man, lapper, maker-up, and salesman; or to at least twenty-five persons, before it leaves the warehouse of the manufacturer, where twelve pieces, of eighteen yards each, or 216 yards of cotton tape, of nearly half an inch in width, and containing 9170 yards of yarn, are sold for eighteenpence; or twelve yards of finished tape, containing 509 yards of yarn, for the small sum of *one penny*. Some idea of the extent to which this manufacture is carried on in Manchester may be formed from the fact, that at the works of Messrs Wood and Westheads, upwards of 1,240,000 yards of goods, not exceeding three inches in width, and composed partly or entirely of cotton, linen, silk, or worsted, are woven in *one week*, or upwards of 35,227 miles in *one year*."

Of late years, a considerable increase to the manufactures of Manchester and its neighbourhood has taken place by the establishment of factories for the making of engines and tools. One of the principal engineering concerns, and, for anything we know, the largest in England, is that of Mr W. Fairbairn. Of this great establishment, the author of "The Hand-Book" observes—"To persons unacquainted with the nature of working in iron, an admission into these works affords perhaps the most gratifying spectacle which the town can present of its manufactures in this metal. Consequently, almost every person of distinction visiting the town contrives to procure an introduction to the proprietor before leaving it. In this establishment the *heaviest* description of machinery is manufactured, including steam-engines, water-wheels, locomotive engines, and mill-geering. There are from 550 to 600 hands employed in the various departments; and a walk through the extensive premises, in which this great number of men are busily at work, affords a specimen of industry, and an example of practical science, which can scarcely be surpassed. In every direction of the works the utmost *system* prevails, and each mechanic appears to have his peculiar description of work assigned, with the utmost economical subdivision of labour. All is activity, yet without confusion. Smiths, strikers, moulders, millwrights, mechanics, boiler-makers, pattern-makers, appear to attend to their respective employments with as much regularity as the working of the machinery they assist to construct. In one department mechanics are employed in building steam-engines—those mighty machines which have augmented so immensely the manufacturing interests of Great Britain. All sizes and dimensions are frequently under hand, from the diminutive size of 8 horses' power to the enormous magnitude of 400 horses' power. One of this latter size contains the vast amount of 200 tons or upwards of metal, and is worth, in round numbers, from L.5000 to L.6000. The process of casting metal is conducted here on a very large scale. Castings of 12 tons weight are by no means uncommon; the beam of a 300 horses' power steam-engine weighs that amount. Fly-wheels for engines and water-wheels, though not cast entire, are immense specimens of heavy castings. A fly-wheel, for an engine of 100 horses' power, measures in diameter 26 feet, and weighs about 35 tons. In this establishment some of the largest water-wheels ever manufactured, and the heaviest mill-geering, have been constructed; one water-wheel, for instance, measuring 62 feet in diameter. The average weekly consumption of metal in these works, in the process of manufacturing, owing to the quantity of wrought-iron used, and the immense bulk of the castings, is 60 tons or upwards, or 3120 tons annually.

This extensive concern forwards its manufactures to all parts of the world. The stranger is told, on inquiry, that this article is for Calcutta, that for the West Indies—this for St Petersburg, that for New South Wales; and there are, besides, men belonging to it located in various parts of Europe, who are employed, under the direction of Mr Fairbairn, in superintending the erection of work manufactured on these premises. Many of the hands employed receive from L.2 to L.3 weekly wages, and scarcely any, except common labourers, receive less than 25s. per week. From these facts, some idea of the capital necessary to conduct a concern of this description may be imagined. In addition to the above, Mr Fairbairn has an establishment at Millwall, London, where upwards of 400 hands are employed in the manufacture of steam-engines, and in the building of iron steam-boats, and other vessels constructed of the same material."

From these particulars respecting the principal processes of manufacture in this great seat of trade, let us now turn to what is worthy of observation in the social condition of the place.

It will readily be supposed that, from the numerous manufacturing concerns of Manchester, many large fortunes have been realised; and it is universally allowed that what wealth has been thus accumulated has been spent with no niggardly hand. As respects perseverance, industry, integrity of principle, and open-handed liberality, we believe the mercantile men of Manchester are excelled by no class of persons in Britain; and it may be safely added, that few are so eminently distinguished as patrons of the fine arts. But all this, we lament to say, makes little or no head against the constantly downward gravitation of that large section of the community who depend on their daily labour for subsistence. Much has been done by public and private benevolence in establishing infant, day, evening, and Sunday schools; the religious institutions have extended the sphere of their operations; and there now exists a series of first-rate lyceums and mechanics' institutions for the instruction and literary recreation of artisans and all others who choose to become members. Yet all these means of improvement put together, leave the bulk of the people almost where they were. It may be that few of the children in or out of the factories are unable to read or write, or left without a smattering of religious knowledge, so called. But all this, and much more, has not prevented the growth of a wide-spread dissoluteness of manners. With an unexampled career of success in their undertakings—now suffering, we hope, only a temporary check—with the realisation of vast wealth, with an organisation in trade which is well entitled to be called one of the wonders of the world, the leaders of this great system of things have seen growing up under their hands a condition of society which may be almost pronounced at variance with public peace or safety.

Let us hear what the author of "The Hand-Book" says of the social condition of the working population. Improvident habits, he observes, are a distressing feature in the workman's condition, and chiefly in reference to intemperance. "Notwithstanding the present wretched condition of the poor, the number of persons that frequent gin palaces is astonishing. Dram-shops seem to fatten on misery and vice. The destitution of want appears to be met and counterbalanced only by the excitement of gin. Temperance societies have certainly wrought wondrous effects; but the mighty mass is unchanged. From an observation made on the 13th March 1842, by the writer's direction, there were found to enter *one* dram-shop only, in this town, the astonishing number of *four hundred and eighty-four persons in one hour!* The greater part were women! Some decently dressed, apparently the wives of mechanics; others almost naked, carrying in their arms a squalid infant. When wives frequent gin-palaces, no wonder their husbands, on leaving work, proceed straight to the beer house. This is a common practice."

The public-houses, our authority elsewhere remarks, are the fertile "hot-beds of immorality—the places in which vice is practised and taught—and where the best instructors can always be obtained. Lately there has sprung up among some of the public-houses in Manchester a new attraction. In a capacious room in the house a large organ is erected. On Sunday evenings, this is played by some low musician. To decoy the unsuspecting, and to lull the scruples of many, no music is performed except psalmody. By bribes, young people, with good voices, are seduced from Sunday schools to accompany the organ in singing. A crowded room is generally the result of these attractions. Pass by the door of one of these houses on the evening of a Sabbath, and you hear the pious strains of a consecrated instrument. So far, there appears nothing to shock. But enter the room; you perceive an indiscriminate mixture of both sexes—decently-dressed girls, and decent-looking workingmen. They range in groups; before each are pots of porter or ale; and men—and taller boys in imitation of men—are smoking tobacco. Some half drunk, others wholly so, join, or attempt to join, the singing. Here is a scene! Under the pretext of furnishing the poor with *religious* singing, the landlord fills his pockets, whilst he holds out a premium for the destruction of morals, and lays the foundation for an increase of crime.

These evils are graphically illustrated in a report published in 1840. It is there stated, that 'in all our large towns, the principal taverns and gin-palaces have now attached to them spacious saloons, in which, four or five evenings a-week, and *principally on the Sunday*, the operatives assemble in crowds to listen to vocal and instrumental music, generally speaking, of superior character. Those who spend a certain amount in liquor have admission free, so that the expenses, which are large, must, of course, be amply covered by increased custom, that is, from those who go there *for the music and not for the drink*. The number of such places of resort in Manchester and Salford is upwards of *fifty*, which display themselves in all directions, at an average of not more than a quarter of a mile's distance from each other. Reckoning one hundred persons at a time in each place, would give five thousand, principally young people of both sexes, nightly exposed to these contaminating influences. The nature of the scenes sometimes enacted, and the effects upon the character of those who frequent them, may be readily imagined."

The author of "The Hand-Book" does not perceive, or at least has not thought fit to mention, that a vast deal of this evil arises from *a deficiency in the means for indulging in harmless recreations*; and that no plan of social improvement would be so sure to effect its purpose, as the liberal institution of all such means for the daily, and particularly the holiday, recreations of the working-classes.

JOTTINGS FROM CAPTAIN ORLANDO SABRETASH.

ORLANDO SABRETASH is a publishing name assumed by a respectable retired officer of literary habits, who contributes to "Fraser's Magazine" and other popular works. He has just sent out a handsome pocket volume, entitled "the Art of Conversation,"* in which he treats in a dashing gentleman-soldierly manner a subject the most impalpable and difficult with which we are acquainted. Without any attempt to get down to philosophical principles, the honest captain has great tact and penetration, an unfailing pleasantry of manner, and a thorough appreciation of the value of conversation itself as one of the agencies for improving and amusing mankind. While he blames or laments the chilly manners too prevalent amongst us, he is no unqualified admirer of those of the continent; on the contrary, he brings up some experiences of his own to prove that we considerably over-estimate our neighbours across the channel in this respect. A summary of a considerable portion of his views on these points is given in the following passage:—

"I should really like to open and close every chapter of this ponderous tome with the following words of advice; for, if acted on, they would end my task, and save me the trouble of farther writing. 'Cast from you,' I would say to all who go into society, 'every particle of envy, malice, hatred, and uncharitableness the world's sayings and doings may have pressed upon your heart; leave affectation in the servants' hall, its proper place, and then enter the drawing-room, radiant with the happy feeling of good-will towards every individual present, your spirit buoyant with cheerfulness and hilarity, the certain consequence of relief from the dark and heavy burdens so gallantly flung away. Mark, then, how beautiful the women will look, how pleasant, witty, and agreeable the party will prove, and how rapidly the evening will pass. Nor will satisfaction end here; for you will next day be charmed to hear your praise sounded from every quarter by the gay, witty, pretty, and interesting. And then what a change this new fashion will produce; we shall move delighted, hand in hand, through this world with joy and pleasantry, even as, in the olden time, we flew up and down the middle of a

* London: G. W. Nickisson, Regent Street. 1842.

country dance, making some pretty girl skip along over miles of ball-room floor, and never feeling fatigue or regret till the dear course was ended.'

'Good advice this,' the reader will perhaps say; 'certain to be attended with pleasant consequences, but, like much other excellent counsel, far more easily given than likely to be followed.' And yet it could be easily followed; for, strange as it may seem, when the gloom and silence of so many of our parties are considered, English society is very far from wanting the qualities necessary for giving it the tone of cheerfulness here recommended. If those who mix in company do not always cast envy, malice, and affectation from them on entering a drawing-room, the majority of every party are, we may safely say, of a cheerful and kindly disposition, however grave and formal they may look; for we Anglo-Saxons, Celts, and Milesians, are naturally a gay, cheerful, and kindly race, endowed with a far keener perception of the ridiculous, fonder of society, and better formed, perhaps, for social pleasures, than the people of any other country.

With these advantages at our disposal, conversation in England might become the foundation of a most delightful system of social intercourse. It might be made to bind families and circles together by the best feelings of our nature, which would be called forth and cherished in proportion as they were understood and valued; it might make us known to each other, dissolve the ice by which chilly fashion blocks up the better avenues of the heart, and unite congenial spirits in friendship, good will, and mutual confidence.

Conversation could even do more. It could spread cheerfulness instead of formality over the face of society, and serve as a premium to wit, worth, conduct, and manners, by making them passports into the higher circles; and if substituted for those expensive entertainments that cause the ruin of so many old and respectable families—impoverished by foolish attempts to vie with wealthier acquaintances for the purpose of maintaining, what they fancy, a proper station in the fashionable world—it would confer an essential benefit on the country at large."

Sabretash is here and there, we humbly opine, a little out in his proprieties—as where he tells you, if you receive a present from an author of his book from a distance, to "acknowledge the receipt by return of post, so that you cannot be expected to give any opinion of its merits." Kitchener, we remember, gives the same advice. It seems to us a poor trick, by which no author of any sense could be imposed upon. But these are very subordinate and not very perceptible blemishes, something like the spots on the sun.

Our captain is extremely happy upon bores, of which he enumerates a considerable number of varieties. "First comes," he says, "the loud talker, the man who silences a whole party by his sole power of lungs. All subjects are alike to him: he speaks on every topic with equal fluency, is never at a loss, quotes high authority for every assertion, and allows no one else to utter a word: he silences, without the least ceremony, every attempt at interruption, however cleverly managed; calls out, 'I beg your pardon,' in a tone that shows how ill-used he thinks himself; or shuts your mouth with—'one minute, if you please, sir!' as much as to say, you are surely a very ill-bred fellow. Great, and especially loud and positive talkers, have been denounced by all writers on manners as shallow and superficial persons. And P. André, the author of a French essay on the beautiful, declares distinctly that 'no man of sense was ever a great talker.

Next to the talker, we have the bore who gives an account of his dogs, horses, lands, books, and pictures. Whatever is his, must, he thinks, interest others; and listen they must, however resolutely they may attempt to change the current of his discourse.

Women, sweet creatures, though much superior to us in tact, are sometimes too fond of praising their children. It is no doubt an amiable weakness; but I would still advise them to indulge as little as possible in the practice; for however dear the rosy-cheeked curly-headed prattlers may be to them, the chances are, that others will vote the darlings to be great bores. * * You must not even praise your near relations; for the subject deprives the hearer of all power of dissent, and is therefore clearly objectionable.

We must not forget the hosts of *dear friends*. And first is he who, in your distress, comes to give you good advice, who tells you of his admirable prudence if you have been extravagant, and boasts of his own stoicism if you have fallen in love. Next is the friend who comes to consult you on his own affairs; and fully conscious that you can afford him no aid in his difficulties, and determined to take no advice, even if you could give it, heaps upon you as great a share of suffering as he can make you carry, though perfectly aware that it will not lessen his own load by a single ounce.

Button-holders need not perhaps be mentioned, as the race is nearly extinct; but there is the man of jests, and squibs, always ready to break in upon any conversation, however pleasant and animated, even as the punster, constantly on the watch to fire off his vile pun. It should be fairly understood (and any deviation from the rule should condemn the offender to transportation), that puns and squibs are allowed only in the lightest conversation, when parties are anxious for a laugh, and jumping from one subject to another in search of sport. All interruptions to the conversation of others, whether by pun, jest, or squib, is *de mauvais ton*. I use the gentle French term, to avoid the harsher English one. You may give effect to anything you have been saying by a pun, or may overthrow by a squib what has been urged against you; but it is only an angry argument or discourse that can be turned and broken in upon by an idle jest; the object then justifies the means. On the other hand, it is your duty to laugh, if possible, at any jest uttered in good humour, and at proper time and place, however moderate its intrinsic value may be, as it shows your willingness to please. I have heard it said of Lord Brougham, that he is ever ready to laugh at any good-humoured joke, however poor; and I think it the greatest compliment ever paid to him. * *

Then you have the indifferent and apathetic bore, who hardly condescends to pay the least attention to what you say, and who, if he refrains from the direct and absolute rudeness of yawning in your face, shows, by short and drawling answers, given at fits and starts, and completely at variance with the object of the conversation, that he affects at least a total indifference to the party present, and to the subject of discourse. In society, the absent man is uncivil; he who affects to be so, is rude and vulgar. All persons who speak of their ailings, diseases, or bodily infirmities, are offensive bores. Subjects of this sort should be addressed to doctors, who are paid for listening to them, and to no one else. Bad taste is the failing of these bores. Then we have the ladies and gentlemen who pay long visits, and who, meeting you at the door prepared to sally forth, keep you talking near the fire till the beauty of the day is passed, and then take their leave, 'hoping they have not detained you.' Bad feeling or want of tact here predominates.

'Hobby-riders,' who constantly speak on the same eternal subject—who bore you at all times and at all hours, whether you are in health or in sickness, in spirits or in sorrow, with the same endless topic—must find a place on this page, though it is sufficient to denounce them. Their failing is occasioned by a total want of judgment.

Then there are the numerous clan of the *One-too-many*. The bore of this class is sure to join you when you are engaged in a pleasant *tête-à-tête* walk, or corner of library conversation, with some pretty girl, to whom you are probably saying the most interesting thing possible. And if he cannot find you so engaged, he is sure to come upon you when you have pressing and important business to discuss with a friend or lawyer perhaps. The total want of tact which made the *One-too-many* join you, also prevents him from seeing—unless where it is spite or malice—how disagreeable his intrusion is.

The *Malaprops* are also a numerous and unhappy family, for they are constantly addressing the most unsuitable speeches to individuals or parties. To the blind they will speak of fine pictures and scenery, and will entertain a person in deep mourning with the anticipated pleasures of to-morrow's ball. A total want of ordinary thought and observation is the general cause of the *Malaprop* failing.

Of authors who read, or only attempt to read, their own works in society, it is impossible to speak with common patience; for if any person is desirous of knowing the contents of their book or magazine article, he can purchase it from the publisher. It makes money circulate.

To this we may add, that your cool steady talkers, who speak with the care and attention of professors demonstrating mathematical problems—who weigh, measure, and balance every word they utter—are all decided objectionables in society. It is needless to say that such persons never blunder, and never 'stumble over a potato'—a matter of little recommendation. There are also many persons who commence speaking before they know what they are going to say. The ill-natured world, who never miss an opportunity of being severe, declare them to be foolish and destitute of brains. I shall not go so far; but hardly know what we should think of a sportsman who would attempt to bring down a bird before he had loaded his gun.

I have purposely reserved the egotistical bore for the last on this short and imperfect list. It is truly revolting, indeed, to approach the very *boa-constrictor* of good society, the snake who comes upon us not in the natural form of a huge, coarse, slow reptile, but Proteus-like, in a thousand different forms, though all displaying at the first sight the boa-bore, ready to slime over every subject of discourse with the vile saliva of selfish vanity. Pah! it is repulsive even to speak of the species—numerous, too, as the sands along the shore.

Some of the class make no ceremony of immediately intruding themselves and their affairs on the attention of a whole party; of silencing every other subject started, however interesting to the company, merely that they may occupy the prominent and most conspicuous position. There seems no escaping from them; for say what you will, the *boa* can spring upon you in some shape or other. If he inquires how you are, he answers the question himself, and tells you that he is always well and hearty, and takes good care of himself in the world. If Paris is spoken of—'Paris,' says the *constrictor*, 'I was there two years ago. I like,' or 'do not like Paris,' as the case may be; and once within the reach of the snake's scaly folds, the conversation is sure to be crushed and slimed over, as already stated. Nor are the *boa's* travels alone to be dreaded: far from it; there is no subject in heaven or on earth that he will not connect himself with. Speak of a parliamentary debate, and he tells you—'I *never* was in Parliament.' Talk of a coal-mine—'I should like so much,' he says, 'to see a coal-mine: I am so fond of adventures.' A metaphysical work is named—'I never read such books'; it takes off attention from more important subjects.' A poem is mentioned with applause—'I only read Byron.' Some one has fallen in love with a pretty girl—'I never was in love, and I think only fools fall in love;' the *boa* forgetting that he has all his life been so much in love with himself as to be totally incapable of loving any thing else.

'Others,' again, to quote the words of Swift, 'are more dexterous, and with great art will lie on the watch to hook in their own praise. They will call a witness to remember they always foretold what would happen in such a case, but none would believe them; they advised such a man from the beginning, and told him the consequences just as they happened; but he would have his own way. Others make a vanity of telling their own faults; they are the strangest men in the world; they cannot dissemble; they own it as a folly; they have lost abundance of advantages by it; but if you would give them the world, they cannot help it; there is something in their nature that abhors insincerity and constraint, with many other insufferable topics of the same altitude.' So far Swift, to which I beg to add, that though bores and *boas* find their account in speaking ill or well of themselves, it is the characteristic of a gentleman that he never speaks of himself at all."

We have just one additional remark to make on the great talkers. We are convinced that their fault, in a great number of instances, is connected with a nervous fear of a pause in conversation. They are eager to keep up the ball; and not having any faith in the power of their associates to put in a remark with sufficient quickness, go pouring on themselves without stop, while you sit in forced taciturnity by their sides. Thus new topics and pleasant turns to conversation, which many are ready and willing to introduce, are precluded, merely through a mistake on the part of one of the company.

A WORD ON THE BRITISH FISHERIES.

It has always appeared to us a national disgrace that so little is done to draw supplies of food from the seas around the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland. These seas teem with the finest fish in the world, and yet the capturing of them is conducted on the feeblest scale. While litigations and local disturbances go on without end, about the protection or illegal catching of a few salmon in rivers, thousands of times greater quantities of cod, haddock, brill, skate, halibut, turbot, and herrings, are suffered to swim about unmolested, or only exposed to the encroachments of a handful of poor and laborious fishermen.

We are glad to observe that this most important subject of national concern is beginning to attract some attention. It has formed one of the topics of a lecture lately delivered by Mr Milne to the students of the engineering department in the Seapoint College, Dublin, and we hope the observations made on the occasion will not fall unheeded to the ground. The lecturer, in alluding to the fisheries, went on to say—

"Great Britain, Ireland, and the islands, present a coast of about 4000 miles, much of which is excellent fishing ground; but that with which I am more intimately acquainted is on the eastern coast of Scotland, extending from Dunbar to Aberdeen, and northward.

The deep-sea ground, or that on which cod, ling, turbot, tusk, skate, &c, are found, is a bank, distant from the shore, and from some of the fishing stations, about forty miles; the consequence of which is, that our fishermen have to expend the greater part of their labour not in fishing, but in rowing their heavy boats to and from the fishing ground.

The manner of proceeding is as follows:—In order to prepare for the deep-sea fishing, whilst the men are employed in unravelling their lines (nets), the women and children collect mussels, limpets, log-worm, &c., for bait, and this takes up the greater part of their time; but a sufficient quantity having been procured, and the small or haddock lines having been baited, if the weather be favourable, the boats proceed to sea; but if it has become foul, or if the sky indicates a breeze, they remain on shore for a day or two, in which case the lines must be rebaited, else the fishes refuse the tainted food and hook. At length, the sea being calm and the sky serene, the boats proceed to the haddock ground, which, in general, lies six, eight, or ten miles from the shore, and here the small lines are shot, or laid alongst the bottom of the sea, in fifteen or twenty fathoms water; and after they have lain a few hours, they are hauled or brought up into the boat along with the fishes held by the hooks. The boats now proceed farther out to sea, about forty miles from land, as has been already noticed; and here the haddocks previously caught are cut each into two or three pieces as baits, and these being fixed on the hooks of the great lines, are shot or laid along the bottom of the sea, and stationed there by means of a small anchor at each end of the course of lines, which in many instances extends two or three miles in length; the water being from fifty to ninety fathoms deep.

Should the weather prove favourable, the lines are

allowed to lie at the bottom six or eight hours, to give time for a sufficient number of fishes to become fixed on the hooks; but if a breeze shall spring up, or if the sky shall give indications of a coming storm, they haul their lines at any time, however short, after their being let down, and proceed towards the land with all the speed they can; in which case the whole of their labour and that of their families is lost for at least a week. It also often happens, that, in consequence of bad weather coming on suddenly, the men are compelled to leave their lines in the sea, in which case they are seldom recovered, and great misery is consequently felt by the fishermen.

In this way the fishing proceeds from the beginning of May till the middle of August, the men being employed, on the average, about six hours per week on the fishing ground; and even this is attained only by great labour, and much risk both as regards life and property. It appears, therefore, that any means by which the labour of rowing to and from the ground could be saved, and the time of actual fishing extended, would increase the productiveness of this useful branch of industry.

The Dutch seem to manage better than we do. They send over to our fishing ground a number of large vessels, with a few small boats and men for each, as also men and women for curing the fish on the decked vessel, which they anchor on the fishing ground. The small boats fish all around this vessel within a mile or two, so that the whole energies of the men are applied to productive labour. They seldom or never come on shore, soon load their vessel, weigh anchor, and again make for Holland, with much less loss of lines than our fishermen, and with better remuneration.

This plan, I conceive, might be advantageously employed by us—I mean the use of the large stationary vessel; and some further improvements might also be introduced, such as a small steamer to run continually from the shore to the fishing ground to carry the fish to market, especially turbot, which from its fatness has not yet been cured, but which always brings a high price when fresh. By means of the steamer, fresh bait—haddocks, herrings, &c.—could be taken out to the deep-sea ground every day, also fresh provisions and men. Hence two sets of fishermen would be kept constantly at work, one near the shore catching bait, the other at the deep-sea station; and in this way the steamer might keep in full employment two or three thousand men, and carry all things necessary for the proper prosecution of the fishing; and in case of bad weather, the lines on the deep-sea ground could be hauled from the deck of the steamer when it could not be done in a common fishing boat; hence the fishing-tackle would not be lost, as at present. By means of the steamer, the fish could also be brought every day alongside of our coasting steamers, put on board, and conveyed in the course of a few hours to a very distant market; and from the increased facilities now afforded by railroads, fish can be dispersed very quickly in various directions, in good condition and at a cheap rate. A fishing company was lately established on the eastern coast of England, on a plan analogous to what I have now suggested; and from newspaper accounts, I perceive that the beneficial effects of their exertions in the interior are already much felt.

On good ground it appears to be impossible to overfish, so as to reduce the apparent number; if we do not catch them, they will continue to devour one another. Immense banks of their bones are at present being formed at the bottom of the sea. One in particular may be mentioned, lying east of the Faroe Islands; this bank is composed almost entirely of bones, and is two miles and a half long.

In concluding, it appears that whilst our country offers peculiar facilities for prosecuting a most useful branch of industry, it is either entirely neglected, or is left to the endeavours of a few laborious but poor men—persons who have not the means nor an idea of prosecuting it beyond procuring a daily scanty subsistence for themselves and families. No doubt government has encouraged the fisheries by bestowing bounties, but in my opinion this is not the way to do it effectually. What is wanted is organisation—a plentiful supply of the proper tackling—and the employment of steam to perform the unproductive and severe parts of the labour, so as to economise the time of the fishermen.

In this way thousands of our unemployed poor might be speedily relieved, at a very small expense compared with that of poor rates; whilst, at the same time, whatever subscriptions were required for effecting this object, would soon be repaid in the cheapening of fish, without reference to a direct return for the capital expended. It appears, however, that this neglected source of wealth would yield a more handsome return than any other joint-stock concern in these kingdoms. I am informed that a good many years ago a capital of five or six thousand pounds was subscribed for a fishing company in Dublin; that the returns for the first half year were 40 per cent., whilst the price of fish in the market was reduced to one-third of what it had previously been; that, unfortunately, it was subsequently resolved to pay the fishermen by day's wages, instead of allowing them to rely on the success of the fishing for the amount of their gains; and that, in consequence of this and such like circumstances, the company soon began to decay, and ultimately gave up business. But, surely, instead of this example proving a stumbling-block to proceeding now, it indicates, that if conducted on proper principles, it is a safe and a profitable speculation—one which appears to offer immediate relief to the unemployed, as well as the means of procuring cheap food for the rich and poor. And it should not be forgotten that from each meal of fish caught on these shores, the offal is capable of fructifying the soil so much as to produce an additional meal of farm produce—the refuse of fish being the very best manure for any soil. Let us not spend in idleness or frivolity any leisure hours we may have here, but endeavour, by our example, to show that in this sea-girt island there is plenty of food at our doors; and that in order to obtain it, we have only to use the means and to exert ourselves a very little."

THE BIRDS.

BY THOMAS SMIBERT.

Is there a man so dull of soul and sense,
That he can walk at morn, or noon, or eve,
Upon that mighty field which hath no fence
Save what it doth from airy space receive,
And, while the birds their varied notes enweave
Into one complete whole for him, can hear
The glorious descant flow,
Without a bosom-glow,
Without one thrill of joy, or one full-hearted tear?

Thus wholly apathetic none can be.
If the wild thunder, throeing as in pain,
And generating, over land and sea,
Dread air-quakes to alarm the souls of men,
Be held God's voice of wrath, oh surely, then,
The sounds that rise from copse, or grove of pine,
By mount, and vale, and stream,
Are such as man may deem
A voice of love—of love eternal and divine!

Beauty is planted with the seed; and, till
The flower puts on its perfect summer dress,
Grows with it, waxing rich and richer still:
The verdure of the grass is loveliness;
And on the mountain-pine, when breezes press
Its coying stem, and comb its flowing hair,
Sits a majestic ease;
These green existences
Such attributes display, ever and everywhere;

Yet, decked with every seasonable charm,
Nature, though not, like sculpture, still and cold,
Is even as a lovely human form,
When quickening speech informeth not the mould;
The brightest flowers that, Hebe-like, uphold
Their cups with dewy offerings to the sun,
Ask yet a voice; and where
May voice with that compare,
From the full-choiring birds by heavenly favour won?

Most beautiful, in truth, the doings all
In nature's mighty aviary seem!
What time the shadows, night's dim relics, fall
Prostrate in worship of the young sun-beam,
Go, rouse thee from thy gross and worldly dream,
And, while the woods are pæaning the morn,
Thine eye and ear employ,
And thou shalt taste a joy
Of all that can delight the mind and senses born.

Chances thine eye to light upon the home
Wherein two little ones, heart-wedded, dwell—
Whether it be the merlin's bowl of loam,
Or the quick sparrow's moss-encrusted cell—
Whether aloft, like an inverted bell,
It swingeth in the breeze, or lieth low,
With tender care concealed
In some green bank or field—
Gaze there, and say if aught more fair the eye could know!

But oh! peer gently through the fringy covers;
And be the parley of thy foot with earth
Soft as the vows of love to ears of lovers,
Or as the dew-falls which have viewless birth
When evening turns to tears the gay day's mirth;
Admire but touch not what may meet thy view,
Lest the scared mother fly,
And leave the hopes to die
That rest within her shells, so smooth and rich of hue.

Ah! sad the thought how many, many a time,
Thus by the rude hands of unthinking boy,
Those mated ones are forced, without a crime,
To quit their Eden of unbroken joy;
Not that the rifiers seek but to destroy,
But that they may compose a circlet rare,
And rich with many dyes—
Though seeming to the wise,
A bow that tells of hopes converted to despair.

So fondly doth the mother watch her home,
That, move one shell, and she will note the change,
And it may drive the poor one forth to roam,
And all her sweet economy derange;
And should man's footstep, loud to her and strange,
Startle her brooding o'er her young, her heart
Counts time upon its sides,
As wildly as the strides
Made by high-mettled courser on the racing mart.

But why so linger on a theme like this?
Poorly, at best, can pen or tongue display
The fullness of the beauty and the bliss
Cast by the birds on this our earthly way;
And while to us thus pleasing, who will say
Mute nature hath for them nor eyes nor ears?
Oh! yes, believe it well,
That when their anthems swell,
Rejoicingly each tree and flower both sees and hears!

THE BARINGS.

The present partners of the house of Baring, brothers, are Thomas Baring, the youngest son of Lord Ashburton; Francis Baring (late Chancellor of the Exchequer); Captain Mildmay, a baronet of small fortune, Lord Ashburton's son-in-law; and Joshua Bates, a Yankee from Boston, whose beginning was as supercargo of a merchant vessel. The first of the Barings that came into notice was the father of the present Alexander Baring, now Lord Ashburton. He was the son of a German toy-shopkeeper in Exeter, in England. The foundation of Baring's fortune was made as contractor to the British government, in their vain attempt to hold America in chains, and which tacked two hundred millions to the national debt in England. The Barings managed to keep on terms with both belligerents. The present lord was then the traveller of the house, and became acquainted with Mr William Bingham, who was an agent in the service of the Americans for obtaining supplies abroad for carrying on the revolution. On the termination of the war, Baring and Bingham turned to account the profits they had got out of the contest, purchasing up military and other claims against both governments, which they procured for mere trifles, and got them admitted into the funded debt of the United States and of Great Britain. Mr Bingham got rich, lived in princely style in Philadelphia, and had five daughters. Mr Baring wooed and married one, and his brother married a second. These two commissaries, by joining together, progressed to that degree of opulence and power which has astonished the world. In 1834, Alexander Baring retired from the house of Baring, brothers, taking with him a large fortune—leaving behind £800,000 on interest; but in 1836, the house was affected by the general pressure which took place, and Lord Ashburton came forward and lent them £500,000, which is yet due, together with the original £800,000. The house has an agency in Liverpool, New York, New Orleans, and at several ports of the continent of Europe; it is largely interested in the bonds and advances of the American state, and the present visit here of Lord Ashburton will disclose a page of very important matter in the current history of Britain and America.—*American paper.*

AN ABSENT GERMAN MUSICIAN.

Whilst hard at work one evening upon a very complicated theme for a fugue, and more than usually possessed by the spirit of music, he fidgeted about on his chair, paced up and down the room, humming tunes, and now and then muttering incoherent and disjointed sentences, whilst every moment he went to the candle to relight his pipe. His wife, also absorbed in thought, was sitting quietly at work. Rinck duly lighted his pipe; but instead of laying the match on the table, placed it in all innocence on his wife's cap. At length he settled himself at his desk, and was proceeding peacefully with his task, when lo! his labours were broken in upon by a sudden glare of light, accompanied by a shriek from his wife; her whole head was one blaze—cap and hair were a prey to the flames. Rinck maintained that his wife had put her head too near the candles; but two or three front locks that still survived of her (must we confess it?) *false hair*, and a strip of lace that came over her forehead, proved beyond a doubt that the conflagration must have commenced its perfidious career of devastation from that part of her head that was not immediately exposed to the candle. "Why, my child," expostulated Rinck, as he beheld his beloved Margaret standing a perfect wreck before him, "how could I possibly have done it, when I haven't stirred from my desk the whole evening?"—*Mainzer's Musical Athenæum.*

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE SAMARITANS.

The Samaritans are now reduced to a very small community, there being only thirty men who pay taxes, and few, if any, who are exempt; so that their whole number cannot be reckoned at over one hundred and fifty souls. One of them is in affluent circumstances; and having been for a long time chief secretary of the Mutesellim of Nabulus, became one of the most important and powerful men of the province. He had recently been superseded in his influence with the governor by a copt, and now held only the second place. He was called El-'Abdes Samary. The rest of the Samaritans are not remarkable either for their wealth or poverty. The physiognomy of those we saw was not Jewish; nor, indeed, did we remark in it any particular character as distinguished from that of other natives of the country. They keep the Saturday as their Sabbath with great strictness, allowing no labour nor trading, nor even cooking or lighting a fire, but resting from their employments the whole day. On Friday evening they pray in their houses; and on Saturday have public prayers in their synagogue at morning, noon, and evening. They meet also in the synagogue on the great festivals, and on the new moons; but not every day. The law is read in public, not every Sabbath day, but only upon some festivals. Four times a year they go up to Mount Gerizim (Jebel et Tur) in solemn procession to worship; and then they begin reading the law as they set off, and finish it above. These seasons are, the feast of the Passover, when they pitch their tent upon the mountain all night, and sacrifice seven lambs at sunset; the day of Pentecost; the feast of Tabernacles, when they sojourn here in booths built of branches of the arbutus; and lastly, the great day of Atonement in autumn. They still maintain their ancient hatred against the Jews; accuse them of departing from the law in not sacrificing the Passover, and in various other points, as well as of corrupting the ancient text, and scrupulously avoid all connexion with them. If of old "the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans," the latter at the present day reciprocate the feeling, and neither eat nor drink, marry, nor associate with the Jews, but only trade with them.—*Robinson and Smith's Travels.*

STRONG SYMPATHY IN THE DOG.

An interesting instance of this feeling in the canine species, the authenticity of which may be relied on, lately took place, or rather is still proceeding, at Invergeldie, a large sheep-farm on the estate of Lawers, near Comrie, Perthshire. The overseer became severely indisposed, and for the first ten days after their master had taken to bed, his two faithful collies refused to be comforted, mournfully declining all sorts of food, nay, even milk warm from the cow, at last pressed upon them by the domestics. At length their case became so serious—for they were otherwise valuable dogs—that the overseer's mother was prevailed upon to inform her sick son, though at the time very low, of the circumstance, begging of him, as a *dernier* resort, to try what effect his own word would still have upon the mute mourners. By an effort he succeeded in a weak voice to name his favourites, pointing at the same time to some food, placed at hand for the trial. This gentle command had its effect; the dogs at once obeyed; and have since (as if it were still repeated to them, which it is not likely ever to be again) continued to take as much as supports life; but once every day, at least, and oftener if opportunity offer, they glide together into the room where the sick man is, slip stealthily to the bedside, raise their fore paws upon the bed-clothes, and in this attitude continue together for some time to gaze intently on the pallid features of their now unconscious master, and then droopingly retire out of the room.—*Perth paper.*

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"THERE IS NO HURRY!"—A TALE.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

PART SECOND.

"MARY—my dear niece," said Charles Adams, as he seated himself by her side; "my dear, dear niece, can you fix your thoughts, and give me your attention for half an hour, now that all is over, and that the demands of the world press upon us. I want to speak about the future. Your mother bursts into such fits of despair that I can do nothing with her; and your brother is so ungovernable—talks as if he could command the bank of England, and is so full of his mother's connexions and their influence, that I have left him to himself. Can you, my dear Mary, restrain your feelings and give me your attention?"

Mary Adams looked firmly in her uncle's face, and said, "I will try. I have been thinking and planning all the morning, but I do not know how to begin being useful. If I once began, I could go on. The sooner we are out of this huge expensive house the better; if I could get my mother to go with the little girls to the sea-side. Take her away altogether from this home—take her"——

"Where?" inquired Mr Adams; "she will not accept shelter in my house."

"I do not know," answered his niece, relapsing into all the helplessness of first grief; "indeed I do not know; her brother-in-law, Sir James Ashbrooke, invited her to the Pleasaunce, but my brother objects to her going there, his uncle has behaved so neglectfully about his appointment."

"Foolish boy!" muttered Charles; "this is no time to quarrel about trifles. The fact is, Mary, that the sooner you are all out of this house the better; there are one or two creditors, not for large sums certainly, but still men who will have their money; and if we do not quietly sell off, they will force us. The house might have been disposed of last week by private contract, but your mother would not hear of it, because the person who offered was a medical rival of my poor brother."

Mary did not hear the concluding observation; her eyes wandered from object to object in the room—the harp—the various things known from childhood. "Anything you and your mother wish, my dear niece," said her kind uncle, "shall be preserved—the family pictures—your harp, your piano—they are all hallowed memorials, and shall be kept sacred."

Mary burst into tears. "I do not," she said, "shrink from considering those instruments the means of my support; but although I know the necessity for so considering, I feel I cannot tell what at quitting the home of my childhood; people are all kind; you, my dear uncle, from whom we expected so little, the kindest of all; but I see, even in these early days of a first sorrow, indications of falling off. My aunt's husband has really behaved very badly about the appointment of my eldest brother; and as to the cadetship for the second—we had such a brief dry letter from our Indian friend—so many first on the list, and the necessity for waiting, that I do not know how it will end."

"I wish, my dear, you could prevail on your mother, and sister, and all, to come to Repton," said Mr Adams. "If your mother dislikes being in my house, I would find her a cottage near us; I will do all I can. My wife joins me in the determination to think that we have six additional children to look to. We differ from you in our habits; but our hearts and affections are no less true to you all. My Mary and you will be as sisters."

His niece could bear no more kindness. She had been far more bitterly disappointed than she had confessed even to her uncle; and yet the very bitterness of the disappointment had been the first thing that had driven her father's dying wail from her ears—that cry repeated so often and so bitterly in the brief moments left after his accident—"My children! My children!" He had not sufficient faith to commit them to God's mercy; he knew he had not been a faithful steward; and he could not bring himself from the depths of his spiritual blindness to call upon the Fountain that is never dried up to those who would humbly and earnestly partake of its living waters.

It was all a scene as of another world to the young, beautiful, petted, and fêted girl; it had made her forget the disappointment of her love, at least for a time. While her brothers dared the thunder-cloud that burst above their heads, her mother and sisters wept beneath its influence. Mary had looked forth, and if she did not hope, she thought, and tried to pray; now, she fell weeping upon her uncle's shoulder; when she could speak, she said, "Forgive me; in a little time I shall be able to conquer this; at present, I am overwhelmed; I feel as if knowledge and sorrow came together; I seem to have read more of human nature within the last three days than in all my past life."

"It all depends, Mary, upon the person you meet," said Mr Adams, "as upon the book you read; if you choose a foolish book or a bad book, you can expect nothing but vice or foolishness; if you choose a foolish companion, surely you cannot expect kindness or strength." The kind-hearted man repeated to her all he had before said. "I cannot," he added, "be guilty of injustice to my children; but I can merge all my own luxuries into the one of being a father to the fatherless."

But to all the plans of Charles Adams, objections were raised by his eldest nephew and his mother; the youth could not brook the control of a simple straightminded country man, whose only claim to be considered a gentleman, in his opinion, arose from his connexion with "his family." He was also indignant with his maternal uncle for his broken promise, and these feelings were strengthened by his mother's folly. Two opportunities for disposing of the house and its magnificent furniture were missed; and when Mrs Adams complained to her nearest and most influential connexions, that her brother-in-law refused to make her any allowance unless she consented to live at Repton—expecting that they would be loud in their indignation at his hardness—they advised her by all means to do what he wished, as he was really the only person she had to depend upon. Others were lavish of their sympathy, but sympathy wears out quickly; others invited her to spend a month with them at their country seat, for change of air; one hinted how valuable Miss Adams's exquisite musical talent would be *now*. Mary coloured, and said, "Yes," with the dignity of proper feeling; but her mother asked the lady what she meant, and a little scene followed, which caused the lady to visit all the families in town of her acquaintance, for the purpose of expressing her sympathy with "those poor dear Adamses, who were so proud, poor things, that really there was nothing but starvation and the workhouse before them!" Another of those well-meaning persons—strongminded and kind-hearted, but without a particle of delicacy—came to poor Mary, with all the *prestige* of conferring a favour.

"My dear young lady, it is the commonest thing in the world—very painful but very common; the families of professional men are frequently left without provision. Such a pity!—because, if they cannot save they can insure. We *all* can do *that*, but they do *not* do it, and consequently everywhere the families of professional men are found in distress; so, as I said, it is common; and I wanted you to suggest to your mother, that, if she would not feel hurt at it, the thing being so common—dear Dr Adams having been so popular, so very popular—that while every one is talking about him and you all, a very handsome subscription could be got up. I would begin it with a sum large enough to invite still larger. I had a great regard for him—I had indeed."

Mary felt her heart sink and rise, and her throat swell, so that she could not speak. She had brought herself to the determination of employing her talents for her own support, but she was not prepared to come with her family before the world as paupers. "We have no claim upon the public," she said at last. "I am sure you mean us kindly, but we have no claim. My dear father forwarded no public work—no public object; he gave his advice, and received his payment. If we are not provided for, it is no public fault. Besides, my father's children are able and willing to support themselves. I am sure you mean us kindly, but we have no claim upon public sympathy, and an appeal to it would crush us to the earth. I am very glad you did not speak first to my mother. My uncle Charles would not suffer it, even suppose she wished it."

This friend also departed to excite new speculations as to the pride and poverty of "poor dear Dr Adams's family." In the world, however—the busy busy London world—it is idle to expect anything to create even a nine days' wonder. When the house and furniture were at last offered for sale, the feeling was somewhat revived; and Mary, whose beauty, exquisite as it was, had so unobtrusive a character as never to have created a foe, was remembered with tears by many: even the father of her old lover, when he was congratulated by one more worldly-minded than himself on the escape of his son in not marrying a portionless girl, reproved the unfeeling speaker with a wish that he only hoped his son might have as good a wife as Mary Adams would have been.

The bills were taken down, the house purified from the auction-mob—everything changed; a new name occupied the doctor's place in the "Court Guide"—and in three months the family seemed as completely forgotten amongst those of whom they once formed a prominent part, as if they had never existed. When one sphere of life closes against a family, they find room in another. Many kind-hearted persons in Mrs Adams's first circle would have been rejoiced to be of service to her and hers, but they were exactly the people upon whom she had no claim. Of a high but poor family, her relatives had little power. What family so situated ever had any influence beyond what they absolutely needed for themselves? With an ill grace she at last acceded to the kind offer made by Mr Charles Adams, and took possession of the cottage he fixed upon, until something could be done for his brother's children. In a fit of proud despair the eldest son enlisted into a regiment of dragoons; the second was fortunate enough to obtain a cadetship through a stranger's interference; and his uncle thought it might be possible to get the youngest forward in his father's profession. The expense of the necessary arrangements was severely felt by the prudent and careful country gentleman. The younger girls were too delicate for even the common occupations of daily life; and Mary, instead of receiving the welcome she had been led to expect from her aunt and cousins, felt that every hour she spent at the Grange was an intrusion.

The sudden death of Dr Adams had postponed the intended wedding of Charles Adams's eldest daughter; and although her mother agreed that it was their duty to forward the orphan children, she certainly felt, as most affectionate mothers whose hearts are not very much enlarged would feel, that much of their own savings—much of the produce of her husband's hard labour—labour during a series of years, when her sister-in-law and her children were enjoying all the luxuries of life—would now be expended for their support; this to an all-sacrificing mother, despite *her sense of the duty of kindness*, was hard to bear. As long as they were not on the spot, she theorised continually, and derived much satisfaction from the sympathising observations of her neighbours, and was proud, *very* proud, of the praise bestowed upon her husband's benevolence; but when her sister-in-law's expensive habits were in daily array before her (the cottage being close to the Grange); when she knew, to use her own expression, "that she never put her hand to a single thing;" that she could not live without port wine, when she herself never drank even gooseberry, except on Sundays; never ironed a collar, never dusted the chimney-piece, or ate a shoulder of mutton—roast one day, cold the next, and hashed the third. While each day brought some fresh illustration of her thoughtlessness to the eyes of the wife of the wealthy tiller of the soil, the widow of the physician thought herself in the daily practice of the most rigid self-denial. "I am sure," was her constant observation to her all-patient daughter—"I am sure I never thought it would come to this. I had not an idea of going through so much. I wonder your uncle and his wife can permit me to live in the way I do—they ought to consider how I was brought up." It was in vain Mary represented that they were existing upon charity; that they ought to be most grateful for what they received, coming as it did from those who, in their days of prosperity, professed nothing, while those who professed all things had done nothing. Mary would so reason, and then retire to her own chamber to weep alone over things more hard to bear.

It is painful to observe what bitterness will creep into the heart and manner of really kind girls where a lover is in the case, or even where a commonplace dangling sort of flirtation is going forward; this depreciating ill nature, one of the other, is not confined by any means to the fair sex. Young men pick each other to pieces with even more fierceness but less ingenuity; they deal in a cut-and-hack sort of sarcasm, and do not hesitate to use terms and insinuations of the harshest kind when a lady is in the case. Mary (to distinguish her from her high-bred cousin, she was generally called Mary Charles) was certainly disappointed when her wedding was postponed in consequence of her uncle's death; but a much more painful feeling followed when she saw the admiration her lover, Edwin Lechmere, bestowed upon her beautiful cousin. Mary Charles was herself a beauty—fair, open-eyed, warm-hearted—*the* beauty of Repton; but though feature by feature, inch by inch, she was as handsome as Mary, yet in her cousin was the grace and spirit given only by good society; the manners elevated by a higher mind, and toned down by sorrow; a gentle softness, which a keen observer of human nature told me once no woman ever possessed unless she had deeply loved, and suffered from disappointed affection; in short, she was far more refined, far more fascinating, than her country cousin. Besides, she was unfortunate, and that at once gave her a hold upon the sympathies of the young curate: it did no more; but Mary Charles did not understand these nice distinctions, and nothing could exceed the change of manner she evinced when her cousin and her betrothed were together.

Mary thought her cousin rude and petulant; but the true cause of the change never occurred to her. Accustomed to the high-toned courtesy of well-bred men, which is so little practised in the middle class of English society, it never suggested itself, that placing her chair, or opening the door for her to go out, or rising courteously when she came into a room, was more than, as a lady, she had a right to expect; in truth, she did not notice it at all; but she did notice and feel deeply her cousin's alternate coldness and snappishness of manner. "I would not," thought Mary, "have behaved so to her if she had been left desolate; but in a little time, when my mother is more content, I will leave Repton, and become independent by my talents." Never did she think of the power delegated to her by the Almighty without feeling herself raised—ay, higher than she had ever been in the days of her splendour—in the scale of moral usefulness; as every one must feel whose mind is rightly framed. She had not yet known what it was to have her abilities trampled on or insulted; she had never experienced the bitterness consequent upon having the acquirements—which in the days of her prosperity commanded silence and admiration—sneered at or openly ridiculed. She had yet to learn that the Solons, the lawgivers of English society, lavish their attentions and praise upon those who learn, not upon those who teach.

Mary had not been six months fatherless, when she was astonished first by a letter, and then by a visit, from her former lover; he came to renew his engagement, and to wed her even then if she would have him; but Mary's high principle was stronger than he imagined. "No," she said; "you are not independent of your father, and whatever I feel, I have no right to draw *you* down into poverty. You may fancy now that you could bear it, but a time would come—if not to you, to me—when the utter selfishness of such conduct would goad me to a death of early misery." The young man appealed to her uncle, who thought her feelings overstrained, but respected her for it nevertheless; and in the warmth of his admiration, he communicated the circumstance to his wife and daughter.

"Refuse her old lover under present circumstances," repeated her cousin to herself as she left the room; "there must be some other reason than that; she could not be so foolish as to reject such an offer at such a time." Unfortunately, she saw Edwin Lechmere walking by Mary's side, under the shadow of some trees. She watched them until the foliage screened them from her sight, and then she shut herself into her own room, and yielded to a long and violent burst of tears. "It is not enough," she exclaimed, in the bitterness of her feelings, "that the comforts of my parents' declining years should be abridged by the overwhelming burden to their exertions—another family added to their own; it is not enough that an uncomfortable feeling has grown between my father and mother on this account, and that cold looks and sharp words have come where they never came before, but my peace of mind must be destroyed. Gladly would I have taken a smaller portion, if I could have kept the affections which I see but too plainly my cousin has stolen from me. And my thoughtless aunt to say, only yesterday, that 'at all events her husband was no man's enemy but his own.' Has not his want of prudent forethought been the ruin of his own children? and will my parents ever recover the anxiety, the pain, the sacrifices, brought on by one man's culpable neglect? Oh, uncle! if you could look from your grave upon the misery you have caused!"—and then, exhausted by her own emotion, the affectionate but jealous girl began to question herself as to what she should do. After what she considered mature deliberation, she made up her mind to upbraid her cousin with treachery, and she put her design into execution that same evening.

It was no easy matter to oblige her cousin to understand what she meant; but at last the declaration, that she had refused her old lover because she had placed her affections upon Edwin Lechmere, whom she was endeavouring to "entrap," was not to be mistaken; and the country girl was altogether unprepared for the burst of indignant feeling, mingled with much bitterness, which repelled the untruth. A strong fit of hysterics into which Mary Charles worked herself was terminated by a scene of the most painful kind, her father being upbraided by her mother with "loving other people's children better than his own," while the curate himself knelt by the side of his betrothed, assuring her of his unaltered affection. From such a scene Miss Adams hastened with a throbbing brow and a bursting heart. She had no one to counsel or console her; no one to whom she could apply for aid. For the first time since she had experienced her uncle's tenderness, she felt she had been the means of disturbing his domestic peace; the knowledge of the burden she was, and the burden she and hers were considered, weighed her to the earth; and in a paroxysm of anguish, she fell on her knees, exclaiming, "Oh, why are the dependent born into the world! Father, father, why did you leave us, whom you so loved, to such a fate!" And then she reproached herself for having uttered a word reflecting on his memory. One of the every-day occurrences of life—so common as to be hardly observed—is to find really kind good-natured people not "weary of well-doing." "Oh, really I was worn out with so and so; they are so decidedly unfortunate that it is impossible to help them," is a general excuse for deserting those whose continuing misfortunes ought to render them greater objects of sympathy.

Mr Charles Adams was, as has been shown in our little narrative, a kind-hearted man. Estranged as his brother and himself had been for a number of years, he had done much to forward, and still more to protect, his children. At first, this was a pleasure; but somehow his "benevolence," and "kindness," and "generosity," had been so talked about, so eulogised, and he had been so seriously inconvenienced by the waywardness of his nephews, the thoughtless pride of his sister-in-law, the helplessness of his younger nieces, as to feel seriously oppressed by his responsibility. And now the one who had never given him aught but pleasure, seemed, according to his daughter's representations, to be the cause of increased sorrow, the destroyer of his dear child's happiness. What to do he could not tell. His daughter, wrought upon by her own jealousy, had evinced, under its influence, so much temper she had never displayed before, that it seemed more than likely the cherished match would be broken off. His high-minded niece saved him any farther anxiety as far as she was concerned. She sent for and convinced him fully and entirely of her total freedom from the base design imputed to her. "Was it likely," she said, "that I should reject the man I love lest I should drag him into poverty, and plunge at once with one I do not care for into the abyss I dread? This is the common sense view of the case; but there is yet another. Is it to be borne that I would seek to rob *your* child of her happiness? The supposition is an insult too gross to be endured. I will leave my mother to-morrow. An old schoolfellow, older and more fortunate than myself, wished me to educate her little girl. I had one or two strong objections to living in her house; but the desire to be independent and away has overcome them." She then, with many tears, intreated her uncle still to protect her mother; urged how she had been sorely tried; and communicated fears, she had reason to believe were too well founded, that her eldest brother, feeling the reverse more than he could bear, had deserted from his regiment.

Charles Adams was deeply moved by the nobleness of his niece, and reproved his daughter more harshly than he had ever done before, for the feebleness that created so strong and unjust a passion. This had the contrary effect to what he had hoped for: she did not hesitate to say that her cousin had endeavoured to rob her both of the affection of her lover and her father. The injured cousin left Repton bowed beneath an accumulation of troubles, not one of which was of her own creating, not one of which she deserved; and all springing from the unprovoking nature of him who, had he been asked the question, would have declared himself ready to sacrifice his own life for the advantage of that daughter, now compelled to work for her own bread. To trace the career of Mary Adams in her new calling, would be to repeat what I have said before. The more refined, the more informed the governess, the more she suffers. Being with one whom she had known in better days, made it even more hard to bend; yet she did her duty, and *that* is one of the highest privileges a woman can enjoy.

Leaving Mary for a moment, let us return to Repton. Here discord having once entered, was making sad ravages, and all were suffering from it. It was but too true that the eldest of the Adamses had deserted; his mother, clinging with a parent's fondness to her child, concealed him, and thus offended Charles Adams beyond all reconciliation. The third lad, who was walking the London hospitals, and exerting himself beyond his strength, was everything that a youth could be; but his declining health was represented to his uncle, by one of those whom his mother's pride had insulted, as a cloak for indolence. In short, before another year had quite passed, the family of the once rich and fashionable Dr Adams had shared the fate of all dependents—worn out the benevolence, or patience, or whatever it really is, of their "best friends." Nor was this the only consequence of the physician's neglect of a duty due alike to God and society; his brother had really done so much for the bereaved family, as to give what the world called "just grounds" to Mrs Charles Adams's repeated complaints, "that now her husband was ruining his industrious family to keep the lazy widow of his spendthrift brother and her favourite children in idleness. Why could she not live upon the 'fine folk' she was always throwing in her face?" Their daughter, too, of whose approaching union the fond father had been so proud, was now, like her cousin whom she had wronged by her mean suspicions, deserted; the match broken off after much bickering; one quarrel having brought on another, until they separated by mutual consent. Her temper and her health were both materially impaired, and her beauty was converted into hardness and acidity.

Oh! how utterly groundless is the idea, that in our social state, where one human being must so much depend upon another, any man, neglecting his positive duties, can be called only "his own enemy." What misery had not Dr Adams's neglect entailed, not alone on his immediate family, but on that of his brother. Besides, there were ramifications of distress; he died even more embarrassed than his brother had at first believed, and some tradespeople were consequently embarrassed; but the deep misery fell upon his children. Meanwhile, Mrs Dr Adams had left Repton with her younger children, to be the dependants of Mary in London.

It was not until a fatal disease had seized upon her mother, that Mary ventured to appeal again to her uncle's generosity. "My second brother," she said, "has out of his small means remitted her five pounds. My eldest brother seems altogether to have disappeared from amongst us; finding that his unhappy presence had occasioned so fatal a separation between his mother and you—a disunion which I saw was the effect of many small causes, rather than one great one—he left us, and we cannot trace him. This has broken my poor mother's heart; he was the cherished one of all her children. My youngest brother has been for the last month an inmate of one of the hospitals which my poor father attended for so many years, and where his word was law. My sister Rosa, she upon whom my poor father poured, if possible, more of his affection than he bestowed upon me—my lovely sister, of whom, even in our poverty, I was so proud—so young, only upon the verge of womanhood—has, you already know, left us. Would to God that it had been for her grave, rather than her destroyer!—a fellow-student of that poor youth, who, if he dreamt of her dishonour, would stagger like a spectre from what will be his death-bed to avenge her. Poverty is one of the surest guides to dishonour; those who have not been tempted know nothing of it. It is one thing to see it, another to feel it. Do not think her altogether base, because she had not the strength of a heroine. I have been obliged to resign my situation to attend my mother, and the only income we have is what I earn by giving lessons on the harp and piano. I give, for *two shillings*, the same instruction for which my father paid half a guinea a lesson; if I did not I should have no pupils. It is more than a month since my mother left her bed; and my youngest sister, bending beneath increased delicacy of health, is her only attendant. I know her mind to be so tortured, and her body so convulsed by pain, that I have prayed to God to render her fit for Heaven, and take her from her sufferings. Imagine the weight of sorrow that crushed me to my knees with such a petition as that. I know all you have done, and yet I ask you now, in remembrance of the boyish love that bound you and my father together, to lessen her bodily anguish by the sacrifice of a little more; that she, nursed in the lap of luxury, may not pass from life with starvation as her companion. My brother's gift is expended; and during the last three weeks, I have earned but twelve shillings; my pupils are out of town. Do, for a moment, remember what I was, and think how humbled I must be to frame this supplication; but it is a child that petitions for a parent, and I know I have never forfeited your esteem. In a few weeks, perhaps in a few days, my brother and my mother will meet my poor father face to face. Oh! that I could be assured that reproach and bitterness for the past do not pass the portals of the grave. Forgive me this, as you have already forgiven me much. Alas! I know too well that our misfortunes drew misfortunes upon others. I was the unhappy but innocent cause of much sorrow at the Grange; but, oh! do not refuse the *last* request that I will ever make." The letter was blotted by tears.

Charles Adams was from home when it arrived, and his wife, knowing the handwriting, and having made a resolution never to open a letter "from that branch of the family," did not send it after her husband, "lest it might tease him." Ten days elapsed before he received it; and when he did, he could not be content with writing, but lost not a moment in hastening to the address. Irritated and disappointed that what he really had done should have been so little appreciated, when every hour of his life he was smarting in one way or other from his exertions—broken-hearted at his daughter's blighted health and happiness—angered by the reckless wildness of one nephew, and what he believed was the idleness of another—and convinced that Rosa's fearful step was owing to the pampering and mismanagement of her foolish mother—Charles Adams satisfied himself that, as he did not hear to the contrary from Mary, all things were going on well, or at least not ill. He thought as little about them as he possibly could, no people in the world being so conveniently forgotten (when they are not importunate) as poor relations; but the letter of his favourite niece spoke strongly to his heart, and in two hours after his return home, he set forth for the London suburb from whence the letter was dated. It so chanced, that to get to that particular end of the town, he was obliged to pass the house his brother had occupied so splendidly for a number of years; the servants had lit the lamps, and were drawing the curtains of the noble dining-room; and a party of ladies were descending from a carriage, which prevented two others from setting down. It looked like old times. "Some one else," thought Charles Adams, "running the same career of wealth and extravagance. God grant it may not lead to the same results!" He paused, and looked up the front of the noble mansion; the drawing-room windows were open, and two beautiful children were standing on an ottoman placed between the windows, probably to keep them apart. He thought of Mary's childhood, and how she was occupied at that moment, and hastened onward. There are times when life seems one mingled dream, and it is not easy to become dispossessed of the idea when some of its frightful changes are brought almost together under our view.

"Is Miss Adams at home?" inquired her uncle of a woman leaning against the door of a miserable house.

"I don't know; she went to the hospital this morning; but I'm not sure she's in; it's the second pair back; it's easy known, for the sob has not ceased in that room these two nights; some people do take on so"——

Charles Adams did not hear the concluding sentence, but sought the room; the door would not close, and he heard a low sobbing sound from within; he paused, but his step had aroused the mourner—"Come in, Mary—come in; I know how it is," said a young voice; "he is dead; one grave for mother and son—one grave for mother and son! I see your shadow, dark as it is; have you brought a candle? It is very fearful to be alone with the dead—even one's own mother—in the dark."

Charles Adams entered the room; but his sudden appearance in the twilight, and evidently not knowing him, overcame the girl, his youngest niece, so much, that she screamed, and fell on her knees by her mother's corpse. He called for lights, and was speedily obeyed, for he put a piece of gold in the woman's hand; she turned it over, and as she hastened from the room, muttered, "If this had come sooner, she'd not have died of starvation or burdened the parish for a shroud; it's hard the rich can't look to their own."

When Mary returned, she was fearfully calm. "No, her brother was not dead," she said; "the young were longer dying than those whom the world had worn out; the young knew so little of the world, they thought it hard to leave it;" and she took off her bonnet, and sat down; and while her uncle explained why he had not written, she looked at him with eyes so fixed and cold, that he paused, hoping she would speak, so painful was their stony expression; but she let him go on, without offering one word of assurance of any kind feeling or remembrance; and when she stooped to adjust a portion of the coarse plaiting of the shroud—that mockery of "the purple and fine linen of living days"—her uncle saw that her hair, her luxuriant hair, was striped with white.

"There is no need for words now," she said at last; "no need. I thought you would have sent; she required but little—but very little; the dust rubbed from the gold she once had would have been riches: but the little she did require she had not, and so she died; but what weighs heaviest upon my mind was her calling so continually on my father, to know *why* he had deserted her; she attached no blame latterly to any one, only called day and night upon him. Oh! it was hard to bear—it was very hard to bear."

"I will send a proper person in the morning to arrange that she may be placed with my brother," said Charles.

Mary shrieked almost with the wildness of a maniac. "No, no; as far from him as possible! Oh! not with him! She was to blame in our days of splendour as much as he was; but she could not see it; and I durst not reason with her. Not with him! *She would disturb him in his grave!*"

Her uncle shuddered, while the young girl sobbed in the bitter wailing tone their landlady complained of.

"No," resumed Mary, "let the parish bury her; even its officers were kind; and if you bury her, or they, it is still a pauper's funeral. I see all these things clearly now; death, while it closes the eyes of some, opens the eyes of others; it has opened mine."

But why should I prolong this sad story. It is not the tale of one, but of many. There are dozens, scores, hundreds of instances of the same kind, *arising from the same cause*, in our broad islands. In the lunatic asylum where that poor girl, even Mary Adams, has found refuge during the past two years, there are many cases of insanity arising from change of circumstances, where a fifty pounds' insurance would have set such maddening distress at defiance. I know that her brother died in the hospital within a few days; and the pale sunken-eyed girl, whose damp yellow hair and thin white hand are so eagerly kissed by the gentle maniac when she visits her, month by month, is the youngest, and, I believe, the *last* of her family, at least the last in England. Oh, that those who foolishly boast that their actions only affect themselves, would look carefully abroad, and if they doubt what I have faithfully told, examine into the causes which crowd the world with cases even worse than I have here recorded!

ENGLISH SURNAMES.

In a primitive community, each person has but one word or term applied to him as a name. In time, as population becomes more numerous, it is a natural expedient to add another for distinction, the variations possible in two sets of names being much more easy than it would be to devise a sufficient variety of single names. Hence that class of appellations which we recognise as *surnames*, so called, it is said, because originally written *over* the other name, instead of after it. English surnames are much more numerous than might be supposed. Those beginning with A have been ascertained to be above fifteen hundred in number; from which, considering that there are letters which commence more as well as letters which commence fewer, we cannot doubt that there are in all at least thirty thousand surnames amongst us. In all countries, the first approaches to surnames seem to have been chiefly through three particular modes—the father's name, a place, and a personal characteristic. Joshua the son of Nun is an example of a form of Scriptural names precisely similar to our numerous class of Wilsons and Johnsons. Herodotus of Halicarnassus is analogous to John Chichester or Thomas Carlisle. The Plauti and Scauri of Rome were just as the Strongs, Shorts, &c., amongst ourselves. These continue to be the ruling modes for several ages; and it is only, in general, when the custom of applying surnames has been long established that fanciful ones arise.*

In Saxon times, the earliest form of surname was the father's name, with the addition of the syllable *ing*, to express son; thus, Ceonred Ceolwalding, Ceolwald Cuthwinning; that is, Ceonred the son of Ceolwald, Ceolwald the son of Cuthwin. This was by and by changed for the word son, as in Gamelson, Grimkelson, both of which names occur in a deed dated 1051. It was long, however, before these names became regular surnames, descending with a family as they do in the present day. We find the successive representatives of a noble family entitled as follows:—Bardolph, Akaris Fitz-Bardolph [fitz being a Norman term for son], Hervey Fitz-Akaris, Henry Fitz-Hervey, Randolph Fitz-Henry, Henry Fitz-Randolph, Randolph Fitz-Henry, Hugh Fitz-Randolph, Henry Fitz-Hugh—when, at length, in the reign of Edward III., the family being ennobled, Fitz-Hugh was assumed as a fixed surname, which it ever after continued to be. A person of inferior rank, who in 1406 describes himself as William the son of Adam Emmotson, calls himself, in 1416, William Emmotson. Another person, who is designated John the son of William the son of John de Hunshelf, appears soon after as John Wilson. We here see things in a transition state. But it is curious to learn that even yet, in some rude portions of English society, surnames are not by any means fixed, or at least are so sunk beneath popular sobriquets as to be in a manner lost. Thus a pig-dealer in Staffordshire, whose father's name was Johnson, is so invariably called *Pigman* by his neighbours, that the man himself adopts the latter designation, which may be seen painted upon his sign. Amongst colliers, fishermen, and some other classes distinguished by peculiar manners, the proper name is like a garment brought forward only at weddings, christenings, and other remarkable occasions, while a nickname serves for ordinary use.

In a pleasant book on English surnames, recently published,* those which may be called local surnames are first treated. Some of these refer to proper names of places, as Yorke, Winchester, Grantham; others to common names expressive of situation, as Wood, Hill, Greene. The first class are supposed by Mr Lower to have originated in Normandy and the contiguous parts of France about the close of the tenth or beginning of the eleventh century. They came into England with the Conqueror. Camden remarks, that there is not a single village in Normandy that has not surnamed some family in England. Percy, Warren, Devereux, Neville, Tracy, Montfort, St Maure (corrupted into Seymour), are examples. The prefix *de* (of), usually applied by the Norman families, was generally dropped about the reign of Henry VI., when the title *esquire* was substituted; thus John de Alchorne became John Alchorne of Alchorne, Esq., younger sons at the same time adding the term *gentleman*, or shortly, *gent.* Great proprietors in Scotland in like manner took their names from their estates—as *De Douglas*, that is, of the district or vale of Douglas, afterwards shortened into *Douglas*. In that country, when a landed gentleman has the same name as his estate, or is *of that ilk*, as Dundas of Dundas, Guthry of Guthry, &c., it is generally held as a sign of great family antiquity, the name and estate being presumed to have been in connexion since the time when men began to take family names from their property, that is, the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Owing to the prevalence in England of surnames from proper names of places, it was proverbially said—

> In *Ford*, in *Ham*, in *Ley*, and *Ton*,
> The most of English surnames run.

But to these may be added *field*, *hurst*, *wood*, *wick*, and *sted*, all of them syllables of frequent occurrence in English topography. Ham, we may remark, is town; lee, a pasture; hurst, a wood; wick, a place of defence; and sted, a station, or what in the American backwoods would be called a settlement.

We now come to surnames from common words expressive of locality. This seems to have been a practice adopted by the middle and humbler classes, in imitation of landed men. If a man dwelt upon a hill, he was called *At Hill*; if near a wood, *At Wood*; if on a moor, *At Moore*; if at a gate, *At Gate*; and so on; the plural *atten* being used when the local object was of a plural nature, as, for instance, *Atten Oaks*. Such terms were in time, for the most part, softened into Hill, Wood, Moore, and Gate; Atten Oaks becoming Nokes. Mr Lower gives a list of the common names which thus became surnames of men, some of them being words now obsolete in the sense in which they were originally used. We have *Beck*, a brook; *Becket*, a little brook (How inappropriate a name, he remarks, for the furious churchman of the twelfth century!); *Back*, a ferry; *Bayne*, a bath; *Barrow*, a tumulus of the early Britons; *Bent*, a place where rushes grow (Scott describes Rob Roy as taking the bent, that is, going to the wilderness); *Barton*, the yard of a house; *Bourn*, *Born*, *Brunne*, a boundary stream; *Bottle*, a village; *Bottom*, a low ground, hence, Longbottom (a long dale); Sidebottom, Ramsbottom, Shufflebottom, the last being originally Shaw-field-bottom; *Carne*, *Cairns*, a heap of stones; *Cobb*, a harbour; *Crouch*, a cross; *Dale*, *Dell*, *Dean*, nearly synonymous (Dennat and Dunnat are At Dean, with the order of the syllables changed); *Dyke*, a ditch or wall; *Fleet*, a small stream; *Foote*, the bottom of a hill; *Garnet*, a great granary; *Grange*, the farm-buildings of a monastery; *Grave*, a ditch; *Gore*, a narrow slip of ground; *Hall*, a great house; *Hatch*, a flood-gate; *Haugh*, *Howe*, a green plot in a valley (the Hague derives its name from the same thing); *Hay*, a hedge; *Head*, a foreland; *Herne*, a house; *Hide*, the quantity of land cultivable by one plough; *Holme*, a meadow; *Holt*, a small hanging wood; *Hope*, a hollow in the side of a hill; *Horne*, *Hurne*, a corner; *Kay*, a quay; *Knap*, the top of a hill; *Knowles*, little hills; *Lynch*, a stripe of green-sward between cultivated ridges in a common field; *Law*, a hill; *Lade*, a passage for water (mill-lade is still a common term for a mill course in Scotland); *Lee*, *Legh*, *Lea*, *Leigh*, *Lye*, a small pasture; *Locke*, probably from Loch, a lake; *March*, a boundary; *Mouth*, a haven; *Place*, a mansion; *Pend*, an archway; *Plastow*, a place for sports; *Ricks*, stacks of corn; *Ring*, an enclosure; *Rye*, a shore or bank; *Shaw*, an opening in a wood; *Spital*, an hospital; *Stoke*, *Stokes*, *Stow*, a place; *Spence*, a yard or enclosure; *Thorpe*, a village; *Thwaite*, a pasture; *Wade*, a meadow; *Wyche*, a salt spring; *Yates*, gates. "From such places, and many others of a similar kind, did numbers of our ancestors borrow their family names; short and generally monosyllabic, they were well suited to the plain, hardy, Anglo-Saxon race who assumed them." Before leaving the class, it may be remarked, that in some instances a syllable has been added, as *er* in the cases of Hofer, Weller, Rayner; and *man*, as in the instances of Houseman, Milman, Steadman.

Surnames from occupations and pursuits are a numerous class in England. They are found prevalent in early times, generally with the Norman prefix *le* (the); thus Stephen le Spicer, Walter le Bouchier. It is unnecessary to run over even a selection of this class, as they are generally familiar. Verstegan remarks of those who bear them—"It is not to be doubted but that their ancestors have first gotten them by using such trades, and the children of such parents being contented to take them upon them, after coming posterity could hardly avoid them." Mr Lower informs us that the name of Smith is partly indebted for its extreme prevalence to the fact, that the word (from *smitan*, to strike) was originally applied to artificers in wood and stone, as well as in metal. Some surnames of this class are not apt to be recognised as such, in consequence of the desuetude of the trade, or the disguise of the word, as the *Cappers* (cap-makers), *Lorimers* (makers of iron work for saddlers), *Girdlers* (makers of girdles, iron plates for firing bread), and *Pointers* (makers of the ties once used in men's clothes instead of buttons). *Chaucer* is a word for a shoemaker; *Leech* is a medical man; and *Latimer* a writer of Latin. *Barker* is synonymous with tanner. *Jenner* is an old form of Joiner. A *Shearman* is one who shears worsted, fustians, &c., an employment known at Norwich by the denomination of Shermancraft. A *Pelcher* is a maker of *pilches*, a warm kind of upper garment, the greatcoat of the fourteenth century. An *Arkwright* was a maker of meal-chests, an article still almost universally in use in Scotland, under the name of meal-arks. A *Conder* was a person who paraded the shore to give note to the fishermen at sea of the approach of shoals of pilchards and herrings, an appearance on the bosom of the deep which can only be discerned at a distance on the shore. *Walker* is a manager of fulling apparatus; a fulling-mill is still called a walk-mill in Scotland.

"Names of this description," says Mr Lower, "however mean their origin, are now to be found in

* English Surnames. Essays on Family Nomenclature, Historical, Etymological, and Humorous, &c. By Mark Antony Lower. London: John R. Smith. 1842.

the highest classes of society. The names *Collier* and *Salter* are, or have been, in the British peerage, although those occupations were, in the middle ages, considered so vile and menial, that none but bondmen or slaves would follow them. Some names of this sort have been changed in orthography to hide their original meanness, or 'mollified ridiculously,' as Camden has it, lest their bearers 'should seeme vilified by them.' *Carteer*, *Tailleure*, and *Smeeth*, occur frequently as the substitutes of Carter, Taylor, and Smith. 'Wise was the man that told my Lord Bishop that his name was not Gardener, as the English pronounce it, but Gardiner, with the French accent, and *therefore a gentleman*.' Some names have reference to military pursuits, as *Harman*, *Arblaster*, &c., as well as *Hookman*, *Billman*, *Spearman*, *Bowman*, and *Bannerman*. The number of names connected with the pleasures of the chase furnish evidence of the predilection of our progenitors for field-sports. Thus we have in great numbers our *Hunters*, *Fowlers*, *Fishers*, *Falconers*, *Faulkners*, or *Fawkeners*, *Hawkers*, *Anglers*, *Bowyers*, and *Bowmakers*, *Stringers*, that is, bow-string makers; *Arrowsmiths*, or makers of arrows; *Fletchers* (from the Fr. *fleche*), that is, either an arrow-maker, or, more generally, a superintendant of archery. *Todhunter* seems to be of this kind, but, then, what is a *Tod?* Probably it was a name given to some one of the smaller animals of the chase. [*Tod* is fox, and the *tod-hunter* is a regular functionary in some districts of Scotland.]

Many surnames are from civil and ecclesiastical dignities, as king, duke, earle, knight, bishop, abbot, prior, &c. Probably many of these have been originally applied through the dictates of caprice alone; others, perhaps, from a presumed affiliation of illegitimate and foundling children to persons of rank. Many high offices have become surnames; for example, *Steward*, converted into Stewart or Stuart; also *Chamberlain*, *Sheriff*, *Butler*, *Reeve*, *Porter*, &c. *Howard* is keeper of the ha' or hall; *Durward*, keeper of the door. *Heriot* is a provider of furniture for an army; *Sumner* is a summoner employed to cite delinquents to ecclesiastical courts. The "Sompnour" of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales was such an official. *Dempster* is doomster, signifying in the Isle of Man a judge, elsewhere an executioner, that is, executor of doom. *Paliser* is a person having the care of the palings of a park or forest.

To take surnames from conspicuous personal qualities was an obvious course, and accordingly surnames of this class are very numerous. Simple complexion has occasioned the Blacks, Whites, Reids, &c. [Green is At the Green, shortened]. Hair has produced *Hoare*, *Grey*, *Blacklocke*, *Fairfax* [that is, fair-haired], *Pigot* (speckled), &c. Stature gives us *Longs* and *Shorts*, *Longmans*, &c. There are *Smalls* [Bigg is probably a corruption of Begg, Gælic for little], *Groses*, *Thicks*, and *Stouts*; but *Thynne* is believed to be derived from At the Inn. The Gaelic and Welsh have added largely to this class of names; as *Dow*, black; *More*, great; *Bane*, white; *Gough*, red; *Greig*, hoarse. Moral and intellectual qualities have also contributed largely; as *Wise*, *Sharpe*, *Blyth*, *Good*, *Goodenough*, *Thoroughgood*, and (strange to say) *Toogood*.

The surnames derived from proper names require no enumeration. Probably these were also given with a regard to the father, as in the cases of Wilson, Johnson, &c. Some of this class are from Christian names long obsolete; as *Ayscough* (from Asculphus), *Ansell* (from Anselm), *Bardolph*, *Bennet*, *Drew* (from Drogo), *Etty*, *Harvey*, *Jernegan*, *Maynard*, *Rolle* (originally Raoul), *Seward*, *Sankey*, *Toby*, *Wishart* (from Wiscard). The surnames formed from Christian names by the addition of *son*, *Fitz*, *Mac*, and *O'* (signifying grandson), are amongst the most numerous we have. Some of these Christian names are each the foundation of various surnames; thus from William we have Williamson, Wilson, M'William, Williams, Wilkin (little William), Wilcock, which is also little William, and several others, to the amount of twenty-one in all. Many Christian names, also, have been surnamed from the softened and abbreviated forms which they take in the hands of nurses.

There is a large class of English surnames from natural objects; as sun, moon, star, lion, bear, buck, stag, hare, rabbit, bull, bullock, colt. Some of these have been conferred from a fanciful resemblance of the first bearer to the object referred to. Thus Ascaline, chief of a family which flourished in the middle ages, was called Lupus (wolf), from his violent temper. His son William, Earl of Yvery, was nicknamed Lupellus (the little wolf), which name was softened into Lupel; and this, under the soft and elegant form of *Lovel*, became the family name. Mr Lower informs us that there was once actually a gentleman of Kent named Savage Bear, Esquire. It is stated, that not long since, in a congregation of dissenters at Feversham, there were twenty-three members bearing names of the feathered creation, while the minister enjoyed the appropriate designation of Rooke. The name of the early martyr of the Protestant Reformation, Huss, signifies goose. When at the stake, he solemnly said, "They burn a *goose*, but in a hundred years a *swan* will arise out of the ashes." He probably had only some general meaning; but it was afterwards remarked, that *Luther* signifies a swan. Others of this class of names are supposed, on good grounds, to have arisen from the signs of inns. Not long before Camden's time, men dwelling at the signs of the dolphin, bull, racket, would be called by such names as *Thomas at the Dolphin*, *Will at the Bull*, *Robin at the Racket*; he therefore concludes, that such men would readily come to be called by the name of the sign only. This hypothesis, Mr Lower remarks, enables us to account for such surnames as *Angel*, *Saint*, *Apostle*, *Martyr*, &c., which could never have been applied with propriety to any living person.

A vast number of English surnames are not to be ranked in any of the above classes; they appear to be the produce of mere caprice or fancy, many of them doubtless having been coined by the sapient brains of parish overseers and clowns, and applied to foundlings. But there are many of whimsical sound, which we might be disposed to place in this great class, and which, in reality, are rational enough designations. For instance, *Duppa* is D'Uphaugh (of the upper plot of level ground); *Juphen* is Jugepen, the name of a place; *Higginbottom* is either a corruption of Ickenbaum, an oak-tree, or Higgin's-bottom, a piece of low ground belonging to Higgins, that is, Hugh; and Mungey is from Mountjoy. The popular voice is but too ready to produce such corruptions, as is shown in an anecdote of an Italian boy having his name *Benito* changed by his brother sailors to Ben Eaton, so that he actually put up the name *Benjamin Eaton* over his door. The author of a work entitled "The Stranger in America," makes a remark applicable to our own country as well as his:—"Sometimes names are positively translated. Thus I know of a Mr Bridge-builder, whose ancestors came from Germany under the name of Bruckenbauer. I have met with many instances of this kind. There is a family now in Pennsylvania whose original name was Klein; at present they have branched out into three chief ramifications, called Klein, Small, and Little; and if they continue to have many 'little ones,' they may, for aught I know, branch out into Short, Less, and Lesser, down to the most Lilliputian names. . . . . A German called *Feuerstein* (fire-stone, the German for flint) settled in the west when French population prevailed in that quarter. His name, therefore, was changed into *Pierre à Fusil;* but in the course of time the Anglo-American race became the prevalent one, and Pierre à Fusil was again changed into *Peter Gun!*"

We may add, that by adaptations of foreign words, names essentially vulgar may be made to sound as something very elegant. Thus, *Bouverie*, which seems a fine sounding name, is from a French term, signifying *cow-house* or *byre*.

VIGNE'S WORK ON UPPER INDIA.

A PRIVATE gentleman, G. T. Vigne, Esq., who left England in October 1832, and spent a large portion of the interval betwixt that period and 1839 in the countries bordering on the springs of the Indus, has just published two valuable volumes, containing the fruits of his observations on the interesting scenes which then fell under his eye.* Kashmir (or Cashmere) he describes as an Alpine valley of the Himmalaya range, lying between 33 and 35 degrees of north latitude, and 74 and 77 degrees of east longitude. It measures about ninety miles or so in length, and from sixteen to thirty-six in breadth. Embosomed in lofty mountains, it presents numerous traces of having once been the site of a variety of lakes, if not of one continuous sheet of water. The lateral slopes of the valley are for the most part gentle, well watered both naturally and by canals, and fertile to such a degree as to render the spot, in spite of its great elevation above the sea, one of the most delicious in all Asia. The products of Kashmir, in the shape of shawls and other woollen articles, have become celebrated over the whole world.

As in most of the countries of Hindostan, the population of Kashmir consists partly of Mussulmans, descendants of the Mogul invaders, and Hindoos, the former predominating in the cities in the proportion of three to one, and of nine to one in the villages. When Mr Vigne entered the country in 1835, it was under the rule of Runjeet Singh, an adventurous chief who had added it by force to his territories, and who has since died, leaving Kashmir, we believe, still subject to his successors. They derive considerable customs from the district, and more especially from the shawl-trade, the most prominent of its manufactures. Of late years, however, the population of Kashmir vale has dwindled away greatly, and does not now amount to two hundred thousand persons, according to late authors. Its trade, of course, has diminished in a corresponding degree.

The capital city of Kashmir, called Sirinagur (or Kashmir), is situated on the river Jylum or Veyut, near a beautiful lake five miles in length and of half that breadth. "The aspect of the city itself is curious, but not particularly striking. It presents an innumerable assemblage of gable-ended houses, interspersed with the pointed and metallic tops of musjis or mosques, melon-grounds, sedgy inlets from the lake, and narrow canals fringed with rows of willows and poplars. The surface of the lake itself is perfectly tranquil, and the very vivid reflections which cover its surface are only disturbed by the dabbling of wild fowl, or the rippling that follows the track of the distant boat. At one glance we have before us the whole of the localities described in Lallah Rookh. Numerous villages on the edge of the water, surrounded with walnuts and chunars, are taken into the *coup d'œil*; a green causeway which is extended across it is an object of attraction; but we look upon the famed floating gardens of Kashmir, without being able to distinguish them from the green and richly-cultivated grounds upon that edge of the water which borders the city."

The city abounds in relics of ancient grandeur, telling of the times of Nur Jehan Muhul (the "light of the world"), as well as of much older days. Seven bridges span the river, which is artificially contracted near the city to a stream eighty yards in width and fourteen in depth; and the causeway just mentioned crosses the whole breadth of the lake, which is from seven to ten feet deep. The fine and healthy climate, the rich surrounding soil, and the excellent site of the city of Kashmir, render it the point, Mr Vigne conceives, where, beyond all question, the power of the English on the Upper Indus should and must ere long be centralised. The shawl-trade would of itself be richly productive under British countenance and management. At present, though the population still amounts to about eighty thousand, there are not more than from five to six hundred shawl frames in the city, the exactions of Runjeet Singh and his viceroys having depressed all kinds of trade. "It occupies six or seven frames, of two men at each for six months, to make a pair of very large shawls," the looms being old and of very clumsy structure. The poshm, or goat wool, brought chiefly from the neighbouring districts of Thibet, is spun into thread, and dyed of different colours, about forty dyes being known and used. "All the thread used in making a large pair of shawls does not weigh more than fifteen or twenty pounds English, and may be purchased for 120 to 150 small rupis. After the thread is dyed, it is dipped in rice-water, a process which makes it stronger, and fits it to be more safely moved by the shuttle, and the stiffness is removed by washing. If the pattern be worked with the needle, the shawl is far inferior in every respect to those in which the pattern is woven in. An excellent pair of the former description may be purchased in Kashmir for 150 rupis (about L.10), whereas an equally good pair of the Usuleh (the real), or the latter kind, could not be procured for less than 700 or 800 rupis." Gloves, socks, and various other articles, are also made from the shawl-wool. It is applied, indeed, to many beautiful purposes even with the imperfect machinery possessed, and might be the source of a splendid trade.

The floating-gardens of Kashmir lake have become so famous in poetry as to merit mention. Mr Vigne, however, says that they are "very un-Lallah-Rookish in their appearance, not being distinguishable from beds of reeds and rushes. Their construction is extremely simple, and they are made long and narrow, that they may be the more easily taken in tow. A floating-garden, ten yards long by two or three in width, may be purchased for a rupee. Mr Moorcroft has well described the manner in which these gardens are made. The weeds at the bottom, cut by means of a scythe, rise and float on the surface; these are matted together, secured, and strewed with soil and manure; a protecting fence of rushes is allowed to spring up around them, and upon this platform a number of conical mounds or heaps of weeds are constructed, about two feet in height. On the tops of these is placed some soil from the bottom of the lake; the melon and cucumber plants are laid upon it, and no further care is necessary." Notwithstanding this slight "down-taking," Mr Vigne does full justice to the beautiful gardens, sparkling fountains, noble groves, and blue waters of this natural paradise, though his account but makes us feel how frequently man is unworthy of the beauteous scene he inhabits—the sad truth, that

"All but the spirit of man is divine."

The people are ignorant, and their rulers barbarous, or at least capable of great occasional barbarities. One of the late governors of Kashmir, while our author was at Cabool, was guilty of an act of atrocity which may be considered as a specimen of the summary and vindictive justice of the east. He baked alive his favourite wife, the mother of his only son. She happened to be in the Punjab, where some of her enemies accused her of an intrigue, and Runjit sent her to her husband in Kashmir. Her son, who feared the worst from the hands of his father, dashed his turban on the ground before him (the most imploring act of supplication that an oriental can make use of), and knelt bareheaded at his feet. Mihan Singh promised to forgive her. Soon afterwards the poor lad was sent to the Punjab, in order to be there when Sir Henry Fane, the commander-in-chief, was on his visit to Lahore. His unfortunate mother was then seized and forced into a bath, the temperature of which was increased for the purpose of destroying her by suffocation. This did not succeed as soon as was expected; her screams were so horrible that several people left the Shyr Gurh, that they might not be obliged to listen to them; and in the end, her husband sent her a bowl of poison, which she swallowed." The cruel wretch was himself murdered in 1841.

The people of Kashmir are physically a fine race, not unworthy of their beautiful country. "The broad Herculean build and manly features of the Kashmirian peasant, contrasted with his whining complaints and timid disposition, if considered apart from the effects of a long-continued subjection to tyranny and

* Travels in Kashmir, Ladak, Iskardo, and the countries adjoining the mountain course of the Indus. By G. T. Vigne, Esq., F.G.S. In 2 vols. London: Henry Colburn. 1842.

despotism, may perhaps form a subject for physiological speculation. I think it would now be difficult to induce the Kashmirians to rise alone and unassisted against their oppressors. Mahmud of Ghuzni, it is said, was at first foiled in his endeavours to make himself master of Kashmir; though he afterwards took it. The great Akber took it, after, I think, two unsuccessful attempts; and tradition says that, in order to subdue the then warlike spirit of the inhabitants, he made them doff their more martial habiliments, and wear the large plain cloak of the Affghans; and also, in furtherance of the same plan, that he forced them to eat their bread stale—which, in these countries, where the cakes are swallowed hot as soon as made, caused them, it is said, to have only 'stomachs to eat, and not to fight.'

'Many fowls in a house will defile it, and many Kashmiris in a country will spoil it.' 'If you meet a snake, do not put it to death, but do not spare a Kashmiri.' 'Do not admit a Kashmiri to your friendship, or you will hang a hatchet over your doorway.'

In this spirit are the remarks of the neighbouring nations, when speaking of a Kashmirian; but the same want of courage that obliges them to have recourse to artifice and dishonesty, has caused their other faults to be regarded in a still more unfavourable light; for, as far as mere morality is concerned, I should say that the Kashmirian had very much the advantage both of the Sikh and the Patan—'Give a dog a bad name and hang him,' is fully exemplified in the manner in which they are spoken of. They are certainly a lying and deceitful race of people; but when detected in a fault, their excuses are so very ready and profuse, and so often abound in humour, that it is impossible to abstain from laughing, and to attempt an exhibition of anger becomes a farce. Many of the women are handsome enough to induce a man to exclaim, as did the Assyrian soldiers when they beheld the beauty of Judith—'Who would despise this people, that have among them such women?' Their dress has already been described: a red gown, with large loose sleeves, red fillet on the forehead, over which is thrown a white mantilla. The hair is collected in separate plaits, then gathered together, and a long tassel of black cotton is suspended from it almost down to the ankles. The Hindoo women usually wear a white rolled cloth tied loosely round the waist.

In Kashmir, there is no purdah, or concealment of the features, excepting amongst the higher classes. I do not think that the beauty of the women has been overrated. They have not often that slim and graceful shape which is so common in Hindostan, but are more usually gifted with a style of figure which would entitle them to the appellation of fine or handsome women in European society. They have the complexion of brunettes, with more pink on the cheek, and that of the Hindoo women has often too much of the pink and white in it; and in this respect they resemble the Armenians and Turks of Yarkund. But whatever the other features may be, they have usually a pair of large almond-shaped hazel eyes, and a white and regular set of teeth. I am not speaking of the unbeautifying effects of dirt, poverty, and misery united; and the Kashmirian women are, of course (the innamorata of Gil Blas at Algiers is an exception), wholly deficient in the graces and fascinations derivable from civilisation and accomplishment; but for mere uneducated eyes, I know of none that surpass those of Kashmir; to the natural brilliancy and softness to which the length of a black eyelash, and a little surmu or antimony, is a great addition."

We have given this degree of attention to the country, capital, and people of Kashmir, because, as already said, it is the point where, in all probability, our power in Upper India must ultimately be concentrated, lying, as it does, on the west of the Indus, to the east of which experienced men say we ought not to go, and possessing natural advantages which render it a most excellent spot for commerce, as well as for the habitation of men from a temperate clime.

It is now time that we should turn for a moment to our author's livelier sketches. Here is his meeting with the messenger sent to meet him by the Khan of Little Thibet, whom he visited. "When all was ready for a start on the morning, I was informed that a messenger from Ahmed Shah of Iskardo had arrived, and wished to speak to me. He proved to be Nasim Khan, who is mentioned in M. Jacquemont's letters. A singular-looking person, thin and pale-faced, dressed in a black velvet frock, with silver buttons, and wearing a black leathern belt profusely ornamented with little knobs of the same metal. He approached me bareheaded, with the look and manner of a captive brigand, his small, keen, and dark eye glancing suspiciously on my Sikh guards; and for a time he was reserved in his address. But when all his fears and suspicions were over, his tongue was rarely at rest, and I listened with avidity and delight to the recital of his own adventures (for he was, I think, a native of the Khyber pass, who had taken service with Ahmed Shah); his personal recollection of M. Jacquemont, and what he had heard of Mr Moorcroft; his stories of little and great Thibet, and the countries on the north of us, including Yarkund and its Chinese masters; how they were ever at war with the Kokanis; how they had laboured for months to cut through a glacier, in order to form a passage for their army; how the general of the Kokanis had loaded several waggons with the pig-tails of the Chinese soldiers slain in action; and how, in return, his celestial majesty had sent back the same number of waggons laden with millet-seed, by way of intimating the countless number of his troops; how a Chinese general, to prove his powers of ubiquity, would start off his whole army in carriages overnight to a distant post; how these vehicles were sometimes drawn across the country by paper kites; how the walls of one of their strongholds were of loadstone; and how the advancing force were aghast, when (fit subject for a pantomime) their side-arms flew from their scabbards, and their matchlocks struggled fiercely for the encounter; how beautiful were the Túrki women, and how, when a merchant came to reside in any of the cities of Yarkund, it was customary for him to contract a marriage, to be dissolved upon his departure; how the Chinese, if a row took place in the streets, came down upon the mob with whips, but were, nevertheless, very just in their decisions, and enforced the law of retribution; how the great and wonderful painter, Mani, came in disguise to China; how a celebrated Chinese painter had painted a bath so naturally, that it was mistaken for real water, and some people plunged into it; and how Mani, hearing of this, became acquainted with the painter, who sent him, as he had sent others, to look at the bath, and bathe if he pleased; and how he returned, saying, that he dare not bathe because there was a dog looking at him from the bottom of the water; and how the painter, and others with him, who went to see the dog, were all afraid of it, and when they had found it to be a painting, turned to the stranger, and said, that he could be no other than Mani, the Persian painter, of whom they had heard such wonders; and, finally, how the Chinese soldiers would not run, if beaten in action, but commenced killing each other and themselves afterwards; and how, nevertheless, two British regiments would be sufficient to conquer the whole country, &c. I remember hearing in these countries, as something very new and amusing, the old schoolboy story, of the man who undertook to plunge a knife into a certain grave, and was found senseless from fear, in consequence of his having pinned himself to the ground, by passing the knife through his own robe. In fact, my friend Nasim was a most amusing companion."

The game of shinty or "hocky," as the English call it, is played in a curious way in Thibet. "At Shighur (says Mr Vigne) I first saw the game of the Chaughan, which was played the day after our arrival on the Mydan, or plain, laid out expressly for the purpose, being about three hundred and fifty yards or thereabouts in length by about sixty in breadth, covered with a fine turf, and surrounded by a low stone wall, and rows of poplars or linden-trees. Two pillars of stone are let into the ground at a short distance from either end, and the space between them, about ten yards, is the goal or home of the players. It is, in fact, hocky on horseback. The ball, which is larger than a cricket-ball, is only a globe made of a knot of willow-wood, and is called in Tibeti, 'pulu.' The stick or byntu is of the strong and straight bough of the almond-tree, about four feet in length, and let in at the top, and passed quite through to the end of a curved piece of solid birchwood, about the size and shape of a drenching-horn. The course is attended by numerous spectators, who remain upon the wall, and watch the game with the greatest interest. A carpet was spread for the Rajah, and he invited me to sit beside him. Meanwhile, a boy was blindfolded, and the sticks of all the players, whose number is unlimited, but of course equal on both sides, were put into his hands, and from these he forms the sides, by placing one alternately on the right and left of him. The Gylfo's band is in attendance, and plays whilst the game is going on. It commences by one of the chief players, perhaps a relation of the Gylfo, taking the ball in the left hand, and then, allowing the reins to lie upon the back of the horse, he starts off at speed, tosses the ball into the air, and does not often fail to strike it, sending it far and high towards the opposite side. Immediately on its falling, a desperate *melée* takes place, in order to hit it; and the players, perhaps sixteen in number, are rarely at rest until the game is finished. The horses are galloped, suddenly halted, and thrown on their haunches, and turned with all possible rapidity; and the riders, anxious for a hit at the ball, are constantly obliged to strike at it, and deliver the cuts one, two, three, and four, at a racing pace, stooping low from their saddles to reach it, and keeping an eye to their personal safety at the same time; for, although the greatest good humour appears to prevail, an accidental blow is sometimes received, to the great detriment of one or more of the features.

I have never seen a game more manly or more exciting; and the musicians appeared to partake of the enthusiasm, playing their loudest when the rush was most rapid. I regret much that I cannot recall the notes in which they gave an excellent imitation of the tumultuous hurry-scurry and clangour of a charge. When the ball has been driven between the pillars sufficiently often, and the game is won, the victors ride up to the music, and remain there to receive the congratulations of their friends, the band playing them what is meant to be a welcome in the meantime."

We have found it difficult to give our readers a fair idea of the merits of Mr Vigne's work, the interest lying in a multitudinous assortment of brief incidental observations, which it is difficult to cut out or string together. We are all the more disposed, therefore, to counsel a perusal of the work itself. One thing has struck us forcibly in reading it, and this is, the abundance of ancient structures, bridges, causeways, canals, and aqueducts, which the portion of Upper India under observation presents, proving that the region must have long been occupied by a people fully alive to its industrial resources. We hope that it will be so again ere long.

SANATORY CONDITION OF THE LABOURING POPULATION.

THIRD ARTICLE.

CONSIDERING it as proved that an immense amount of loss is sustained in consequence of the physical and moral deterioration produced by the generally unhealthy state of the habitations of the industrious classes in this country, Mr Chadwick next addresses himself to the consideration of preventive measures. These are of two kinds—those which public authority alone can effect, and those within the range of private means.

We cannot follow the reporter in his inquiries into the existing state of the laws as to the removal and extinction of nuisances, and the establishment of drains. Neither can we well follow him in his details of the calculated cost of an efficient system of sewerage. The point which he mainly labours to establish is the necessity or strong expediency of a general system, under the care of scientific persons, to be provided for by money raised on the security of the rates, and to be paid by instalments in thirty years. The advantage of a uniform system he illustrates by the case of the Bedford Level, where a large district, naturally marshy, has been redeemed to a first-rate tillage by a combined effort, after the total failure of many separate efforts made at a much greater expense. There is something, we fear, far too grand for the comprehension of politicians in the idea of a universal supply of pure water, and discharge of refuse, provided for a country by one set of regulations; but if there be an inclination to view the expediency of it as proved, we may at least hope to see an exemplification of it in some limited field, the success of which might be expected to encourage its gradual extension to other districts. Already, striking distinctions are observable with reference to the comparatively efficient drainage of some districts. Birmingham is allowed to be one of the best drained towns in England, and in all the sanatory statistics of its operative classes it shows well accordingly.

From Mr Chadwick's view of what has been done by private efforts, we can see that much more might still be done in that way, if the employing classes were more enlightened on the subject. We have said that the question is very much one of locality and police. Low physical, and consequently low moral condition, springs in a great degree from mere structure and laying out of houses, and from personal habits as to cleanliness. The working classes in general have to live in ill-fashioned ill-conditioned houses, provided for them by persons (generally of inferior condition) who only aim at realising a profit from them, and who are little interested in making them agreeable or healthy. When employers have undertaken to provide better houses, excellent results have followed. It proves an unfailing means of bringing around a master a set of steady respectable persons, and both in this way and in a return of rent proves profitable. It is a step never undertaken unless where there is ample capital, and thus adds to the proofs which exist of the benefit which capital in the employer tends to confer upon the employed. "In one instance," says Mr Chadwick, "of a large outlay on improved tenements, and in provision for the moral improvement of the rising generation of work-people, by an expensive provision for schools, the proprietor acknowledged to me, that although he made the improvements from motives of a desire to improve the condition of his work-people, or what might be termed the satisfaction derived from the improvements as a 'hobby,' he was surprised by a pecuniary gain found in the superior order and efficiency of his establishment, in the regularity and trustworthiness of his work-people, which gave even pecuniary compensation for the outlay of capital and labour bestowed upon them. He stated that he would not, for L.7000, change the entire set of work-people on whom care had been bestowed, for the promiscuous assemblage of work-people engaged in the same description of manufactures."

The inevitable result of the existing condition of many seats of factory population has been to produce a general impression, that such a population must necessarily be a painful anomaly wherever it exists, and a most unfavourable field for the development of the humble virtues. But there are examples of factory populations which completely refute this conclusion, being remarkable for a degree of general good conduct far above the average. Such are those which reside at Catrine and Deanston in Scotland, and there are some similar examples in England. Catrine is a great cotton factory in a rural district of Ayrshire, employing about 1000 persons. The village in which the working people live was built by the master, but many of the houses have subsequently been bought by the men with their savings. A committee of proprietors impose a rate to keep the village clean. "The houses are substantially built of stone and lime, and slated, and are generally of two storeys, containing four families, occupying two rooms each. They have generally

small plots of garden-ground behind." Mr Stuart, the factory commissioner, says, that "the work-people, 'more especially the females, are not only apparently in the possession of good health, but many of them (quite as large a proportion as we have seen in any of the extensive well-regulated similar establishments in country districts) are blooming—as unlike as possible to the pale languid-looking females too frequently to be found in similar works in great cities.' Mr Hill, the prison inspector for Scotland, stated that the procurator fiscal, or public prosecutor, reported to him that he had nothing to do in that village; and in his third report he thus mentions it:—'There is little crime here, and very few offences of any kind, and it is reported that there is not a single person in the village who is of a bad character. Indeed, no person of bad character, or who is in the habit of drunkenness, is allowed to remain in the mills, on which nearly the whole population of the village is directly or indirectly dependent. The few offences which are committed are almost all by vagrants. The inhabitants of Catrine appear to be in the enjoyment of an unusual amount of comfort; they are well clad, live in neat houses, many of them their own property, and look healthy and cheerful; indeed, the only person in the village who has reason to be downcast is the medical man, who complains that he has nothing to do.'

Similar effects are manifested in the mills at New Lanark, and at the flax-mills near Cupar. These instances would suffice to establish the fact of the very little sickness that is *essential* to the occupation itself. Mr Hill, who, by his office, is led to appreciate highly instances of exemption from crime and disorder, exclaims, upon the sight of such establishments—'Notwithstanding what has been said on the subject of factories, I have no hesitation in declaring, that I believe that the work-people at Catrine, New Lanark, and other similar establishments, form some of the healthiest, happiest, and most moral communities in the world.'"

At the cotton factory of Turton, near Bolton, the people were at first accommodated in wretched dwellings, where a malignant fever in time broke out amongst them. This awakened the benevolence of the employer, and led to a revolution which furnishes at once encouragement and a pattern for other masters. "We ordered," says one of the firm, "an examination of every cottage in our possession, both as regarded cleanliness and ventilation, as well as bedding and furniture. The striking difference exhibited in the state of these cottages, the neatness and cleanliness of some, the gross neglect of others, *appearing to have no relation to the amount of income*, convinced us that an occasional repetition of these visits would be essential, in order to effect any permanent improvement amongst them. These periodical visits have now been continued through a series of years, and, as no invidious distinction or selection was ever made, do not appear to have been viewed in the light of an intrusion; a week or two of notice being mostly given, a laudable degree of emulation has been excited as to whose house, bedding, and furniture, should be found in the best order; my brother or myself has occasionally joined in these visits. By these means we were made acquainted with the wants and necessities of the various families in our employment. Having had such opportunity of observing the great inconvenience arising from small dwellings where the families were large, both as regards bed-rooms and living-rooms, few cottages having more than two bed-rooms, and where there were children or young persons of both sexes, the indelicacy of this arrangement was apparent; we therefore concluded to build larger cottages, and make them with three bed-rooms in each. These houses were sought after with the greatest avidity, and families allowed to remove to them as an especial favour; the increase rent, of 1s. to 1s. 6d. per week, was a small consideration in regard to the additional comfort afforded to a family where the income was from 24s. to 30s. or 60s. per week, as is frequently the case with families employed in manufactories."

Masters have also the power of improving the condition of their workmen very materially by discouraging intemperance amongst them, establishing or encouraging savings' banks, and taking a special personal interest in their welfare. The payment of wages on Friday evenings, that they may have the advantage of the Saturday's markets, and be saved from the temptation of vicious indulgences on Saturday evening and Sunday, is also a good measure within the option of masters. It is suggested in the report, that Saturday morning is a better pay-time than Friday evening, which is perhaps true. We may here advert to a plan which a benevolent country gentleman known to us adopted for inducing his servants to commence depositing in savings' banks. It consisted simply in paying in a portion of their wages into one of these banks a little while before they were due. A nucleus was thus formed, to which spontaneous additions were in some instances made afterwards. The Rev. Mr Whitwell Elwin observes—"Where gain was dependent on the growth of better habits, I have seen, with the agency of judicious individuals, encouraging cases of complete reformation: an intelligent engineer in this neighbourhood was about paying off a man whose profligacy had left him without a decent covering, and who often depended for his victuals upon the generosity of his fellow-workmen. He begged hard to be retained, and his master at last consented, on condition that he himself should lay out his wages for the next three months. He provided the man with good lodgings, allowed him tea, sugar, and bread and butter night and morning; meat, and either bread or potatoes, with a pint of beer every day for his dinner; and before the appointed time was up, bought him with the surplus a new suit of clothes. The man was so sensible of the advantage of the change, that he became one of the most thrifty and valuable workmen; and his master has often since tried the same experiment with the same success. If we could collect all the philanthropy and much of the self-interest of the country into wise and profitable channels, we might, I believe, in a twelvemonth, do much towards regenerating the most wretched classes.

Individual employers, who possess the means, can also confer a vast benefit on their workmen by establishing baths in connexion with the factories. A bath is a moral engine of far greater power than is dreamt of. It belongs to the class of innocent luxuries which preclude others of an improper kind. In many instances, warm baths have been supplied with the condensed waste steam, and thus kept up at scarcely any expense; but a little expense for so good an object may be well incurred. A manufacturer in London, finding mere admonitions useless in inducing men to bathe, "began with his apprentices, and took them several times to the new tepid baths, as a holiday and reward, until they had experienced the comfort, and had formed a habit, when he left them to themselves, and they paid out of their own pocket-money the small amount necessary to defray the expenses."

Many benevolent landlords have erected good dwellings for the labourers on their property; but in most instances, the cost has been such as only can be admitted of where wealth seeks a peculiar mode of self-gratification. Mr Chadwick justly remarks, that in ordinary circumstances, we must calculate upon a cost which the labourer, in his present circumstances, would justify by a remunerating rent. After passing over, therefore, the cottages of the late Earl of Leicester at Holkham, and some others, he comes to those erected by the excellent Sir C. S. Monteath on his estate of Closeburn, which have cost only about L.70, and comprise an important economical improvement of an original kind. A Closeburn cottage is 36 feet in front, and consists of two floors (the uppermost being an attic), with two rooms on each, each room 16 feet square and 8 in height. In the rear is a series of conveniences—necessary, coal-house, scullery, larder, and cowhouse. The back of the kitchen fire-place is composed of an iron box which projects into the adjoining room. This box has a subterranean passage for admitting cold air to it at the bottom, and it extends upwards into the garret floor, where it sends off a pipe into each room. The cold air entering at the bottom, is heated as it passes behind the fire, and then ascends into the garrets. It will be observed, that by these means one fire is not only made to serve the ordinary purposes in the kitchen, but to communicate a certain degree of warmth to all the other parts of the house, maintaining perfect dryness in all.

Finally, individual masters and proprietors might do much for those under them by providing spaces of ground for healthful recreation. Mr Strutt of Derby has, as is well known, given eleven acres to serve as a pleasure-ground for the working classes in that town. The Duke of Norfolk designs to bestow a similar gift on those of Sheffield. It is to be lamented that the teeming population of Manchester is altogether destitute of such a source of innocent enjoyment. "Pent up," says Mr Mott, "in a close dusty atmosphere from half past five or six o'clock in the morning till seven or eight o'clock at night, from week to week, without change, without intermission, it is not to be wondered at that they fly to the spirit and beer shops, and the dancing-houses on the Saturday nights, to seek those (to them) pleasures which their own destitute and comfortless homes deny?" Who can deny the justice, or repudiate the feeling, of this remark? "But," Mr Chadwick observes, "want of open spaces for recreation is not confined to the town population. In the rural districts the children and young persons of the villages have frequently no other places for recreation than the dusty road before their houses, or the narrow and dirty lanes, and accidents frequently take place from the playing of children on the public highways. If they go into the fields they are trespassers, and injure the farmer. The want of proper spaces as playgrounds for children is detrimental to the morals as well as to the health in the towns, and it probably is so generally. The very scanty spaces which the children, both of the middle and the lower classes, the ill as well as the respectably educated, can obtain, force all into one company, to the detriment of the better children, for it is the rude and boisterous who obtain predominance. In the course of some investigations which I had occasion to make into the causes of juvenile delinquency, there appeared several cases of children of honest and industrious parents, who had been entrapped by boys of bad character; I inquired how the more respectable children became acquainted with the depraved; when it was shown, that in the present state of many crowded neighbourhoods, all the children of a court or of a street were forced to play, if they had any play whatsoever, on such scraps of ground as they could get, and all were brought into acquaintanceship, and the range of influence of the depraved was extended. The condition of the children in large districts, where there are no squares, no gardens attached to the houses, and no play-grounds even to their day-schools, and where they are of a condition in life to be withheld from playing in the streets, is pronounced to be a condition very injurious to their bodily development. The progress of the evil in the rural districts has been to some extent arrested by a beneficent standing order of the House of Commons, that all Enclosure Bills shall include provision for a reserve of land for the public use for recreation. For children, however, the most important reservations would be those which could be made for play-grounds in front of their homes, on plots where they may be under the eye of their mothers or their neighbours. Where the cottages are near a road, they should be some distance from it, with the gardens or play-ground in front. The separate or distant play-grounds have many inconveniences besides their being out of sight; and where they are far distant, they are comparatively useless. I have great pleasure in being enabled to testify that the instances are frequent where the regulated resort to private pleasure-grounds and parks has been indulgently given for the recreation of the labouring population."*

We have now presented as full a summary as our space will allow of Mr Chadwick's very remarkable volume. We cannot part with it without at least congratulating the public on the favourable auguries held forth by the very production of such a work. Much there is to depress the British philanthropist—selfish blind party-spirit engrossing nearly the whole energies of our legislature—classes serried against each other in anger—clamant social evils without a science by which to ascertain their source or order their redress. Amidst all this, it is truly gratifying to trace the labours of such a man as Mr Chadwick, painfully amassing evidence on a subject which twenty years ago would have at the utmost been occasionally adverted to as a mere matter of vague supposition, but deemed far too remote from clear apprehension to call forth the least effort for its demonstration. In bringing this evidence to a point where inferences can be made with tolerable clearness, and remedies suggested with some confidence, a great step is made in advance. We have next to see if there be in our statesmen sufficient largeness of mind and goodness of meaning towards the people, to induce them to act upon what has been now at length demonstrated.

PEDESTRIAN TOUR IN SWITZERLAND.

DESCENT OF THE VALAIS TO MARTIGNY—THE COL DE BALME AND CHAMOUNI.

August 25.—Brieg, though almost a city-looking town, contains only about 600 inhabitants, who seemed to have hidden themselves from the hot glare of the sun in the stony recesses of a collection of great old mansions, built apparently for a much larger population. As we wandered through its picturesque streets, we scarcely met a soul; its shops appeared as if they were purposely and laboriously kept out of the way of intruders; and being in want of a few necessary articles which almost every village can supply, it was with difficulty that we found out where they were to be had. The Jesuit's College is an epitome of the desolate grandeur of the whole place. Though consisting of a great range of buildings, it is said only to contain ten members, who have room and verge enough, for we entered their dwelling here and there by open gates, and wandered through long echoing vaulted corridors, without meeting with a living being or with any sign of inhabitancy, save it might be here and there an old mouldering picture or a carved cabinet. We entered the chapel, which, though well ornamented, and in itself a fine specimen of Gothic architecture, was equally lonely.

The ascent of the Simplon commences here, and we ascended so far as to be able to appreciate the admirable engineering by which the abrupt ascents and descents of the mountain side were mastered and rendered accessible. From our elevation we looked down on Brieg, which, with all its pear-shaped cupolas, or rather minarets, glittering in the sun, had a truly oriental effect. These architectural ornaments, as well as many of the abrupt roofs of the larger buildings, are covered with glittering scales, which at first sight seem made of tin, but which a nearer view induced us to believe were of a micacious schist.

As we did not expect to find much matter of interest in the remainder of the descent of the Valais, and were pressed for time, we resolved to take the diligence to Martigny. It started at twelve o'clock, and went on as lazily as a deliberative mind could wish. The scenery was monotonously in the character of what we had already passed, and no object of great interest appeared till we reached Sion, the capital of the Lower Valais (about twenty-five miles from Brieg), where the diligence stopped for an hour. Long before we reached the edge of the town, we had seen the ruins of its three princely-looking castles,

* [The conduct of local authorities, generally, with respect to public accommodation and health, contrasts unfavourably with that of many private individuals. On a late occasion, the town-council of Edinburgh made an effort to shut up the outlet of an alley, on the plea that the ground was town property (worth, perhaps, 10s. a-year): this most reprehensible attempt to block up a useful thoroughfare and means of ventilation in a crowded neighbourhood, which had been open for half a century, was, we are glad to say, checked by the interference of two conterminous proprietors.—*Ed. C. E. J.*]

towering upwards from the sharp precipices, round the sloping bases of which the old gray houses of the city were clustered in terraces. We started on an exploring expedition, without any definite object in view; but in the venerable character of the streets and their massive toppling houses, there seemed to be no loss of curious objects in any quarter. Wandering through the old and dirty streets, we arrived at the cathedral, in its size and the richness of its architecture a wonderful contrast to the poverty of the whole canton, and a memorial of the wonderful influence of that church which has raised the proudest monuments of its pomp and power amidst the dust and ashes of a diseased and poverty-stricken population. Having wandered so long among nature's noblest works, it was not unpleasing to contemplate one of those objects which are perhaps the most impressive specimens of man's skill and perseverance—a Gothic church; and for some time we walked up and down beneath this roof made with hands, listening to the echoes of our footsteps on the marble floor, and enjoying the religious silence and solitude of the spot. Sion seems to show that the power of the church is not waning within it; for we observed a handsome new palace in the course of erection for the prince bishop, who, though the canton is nominally democratic, retains the right of convoking and presiding at the legislative assemblies. We next directed our attention to the grey old ruins which crowned the rocks. Our progress among them was as uninterrupted as our visit to the cathedral; but it would be difficult to give any further account of them than to say, that they left in our minds an impression of an endless succession of shattered walls, mouldering square towers, vaults, and small Gothic chapels, looking as old and as long deserted as if no one had entered them since the flood.

We had still about sixteen miles of the diligence—a weary drive of nearly four hours. The road generally accompanied the Rhone, from the inundations of which it was protected by being laid on the top of a long mound or mole. It was straight, and a continuous descent. Twilight was coming in, and it appeared as if there were a wall of rock right before us, and not above a mile ahead, where we must stop per force; but still on went the diligence, down, down, hour after hour, the wall of rock neither coming nearer to us nor receding, but rising higher over our heads, as if we were descending into the bowels of the earth; at last we reached Martigny nearly at midnight. Here we found waiting for us our passports, which we had to send from Berne to Lausanne, to be visé for entering the Sardinian dominions. We found it duly certified that we had presented ourselves before the proper authority at the Canton de Vaud, and that we were what we were; and though some hundred miles or so off at the time, we were content with this testimonial to our personal identity, since the public officer himself was so.

August 26.—Martigny is a mere village, if possible more gloomy than any of those we had hitherto passed. Its houses have all a grey ancient aspect; yet this cannot proceed in all cases from their antiquity, for one or two which we saw masons erecting looked like deserted ruins. A huge round tower frowns over the village from a projecting rock on the side of the mountain barrier, many hundreds of feet up. We were now some thousands of feet below the source of the Rhone, and the influence of a warmer climate appeared in luxuriant vines and multitudes of plum and walnut trees. There was here abundance of the grand and beautiful in inanimate nature, but it had never before been our lot to see humanity so physically degraded. The whole valley is an hospital. Every grown-up person has a huge goitre, and swarms of disgusting imbeciles, with large swollen heads and distorted bodies, lay basking in the sun like so many horrible caricatures of humanity. It might be fancy, but we thought we could *feel* the cause of all this misery in a hot stifling atmosphere, which rendered breathing oppressive. Nowhere had we yet seen a valley so abruptly bounded by high steep mountains, which seemed to enclose it on all sides, except in the gap which admitted the inclined plane we had descended by, and there was a painful feeling of confinement, which made us long for the pure air of the hills.

It was our intention to cross to Chamouni by the Col de Balme, leading from Martigny.* To accomplish this, we had in the first place to cross the Col of the Forclaz. The ascent was steep and rugged, and we did not reach the top till near mid-day. We looked down into the narrow quiet valley of Trient, all calm and peaceful below, with its hamlets, trees, and pastures, but presenting a wilderness of rock and glacier towering above in all directions. We descended by a very steep path, and in a retired nook of the narrow glen, under the shade of broad trees, and by the side of a rippling brook, we ate a cold collation we had brought with us from Martigny. The ascent of the Col de Balme threatened to be a stiff job, and it turned out as we anticipated. We had not much scrambling among rocks, but the way rose with extreme abruptness straight up the steep hill-side, with a nearness to the perpendicular, indeed, which I do not think the earthy coating of the path could have preserved, had it not been for the forest of pines through which it passed, the roots of which cast a net-work through it. We had been a little alarmed at Martigny by observing a slight coating of new snow on the range we had to cross (a snow-storm on the higher passes of the Alps is a fearful thing to encounter, for in an instant it darkens the air and obliterates the landmarks), but the heat of the noon-day sun melted what had already descended, and the clearing up of the sky quieted any apprehensions of a farther fall. When we rose above the forest girdle, we found smooth short turf, on which we had a pleasant footing, for the ascent was less steep. It was with some anxiety that we found the wavy outline of the pass which bounded the horizon in our front becoming more near, for we knew that if the clouds favoured us, the moment our eyes could look across that line, they would behold one of the most wonderful scenes in the world. And it came to pass according to our highest hopes; first there appeared a snowy summit distinct and white against the blue sky, and then a pace or two further revealed to us "the monarch of mountains" from the summit to the broad base, with all its snows and glaciers, its pyramids, its walls of precipice, and its dusky forests. One could imagine our grander cathedral architecture—I mean as illustrated in St Peter's and St Paul's—to have been partly imagined from such a scene as this. The summit of the mountain is broad and dome-like, and, as if to harmonise with and give effect to the majestic proportions of this the most conspicuous feature of the great range, several rugged points rise spire-like here and there, each in itself a grand and imposing object, yet by its inferior proportions giving greater effect to the vast dome above. On all this, as well as on the shivered rocks of the Brevent, at the north side of the valley, and the vale of the Chamouni below, with the glaciers running in wide masses down its edges, and the various thread-like streams which issue from them, the sun was shining brightly, and through the clear atmosphere the whole appeared before us as complete as if it were an accurate model. Vaulting ambition prompted us not to be content with this gorgeous scene, without mounting to the top of a neighbouring eminence, where, in addition, we saw the range of the Bernese Alps, with our old friends the Jungfrau, the Wetterhorn, and their whole array of companions. We were here between seven and eight thousand feet above the sea level, and we saw before us, deep down, and with the shadows of the mountain beginning to fall upon it, the few dots in the vale of Chamouni which indicated the village where we were to pass the night; a pretty long and tedious journey we knew we had yet before us.

Before leaving the Col, we were invited into a cottage, the owner of which professed to possess a quantity of mineralogical specimens gathered in the neighbouring mountains. We found the collection to be a petty jewellery establishment of German agates and Brazil crystals. The proprietor could not deny that the stones had been cut in Germany, where they are a well-known manufacture, but he maintained that they had been found on Mont Blanc—an arrant falsehood; which, however, does not in the least degree reduce the value of his commodity to the most of his visiters. The descent was tedious, but not difficult; and the eyes were all along feasted by the ever-varying aspect of the hill. When we had entered the upper part of the valley, we passed the glacier of the Arve, whence that river issues, like the Rhone, from a great archway. But every few miles we passed brought us to a new glacier stretching down from between the steeple-like points of rock into the valley. Close to the termination of one of these was a pretty church, with the parsonage-house or manse. It occurred to us that the minister could at least congratulate himself on indefinite facilities in supplying himself with ices.

It was quite dark ere we reached the village; night came on before we had descended to its level, and we saw the darkness gradually settle on the lower portions of the landscape before it ascended to the higher ranges. For some time, our view of the mountain top was interrupted, and we thought we had bid good-bye to it for the night, when a meteoric-looking phenomenon attracted our attention. It was large and luminous, shining with a bright and pure lustre; and so completely did it appear some wondrous object belonging to the department of astronomical science, that it was not easy for us to convince ourselves that we saw the setting sun illuminating the snows of the mountain top. Hungry and a little tired, we entered one of the brilliantly-lighted inns of Chamouni, where, seated at the table-d'hôte, I had the unexpected pleasure of meeting a respected friend, Mr S. T——, who has achieved the rare distinction of acquiring celebrity as a poet, an essayist, a lawyer, and a legislative debater. He was accompanied by his family. I had last seen them on a visit to the Highlands of Scotland, and was gratified to find that the scenery of my native land was not obliterated from their minds by the more sublime scenes I now found them traversing.

* [Martigny is situated on the right bank of the Rhone, near the point where it receives the Dranse, a small river issuing from the valley which leads towards the pass of the Great St Bernard. Another route from Martigny by the Trient, being that adopted by our tourist, is the path towards Chamouni, which leads in the direction of Mont Blanc. The Rhone at Martigny makes a sharp turn down the Valais, in a north-westerly direction; and at about half way to its outlet in the Lake of Geneva, is situated the small town of Bex, noted for its baths and salt works. The road up the Valais from the lake is the highway to Italy, travellers either adopting the char road by the Great St Bernard, or the more perfect road by the Simplon, which strikes off at Brieg. The route to Italy, which we should recommend all persons from this country to take, is as follows:—London, Ostend, Brussels, Liege, Cologne, the Rhine, Basle, and Lausanne, at which diligences are found in daily communication with Milan by way of the Valais and Simplon. A route somewhat more direct is by Lucerne and the pass of St Gothard. At Lucerne, various vehicular conveniences offer. To those who take an interest in glaciers, and their power of changing the face of the lower valleys, ample opportunities are afforded of studying the subject in the Val de Bagne, above Martigny, which has been the scene of extraordinary commotions in the icy and watery world.—*Ed. C. E. J.*]

COMPARATIVE SAFETY OF STEAM-BOAT AND RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

On this subject the following lately appeared in the *Railway Magazine*:—"We should have liked to see a comparison drawn between the accidents by steam-boats and sailing vessels. Notwithstanding the many serious accidents that have occurred with steam-boats, we have no doubt that fewer lives are lost in proportion to the numbers carried by steam than by sailing vessels. But, in comparative safety with railways, steam-boats hold a very low rank, and, unfortunately, when they do occur, they are very serious.

'From an abstract of 92 accidents, it appears that 40 steam-vessels were wrecked and foundered, 23 exploded, 17 were burned, and 12 were destroyed by collision. The greatest number of lives lost at any one time from wreck was 119; from collision, 62; from explosion, 24.'

On the other hand, 'It appears, from the returns made to the Board of Trade of the aggregate traffic upon railways, that during the half year from 1st January to 1st July 1841, 9,122,000 passengers travelled upon the various railways of the United Kingdom. It also appears, from a table showing the nature of the traffic on a number of lines, that the average distance travelled by each passenger is about twenty miles. Now, on analysing the returns of accidents for the same period of six months, I find thirty persons lost their lives. These consisted of

Passengers who were killed from causes beyond their own control,	3
Passengers who suffered from their own folly, negligence, or misconduct,	2
Total number of passengers killed,	5
Trespassers on the line of railway,	5
Engineers, servants, labourers, and workmen on the line of railway,	20
Total killed in six months,	30

The number of passengers travelling was 9,122,000; the distance travelled 182,440,000 miles; and the number of passengers killed from causes beyond their own control was three. There was, therefore, one passenger killed out of each 3,040,666 passengers; or, in other words, one passenger lost his life for each 60,813,333 miles travelled. Contrast this with stage-coach travelling. A railway traffic of 9,122,000 persons, each travelling twenty miles, is equivalent to a stage-coach with ten passengers per day, travelling an equal distance daily for 2,500 years. If, then, stage-coaches were attended with as little personal injury to the public as railways, the following would be nearly the proportional number of accidents:—

The number of passengers killed from causes beyond their own control,	1 in 833 years
The number killed from their own folly, negligence, or misconduct,	1 in 1250 ..
The number of persons run over on the public road,	1 in 500 ..
The number of coachmen, guards, ostlers, and other servants of the coach,	1 in 125 ..

There is another circumstance which should not be overlooked. All the passengers who lose their lives in steamers perish from causes wholly beyond their own control, whereas a large proportion of those who are killed upon railways suffer from their own folly, negligence, or misconduct. It will perhaps scarcely be credited, when I state, that of the serious accidents reported to the Board of Trade, twenty-two happened to persons who jumped off, when the carriages were going at speed, generally after their hats; and five persons were run over when lying either drunk or asleep upon the rails.

Indeed, after contemplating the sad picture of steam-boat casualties, it almost provokes a smile to turn to the schedule of railway accidents.'

After an able analysis of the dangers of the two modes, Mr Lang sums up—'1st, That the history of travelling by steam, both in Great Britain and foreign countries, had proved, prior to the introduction of Lord Seymour's bill, that passengers by railway were exposed to less risk of personal injury than passengers by steam-boats.

2d, That since the passing of Lord Seymour's act, notwithstanding the increase in the number of passengers by railways, the number of accidents to railway passengers has diminished, while the number of accidents to steam-boat passengers is increasing.

3d, That where steamers come into direct competition with railways, there is a tendency, arising from obvious causes, that the ordinary risks of steam navigation should increase.'

He then suggests the following rules and regulations for steam-boats to be established by the authority of parliament, in which we perfectly concur:—

'1st, That all steam-vessels should be registered and classed.

2d, That the conflicting usages of different ports, as to the manner in which steam-vessels meeting should pass each other, should be abrogated, and a uniform 'rule of the road' fixed by the authority of parliament.

3d, That a uniform system of night-lights or signals should be established.

4th, That steam-vessels should be embraced within the operation of Lord Seymour's act, rendering it imperative on them to make a return of all accidents attended with personal injury, in the same manner as is done by railways.

5th, That the engineers and crews of steam-vessels should be subjected to the same penalties for drunkenness or misconduct as the engineers and conductors of railway trains.'"

AFFECTATION OF EASE.

There is a practice getting into vogue, almost into a sort of fashion, among young gentlemen who wish to impose upon the unwary by *nonchalant* airs of affected ease and freedom from restraint, which I must here denounce as a breach of good manners and a want of all just feelings of propriety: I mean the practice of lounging in graceless attitudes on sofas and arm-chairs, even in the presence of ladies. All these vile and distorted postures must be reserved for the library-couch or arm-chair, and should never be displayed in the society of gentlemen, and still less in that of ladies. In their own houses, ladies must submit to such conduct, as they cannot well leave a visiter to himself: at all other times, they should, if they have any respect for their own dignity, give the lounger the cut-direct, and go to some other part of the room. Once denounced, however, as vulgar and uncivil, the nuisance will cease of itself; for the guilty only offend under the impression of being thought superlatively fine.

Lounging is not a foreign vice, though foreigners take up the practice, to an extravagant degree, when mixing with English society. Out of the English circles it is, however, so little known, that a slight attempt of the kind once caused a regular uproar at one of the German courts. Many of our countrymen, even plain, unaffected, good sort of men, have a foolish trick of throwing the foot of one leg over the knee of the other—bringing the right ankle, for instance, to rest on the left knee, so as to place themselves in a half tailor-like attitude. The custom is certainly neither graceful nor elegant, but not very reprehensible. An English gentleman, a member of the *corps diplomatique*, happened one evening to be sitting near a countess of high degree, to whom he was explaining, in very indifferent French, perhaps something about the public walks that surrounded his house, when, in the middle of his discourse, up went the right leg, placing the foot exactly over the left knee, and presenting the sole of the diplomatic shoe fully in view of her ladyship's eyes. The countess blushed through three layers of rouge, rose indignantly from her seat, and hurried to the other end of the room, declaring that she had been grossly insulted by the English ambassador, who had mistaken her for a cobbler, and held up the very soles of his shoes for her inspection. Mighty rage filled the bosoms of princesses, baronesses, and countesses; and the lord-marshal of the palace came with bows and smiles to the diplomatist, requesting that he would make some apology to the lady, who was no cobbler at all, but a person of high rank and great merit. Our excellent countryman was utterly confounded, not knowing what crime he had been guilty of, as he was well aware of the lady's rank and respectability, and so far from speaking of shoe-soles, he had been speaking of willows (*saules*); and if the lady had seen the sole of his shoes, it arose merely from the circumstance of his having placed himself in an attitude very general in his own country. The explanation was readily received, as no one wished to press the point; but the whole court were convinced that it was a mere evasion, as no one could comprehend why the ambassador should have presented the sole of the shoe to a lady while talking to her about willows. "*N'import, n'import, Monsieur l'ambassadeur*," said the princess-consort to the unhappy diplomatist, who attempted to convince her of the truth of his asseveration, "it is a *bagatelle*, already forgotten. We are always delighted to hear your excellency's opinions about gardens, for you English have great taste in gardening; but defend me from English attitudes!"

This trifling anecdote tends, though in a feeble and insufficient way, to illustrate the worthlessness of all merely local, conventional, or professional finery or exquisiteness, whether displayed in wit, humour, attitude, or slang-jargon. Freedom from all these fetters is therefore indispensable to a perfect gentleman and man of the world; while the constant display and jingling of such fetters show, on the other hand, a limited understanding, and an ignorance of society.—*The Art of Conversation, by Captain Sabretash.*

THE MOORS.

In the Highlands, in spite of the myriads of boxes of birds sent to the south, by land and water, every autumn, moor game of all descriptions continues steadily to increase. Individual ranges of shooting ground do occasionally get fearful sweeps towards the end of a lease; yet one year's jubilee generally puts things to right again; and experienced hands will rather "bite" at good grounds that have been well "shot," than grounds that have been "carefully preserved," and none allowed to shoot upon them without "written leave from the proprietor." It seems rather paradoxical to assert, that the killing of any sort of animal should tend directly or indirectly to the increase of its numbers; nevertheless, we believe it to hold good in regard to grouse, as the grouse in the northern counties have certainly increased under the murderous guns of our southern aristocracy. The fact, however, may be satisfactorily accounted for by the circumstance, that the moment a southern signs his lease of the shooting grounds, he engages his keepers and orders his vermin traps, and from that day declares war against every description of poacher, whether clad in hair, feathers, or hodden grey. A regular sportsman, let his disposition be what it may, is a perfect tyrant in all matters touching his game, and would *jamb* the legs of the golden eagle—the monarch of the air—in a steel trap, as pleasantly as he would jamb the legs of his fellow-creature in the stocks, if caught with a gun in his hand and a bushel of birds in the corner of his plaid. In the north, this iron rule seldom fails to have the desired effect, and shooting grounds are comparatively unmolested.

It will thus be seen that a proprietor, in letting his shootings, only transfers the right to kill from one description of the *carnivora* to another, and that, whereas the eagle, the fox, the raven, the pole-cat, &c., &c., pay no attention to the term-days and other provisions of the game act, but pursue their sports and pastimes the whole year round, and in all weather, the sportsman is circumscribed to three or four months in the year, and even this space is much curtailed by such contingencies as bad weather, sprained ankles, worrying dogs, &c. These things considered, the grouse have evidently exchanged rulers for the better; and this is seen, as in all well-governed realms, by the increased amount of population.

But besides the increase which arises from the destruction of the natural and direct enemies of the grouse tribe, other and less direct causes, called into play by the system of killing, undoubtedly tend to the same end. Systematic and judicious sportsmen invariably pick out the old birds of a covey, and these, especially the old cocks, when past the age of breeding, are generally believed to be hurtful to the rising generation, not only in breaking eggs, but in usurping the place of vigorous and young male birds. Again, some imagine, and perhaps with reason, that when a range is judiciously but sharply shot over, so many family compacts are broken up, and so many widows and orphans left desolate; that adventurous youths of both sexes are tempted from neighbouring districts to fill up the void, and a great infusion of fresh blood is thus added to the stock, which, as every naturalist knows, tends to add to the prolific properties of almost every description of animals. This may be quite imaginary in as far as relates to grouse; but if it be generally a law of nature, why should we doubt it in the case of the grouse? It is, however, enough for us to know, that under severe shooting, grouse will increase, provided the vermin be well kept down. All the disputes about burnt heather, which arise between the proprietor, the storemaster, and the lessee of the shooting, should at once cease, if this is rigidly done, as grouse naturally avoid rank heather as much as sheep do. They never feed upon and never seek shelter from it in stormy weather, at least if the weather be at all wet. In short, they only fly to it to avoid their natural enemies, and when these are destroyed, the shepherd should be allowed to burn away, as he will thus be serving both the storemaster and sportsman, provided that he does it judiciously, and in the proper season.—*Inverness Courier.*

VERSES FROM SCHILLER.

[The following passages are from the translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein* by Coleridge, one of the few versions from one language to another where the original is equalled, if not surpassed.]

THE HOME AND LANGUAGE OF LOVE.

Oh, never rudely will I blame his faith
In the might of stars and angels! 'Tis not merely
The human being's PRIDE that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance;
Since, likewise, for the stricken heart of LOVE
This visible nature, and this common world,
Is all too narrow: yea, a deeper import
Lurks in the legend told my infant years
Than lies upon that truth we live to learn.
For fable is Love's world, his home, his birth-place:
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,
And spirits; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and wat'ry depths; all these have vanish'd.
They live no longer in the faith of reason!
But still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names.
And to yon starry world they now are gone,
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend; and to the lover
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
Shoot influence down: and even at this day
'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
And Venus who brings every thing that's fair!

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

Oh, day thrice lovely! when at length the soldier
Returns home into life; when he becomes
A fellow-man among his fellow-men.
The colours are unfurl'd, the cavalcade
Marshals, and now the buzz is hush'd; and, hark!
Now the soft peace-march beats, Home, brothers, home!
The caps and helmets are all garlanded
With green boughs, the last plund'ring of the fields.
The city gates fly open of themselves,
They need no longer the petard to tear them.
The ramparts are all fill'd with men and women,
With peaceful men and women, that send onwards
Kisses and welcomings upon the air,
Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures.
From all the towers rings out the merry peal,
The joyous vespers of a bloody day.
O happy man, O fortunate! for whom
The well-known door, the faithful arms are open,
The faithful tender arms with mute embracing.

LAMENT OF THE OLD FOR THE YOUNG.

This anguish will be wearied down, I know.
What pang is permanent with man? From the highest,
As from the vilest thing of every day,
He learns to wean himself; for the strong hours
Conquer him. Yet I feel what I have lost
In him. The bloom is vanish'd from my life.
For O! he stood beside me, like my youth,
Transform'd for me the real to a dream,
Clothing the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn.
Whatever fortunes wait my future toils,
The *beautiful* is vanish'd—and returns not.

FEMALE HEROISM.

During a conflict at the farm of Rainerhof, in the Tyrolese war in 1809, a young woman, who resided at the house, brought out a small cask of wine to encourage and refresh the peasants; and had advanced in the scene of action, regardless of the tremendous fire of the Bavarians, with the cask upon her head, when a bullet struck it, and compelled her to let it go. Undaunted by this accident, she hastened to repair the mischief, by placing her thumb to the orifice caused by the ball; and encouraged those nearest her to refresh themselves quickly, that she might not remain in her dangerous situation, and suffer for her generosity.—*Percy Anecdotes.*

BRANDING DESERTERS.

An instrument has recently been invented for marking deserters: it is of brass, shaped at the end into the form of a D, from the outline of which is protruded, by means of a spring, a series of needle points, which are regulated by a screw at the end, and by turning which, their length may be increased or diminished. By pulling back the nut of the screw, after the points are regulated, they recede into the box, when the instrument may be considered charged. A slight pressure on a small brass lever delivers the needle points, inflicting a puncture on the skin the exact shape of the instrument. These punctures, on being rubbed with a marking fluid, composed of a quarter of a pound of pulverised indigo, two sticks of Indian ink, and enough of water to render it liquid, leave an indelible D upon the hand or arm of the deserter; and there is no possible means by which the marking can be accomplished with less pain and more certainty.—*United Service Museum.*

[The above paragraph has appeared pretty generally in the newspapers in Great Britain, and, as far as we have observed, without exciting a word of comment. We consider the practice of branding the person in any circumstances, and for any crime, as infamous, and altogether at variance with either an enlightened humanity or sound principles of jurisprudence; for *once* mark a man with an indelible stain, and in all likelihood he is ruined for ever—the door by which he may return to a sense of rectitude is shut, and he becomes an outcast—a degraded thing both in his own eyes and those of his fellow-creatures. It is to be lamented that the British army should, at this time of day, have included such a punishment in its code of discipline.]

EDUCATION OF ITALIAN BOYS.

The benevolence of Englishmen is untiring in its pursuit of objects. The following, from the *Literary Gazette*, presents one of the latest examples:—"We have received, in common with many others, we presume, a circular issued by a party of Italian gentlemen, the object of which is to found, by subscription, a gratuitous school for the number of wandering Italian minstrels, mendicants, and monkey or mouse-leaders, who are so much seen plying their melancholy trades in our highways and byways. The idea is very humane, and will, we hope, be successfully adopted and carried into operation. The preliminary step was to try an experiment, and a school was opened on the 10th of last November; and the first week there were 100 scholars, and latterly more than 230. The total expense of this great good, up to June, has been only £111, 11s., 2½d.; receipts £82, 3s.

EDUCATION IN INDIA.

The *Bombay Monthly Times* of June 18th contains a long and interesting account of a meeting, at which an address, with a testimonial of the value of £1500, was presented to the new native Parsee knight, Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy. Unlike the pieces of plate or statues of Europe on such occasions, the testimonial is to constitute a fund for the purpose of procuring translations into Goozerattee (the language of the Parsees) of the best European works, ancient and modern, and generally for the institution of schools and promotion of knowledge, and the relief of sick and indigent natives. But what enhances this noble proceeding is the princely munificence of Sir Jamsetjee, who, in returning thanks, stated that he would add *three* lakhs of rupees (£30,000) to the sum subscribed, the whole to be devoted to the objects notified in the address, under the designation of "The Jeejeebhoy Fund." Within the last few years, it is mentioned, this illustrious merchant has contributed nearly £60,000 to public charities, independently of private benefactions. He is the architect of his own fortunes, and has a large family treading in his exemplary footsteps. An address, with a piece of plate, value £1500, was also presented to James Matheson, Esq., of China, on the eve of his departure for England, and in honour of his great services to India.—*Literary Gazette.*

HOW TO FALL FROM A HORSE.

In all falls, the horseman should roll away from his horse as soon as he possibly can, lest in his struggle to rise again he strike him with his legs or head. It frequently happens that the horse himself rolls after he falls, and if in the direction in which his rider lies, is apt to crush and injure him. Indeed there is scarcely any hard rider who has not been thus served; but here, again, self-possession often stands his friend. When he sees the body of his horse approaching him, he frequently saves himself by meeting it with one of his feet, and, by obtaining a fulcrum, shoves his own body along the ground out of his reach. Coolness in this hour of peril likewise serves the sportsman in another way. Instead of losing hold of his reins, and abandoning his horse to his own will, as the man who is flurried at this time invariably does, he keeps them in his hand, if not always, perhaps in nine falls out of ten, and thus secures his horse. It was the remark of a gentleman who was, from his desperate system of riding, and despite of his fine horsemanship, known to have more falls than any other man during the time he hunted in Leicestershire, that nothing had so low an appearance as that of a man running on foot over a field calling out, "Stop my horse."—*The Horse and Hound.*

A HINT TO LOOK UP.

In all societies it is advisable to associate, if possible, with the highest; not that the highest are always the best, but because, if disgusted there, we can at any time descend; but if we begin with the lowest, to ascend is impossible. In the grand theatre of human life, a *box ticket* takes us through the house.—*Lacon.*

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FORMS.

TAKE any number of individuals, and ask them, one by one, if they despise forms, and probably nine out of ten will be found to acknowledge that they do. Yet social life is full of forms, and it seems to be the pleasure of society at large that forms of various kinds should be kept up. How should it happen that the general dictum on this point is so inconsistent with what appears to be the opinion of the great majority of individuals.

If we set ourselves seriously to find out the real value of forms, we shall quickly come to discern that, merely in maintaining regularity or uniformity, there is a utility in them. When there is a form of procedure for anything, it precludes dispute, and insures that the thing will be done with a certain decency agreeable to well-ordered minds. The form may impose a restraint where freedom is desired, and thus it may appear tyrannical; but if it saves at other times from confusion, it may be worth while to put up with occasional inconveniences. In many instances, going through the form may appear absolutely ridiculous, from the reality being already sanctioned, unresisted, and even performed by the common consent of all parties; yet it may be as well to go through the form for all that, seeing that, when this is never neglected, it acquires the greater force over men's minds, and may thus help to carry a point rightly when it would otherwise be but feebly supported. Forms are particularly necessary where a principle is to be carried out by a small body amidst a great multitude. For example, the law is everywhere in the hands of a small body. It can only be conducted when this small body is able to exercise a control over a large one. For this reason, apparently, it is invested and surrounded with forms of various kinds, from the system of process itself to the erection of the mace and the judge's wig. The old unvarying traditionary regularity of all its goings on gives it immense force with the multitude, and doubtless helps to make its behests be obeyed. The military and naval service is also full of forms, because there it is necessary to use every means of making a multitude pay implicit obedience to a small number. This principle is most strikingly seen in the last and highest case of all—monarchy. Some councillor objected to a king being so strict in the observance of forms. "What am I but a form myself?" was the answer, and a most sound one. Monarchy requires the most forms of all, because it is a *prestige* maintained in one person only against a whole people. It is said to have a divine hedge about it, and it would need it too.

But the main value of forms is perhaps to be found somewhat farther from the surface. Amidst the mysteries of our nature, there is a certain sympathetic or imitative influence, which makes us liable to be operated upon by the feelings which we see expressed by others. An orator weeps as he addresses us—we weep also. A commander puts on the appearance and uses the language of a hero before his men: they feel like heroes likewise. The contagiousness of all feelings, particularly under circumstances of unusual excitement, is a well-known law of human nature. But a feeling is not alone capable of being expressed in words. Every single feeling has its natural language independent of words—in look, in attitude, or in gesture. A skilful actor knows all these natural expressions of feeling, and can represent them in pantomime. They are instinctively recognised by us all—many of them even by infants; they are the same in all nations, and they pass down with unerring uniformity from age to age. Thus, the toss of the head which is dictated by disdain, the throwing back which expresses pride, the downcast look of bashfulness, the sidelong look of fear, the clasping of the hands which marks intreaty, the genuflexion and prostration into which humility is thrown before greatness, were probably expressions of those respective feelings in the first men on earth who experienced them, as well as they are now. We see physical agony in the Laocöon, fashioned upwards of two thousand years ago, as we would see it in any hospital patient of the present day. The Apollo is the representation of Graceful Triumph, and the Venus the impersonation of Beautiful Modesty, as truly as any living figures could be. This is, in fact, a speech to all men, the only universal free-masonry. There live none who can altogether set at nought the impressions which natural language makes. The very barbarians were awed when they entered the Roman senate. A long solemn procession of uniformly-dressed figures would impose upon the rudeness of the greatest savage. The natural language of perfect bravery in Murat awed the Cossacks. And even wild beasts are said—and we may well believe the fact—to have been repelled by a firm-set human countenance, expressing fearlessness and command. In the constant operation of this law, we obtain a tolerably good key to much of the effect of forms and ceremonials of all kinds. They are usually the natural language of some august, or amiable, or awful feeling, and men who behold are affected accordingly.

But we are not only liable to be affected by the feelings of others. When we ourselves simulate the natural language of any feeling, we are apt to be affected by it almost, if not quite, to the same extent as when we contemplate it in another. If we throw back the head like a proud man, we feel an emotion of pride, though the moment before we had no such sentiment in our minds. If we strut along brandishing a weapon, we feel somewhat like a hero for the moment. If we fall a-gazing on the evening star till the breeze brings water into our eyes, we presently become as pensive as if we really wept. All unequivocally great actors have, while upon the stage, felt the emotions which they represented, and even for some time before and after. It is, for example, related of Mrs Siddons, that, from the moment of her going into her carriage to proceed to the theatre, where she had to act a part, till her return home afterwards, she felt entirely as the person whom she was to represent, and could not without pain admit any other feeling into her mind. The celebrated French tragedian Baron, who was naturally timid, always felt as a hero for several days after he had performed any of the principal characters of Corneille's plays. These cases, though they may be thought extreme, are strictly natural, for Siddons and Baron may be presumed to have had more of impressionable and imitative in their mental constitutions than what belongs to ordinary persons. It is very much owing to this disposition that human beings, thrown into any particular society, or constrained to act any particular part in life, although at first they may feel repugnant, usually become reconciled at last, and in many instances conclude their days with vices of which they had originally no taint, the conforming to low manners and the performance of dubious acts having the inevitable effect of calling forth in them appropriate feelings, which in time become habitual, and perhaps predominant. So mighty is the power of natural language, when we only act it before our own understandings.

The application of the principle to many of the affairs of life must be obvious, even upon our imperfect explanation. With regard, for instance, to the forms of politeness, we can see in a moment how it must operate. The tones, phrases, and ritual, as it may be called, of the polite world, are nothing but the *natural language of benevolence*. We say, emphatically, they are what actual benevolence, in any cultivated mind, would directly prompt, and they can be mistaken for nothing else. This language often comes from a heart destitute of the real feeling; granted that such is the case. It is, nevertheless, true, that the great majority of persons, entering company in a state of perfect indifference to all and sundry, being immediately compelled, by the laws of society, to speak and act courteously—that is, to exhibit the natural language of benevolence—do in a little while feel *that* become a reality in their bosoms which was at first only a fiction in their external behaviour. It is rarely that any company assembles and spends an evening together, following all the time the rules of politeness, without feeling more warmly towards each other at the close than they were at the beginning. This is generally said to be the effect of *knowing* each other, but it is in reality chiefly attributable to a real feeling of good-will having been evoked or induced by that assumption of it which constitutes politeness. The semblance has been, to use a homely but expressive phrase, a *shoeing-horn* to the reality; and something has been created, and that a good something, out of nothing. How different it is when the rules are not observed by the company, or by some part of it? Suppose a failure in respect of kindly warmth of manner, all part coldly at last, without any one having made the least progress in another's good graces, or any one's feelings towards his fellow-creatures at large having been in the least improved. If the rules have been positively broken by the introduction of the natural language of malevolence, then the meeting ends in mutual ill-will and general discomfort. We thus see how important it is for human beings to meet each other occasionally, under sanction of the forms of politeness; it is evidently one of the grand means of promoting peace and good-will in the world. We see, too, how more than important it is for every person to submit implicitly to these forms, and maintain them, by his personal example and influence, to the minutest tittle. A schismatic on the score of sincerity—one who claims the privilege of speaking as he feels on all occasions, or takes a pride in being gruff or gloomy to all round, if such be his mood at the moment—is simply one who prefers to exhibit the natural language of bad feelings to exhibiting the natural language of good ones; and who, accordingly, for a selfish whim, chooses to raise a bad spirit instead of a good one—one of mutual repugnance instead of mutual kindness—amongst a certain portion of his fellow-creatures. Such persons should be hunted out of society, as being among its worst enemies. It is true, at the same time, that there are heartless persons, with good acting powers, who go through the forms of politeness without the least trace of the genuine feelings which they represent, giving, it may be said, the semblance without the substance. But this is from no fault in the principle to which we are adverting. These persons are incapable, in any circumstances, of the real feeling. They only can act, not feel; and though they were to appear in all their true colours every hour of the day, it would not mend the matter. It is with the great mass of ordinary natures that our principle manifests its utility. Investing themselves with the natural language of benevolence, or with the natural language of any other good feeling, they unavoidably experience some visiting of the feeling represented. The principle would equally act if they were to exhibit the natural language of bad feelings; but it is a remarkable fact, that there is no *form* of

the civilised world which represents a bad feeling. The drama of ostensible and legitimate social life comprehends no characters, acts, dresses, or decorations, which are not allied to virtue.

Not long ago, we received a letter from a friend—a man of decided ability—which commenced without the usual phrase, "Dear Sir," or any other to the like purpose, and concluded with the simple signature of his name. At the top of the first page was a printed note, stating that the writer hoped that his friends would excuse his addressing them in this manner, as it proceeded from no disrespect, but merely from a conviction in his mind that the usual phrases of superscription and subscription were ridiculous expletives, of no manner of use, and which therefore he retrenched. Upon the principle now laid down, this was a complete mistake. The phrases in question are often used by a mind that was perfectly indifferent the moment before to the person addressed. But the act of writing them must nevertheless do good. It is a fiction which induces a certain amount of the feeling which it simulates. It raises, also, good will in the person addressed. Any one will feel that such is the case, without following all this reasoning to prove it, if he only receives one of Mr ——'s letters, whether he be one of that gentleman's friends or not. We take leave to add the remark, that Mr ——'s mistake is one of a class prevalent amongst men of considerable ability, who see something which they think wrong in the surface of things, but cannot penetrate deep enough to detect the occult reasons which make that something right. We suspect that clownish, thoughtless, human nature does better in the main by itself, following its own instinctive tendencies, than if it were under the conduct of a committee of its very cleverest specimens.

The forms so universally used in worship are to be defended on the same grounds. Religious feeling has its natural language; submission is expressed by kneeling, solemnity by a composure of the countenance, imploration by the folding or clasping of the hands; the non-dependence on self, which is one of the first dictates of religion, finds a proper external expression in a lowly attitude and downcast look. When these expressions of feelings are simulated, the actual feeling itself, if it be not present already, is apt to be induced, and the object is of course far better gained than it would be if looks and gestures expressive of indifference or of the opposite feelings were maintained. The utility which some find in music as an aid to devotion depends on the same principle. All the feelings find a natural language in music, and the religious feeling among the rest. It is expressed in deep and solemn tones, whether of the voice or of such an instrument as the organ; and when these tones are given forth, it is scarcely possible even for the most hardened to resist experiencing the actual feeling of which they are the language.

What is here written will perhaps be considered as throwing some light on the adage—"Assume a virtue if you have it not." When this is done, one of two results must follow. In some cases, the virtue will be assumed in vain as far as the person assuming it is concerned, owing to the incapability of his nature of really exemplifying it. It will not, however, be in vain for society, for it is better for the multitude to see the appearances of virtue than the opposite. In the great majority of cases, as we believe, the act of assuming a virtue will be attended with some indication of the real feeling, partly through the above principle, and partly from one which holds a powerful sway over all uncorrupted minds. There is an inclination constantly experienced by such minds to *be* that which they *seem*. Hypocrisy is with them a painful sensation, from which they are always anxious to escape. Even when forced, by some tyrannical compulsion, to act upon opinions opposite to their own, they will endeavour, if possible, to adopt those opinions rather than have their conduct out of harmony with their inward feelings. How much more powerful will this tendency be when they are called upon to assume a port which their understanding pronounces to be in all respects laudable? It must be well, then, where any one possesses an influence over his fellow-creatures, to use it, under proper limitations, in inducing them to assume the virtues which they have not, and adopt the forms which present the semblance of the better feelings. Only let influence not be used tyrannically, and due care be taken not to degrade good feelings by a system of hardened hypocrisy, and nothing but good can flow from such exertions.

VENTRILOQUISM.

This is the name generally given to a well-known art, which consists in speaking in such a manner that the bystanders believe the voice to proceed from a person different from the speaker, or from a place at a distance from him. It was formerly believed that the practisers of this art spoke from the belly, and hence the name of ventriloquism. This is now known to be an error, but the name is nevertheless too fixed in the public mind to be easily unseated or changed. The art would appear to have been practised in remote times, as a form of divination, and called *gastromancy*. In the early ages of Christianity, this was a prevalent mode of imposition. It was perhaps for this reason that the authors of the various translations of the Bible, called the Septuagint and Vulgate, then executed, rendered the Hebrew *ob*, applied to those who had familiar spirits, respectively by the words *engastrimuthos* and *ventriloquus*, meaning speakers by the belly. St Chrysostom and Œcumenius make mention of diviners who were called *Engastrimandri*, a word pointing to the same mode of deception. It is easy to conceive how, in those ages, when the populace were so easily deceived by anything transcending the common powers of understanding, any one possessing this power of speech would be tempted to use it in the way of imposture for his own advantage.

Engastrimism was believed to be a demon in the belly till the end of the seventeenth century, when Conrad Amman, a Dutch doctor of medicine, published a treatise to disprove that notion, and establish that it was a natural power which consisted in swallowing the speech, or making it run backward; that is to say, in speaking during the drawing in of the breath, and not, as usual, during expiration. It was not till a later period that any treatise on the subject, founded on actual investigation, was given to the world. This was first done in 1772 by M. de Chapelle, a learned Parisian, who had had opportunities of observing the practice of two highly-skilled ventriloquists—a Baron Mengen in the household of Prince Lichtenstein, at Vienna, and a person of the name of Saint Gille, a grocer at St Germain-en-Laye, near Paris. The baron's account of himself is in substance this—"That he owed his art to a passion, which showed itself in him at a very early age, to counterfeit the cries of animals and the voices of persons; and he soon found that he had the power of imitating sounds in such a way as to give them the appearance of coming from points different from his own mouth; that his organs gained flexibility by use, so as to be able to sustain a long illusion. For the sake of amusing his friends, he made a small figure or doll, with a contrivance with which, by inserting his hand under the dress, he could occasion appropriate motion of the lips; with this figure, from which he could make his voice to appear to come, he carried on droll and often highly-satirical conversations. His own words, describing the kind of vocal exertion he made, are as follows:—'I press my tongue strongly against my teeth and left cheek, and the voice, which appears articulated by the mouth of the figure, is formed in reality between the teeth and left cheek of my own. For this I use the precaution to *hold in reserve* in the windpipe (*le gosier**) a sufficient portion of air either to sing or speak, without the stomach or belly giving any assistance; and it is solely with that portion of air in reserve, *moderated*, retained, and suffered to escape with effort, that I produce the voice which I wish to make heard. Add to that a *quality in my tongue extremely subtile* and rarely possessed, by means of which I articulate all syllables and words (either singing or speaking), without in the least moving the lips; and taking great care to retain to the end of each period, phrase, or sentence, the air which comes from the *lungs* for the renewing of my respiration, *which requires a very good chest*.'

The theory of M. de la Chapelle, as confirmed by the Academy, is in substance as follows:—The *same* sound varies in its effect on the ear, according to the distance or place from which it comes. But every sound, as it reaches the ear, is a sound that may be imitated. A power of imitating sounds, which we are all accustomed to refer to certain distances and certain situations, is the whole art of ventriloquism. It is worthy of remark, that by custom the illusion lost its effect on M. de la Chapelle—he referring the words to the mouth of the speaker, which all others referred to distant points. The members of the Academy commissioned to make the inquiry with M. de la Chapelle, compare this gradation of sound to the imitations of distance in the symphonies of the opera; the distance being judged by the first sound heard, diminishes in appearance as the sounds become fainter.

The savans, satisfied that the effect produced was *imitation* of the sounds appropriate to certain distances, applied themselves to investigate the nature of the organic power which produced this effect, and they referred it to a power acquired by habit over the larynx, by which it could be readily shut and opened to the required degree, with the additional power, from flexibility of tongue, to articulate within the mouth, or even in the back part of it. The constriction and expansion of the larynx they believed to be very fatiguing, and attended with hoarseness after a lengthened exertion."

Towards the close of the last century a very dexterous ventriloquist, of the name of Garbutt, exhibited his powers in various parts of England and Scotland. He usually endeavoured to fix the attention of his audience, in the first place, upon the spot from which he was to represent the sounds as proceeding—as, for instance, upon the place under the benches on which they sat, or the spot under an inverted glass. In our own city, he played off one or two amusing practical jests in public. Seeing a fish-woman selling a fish at a gentleman's door, and alleging, in the usual style, that it was *living caller*, or only taken out of the sea that morning, he instantly caused the fish itself to exclaim against her lying declaration, and assert that it had not seen the Firth of Forth for a week. On another occasion, seeing an honest unthinking rustic driving a load of hay, he caused a voice as of a child to proceed from the interior of the hay, declaring that it had been covered over there, and was on the point of being smothered. The poor man heard with consternation, and with all haste unloaded his hay on the road, and it was not till the last armful was thrown out, that an imp's laugh proclaimed the success of the deception.

Ventriloquism was among the varied powers of the late admirable Mathews, and it has been practised of late years as a comic entertainment by many persons of less note; but modern times have seen no artist of this kind comparable to Monsieur Alexandre, a native of Paris, born in 1797, and who exhibited his talents about seventeen or eighteen years ago in the principal cities of Europe and America. Alexandre was universally acknowledged to be a well-bred, respectable young man, and his pleasant manners everywhere secured him an affectionate regard beyond what his mere talents could have procured for him. It says something for his industry and general intellect that he exhibited in six or eight different languages, to suit the various European nations amongst whom he sojourned. His entertainments, which usually took place in ordinary theatres, consisted of short comic pieces, in which he was the sole actor, but always under a great variety of characters. One of these pieces he performed in English for six months, before he had learned the language so as to understand what he was uttering, and it is said that his mistakes were extremely few. The best account which perhaps exists of this remarkable man was one drawn up while he was in Edinburgh by a learned gentleman belonging to the sect of phrenologists, to whom so amazing an example of the imitative power naturally became an interesting subject of study. Of this able paper we present an abridgment, trusting that to many the attempts to explain and rationalise the wonders of M. Alexandre's exhibition will only be a recommendation.

"We shall endeavour," says this writer, "to describe what we saw as minutely as we observed it narrowly. He performed a sort of drama, the hero of which is a clever young rogue, in the service of an old physic-taking valetudinarian and his careful fantastical wife, upon whom he perpetrates all sorts of mischievous tricks, both in revenge of his own short-commons, and in furtherance of a scheme, for which he is well paid, to unite the only daughter to a very agreeable young officer of infantry. Without merit as a comedy, the incidents of this piece (some of them very ludicrous) afforded him the means of exhibiting every variety of his vocal illusion. He represents the whole characters, male and female, young and old, himself; and, besides displaying an address and quickness which we never saw exceeded, he changed his dress at least thirty or forty times, with a rapidity which appears almost preternatural; so that the deception is perfect, that the whole *dramatis personæ* are bustling and talking at the same moment.

His change of dress is not, however, more complete than his change of manner, voice, and whole character. He spoke with his own natural voice in the valet; with a deep strong voice in the old man; in a whining, and chattering, and most affected voice in the lady; with a *degagé*, easy style in the dandy officer; and with the softest tripping femininism in the dandy's beloved. Of all these, he maintained the character with such judgment and effect as to convince us that his histrionic powers—his talents as an actor—are very considerable.

As it is of great moment for our phrenological tests in the sequel to keep steadily in view the power of imitation, we may here mention a sort of interlude which M. Alexandre performed, in which he manifested his possession of that talent, with the farther power of concealing self, to a degree of intensity which, till we saw them, we could not have believed possible. He exhibited the visages, voices, and manners of several different nuns of a convent, where he is supposed to have served outside the grate. He is first a pretty noviciate endeavouring to sing, but covered with bashfulness. In an instant he is the angry abbess chiding her pupil, with a face as round, as flat, and as pitted as a split muffin, and a voice to suit. Anon, he rises like a ghost from the ground, attired as Sister Beatrice, with a face double the length of the average of the human countenance. Down he sits again, and shows a face as preternaturally broad as the other was long, just above the level of the table, the said face being the index to the soul of Sister Agnes. A visage reduced to the size of a man's fist now peeps from the hood of Sister Angelina. The next face is all gone off to the east, its successor to the west, till he concludes with Sister Celestine's lamentable paralytic deformity, an exhibition greatly too like reality not to be painful to the spectators. His other personations, amounting to an absolute change of identity before our eyes, are quite sufficient to establish him as the most wonderful personator that ever exhibited.

M. Alexandre's vocal exhibition consisted of two very obviously distinguishable parts:—First, his mere imitations, or changes of voice to suit the different characters in which he appeared on the stage, in which he meant no farther illusion, and left the audience to take the personage in their sight for the speaker. In this it is obvious there was comic imitation, but none of the illusion more strictly called ventriloquism. To this class belong his imitations of animals and inanimate things, as a plane, a screw, a saw, an omelet frying, &c. Secondly, his ventriloquial efforts. In these he produced the effect of persons speaking from a distance; from the other side of a door, both shut

* This is physically impossible; and the baron afterwards shows that he means the lungs or chest.

and open; from a trunk also alternately open and shut; from a chimney-top; and from a cellar, with gradation of the voice as the person in the chimney and cellar ascended or descended. With his ventriloquial exertions alone we have to do here; and in these the illusion of confinement, freedom, distance, and gradual approach and recession, was complete.

We were not disappointed in our hopes to obtain M. Alexandre's own account of his singular powers. He assured us—1. That his voice does not come from his stomach or belly, in which, as he said in ridicule, he has neither tongue nor teeth, and against which inelegant region he has a sort of ill-will, for having occasioned the disgusting as well as absurd name of ventriloquism to an art which is merely vocal illusion. He wished to have offered himself in England as a professor of vocal illusion; but was advised that John Bull loves the marvellous, and would rather give his money to see a man who can speak with his stomach than one who avowedly can only speak with his mouth.

2. That he possesses uncommon power and flexibility in the organs of speech: he can extend and contract the larynx or windpipe, which has great muscular strength, so as to produce all the gradations from a bass voice of great power to the shrillest squeak; and his tongue has a degree of flexibility and power of change of shape and position in the mouth which enable him to do anything with it he pleases. The exertion, he says, does not exhaust or fatigue him.

3. He is not conscious of speaking even during expiration; certainly he does not speak during *inspiration* upon any occasion. When he speaks *en ventriloque*, he is not aware that he breathes at all, but seems to use a confined supply of air, which he retains in his chest till the period is finished, when he breathes again. He must, however, although unconsciously, expend it in expiration as he speaks. This seems proved by what follows next.

4. That he can ventriloquise *with his lips shut*.

5. That he cannot articulate the labial consonants *m*, *b*, and *p*, without using the lips. When he uses these consonants, therefore, he turns away his face from the person he wishes to deceive. He endeavours as much as possible to avoid the labials, and then he can speak without the slightest movement of the lips or any muscle of the face.

6. That he makes no use of echoes existing, much less does he create any, such a thing being far beyond human power. He scrupulously avoids places where echoes already exist, and this is the first thing he tries.

7. That he deceives the audience into the belief of the direction of the sound, entirely by previously fixing the direction, and trusting (which he never does in vain) to their imagination for the rest. He says, when he has fairly frightened people, which he has often done, he has no farther trouble; which way soever he looks, that becomes the direction of the dreaded sounds. He once horrified a party of visiters to the embalmed bodies of the Prince and Princess of Lignitz, in Silesia, in the vault in which they had lain 230 years. He first declared himself 250 years old, and that he was present at the interment, and then made the prince and princess complain of want of air, in consequence of an order of the magistracy to prevent the coffin being opened to gratify public curiosity. The attendants, in consternation, made no attempt to prevent him from opening the coffins, for which service he received the grateful thanks of the prince and princess therein reposing, and an inconvenient quantity of holy water to exorcise him as he came out of the vault.

Last of all, M. Alexandre declares that he has a ready perception of the varieties of sound, according to distances; and that each distance having its own specific sound, he imitates the sound as it is when it reaches his own ear. He has particularly studied this power of graduation, and has repeatedly imitated a person's voice who spoke at intervals as he receded above 300 yards. He has likewise sent a chimney-sweeper up a vent, with instructions to speak down every few yards, and has imitated the voice in his gradations so exactly, that the persons in the room could not tell which was his and which the chimney-sweeper's. On one occasion, in Vienna, at Prince Metternich's hotel, he hung a rope from the window of an apartment on the third floor from the ground, to which a weight was suspended to serve for a man, whom he undertook to pull up, and with whom he conversed every yard or two as he pulled the rope, the voice of the man gradually getting plainer, till he was at the window-sill, when, all at once, M. Alexandre allowed the rope to slip, and down went the poor man with a scream, and many a groan as he lay, knocked to pieces, on the ground. The company were terrified, and it required a clear exposition of the illusion to restore their composure.

He gave no other account of his change of countenance in the nuns, quack-doctor, &c., than that his endeavour was to conceal himself, and imitate, or, as near as possible *be*, another person. He has often disguised himself by this means when he wished not to be known. Aware of the severe trial to which such exertions must put the nerves of voluntary motion, and the subservient muscles, we asked him if he has no fears of some permanent set in these hideous forms? He answered that, at Manchester, he did remain the quack-doctor some hours longer than he intended. He can remain voluntarily for a great length of time so metamorphosed."

M. Alexandre, in leaving Scotland, visited Abbotsford, where he entertained Sir Walter Scott and some of his friends with such success, that next morning the illustrious minstrel inserted the following lines in an album carried by the mimic:—

"Of yore, in old England, it was not thought good
To carry two visages under one hood;
What should folks say to *you*, who have faces such plenty,
That from under one hood you last night show'd us twenty!
Stand forth, arch-deceiver! and tell us, in truth,
Are you handsome or ugly, in age or in youth?
Man, woman, or child? or a dog, or a mouse?
Or are you, at once, each live thing in the house?
Each live thing, did I ask?—each dead implement too!
A workshop in your person—saw, chisel, and screw.
Above all, are you one individual? I know
You must be, at the least, Alexandre *and Co.*
But I think you're a troop—an assemblage—a mob—
And that I, as the sheriff, must take up the job;
And instead of rehearsing your wonders in verse,
Must read you the riot-act, and bid you disperse!"

BETY AMBOS.

Mrs Jameson, during a tour in Germany, accidentally met with a young woman returning home from the execution of a similar errand with that of the heroine Elizabeth, described so pathetically by Madame Cottin in her "Exiles of Siberia." There was, however, one striking difference between the two cases—Elizabeth was poor, while Bety Ambos, the German heroine, was rich. Yet, though the possession of wealth diminished some of the difficulties of the undertaking, it scarcely perhaps lessened the greatness of the moral worth; since it cannot be denied, that those who are accustomed to poverty are less alarmed at the prospect of its evils than the rich, who, reared amidst comforts and luxuries, have never encountered physical evils and privations.

Mrs Jameson describes herself, when travelling to Frankfort, as attracted by the appearance of a female who alighted, amongst many other travellers, from a post-coach; her dress was extremely rich, her figure fine, and her countenance pretty, with a decided frank and good-humoured expression; her age appeared to be about two or three and twenty; her manner evinced innocence and modesty, mingled with the ease and self-possession of one accustomed to travel. She appeared to be an object of great interest to the persons of the house; and, after some little time, Mrs Jameson found that she was on her way home, alone and unprotected, from the wilds of Siberia. At a subsequent period, they again met at Frankfort, when Mrs Jameson renewed her acquaintance with her, and conveyed her in her carriage to Mayence, where she learned her whole history, which she gives with an apology for a failure of recollection respecting some of the names, dates, and circumstances, and with a promise that she will not supply these defects from her own imagination, adding—"Of the animation of voice and manner, the vivid eloquence, and the grace and vivacity of gesture with which the relation was made by this fine untutored child of nature, I can give no idea."

The following account is slightly altered from Mrs Jameson's narration:—

Bety Ambos was the daughter of a rich brewer and wine merchant, of Deuxponts or Zweibrücken, the capital of the provinces of the kingdom of Bavaria lying on the left bank of the Rhine. She was one of five children, two much older and two much younger than herself. Her eldest brother was called Henri: he had early displayed uncommon talents, and such a decided inclination for study, that his father determined to give him all the advantages of a learned education, and sent him to the university of Elangau, in Bavaria, whence he returned to his family with the highest testimonies of his talents and good conduct. His father now destined him for the clerical profession, with which his own wishes accorded. His sister fondly dwelt upon his praises, and described him as being not only the pride of his family but of all his fellow-citizens, "tall, and handsome, and good," of a most benevolent enthusiastic temper, and devoted to his studies. When he had been at home for some time, he attracted the notice of one of the princes in the north of Germany, with whom he travelled in the capacity of secretary. It appeared that, through the recommendation of this powerful patron, he became Professor of Theology in the University of Courland, at Riga, or somewhere near it. Henri was at this time aged about twenty-eight.

Here he fell deeply in love with the daughter of a rich Jew merchant, and endeavoured to convert the object of his affection: her relatives discovering their correspondence, the Jewess was forbidden to see or to speak to her lover; they, however, met in secret, and he prevailed upon her to change her faith and to fly with him beyond the frontiers, there to be baptised and to become his wife. Their plan was frustrated; they were pursued and overtaken by her relatives and the police. The Jews are protected at Riga, and the affair was brought before the tribunal, where Henri was accused of carrying off the girl by force. He defended himself by declaring that she had fled with him by her own free will, that she was a Christian, and his betrothed bride, as they had exchanged rings, or had gone through some similar ceremony. The father, on the part of his daughter, denied this, and Henri desired to be confronted with the lady, who was thus said to have turned his accuser. Her family made many objections, but by the order of the judge she was obliged to appear. She was brought into the court of justice, pale, trembling, and supported by her father and others of her kindred. The judge demanded whether it was by her own will that she had fled with Henri Ambos? She answered, in a faint voice, "No." "Had, then, violence been used to carry her off?" "Yes." "Was she a Christian?" "No." "Did she regard Henri as her affianced husband?" "No." On hearing these replies, so different from the truth and from all he could have anticipated, the unfortunate young man appeared for a few minutes stupified; then, as if seized with a sudden frenzy, he made a desperate effort to rush upon the young Jewess. On being prevented, he drew a knife from his pocket, which he attempted to plunge into his own bosom, but it was wrested from him; in the scuffle he was wounded in the hands and face, and the young lady swooned away. The sight of his mistress insensible, and his own blood flowing, restored the lover to his senses. He became sullenly calm, offered not another word in his own defence, refused to answer any questions, and was immediately conveyed to prison.

These particulars came to the knowledge of his family after the lapse of many months; but of his subsequent fate they could learn nothing. Neither his sentence nor his punishment could be ascertained; and although one of his relations went to Riga for the purpose of obtaining some information or redress, he returned without having effected either of the purposes of his journey. Whether Henri had died of his wounds, or languished in a perpetual dungeon, remained a mystery.

Six years thus passed away. His father died; and his mother, who persisted in hoping while all others despaired, lingered on in heart-wearying suspense. At length, in the beginning of 1833, a travelling merchant passed through the city of Deuxponts, and inquired for the family of Ambos. He informed them, that in the preceding year he had seen and spoken to a man in rags, with a long beard, who was working in fetters with other criminals, near the fortress of Barinska, in Siberia, who described himself as Henri Ambos, a pastor of the Lutheran church, unjustly condemned; and who besought him, with tears and the most urgent supplications, to convey some tidings of him to his unhappy parents, and beseech them to use every means to obtain his liberation.

The feelings which this intelligence excited must be left to the reader's imagination. A family council was held, and it was determined that application should be made to the police authorities at St Petersburg, to ascertain beyond a doubt the fate of poor Henri, and that a petition in his favour should be presented to the Emperor of Russia; but who was to present it? The second brother offered himself, but he had a wife and two children; the wife protested that she should die if her husband left her, and would not hear of his going; besides, he was the only remaining hope of his mother's family. The sister then said that she would undertake the journey, and argued that, as a woman, she had more chance of success in such an affair than her brother. The mother acquiesced. There was, in truth, no alternative; and being amply furnished with the means, this generous, affectionate, and strong-minded girl set off alone, on her long and perilous journey; and receiving her mother's blessing, she silently vowed that she would not return alive without her brother's pardon. She entertained no doubt of success, because she was resolved to succeed. She had health and strength, and feared nothing. She reached the city of Riga without mischance. There she collected the necessary documents relative to her brother's character and conduct, with all the circumstances of his trial, and had them properly attested. Furnished with these papers, she proceeded to St Petersburg, where she arrived safely in the beginning of June 1833. She had been furnished with several letters of recommendation, and particularly with one to a German ecclesiastic, of whom she spoke with the most grateful enthusiasm. She met with the utmost difficulty in obtaining from the police the official return of her brother's condemnation, place of exile, punishment, &c.; but at length, by almost incredible boldness, perseverance, and address, she was in possession of these, and with the assistance of her good friend, the pastor, she drew up a petition to the emperor. With this she waited on the minister of the interior, to whom, with great difficulty, and after many applications, she obtained access. He treated her with much harshness, and absolutely refused to deliver the petition. She threw herself on her knees, and added tears to intreaties; but he was inexorable, and added, brutally, "Your brother was a villain; he ought not to be pardoned; and if I were the emperor, I would not pardon him." She rose from her knees, and stretching her arms towards heaven, exclaimed with fervour—"I call God to witness that my brother was innocent; and I thank God you are not the emperor, for I can still hope." The minister, in a rage, said, "Do you dare to speak thus to me? Do you know who I am?" "Yes," she replied; "you are his excellency the minister C——; but what of that? You are a cruel man; but I put my trust in God and the emperor." Thus she left him, without even a curtsy, though he followed her, speaking loud and angrily, to the door.

Her suit being rejected by all the ministers—for even those who were most gentle, and who allowed the hardship of the case, still refused to interfere, or deliver her petition—she resolved to do, what she had been dissuaded from attempting in the first instance—to appeal to the emperor in person. But it was in vain she lavished hundreds of dollars in bribes to the inferior officers; in vain she beset the imperial suite at reviews, at the theatre, and on the way to church; invariably beaten back by the guards or the attendants, she could not penetrate to the emperor's presence. After spending six weeks in daily ineffectual attempts of this kind, hoping every morning, and almost despairing every evening—threatened by the police, and spurned by the officials—Providence raised her up a friend in one of her own sex. Among some ladies of rank who became interested in her story and invited her to their houses, was a countess whose name is not recorded. This lady, perceiving the despair of her young friend, proposed to lend her on the next day her equipage, servants, and robes, when she should drive to the palace, and, under the name of the countess (who dared not present the petition herself for fear of exile), obtain an audience of the emperor. Overpowered with gratitude, Bety threw herself at the feet of the countess, unable to speak; and though the thought crossed her mind that the deception might risk the safety of her friend, she dismissed the idea, for she had resolved to obtain her brother's pardon at every hazard. This plan was soon arranged; and at the time appointed she drove up to the palace in a splendid equipage, preceded by a running footman, with three laced lacqueys, in full dress, mounted behind. She was announced as the Countess Elise ——, who supplicated a particular audience of his majesty. The doors flew open, and in a few minutes she was in the presence of the emperor, who advanced one or two steps to meet her, but suddenly started back.

Bety had, fortunately, no dread of rank or power; her heart did not fail her; she sprang forward, and knelt at his feet, exclaiming, with clasped hands—"Pardon, imperial majesty! Pardon!" "Who are you?" said the emperor, astonished; "and what can I do for you?" He spoke gently, more gently than any of his ministers; and overcome, even by her own hopes, she burst into tears, and said—"May it please your imperial majesty, I am not Countess Elise ——; I am only the sister of the unfortunate Henry Ambos, who has been condemned on false accusation. Oh, pardon—pardon! Here are the papers—the proofs. Oh, imperial majesty! pardon my poor brother!" Still kneeling, with one hand she held out the petition and papers, while with the other she pressed the skirt of his embroidered robe to her lips. Not heeding the emperor's command to rise, she still held out the papers; at last, apparently much moved, he extended one hand towards her, and taking the papers with the other, said, "Rise, mademoiselle; I command you to rise." Kissing his hand, and weeping, she intreated him to read the paper. He replied, "I will read it." Bety then rose from the ground, and, as he read the petition, eagerly watched his countenance; it changed, and he once or twice exclaimed, "Is it possible? This is dreadful!" When he had finished, he folded the paper; and, without any observations on its contents, said, at once, "Mademoiselle Ambos, your brother is pardoned." The poor girl, scarcely knowing what she said, but with the words ringing in her ears, again fell at the emperor's feet, and poured out her gratitude and blessings.

On her return, she received the congratulations of her benefactress, the Countess Elise ——, and of her good friend the pastor; but both advised her to keep her audience and the emperor's promise a profound secret. She was the more inclined to do this, because, after the first burst of joyous emotion, her spirits sank. Recollecting the pains that had been taken to shut her out from the emperor's presence, she feared some unforeseen obstacle, or even some knavery, on the part of the officers of government. Her sufferings during the next few days were fearful; her agitation, her previous fatigues, and the terrible suspense, apparently threw her into a fever, or acted on her excited nerves so as to produce a kind of delirium; but her composure soon returned, for just five days after her interview with the emperor, a lacquey, in the imperial livery, came to her lodging, and put a packet into her hands, with the emperor's compliments to Mademoiselle Ambos. It was her brother's pardon, signed and sealed by the emperor. Those mean officials, who had before spurned her, now pressed upon her with offers of service, and even the minister C—— offered to expedite the pardon himself to Siberia, in order to save her trouble; but she would not suffer the precious paper out of her hands. She determined to carry it herself, to be herself the bearer of the glad tidings; she had resolved that none but herself should take off those fetters, the very description of which had entered her soul; so, having made her arrangements as quickly as possible, she set off for Moscow, where she arrived in three days.

According to her description, the town in Siberia to the governor of which she carried an official recommendation, was nine thousand versts beyond Moscow; and the fortress to which the wretched malefactors were exiled was at a great distance beyond that. Mrs Jameson says, "I could not well make out the situation of either; and, unluckily, I had no map with me but a road map of Germany, and it was evident that my heroine was no geographer." After leaving Moscow, she travelled for seven days and seven nights, sleeping in the carriage. She then reposed for two days, and then posted on for another seven days and nights. Her sensations, as she was rapidly whirled over the wide solitary plains, were so new and strange, that at times her head seemed to turn (so she described it); she could scarcely credit her own identity. On waking in the middle of the night, alone, and unable immediately to collect her thoughts, she experienced a temporary feeling of fear, but never at any other time. Twice, only, did she meet with insult; and although she spoke of her journey as horrible, yet there were anticipations of a happiness which made all fatigues light and all dangers indifferent.

At length, in the beginning of August, she arrived at the end of her journey, and was courteously received by the commandant of the fortress. She presented the pardon with a hand which trembled with impatience and joy, too great to be restrained, almost to be borne. The officer looked very grave, and took, she thought, a long time to read the paper, which consisted only of six or eight lines. At last he stammered out, "I am sorry—but the Henri Ambos mentioned in this paper—is dead." Poor girl! she fell to the earth.

She had travelled thus far to seek a brother, and found but his grave. The unfortunate man had died a year before. The fetters in which he worked had caused an ulcer in his leg, which he neglected, and, after some weeks of horrid suffering, death released him. The taskwork, for nearly five years, of this accomplished and even learned man, in the prime of his life and mental powers, had been to break stones upon the road, chained hand and foot, and confounded with the lowest malefactors. She found, on inquiry, that some papers and letters which her unhappy brother had drawn up by stealth, in the hope of being able at some time to convey them to his friends, were in possession of one of the officers, who readily gave them up to her; and with these she returned, half broken-hearted, to St Petersburg. If her former journey, when hope cheered her on the way, had been so fearful, what must have been her return! She was seized with a dangerous illness, and was for many weeks confined to bed.

Her story excited much commiseration, and a very general interest and curiosity. A great many persons of rank invited her to their houses, and made her rich presents, among which were the splendid shawls and the ring which had first caught Mrs Jameson's attention. The emperor expressed a wish to see her, and very graciously spoke a few words of condolence. He even presented her to the empress. Mrs Jameson asked—"What did the empress say to you?" "Nothing; but she looked so" (drawing herself up).

On receiving her brother's pardon from the emperor, she had written home to her family; but since that time she had not written. She had not courage to inflict a blow which might affect her mother's life; it remained for her to tell what she dared not write.

She left Petersburg in October, and proceeded to Riga, where those who had known her brother received her with interest and kindness, and sympathised in her affliction. She had resolved to see the Jewess who had been the cause of all her brother's misfortunes; she felt that to say to her, "Your falsehood has done this," would be a source of satisfaction; but her brother's friends persuaded her that such an act could do Henri no good, that it was wrong, that it was unchristian; she yielded, and left Riga.

Having reached the Prussian frontiers, she stopped at the custom-house, where, on searching her packages, the chief officer, observing her address on a trunk, exclaimed, "Mademoiselle Ambos! Are you any relation of the Professor Henri Ambos?" On hearing that she was his sister, the officer explained that he was the intimate friend of her brother, and inquired what had become of him. In learning his unhappy fate, the officer with tears expressed his commiseration, and pressed on Mademoiselle Ambos offers of service and hospitality; but her impatience to reach home increased hourly, and her funds were getting low. The driver had heard her relate the sad story to the officer; and on stopping at the next town to feed his horses, he came to the door of the carriage, and informed her she had just missed seeing the Jewess lady, who, with her sister and her sister's husband, had passed in a caleche. What followed must be read with an allowance for continental feelings and the peculiar excitability of one who had gone through such tremendous trials. Bety ordered the driver to drive back as fast as possible to the custom-house, where she knew the party would be delayed. On reaching it, she saw a caleche; trembling with agitation and emotion, she went up to it. Two ladies were sitting within; and addressing the most beautiful, she asked, "Are you Mademoiselle de S——?" Her manner was probably strange and startling, for the lady addressed replied, in a frightened manner, "I am—who are you?—and what do you want with me?" On hearing this reply, she said, "I am the sister of Henri Ambos, whom you murdered." The lady screamed aloud, and some men ran from the house. Holding fast by the carriage door, Bety continued—"I am not come to hurt you; but you are the murderess of my brother, Henri Ambos. He loved you, and your falsehood has killed him." Having uttered other fearful expressions, while the lady stared at her with a ghastly expression, she fell into a fit, and was carried into the house of the custom-house officer, her brother's friend, and laid on a bed. On recovering her senses, the caleche and all were gone, and she herself proceeded on her journey. The scene which had occurred appeared so strange, so *like* a dream, that, on reaching Berlin, she wrote to the officer of the customs, to beg that he would attest that it was really true.

Mrs Jameson parted with this interesting girl at Mayence, after seeing the pardon and many other documents, all proving the truth of the story, even to the minutest particulars. Here the relation ends. Whatever her subsequent fate, however severe her own disappointments, and the fresh trial that awaited her in breaking the melancholy news to her mother, the reader feels that Mademoiselle Ambos was supported by the greatest of all consolations—the consciousness of duty well performed.

HINTS FOR PICTURE CRITICISM.

EXHIBITIONS of the works of living artists are spreading over the country, particularly into the manufacturing districts, where it is understood there is occasionally a good deal of wall requiring the proper covering. It must be very annoying to the conductors of country newspapers, when, after living happily for years without knowing anything of pictures, like Goldsmith's professor who knew nothing of Greek, they find themselves suddenly called upon to exhibit taste and learning in the fine arts, in order to convey to their readers proper information and sound criticism on the various works of art which have been hung up for show in their town. For persons of this class, it is evidently desirable that there should be some instructions afforded in the art of writing proper criticisms on the works of the pencil and brush; that is to say, not merely such empty common-places as—"So-and-so is a rising artist," and "The Blind Beggar is perhaps the finest work of art in the room," but real, deep, knowing-looking criticism, which will pass muster with the general public, and advance, or at least support, the character of the paper. Now, such instruction we believe we shall be able in some measure to present, by a sketch of the system of Tom Barker, as confessed to by himself.

Tom was a tradesman in a provincial city, who chose to support by his pen a certain specimen of the free and independent British press, called "The —— Herald." He had been contented for many years to contribute letters on neglected crossings and pavement-encumbering apple-women; but when an exhibition of pictures was set up in his native town, he had at length risen to be a critic on works of art. The editor of the newspaper which he patronised looked constantly to him for a series of articles on the pictures exhibited; and, to do Tom justice, his criticisms were drawn up in a very imposing manner. Artists alternately capered with joy, or were sunk in despair, according as the "Herald" praised or condemned one of their productions. Tom's criticisms became noted articles, and for years no one ventured to dissent from his authority. Many of the leading artists were so sensible of the value of having Tom's good word, that they would occasionally send him bits and first draughts gratuitously, all of which he hung up in his parlour to let his ignorant neighbours know what a great man he was. When any of them were particularly anxious to secure Tom's approbation, they would invite him to their studios, and consult him about the proper management of the subject which they were handling; and it oftener than once happened that he ruined their picture by taking up a brush, and in his cool way rubbing out a considerable group with which he professed to be displeased. Considering the eminence which this gentleman attained, it seems pretty clear that a full and particular exposition of the means by which he became a critic of pictures will serve to illuminate those who have occasion to write on that subject without having given it any previous study.

Tom gave a full account of his art as a picture-critic to a friend who had one day treated him to a remarkably good dinner. A sufficiency of champagne, followed up by a competency of Burgundy, had opened his heart, or perhaps rather lulled asleep his caution, and he gave his confessions with an air which, it is to be feared, was not quite free of the spirit of boasting. "How did I become a critic of pictures, say you? why, I will tell you. The fact is, my dear fellow, I know little or nothing of art; and how could I? But I know something that is better; I know all the technical terms which the artists employ. My first business was to pick these up; after that it was all smooth sailing. You may turn critic to-morrow if you only follow my plan. Look you," said he, his bright eyes twinkling like stars, "if you would wish ever to be a critic, you must have your vocabulary at your finger ends. I would have you begin with a few simples, such as breadth, depth, light, shade, cast, style, tone, energy, purity, outline, repose, unobtrusive, fore-shorten, and, above all, chiaro-oscuro—that is a term sure to tell. And, then, you must have your list of compounds—correct outline, admirably contrasted, felicity of expression, clear and transparent, dark and gloomy, skilfully blended, grace and dignity, fineness of thought, harmony of colouring, breadth of expression, sweetness of tint, easy and flowing pencil, exuberant foliage, admirable study, grand relief, splendour diffused, juxtaposition, boldness of fore-shortening, exquisite morceaux! And then, my boy," he continued, whipping off a bumper with the rapidity of lightning—"And then, my boy, you must be pre-

pared with your choice bits, such as—touched with inexpressible fire and spirit, great richness and vigourousness of colouring, delightful union of harmony, chiaro-oscuro wonderful and effective, grand perspective beauty, nothing better conceived or more happily executed, grounds charmingly broken, coloured with great sweetness, designed with infinite ease, grace, or anything—accustomed boldness of decision, fine receding of the objects—an elegance in the whole which perfectly conceals the poverty of—why any thing. And observe, my dear boy, when you are presented with a grand performance which you cannot understand, just conclude with—a degree of boldness bordering on temerity." The auditor thought that the famous critic would have halted here; but no—he was not done yet. There were the requisite cuts and banters, such as—"faulty in expression, injudiciously introduced, out of keeping, want of relief, slovenly production, offensively gaudy, careless of reputation, somewhat awkward and constrained, not exempt from vice of mannerism, fore-shortening monstrous, an abortion, a painted absurdity—a what?" Finally, to crown all, a few of his sly rubs in the way of advice, only one of which is remembered, and that, probably, from its almost ridiculous affectation of expression. It was to this effect. "This artist might have even added to the perfection of this his *chef-d'œuvre*, had he been a *little more sparing of his yellow!* And now," said Tom, flourishing his glass, "if you can recollect but one half of this lecture, you may dub yourself a genuine critic to-morrow morning."

We leave the gentlemen of the press to fructify upon the hint.

SANATORY CONDITION OF THE LABOURING POPULATION.

CONCLUSIONS.

We trust it will scarcely be deemed superfluous to quote in this place the conclusions at which Mr Chadwick arrives at the close of his Sanatory Report. If any of our readers have overlooked the three articles given in preceding numbers of the Journal on that subject, we earnestly intreat their attention to them; but alike for those who have, and those who have not read these articles, the following still more brief and expressive summary will be worthy of a careful perusal:—

"*First, as to the extent and operation of the evils which are the subject of the inquiry:*—

That the various forms of epidemic, endemic, and other disease caused, or aggravated, or propagated chiefly amongst the labouring classes by atmospheric impurities produced by decomposing animal and vegetable substances, by damp and filth, and close and overcrowded dwellings, prevail amongst the population in every part of the kingdom, whether dwelling in separate houses, in rural villages, in small towns, or in the larger towns, as they have been found to prevail in the lowest districts of the metropolis.

That such disease, wherever its attacks are frequent, is always found in connexion with the physical circumstances above specified; and that where those circumstances are removed by drainage, proper cleansing, better ventilation, and other means of diminishing atmospheric impurity, the frequency and intensity of such disease are abated; and where the removal of the noxious agencies appears to be complete, such disease almost entirely disappears.

That high prosperity in respect to employment and wages, and various and abundant food, have afforded to the labouring classes no exemptions from attacks of epidemic disease, which have been as frequent and as fatal in periods of commercial and manufacturing prosperity as in any others.

That the formation of all habits of cleanliness is obstructed by defective supplies of water.

That the annual loss of life from filth and bad ventilation is greater than the loss from death or wounds in any wars in which the country has been engaged in modern times.

That of the 43,000 cases of widowhood, and 112,000 cases of destitute orphanage relieved from the poor's rates in England and Wales alone, it appears that the greatest proportion of deaths of the heads of families occurred from the above specified and other removeable causes; that their ages were under 45 years; that is to say, 13 years below the natural probabilities of life, as shown by the experience of the whole population of Sweden.

That the public loss from the premature deaths of the heads of families is greater than can be represented by any enumeration of the pecuniary burdens consequent upon their sickness and death.

That, measuring the loss of working ability amongst large classes by the instances of gain, even from incomplete arrangements for the removal of noxious influences from places of work or from abodes, this loss cannot be less than eight or ten years.

That the ravages of epidemics and other diseases do not diminish, but tend to increase the pressure of population.

That in the districts where the mortality is the greatest, the births are not only sufficient to replace the numbers removed by death, but to add to the population.

That the younger population, bred up under noxious physical agencies, is inferior in physical organisation and general health to a population preserved from the presence of such agencies.

That the population so exposed is less susceptible of moral influences, and the effects of education are more transient than with a healthy population.

That these adverse circumstances tend to produce an adult population short-lived, improvident, reckless, and intemperate, and with habitual avidity for sensual gratifications.

That these habits lead to the abandonment of all the conveniences and decencies of life, and especially lead to the overcrowding of their homes, which is destructive to the morality as well as the health of large classes of both sexes.

That defective town-cleansing fosters habits of the most abject degradation, and tends to the demoralisation of large numbers of human beings, who subsist by means of what they find amidst the noxious filth accumulated in neglected streets and by-places.

That the expenses of local public works are in general unequally and unfairly assessed, oppressively and uneconomically collected, by separate collections; wastefully expended in separate and inefficient operations by unskilled and practically irresponsible officers.

That the existing law for the protection of the public health, and the constitutional machinery for reclaiming its execution, such as the Courts Leet, have fallen into desuetude, and are in the state indicated by the prevalence of the evils they were intended to prevent.

Secondly, As to the means by which the present sanatory condition of the labouring-classes may be improved:—

The primary and most important measures, and at the same time the most practicable, and within the recognised province of public administration, are drainage, the removal of all refuse of habitations, streets, and roads, and the improvement of the supplies of water.

That the chief obstacles to the immediate removal of decomposing refuse of towns and habitations, have been the expense and annoyance of the hand-labour and cartage requisite for the purpose.

That this expense may be reduced to one-twentieth or to one-thirtieth, or rendered inconsiderable, by the use of water and self-acting means of removal by improved and cheaper sewers and drains.

That refuse, when thus held in suspension in water, may be most cheaply and innoxiously conveyed to any distance out of towns, and also in the best form for productive use, and that the loss and injury by the pollution of natural streams may be avoided.

That for all these purposes, as well as for domestic use, better supplies of water are absolutely necessary.

That for successful and economical drainage, the adoption of geological areas as the basis of operations is requisite.

That appropriate scientific arrangements for public drainage would afford important facilities for private land-drainage, which is important for the health as well as sustenance of the labouring-classes.

That the expense of public drainage, of supplies of water laid on in houses, and of means of improved cleansing, would be a pecuniary gain, by diminishing the existing charges attendant on sickness and premature mortality.

That for the protection of the labouring-classes, and of the rate-payers against inefficiency and waste in all new structural arrangements for the protection of the public health, and to insure public confidence that the expenditure will be beneficial, securities should be taken that all new local public works are devised and conducted by responsible officers, qualified by the possession of the science and skill of civil engineers.

That the oppressiveness and injustice of levies for the whole immediate outlay on such works upon persons who have only short interests in the benefits, may be avoided by care in spreading the expense over periods coincident with the benefits.

That by appropriate arrangements, 10 or 15 per cent. on the ordinary outlay for drainage might be saved, which, on an estimate of the expense of the necessary structural alterations of one-third only of the existing tenements, would be a saving of one million and a half sterling, besides the reduction of the future expenses of management.

That for the prevention of the disease occasioned by defective ventilation, and other causes of impurity, in places of work and other places where large numbers are assembled, and for the general promotion of the means necessary to prevent disease, that it would be good economy to appoint a district medical officer, independent of private practice, and with the securities of special qualifications and responsibilities to initiate sanatory measures, and reclaim the execution of the law.

That by the combinations of all these arrangements, it is probable that the full insurable period of life indicated by the Swedish tables (that is, an increase of thirteen years at least) may be extended to the whole of the labouring-classes.

That the attainment of these and the other collateral advantages, of reducing existing charges and expenditure, are within the power of the legislature, and are dependent mainly on the securities taken for the application of practical science, skill, and economy in the direction of local public works.

And that the removal of noxious physical circumstances, and the promotion of civic, household, and personal cleanliness, are necessary to the improvement of the moral condition of the population; for that sound morality, and refinement in manners and health, are not long found co-existent with filthy habits amongst any class of the community."

ONE OF OUR FORGOTTEN POETS.

The names of Donne, Herrick, and Carew, are now well known to every lover of true poetry. Not so familiar is the name of Richard Crashaw; but it is one that merits to be associated with theirs, as the designation of a genuine son of the muses. Crashaw was one of the remarkable band of writers who, giving loose to the free notions that inspired the universal mind of England in the reign of the first Charles, shook off from the national literature the pedantic trammels in which the tastes of James I. had bound it, and restored to it the freshness and the fire of its earlier days. He was the son of a clergyman of the English church, and was born in the beginning of the seventeenth century. Educated in the first instance at the Charterhouse, he afterwards became a scholar of Pembroke-hall, and fellow of Peter-house, in the University of Cambridge. The fellowship was held by him in 1637, and at that time he had attained distinction as a preacher, and as a man of learning and poetical genius. His first efforts in verse were some Latin poems, published so early as 1634, and the fruit, most probably, of the academical leisure hours of his youth. These pieces possess very considerable merit. Besides his skill in the Latin tongue, Crashaw is said to have been master of the Greek and Hebrew, as well as of the Italian and Spanish languages.

Richard Crashaw was ejected from Peter-house in 1644 by the parliamentary army. After his ejection, he betook himself to France, and there embraced the Roman Catholic religion. It is unnecessary to inquire by what motives he was actuated on this occasion. Necessity was most probably the leading cause. His conversion enabled Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I., to compensate so far his losses as a royalist, by recommending him to the ecclesiastical dignitaries of Italy; and on going thither, he was made a canon of Loretto, from which situation he derived sufficient emolument to maintain life in comfort.

Crashaw's English poems seem to have been published for the first time in 1647, under the title of "Steps to the Temple; Sacred Poems, with other Delights of the Muses." As he had in all likelihood left England previously to the year mentioned, they may have been there issued by his friends, in order to procure him some little store of funds; and possibly Cowley or Herbert, both of them his warm friends and admirers, may have done him that service. Crashaw was of the same school of poetry with Cowley; a school by which ingenuity of similitudes appears to have been deemed the chief end of the bard, and the staple of his art. Though mingled at times with such a leaven of feeling and passion as redeems them from the character of mere glittering conceits, too many of the pieces of Crashaw, it must be admitted, exhibit the peculiar feature in question to a faulty excess. Yet, as has been said, he was a true poet, and the pursuit of erroneous models cannot hide the fact. The following verses, for example, though extremely fanciful, possess much tenderness. They are headed, "The Weeper:"—

"The dew no more will weep
The primrose's pale cheek to deck;
The dew no more will sleep,
Nuzzled in the lily's neck.
Much rather would it tremble here,
And leave them both to be thy tear.

Not the soft gold which
Steals from the amber-weeping tree,
Makes sorrow half so rich,
As the drops distilled from thee.
Sorrow's best jewels lie in these
Caskets of which Heaven keeps the keys.

When sorrow would be seen
In her brightest majesty—
For she is a queen—
Then she is dressed by none but thee.
Then and only then she wears
Her richest pearls—I mean thy tears.

Not in the evening's eyes,
When they red with weeping are
For the sun that dies,
Sits sorrow with a face so fair.
Nowhere but here did ever meet
Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet."

More simple than the preceding lines, and more tender too, are the subjoined verses, forming an epitaph upon a husband and wife, who died and were buried together:—

"To these whom Death again did wed,
This grave's the second marriage-bed.
For, though the hand of fate could force
'Twixt soul and body a divorce,
It could not sever man and wife,
Because they both lived but one life.
Peace! good reader, do not weep!
Peace! the lovers are asleep.
They, sweet turtles, folded lie
In the last knot that Love could tie.
Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
Till this stormy night be gone,
And the eternal morrow dawn.
Then the curtains will be drawn,
And they waken with that light
Whose day shall never sleep in night."

But we shall not take up our space with these slighter specimens of Crashaw. We wish to give as large a portion as possible of a more elaborate

piece, which is nominally a translation from the Latin of Strada, but in which the translator has far excelled his original, exhibiting, as an able critic says, "a wonderful power over the resources of our language," and producing an English poem of eminent beauty. It is entitled "Music's Duel," and the subject is the contest of the nightingale with the lutist, so finely treated by Ford in his "Lover's Melancholy." Crashaw opens the subject beautifully, and with the easy strength of a master :—

"Now westward Sol had spent the richest beams
Of noon's high glory, when hard by the streams
Of Tiber, on the scene of a green plat,
Under protection of an oak, there sate
A sweet lute's master; in whose gentle airs
He lost the day's heat, and his own hot cares.

Close in the covert of the leaves there stood
A nightingale, come from the neighbouring wood;
(The sweet inhabitant of each glad tree,
Their muse, their syren, harmless syren she),
There stood she list'ning, and did entertain
The music's soft report; and mould the same
In her own murmurs; that whatever mood
His curious fingers lent, her voice made good.
The man perceived his rival and her art.
Disposed to give the light-foot lady sport,
Awakes his lute, and 'gainst the fight to come
Informs it, in a sweet præludium
Of closer strains, and e'er the war begin,
He lightly skirmishes on every string,
Charged with a flying touch; and straightway she
Carves out her dainty voice as readily
Into a thousand sweet distinguish'd tones,
And reckons up in soft divisions
Quick volumes of wild notes, to let him know
By that shrill taste she could do something too.

His nimble hand's instinct then taught each string
A cap'ring cheerfulness; and made them sing
To their own dance; now negligently rash
He throws his arm, and with a long-drawn dash
Blends all together; then distinctly trips
From this to that, then quick returning skips
And snatches this again, and pauses there.
She measures every measure, everywhere
Meets art with art; sometimes as if in doubt
Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out,
Trails her plain ditty in one long-spun note
Through the sleek passage of her open throat,
A clear unwrinkled song; then doth she point it
With tender accents, and severely joint it
By short diminutives, that being rear'd
In controverting warbles evenly shared,
With her sweet self she wrangles. He amazed.
That from so small a channel should be raised
The torrent of a voice, whose melody
Could melt into such sweet variety,
Strains higher yet, that tickled with rare art
The tattling strings, each breathing in his part,
Most kindly do fall out: the grumbling bass,
In surly groans disdains the treble's grace;
The high-perch'd treble chirps at this, and chides,
Until his finger (moderator) hides
And closes the sweet quarrel, rousing all
Hoarse, shrill at once; as when the trumpets call
Hot Mars to th' harvest of death's field, and woo
Men's hearts into their hands: this lesson too
She gives them back; her supple breast thrills out
Sharp airs, and staggers in a warbling doubt
Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'er her skill,
And folds in waved notes, with a trembling bill,
The pliant series of her slippery song:
Then starts she suddenly into a throng
Of short thick sobs, whose thund'ring volleys float,
And roll themselves over her lubrick throat
In panting murmurs, still'd out of her breast;
That ever-bubbling spring, the sugar'd nest
Of her delicious soul, that there does lie
Bathing in streams of liquid melody;
Music's best seed-plot; when in ripen'd airs
A golden-headed harvest fairly rears
His honey-dropping tops, plough'd by her breath,
Which there reciprocally laboureth.
In that sweet soil it seems a holy choir,
Sounded to th' name of great Apollo's lyre;
Whose silver roof rings with the sprightly notes
Of sweet-lip'd angel imps, that swill their throats
In cream of morning Helicon, and then
Prefer soft anthems to the ears of men,
To woo them from their beds, still murmuring
That men can sleep while they their matins sing;
(Most divine service) whose so early lay
Prevents the eyelids of the blushing day.
There might you hear her kindle her soft voice,
In the close murmur of a sparkling noise;
And lay the ground-work of her hopeful song,
Still keeping in the forward stream, so long
Till a sweet whirlwind (striving to get out)
Heaves her soft bosom, wanders round about,
And makes a pretty earthquake in her breast,
Till the fledged notes at length forsake their nest,
Fluttering in wanton shoals, and to the sky,
Wing'd with their own wild echoes, prattling fly.
She opes the floodgate, and lets loose a tide
Of streaming sweetness, which in state doth ride
On the waved back of every swelling strain,
Rising and falling in a pompous train:
And while she thus discharges a shrill peal
Of flashing airs, she qualifies their zeal
With the cool epode of a graver note:
Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat
Would reach the brazen voice of war's hoarse bird;
Her little soul is ravish'd, and so pour'd
Into loose ecstacies, that she is placed
Above herself, music's enthusiast.

Shame, now, and anger mix'd a double stain
In the musician's face; yet, once again,
Mistress, I come: now, reach a strain, my lute,
Above her mock, or be for ever mute."

The poet goes on to describe most vividly the succeeding effort of the lutist. It was beyond the powers of the bird, and the issue is thus told :—

"And she, although her breath's late exercise
Had dealt too roughly with her tender throat,
Yet summons all her sweet powers for a note:
Alas! in vain! for while (sweet soul) she tries
To measure all those wild diversities
Of chatt'ring strings, by the small size of one
Poor simple voice, raised in a natural tone,

She fails, and falling, grieves, and grieving, dies—
She dies, and leaves her life the victor's prize,
Falling upon his lute. Oh, fit to have
(That lived so sweetly) dead, so sweet a grave!"

"Music's Duel" speaks itself to be the work of one, as our readers may now admit, whose very soul was steeped in music, and would alone entitle him to a place among the poets of his nation.

Richard Crashaw died in the situation of a canon of Loretto, in the year 1650.

PROGRESS OF VACCINATION.

In No. 458 of this Journal, a statement was made with the view of showing the excessive loss of human life, deprivation of sight, personal disfigurement and debility, which had from time to time resulted from small-pox; and some observations were given in support of the indisputable superiority of vaccination to inoculation with small-pox, both as a means of warding off the attacks of that terrible disease, and as being, unlike the system which it has supplanted, wholly unattended with the danger of contagion from a patient under the operation of vaccination. Attention was likewise pointed to the circumstance, and a brief abstract given of the leading provisions of an act of the legislature (3d and 4th Victoria, cap. 29), which had been passed with the humane object of encouraging the extension of vaccination, and of suppressing the practice of inoculation with small-pox, as in a high degree dangerous, and comparatively inoperative besides, by placing the latter in the catalogue of penal offences.

Since that time, the reports of the poor-law commissioners, to whom the duty of carrying this act into operation was confided, furnish some interesting information relative to the progress of legalised vaccination, both in England and Ireland. It may be worthy of remark, in passing, that Scotland was excluded from the operation of this act, for some reason which we are wholly unable to understand or explain, unless it was that there existed no machinery there similar to the English poor-law commission for carrying it into effect, and the greater difficulty and expense consequent on its introduction.

For the purpose of carrying the Vaccination Extension Act into effect, the commissioners directed each of the English poor-law unions to be divided into districts, and in each of such districts vaccination stations to be appointed, so numerous and so near to each other, that few persons would have to travel more than two miles to the station to have their children vaccinated, and ordinarily the distance would be much less. The local boards of guardians were also required to enter into contracts with properly qualified medical practitioners for the attendance and performance of vaccination at each of such stations periodically on a fixed day and hour. Where the population is sufficiently numerous to admit of it, the commissioners have preferred a weekly attendance by the vaccinators at each station, so that the persons vaccinated in one week are inspected the next; and from the cases so inspected, vaccine matter can at once be taken so as to vaccinate from arm to arm those who are then in attendance to be vaccinated. Where the population is less dense, they have recommended a series of weekly attendances during part of the year only; and where the population is scanty, and the stations numerous, they have acquiesced in a very limited number of attendances in the year at each station.

On the 1st of May 1841, the date of the seventh report, such arrangements as have been described, or similar, had been entered into in 533 out of 583 of the unions, for giving effect to the act; and between that time and the 1st of May of the present year, thirty-eight unions in which the provisions of the act are now in force had been added, besides twenty-two unions and parishes under local acts. Similar arrangements for vaccination under the act, differing only so far as to suit certain local peculiarities, have also been made in the unions in Ireland, as these have from time to time been formed. Up to the 25th of March last, vaccination contracts had been entered into throughout the whole of eighty-eight unions in Ireland, and partially in twelve others, embracing a population of nearly five millions and a half; and the total number of persons returned as successfully vaccinated up to the last-mentioned date was 104,713. The commissioners have been desirous of obtaining information from the tables published by the registrar-general, as to the mortality arising from small-pox, which has taken place since the passing of the vaccination act, as compared with the mortality, from the same cause, known to have taken place in former years; but from the very recent introduction of the machinery for vaccination throughout the kingdom, the returns published do not as yet embrace any part of the time since the passing of the act, though they ultimately will.

There have been many obstacles opposed to the introduction and progress of the vaccination act, which have been only partially removed. Although it was perhaps more especially passed with the view of extending the practice of vaccination among the *poor*, still, in point of fact, no distinction of that kind is made in the act, which provides for the vaccination of the whole community alike, without reference as to whether the applicants for vaccination are paupers or not. We fear this has never been generally understood, and that the misapprehension which prevails on this point originated in the introduction of the act being intrusted to the poor-law commissioners. It has been found that many persons have not availed themselves of the benefit thus provided by the legislature, from an apprehension that the acceptance of it would, so far as respects the elective franchise, be tantamount to the acceptance of relief or alms, and so operate to disfranchise the party whose child might thus be vaccinated. Others of the guardians refused taking proceedings because they have doubted whether the act authorised the payment of the remuneration for vaccination out of the poor-rates. Both these doubts, however, have now been completely removed by a short amending act (4th and 5th Vict., cap. 32) recently passed, which expressly enables the guardians to defray the expenses of vaccination out of the poor rates, and also declares that vaccination under the act shall not be considered to be parochial relief, and that no person shall be deprived of any right, or subject to any disability, by reason of such vaccination.

The most serious obstacle which impedes the progress of vaccination, and more particularly in Ireland, is the difficulty which the vaccinator finds in inducing persons who bring their children to the stations to be vaccinated, to return on his next visit and afford him the opportunity of judging whether or not the vaccination has been successful. Others of them evince the greatest unwillingness to permit a supply of lymph to be taken from their children, which is necessary for the vaccination of others, and not in the slightest degree hurtful to those from whom it is taken. The failure to return at the proper time to enable the vaccinator to inspect the progress of the operation is attended with three bad consequences; it prevents him from certifying the successful result of the vaccination, which is the most important point of all; it has the effect of limiting the necessary supply of lymph or cow-pox *virus*; and it goes to deprive the vaccinator of his remuneration, which is sufficiently small as it is, by disabling him from furnishing the requisite certificate of successful vaccination, upon which his remuneration depends. In Ireland, efforts have been made to obviate these difficulties, by compelling the parties to leave a deposit of sixpence or a shilling, which is to be returned on the successful issue of the case, and provided the child is brought on the prescribed days, and that liberty is given to take lymph from the vesicle; which have had the desired effect in most cases of insuring the return of the parties.

Some degree of prejudice, too, prevails, especially in Ireland, against the use of cow-pox, but this is stated to be rapidly wearing away. It is likewise to be feared that a great deal of ignorance still exists in all parts of the kingdom as to the provision made by the legislature in respect to vaccination, and the arrangements made for carrying this provision into effect. We hope to be instrumental in some degree of conveying information relative to this important subject into quarters which it may not yet have reached.

We say to every parent in England and Ireland having children to vaccinate, "Go instantly to the proper vaccinating station of your district, and get the operation performed according to the rules laid down by the medical attendant. You cannot be too thankful for the offer of so great a boon, free of either expense or trouble, and which is so likely to save the lives of your offspring." We may add, "How much better off are you than the people of Scotland, who are born and vaccinated, no one cares how, and of whose children great numbers perish for want of those institutions with which you have been blessed!"

FISHING IN THE OHIO.

Mr Audubon, the ingenious American naturalist, in one of his volumes of ornithology, presents the following simple sketch of the mode of fishing in the Ohio, many years ago, or at least previous to the introduction of steam navigation on the western waters :—

"It is with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret that I recall to my mind the many pleasant days I have spent on the shores of Ohio. The visions of former years crowd on my view, as I picture to myself the fertile soil and genial atmosphere of our great western garden, Kentucky, and view the placid waters of the fair stream that flows along its western boundary. Methinks I am now on the banks of the noble river. Twenty years of my life have returned to me; my sinews are strong, and the 'bowstring of my spirit is not slack;' bright visions of the future float before me, as I sit on a grassy bank gazing on the glittering waters. Around me are dense forests of lofty trees and thickly-tangled undergrowth, amid which are heard the songs of feathered choristers, and from whose boughs hang clusters of glowing fruits and beautiful flowers. Reader, I am very happy. But now the dream has vanished, and here I am in the British Athens, penning an episode for my Ornithological Biography, and having before me sundry well-thumbed and weather-beaten folios, from which I expect to be able to extract some interesting particulars respecting the methods employed in those days in catching cat-fish.

But before entering on my subject, I will present you with a brief description of the place of my residence on the banks of the Ohio. When I first landed at Henderson, in Kentucky, my family, like the village, was quite small. The latter consisted of six or eight houses; the former of my wife, myself, and a young child. Few as the houses were, we fortunately found one empty. It was a log-*cabin*, not a log-*house*; but as better could not be had, we were pleased. Well, then, we were located. The country around was thinly peopled, and all purchasable provisions rather scarce; but our neighbours were friendly, and we had brought with us flour and bacon-hams. Our pleasures were those of young people not long married, and full of life and merriment; a single

smile from our infant was, I assure you, more valued by us than all the treasures of a modern Crœsus would have been. The woods were amply stocked with game, the river with fish; and now and then the hoarded sweets of the industrious bees were brought from some hollow tree to our little table. Our child's cradle was our richest piece of furniture, our guns and fishing-lines our most serviceable implements; for although we began to cultivate a garden, the rankness of the soil kept the seeds we planted far beneath the tall weeds that sprung up the first year. I had then a partner, a 'man of business,' and there was also with me a Kentucky youth, who much preferred the sports of the forest and river to either day-book or ledger. He was naturally, as I may say, a good woodsman, hunter, and angler, and, like me, thought chiefly of procuring supplies of fish and fowl. To the task, accordingly, we directed all our energies.

Quantity as well as quality was an object with us, and although we well knew that three species of cat-fish existed in the Ohio, and that all were sufficiently good, we were not sure as to the best method of securing them. We determined, however, to work on a large scale, and immediately commenced making a famous 'trot-line.' Now, reader, as you may probably know nothing about this engine, I shall describe it to you.

A trot-line is one of considerable length and thickness, both qualities, however, varying according to the extent of water, and the size of the fish you expect to catch. As the Ohio, at Henderson, is rather more than half a mile in breadth, and as cat-fishes weigh from one to a hundred pounds, we manufactured a line which measured about two hundred yards in length, as thick as the little finger of some fair one yet in her teens, and as white as the damsel's finger well could be, for it was wholly of Kentucky cotton, just, let me tell you, because that substance stands the water better than either hemp or flax. The main line finished, we made a hundred smaller ones, about five feet in length, to each of which we fastened a capital hook of Kirby and Co.'s manufacture. Now for the bait.

It was the month of May. Nature had brought abroad myriads of living beings; they covered the earth, glided through the water, and swarmed in the air. The cat-fish is a voracious creature, not at all nice in feeding, but one who, like the vulture, contents himself with carrion when nothing better can be had. A few experiments proved to us that, of the dainties with which we tried to allure them to our hooks, they gave a decided preference, at that season, to *live toads*. These animals were very abundant about Henderson. They ramble or feed, whether by instinct or reason, during early or late twilight more than at any other time, especially after a shower, and are unable to bear the heat of the sun's rays for several hours before and after noon. We have a good number of these crawling things in America, particularly in the western and southern parts of the Union, and are very well supplied with frogs, snakes, lizards, and even crocodiles, which we call alligators; but there is enough of food for them all, and we generally suffer them to creep about, to leap or to flounder as they please, or in accordance with the habits which have been given them by the great Conductor of all.

During the month of May, and indeed until autumn, we found an abundant supply of toads. Many 'fine ladies,' no doubt, would have swooned, or at least screamed and gone into hysterics, had they seen one of our baskets filled with these animals, all alive and plump. Fortunately we had no tragedy queen or sentimental spinster at Henderson. Our Kentucky ladies mind their own affairs, and seldom meddle with those of others, farther than to do all they can for their comfort. The toads, collected one by one, and brought home in baskets, were deposited in a barrel for use. And now that night is over, and as it is the first trial we are going to give our trot-line, just watch our movements from that high bank beside the stream. There sit down under the large cotton-wood tree. You are in no danger of catching cold at this season.

My assistant follows me with a gaff-hook, while I carry the paddle of our canoe; a boy bears on his back a hundred toads as good as ever hopped. [Arriving at the station, and the hooks being baited with toads,] the line is left in the river, and there *it* may patiently wait, until I visit it towards night. Now I take up my gun and note-book, and, accompanied by my dog, intend to ramble through the woods until breakfast. Who knows but I may shoot a turkey or a deer? It is barely four o'clock; and see what delightful mornings we have at this season in Kentucky!

Evening has returned. The heavens have already opened their twinkling eyes, although the orb of day has yet scarcely withdrawn itself from our view. How calm is the air! The nocturnal insects and quadrupeds are abroad; the bear is moving through the dark canebrake; the land-crows are flying towards their roosts; their aquatic brethren towards the interior of the forests; the squirrel is barking his adieu, and the barred owl glides silently and swiftly from his retreat, to seize upon the gay and noisy animal. The boat is pushed off from the shore; the main-line is in my hands; now it shakes; surely some fish have been hooked. Hand over hand I proceed to the first hook. Nothing there. But now I feel several jerks stronger and more frequent than before. Several hooks I pass; but see! what a fine cat-fish is twisting round and round the little line to which he is fast. Nat, look to your gaff; hook him close to the tail. Keep it up, my dear fellow. There now, we have him! More are on, and we proceed. When we have reached the end, many goodly fishes are lying in the bottom of our skiff. New bait has been put on, and, as we return, I congratulate myself and my companions on the success of our efforts, for there lies fish enough for ourselves and our neighbours.

Several species or varieties of cat-fish are found in the Ohio, namely, the blue, the white, and the mud cats, which differ considerably in their form and colour, as well as in their habits. The mud cat is the best, although it seldom attains so great a size as the rest. The blue cat is the coarsest, but when not exceeding from four to six pounds, it affords tolerable eating. The white cat is preferable to the last, but not so common; and the yellow mud cat is the best and rarest. Of the blue kind, some have been caught that weighed a hundred pounds. Such fishes, however, are looked upon as monsters.

When the waters are rising fast, and have become muddy, a single line is used for catching cat-fish. It is fastened to the elastic branch of some willow several feet above the water, and must be twenty or thirty feet in length. The entrails of a wild turkey, or a piece of fresh venison, furnish good bait; and if, when you visit your line the next morning after you have set it, the water has not risen too much, the swinging of the willow indicates that a fish has been hooked, and you have only to haul the prize ashore.

One evening I saw that the river was rising at a great rate, although it was still within its banks. I knew that the white perch were running, that is, ascending the river from the sea, and anxious to have a tasting of that fine fish, I baited a line with a cray-fish, and fastened it to the bough of a tree. Next morning, as I pulled in the line, it felt as if fast to the bottom, yet, on drawing it slowly, I found that it came. Presently I felt a strong pull, the line slipped through my fingers, and next instant a large cat-fish leaped out of the water. I played it for a while, until it became exhausted, when I drew it ashore. It had swallowed the hook, and I cut off the line close to its head. Then passing a stick through one of the gills, a servant and I tugged the fish home. On cutting it open, to our surprise we found in its stomach a fine white perch, dead, but not in the least injured. The perch had been lightly hooked, and the cat-fish, after swallowing it, had been hooked in the stomach, so that, although the instrument was small, the torture caused by it no doubt tended to disable the cat-fish. The perch we ate, and the cat, which was fine, we divided into four parts, and distributed among our neighbours. My most worthy friend and relative, Nicholas Berthoud, Esq., who formerly resided at Shippingport in Kentucky, but now in New York (a better fisher than whom I never knew), once placed a trot-line in 'the basin' below 'Tarascon's Mills,' at the foot of the rapids of the Ohio. I cannot recollect the bait which was used; but on taking up the line, we obtained a remarkably fine cat-fish, in which was found the greater part of a sucking pig.

A STORY OF NAPOLEON.

[From a Newspaper.]

A YOUNG man was passing with his regiment through Lyons in 17—, where he fell sick, and was obliged to remain at an hotel. He found himself very ill supplied with money, and his purse was speedily exhausted by the expenses his malady occasioned him. The hostess, untouched by his destitute situation, had him carried into a granary, where all the furniture she allowed him was a paillasse and a chair, and all the sustenance a little barley water, refusing to call in the aid of a physician, to avoid the responsibility in which she apprehended such an additional charge might involve her. It happened that the first floor of this furnished hotel was occupied by two Genevese ladies, Madam and Mademoiselle Agiee, who had visited Lyons for the benefit of change of air; they were both advanced in years, Mademoiselle Agiee being nearly fifty. These two ladies were clever and well-informed; but, according to an unfortunate habit, they did injustice to their real merit by a pretension to something beyond it, and a pedantry completely national. The fate of the young soldier interested all the domestics of the hotel, and the particulars of his friendless condition reached the ear of Mademoiselle Agiee through her maid, who acquainted her at the same time with the cruelty of the landlady, who threatened to send him to the hospital. The maid succeeded in awakening the sympathy of her mistress, who immediately sent for a physician, informing the hostess that she would answer all expenses, and that it was her pleasure that the sick man should be removed, without delay, to a comfortable chamber.

The humane waiting-maid, meanwhile, never quitted the chamber of the invalid whom she had taken so happily under her protection. Weakened by his illness, which had been so aggravated by neglect, the young soldier was in a frightful state of delirium when the physician visited him, and during the process of changing his apartment, so that, when he recovered his senses, he was greatly astonished to find himself in a well-furnished chamber, and believed himself dreaming. Near his bed was his faithful nurse, whom he began to question, but who contented herself with replying, that a friend, who took an interest in him, had given orders that he should be properly attended. Days and even weeks passed thus, till at length the young soldier, recovering his strength, insisted on being informed to whom he was indebted for so many benefits. There was, in the expression of his countenance, something that commanded respect—which, perhaps, even excited fear: the good woman named her mistress, and with all possible delicacy related to him the miserable circumstances in which she had found him. He intreated to see Mademoiselle Agiee, that he might lighten his heart of some of its gratitude. He was not yet able to rise, nor was he permitted to read; but he was, nevertheless, sufficiently reinstated to feel the weight and weariness of an idle life. Mademoiselle Agiee consented to the demand of the young soldier, and paid him her first visit. She remained with him only a few moments, but promised to return and bring him books, desiring him to make his choice, and offering to read for him till he should no longer be forbidden to occupy himself. He accepted her proposal with joy, and selected the "Life of Turenne," and a book on geometry. Every day Mademoiselle Agiee passed some hours with the convalescent soldier, who listened eagerly as she read, often interrupting her to make observations, which were always just, and sometimes very striking. He did not seem easily inclined to confidence; and it was not till some time had thus elapsed, that one day, as if led on by a military ardour beyond his power to restrain, he began to speak of his projects to Mademoiselle Agiee: she smiled as she listened to him. "In truth," said she, "I believe we shall one of these days see you a colonel." "Colonel!" replied he, in a tone of indignation, "I shall be a general, and perhaps"—— but he interrupted himself, as if alarmed at what he was about to say, and perhaps even internally rebuking himself for what he had said. "Until now," said Mademoiselle Agiee, "I have never asked you a single question, either with regard to your family or country. By your accent I conceive you to be a foreigner, although you belong to a French regiment." "I am a Corsican, and my name is Napoleon Bonaparte.

Mademoiselle Agiee every day became more and more interested in Napoleon; and when he was entirely recovered, she equipped him, and supplied him with money necessary to enable him to rejoin the regiment. On taking leave of his benefactress, the young man was much affected. "Believe me," said he, "I shall never forget what you have done for me! you will hear of me." He departed, and Mademoiselle Agiee returned with her mother to Geneva. Very soon the name of Napoleon became celebrated; and Mademoiselle Agiee, in reading the gazettes, exulted in the success of her protégé, who, meanwhile, seemed to have entirely forgotten her. Years passed thus away, when, some time before the battle of Marengo, Bonaparte passed through Nyon, a little town of the Canton de Vaud, twelve miles from Geneva, on his way to Italy; he could only stop a few hours; he sent an aide-de-camp to Geneva, with orders to inquire for a lady, named Agiee, very ugly and old, and to bring her to him: such were his directions. The aide-de-camp soon succeeded in finding Mademoiselle Agiee. She had become nearly blind, and very seldom quitted her own house, but the name of her hero seemed to inspire her with new strength, and she hesitated not to follow his messenger. Bonaparte was impatient, and came to meet his friend on horseback, attended by his staff, at Versoix; as soon as he perceived her carriage, he spurred on to receive her, and the feelings of Mademoiselle Agiee, on this rencontre, may better be imagined than expressed. "Gentlemen," said Bonaparte, turning towards his suite, "you see my benefactress, she to whom I am indebted for life; I was destitute of everything when she succoured me. I am happy and proud to be obliged to her and I shall never forget it." Mademoiselle Agiee passed two hours at Nyon with Bonaparte, at the hotel of the Croix Blanche, where he detailed to her all his plans; and on taking leave of her, repeated the same words he had uttered at Lyons, "You will hear of me." From that hour to the epoch of Napoleon's coronation, she received from him no token of his existence; but fifteen days before the coronation, General Hullin was announced to Mademoiselle Agiee. He desired her to prepare to accompany him, as Bonaparte was resolved that she should witness his glory; he was furnished with the strictest and most minute orders. Mademoiselle Agiee was permitted to carry nothing with her beyond what was indispensable during the journey; and in spite of her age and infirmities, the day after the general's arrival she set out. On arriving at Paris, she slighted at a house in the Place du Carousal, opposite to the Palace of the Tuilleries; there she found domestics in the livery of Bonaparte; and, in short, a completely furnished mansion and a well-stocked wardrobe had been prepared for her. Bonaparte had recollected even her favourite colours, and had omitted nothing he imagined would give pleasure. She had a long audience with Napoleon; and he assigned her, besides a house, carriage, and domestics, maintained at his expense, an annual income of six thousand francs. He continued to preserve towards Mademoiselle Agiee the most marked regard, often consulting her even on the most important affairs.

On the fall of Bonaparte, Mademoiselle Agiee lost the house and the advantages he had conferred upon her; but I believe her pension was always regularly paid by the agents of Napoleon till her death, which happened in 1822. It was from herself that I received the details I have given. It is easy to imagine with what animation she descanted upon her hero; even without partaking her enthusiasm, it was impossible not to listen to her with interest. Besides, noble and generous sentiments belong to our intellectual existence; no matter what country they belong to, or what are our opinions, the emotions of the heart will not wait to consult our prejudices. Mademoiselle Agiee died in the Hotel de la Rouchefoucault, Faubourg du Roule, at Paris, of which she inhabited a small wing, after having quitted her house in the Place du Carousal.

CONSUMPTION IN MAN AND THE LOWER ANIMALS.

THE greater part of the sitting of the Parisian Academy of Science of July 25, was occupied with the reading of a paper by M. Rayer, on consumption in man and the lower animals. M. Rayer remarks, that animals in a state of nature are particularly subject to the development of parasitical insects, but that, with few exceptions, they are not subject to tubercles in the lungs, or in any of the other organs. The case, however, is very different in the vertebrated classes in a state of domesticity and captivity, particularly in the former. In the monkey, when removed from its native climate, phthisis is, he says, a very common disease. M. Wolfthigel relates a case of a tiger affected with phthisis; Perrault mentions a lion; Youatt and Martin speak of a tiger and a lion thus affected. Owen found the same disease in a kinkajou. M. Rayer states that he found tubercles and their excavations in the lungs of a jaguar. In the domestic dog consumption is of rare occurrence, but inflammation of the lungs is very common. Of two hundred and forty-two dogs examined, two were phthisical, and thirty-one had general symptoms of inflammation of the lungs. In the division of the animals called *rongeurs*, consumption is rare; examples, however, have been found of this disease in rabbits, squirrels, and guinea-pigs, particularly when in a state of domesticity. M. Rayer could never discover tubercles in rats. M. Morand states that the prevailing disease with the latter is stone in the kidneys. In the domestic and captive ruminating animals, for instance, in

the stag and chamois, consumption is common. M. Rayer found hydatids and tubercles in the lungs of the camel. Sporner found several vormicæ and hydatids in the lungs of the dromedary. Milch cows, particularly those in and near Paris, are frequently attacked with this disease. This is not, however, the case with milch goats; but the she-ass is not entirely exempt. Hence, M. Rayer concludes that it would be more reasonable to prescribe to consumptive patients the use of goats' milk than that of the ass, and the milk of the ass in preference to the milk of the cow. In the pachydermous tribe, Perrault has observed consumption, particularly in the female elephant. Consumption, attended with the ordinary symptoms observable in man, has also been found in the pig, and in the porpoise or sea-pig, and in a variety of other animals. The relative frequency of consumption in man, in the different races scattered over the world, is, says M. Rayer, but little known. It is, however, certain that negroes are little subject to it in their native climes, although they frequently fall victims to this dreadful disease in passing from one climate to another, especially when they remove into northern latitudes; on the contrary, certain animals, such as the reindeer, when conveyed from north to south, die of tubercles in the lungs and other inflammatory symptoms. This has been particularly noticed in lamas. In the mammiferous animals, the pus which is found in their system is composed of granulated globules, but in their tubercles no such appearance has been observed. This distinction does not exist in birds, as was ascertained by examining their morbid structure by means of the microscope. A chronic disease, with progressive wasting away, and the existence of small brown masses, easy of separation, similar to the small yellow grains in the liver or other organs, are the only character of consumption in the various tribes of birds. The removal of animals from one climate to another, and from liberty to captivity, is, as already observed, according to M. Rayer, the grand cause of consumption. He mentions, among other animals thus affected, owls, parrots, fowls, pigeons, pheasants, the heron, the stork, bullfinch, the blackbird, the jay, and the magpie. M. Gruby declares that he has found tubercles in the lungs of the frog, but M. Rayer states that he has never been able to ascertain the existence of any such lesion in this animal. Mr Harrison pretends also to have found tuberculous matter in reptiles; and M. Rayer mentions that he did find in a boa certain deposits of matter analogous to the tuberculous secretion of other animals. He has great doubts, however, whether any similar morbid changes are to be found in the organs of fishes and insects, contrary to the statement made by Messrs Harrison and Newport. In concluding this part of his paper, M. Rayer says that tuberculous affections are the most common of the chronic diseases of animal life in the classes which he has named. Proceeding to some general considerations on the nature of consumption, he asserts that it is hereditary, but scarcely ever congenital. M. Rayer also further adds, that ulcer of the larynx, of the windpipe, and of the bronchia, are not to be found alike in man and in the lower animals. In the human race these ulcers almost always indicate pulmonary consumption, and occasionally syphilis. As in animals captivity and domesticity are the great causes of consumption, so in man are misery and fatigue. He is decidedly of opinion that the proximate cause of tuberculous consumption arises from changes in nutrition; and hence he concludes that, in relation to tubercles, science, excepting in rare cases, is not only absolutely powerless as regards cure, but also as regards prevention. In winding up his memoir, M. Rayer, in illustration of the exceptions to the general principles which he has laid down as to these pathological changes, cites the case of a fox in a wild state, and the lungs of which were quite covered with tubercles; and also that of a woman in savage life, who died with all the symptoms of phthisical destruction.—*From a Newspaper.*

LOCAL DISTINCTIONS.

In Mr Carleton's introduction to the new series of his "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," he utters, in our opinion, a most unreasonable lamentation over the settlement of Irish writers in England, thus, as he alleges, depriving their native country of the direct benefit of their labours.

"A nation," he observes, "may produce one man or ten men of eminence, but if they cannot succeed in impressing their mind upon the spirit and intellect of their own country, so as to create *in her* a taste for literature or science, no matter how highly they may be appreciated by strangers, they have not reached the exalted purposes of genius. To make this more plain, I shall extend the metaphor a little farther. During some of the years of Irish famine, such were the unhappy circumstances of the country, that she was exporting provisions of every description in the most prodigal abundance, which the generosity of England was sending back again for our support. So was it with literature. Our men and women of genius uniformly carried their talents to the English market, whilst we laboured at home under all the dark privations of a literary famine.

In truth, until within the last ten or twelve years, an Irish author never thought of publishing in his own country, and the consequence was, that our literary men followed the example of our great landlords; they became absentees, and drained the country of its intellectual wealth precisely as the others exhausted it of its rents.

Thus did Ireland stand in the singular anomaly of adding some of her most distinguished names to the literature of Great Britain, whilst she herself remained incapable of presenting anything to the world beyond a school-book or a pamphlet; and even of the latter, it is well known that if the subject of it were considered important, and its author a man of any talent or station in society, it was certain to be published in London.

Precisely in this state was the country when the two first volumes of the 'Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry' were given to the public by the house of Messrs Curry and Co. of Sackville Street. Before they appeared, their author, in consequence of their originating from an Irish press, entertained no expectation that they would be read, or excite any interest whatever, in either England or Scotland. He was not, however, without a strong confidence that, notwithstanding the wild and uncleared state of his own country at the time, so far as native literature was concerned, his two little pioneers would work their way with at least moderate success. He felt conscious that everything depicted in them was true, and that, by those who were acquainted with the manners, and language, and feelings of the people, they would sooner or later be recognised as faithful delineations of Irish life. In this confidence the event justified him; for not only were his volumes stamped with an immediate popularity at home, where they could be best appreciated, but awarded a very gratifying position in the literature of the day by the unanimous and not less generous verdict of the English and Scotch critics.

Thus it was that the publication of two unpretending volumes, written by a peasant's son, established an important and gratifying fact—that our native country, if without a literature at the time, was at least capable of appreciating, and willing to foster, the humble exertions of such as endeavoured to create one. Nor was this all: for so far as resident authors were concerned, it was now clearly established that an Irish writer could be successful at home without the necessity of appearing under the name and sanction of the great London or Edinburgh booksellers."

We are glad of the success of Mr Carleton through the agency of Dublin publishers; we are also glad that Irish booksellers have the spirit to compete with London and Edinburgh houses; but we take leave to say that, as a general principle, it ought to be a matter of indifference whether Irish writers stay at home or remove to England. Mr Carleton, like many persons, apparently wishes to keep up distinctions of country, which it were well if completely obliterated. The three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, are now all one; and of what consequence is it *to the public at large* where a person resides, or where his book is published—whether in the county of Dublin, Mid-Lothian, or Middlesex? *Native* literature! *Native* talent! It is with such terms that mankind vex themselves, and keep alive feelings of strife and rivalry that ought for ever to be buried in oblivion.

AN EXAMPLE TO COUNTRY GENTLEMEN.

Amongst the instances of practical attention to the improvement of the physical condition of labouring classes in the agricultural districts, I may notice the following statement made to me by the late Mr Monck of Coley House, Reading, who had bestowed much care upon the cottages on his own estate. It comprehends the provision adverted to:—"The care taken of these cottages and gardens," said he, "affords an excellent criterion of the character of the labourers. I have paid especial attention to those labourers who have displayed cleanliness and order; and I pay the most respect to those who have achieved a situation of the greatest comfort, and keep themselves and their houses cleanly, and their children tidy. Formerly, the cottages were in bad order, their pavements and windows were broken; I had them all paved, and their windows glazed. I told the cottagers that I did not like to see shabby broken windows with patches of paper and things stuffed in, or broken pavements which they could not clean; and that I disliked Irish filth, and all Irish habits of living. I engaged, after the cottages were thoroughly repaired, to pay L.1 a-year for repairing them. I undertook to make the repairs myself, and deduct the expense from this L.1; but if no repairs were wanted, they were to have the whole L.1 themselves. This course has, I find, formed habits of care; and their cottages are now so well taken care of, that very little deduction is made annually from the L.1. Formerly, they used to chop wood carelessly on their pavements, and break them; now they abstain from the practice, or do it in a careful manner, to avoid losing the money. In the winter, I give them two score of faggots towards their fuel. I have found that by this means I save my hedges and fences, and am pecuniarily no loser, whilst pilfering habits are repressed. Since the enclosures have been made, I think some place should be provided for the exercise and recreation of the working-classes, and especially for their children. I have set out four acres at Oldworth as a play-ground for the children, or whoever likes to play. They have now their cricket-matches, their quoit-playing, and their revels there. Sheep and cows feed on it, so that it is no great loss to me. I let it for L.4 a-year to a man, on condition that he cuts the hedges and keeps it neat. I have surrounded it with a double avenue of trees. The sheep and cows do good to the ground, as they keep the grass under, which allows the ball to run. I give prizes to the boys at the school, which is maintained by the cottagers themselves, and to which I contribute nothing but the prizes for reading, writing, and knitting.

Many persons accuse the poor of ingratitude, but I find them the most grateful people alive for these little attentions. And what do they all cost me? Why, not more altogether than the keep of one fat coach-horse."—*Chadwick's Sanatory Report.*

RAILWAY TRAFFIC.

The following calculation of a late weekly return of 38 railways, 1387 miles in length, will be of interest:—Number of passengers on 25 railways 315,986½, consequently the total for the week must be about 400,000. The receipts for passengers on 37 railways L.68,087, 16s. 3d.; ditto for goods on 31 railways L.16,129, 5s. 3d.; total L.84,217, 1s. 6d. This is an average of L.63 per mile per week. The traffic, therefore, is certainly at the rate of about L.4,000,000 a-year, and carrying 15,000,000 of passengers.—*Railway Magazine.*

ADVICE TO LADIES.

Captain Sabretash, in his lately published work, "The Art of Conversation," gives the following good advice to ladies:—"My fair friends, never scold servants. Instruct, reprove, admonish, as much as may be necessary; give warning, or, if need be, turn the worthless out of the house, but never descend to scolding or to the use of rude or harsh language; for there is, in truth, something very undignified in the practice. There are no doubt plenty of bad servants, but there are more bad masters and mistresses in proportion, and for this very evident reason, that it is the object and interest of servants to please their masters; whereas the latter are independent of the former, and need take no trouble about the matter: and as there is effort on one side and none on the other, the result will naturally be on the side of those who make at least a fair attempt. Besides, bad masters often make bad servants, when the servants cannot well influence the conduct of the masters. And even the humble individual who writes these lines can assure the reader that he has known grief, shame, sorrow, and affliction fall upon poor servants, particularly female servants, owing to the undeserved harshness with which they had been treated by ladies, who could be all smiles and blandness to persons of high degree. You do not know, my pretty dears, how much a foolish fit of passion may ultimately give you to answer for.

If people could only see the undignified figure they make when in a towering rage, the chances are that they would contrive to keep their temper rather more within bounds. We may excuse anger, and even passion perhaps, where the name, fame, or character of friends and relatives are assailed; but to fly into a fury about broken plates or overdone mutton, is to show a want of mental composure, that few would like to have described in its proper light and called by its proper name. Recollect that servants are made of the same clay, and may possess feelings—kind, generous, and just feelings too—as well as their superiors; and is it not casting a stain upon ourselves to rail, with ignoble language, at those who are made in the same high image of which it is our best boast on earth to bear the faintest impress? Let us hear no more of scolding servants, therefore: if you will scold, my dear lady fair, scold your husband; and if he is a sensible man, he will pat your cheek, give you a kiss, and laugh at you for your pains."

DECISION OF CHARACTER.

There is a certain constitution of mind, which, of all others, is the most likely to make our fortunes if combined with talent, or to mar them without it; for the errors of such minds are few but fatal. I allude to those characters who have a kind of mathematical decision about them, which dictates that a straight line is the shortest distance between any two points, and that small bodies *with* velocity have a greater momentum than large masses *without* it. Thus, they would rather use a *cannon ball* than a *battering ram*. With such minds, to resolve and to act is instantaneous; they seem to precede the march of time—to foresee events in the chrysalis of their causes—and to seize that moment for execution which others waste in deliberation.—*Lacon.*

THE INSOLVENT NEGRO.

A negro of one of the kingdoms on the African coast, who had become insolvent, surrendered himself to his creditor; who, according to the established custom of the country, sold him to the Danes. This affected his son so much, that he came and reproached his father for not rather selling his children to pay his debts; and after much intreaty, he prevailed on the captain to accept him, and liberate his father. The son was put in chains, and on the point of sailing to the West Indies; when the circumstance coming to the knowledge of the governor, through the means of Mr Isert, he sent for the owner of the slaves, paid the money that he had given for the old man, and restored the son to his father.—*Percy Anecdotes.*

WOMEN OF FORTY AND FIFTY.

The man who is ashamed of his poverty would be proud of his riches; but though many a hobble-de-hoy blushes at looking so young, he makes no boast of his years when he comes to be a grey-beard. To women, whose youth and beauty sometimes form their only distinction, it is doubly difficult to grow old with a good grace, especially as they approach that semi-centenarian bourne, beyond which, unless they possess the Medean secret of Ninon de l'Enclos, they cannot hope to extend the preservation of their good looks. None of them can expect to rival a living, I might say an undying, contemporary, who will be known as middle-age Hallam, even when he shall have accomplished his three-score years and ten. Women aspire not to any such mediœval celebrity, for to them the middle ages are the dark ages. It was said of a lady, who had just completed her fourth decade, and who played very loudly on the piano, while she never alluded to her age except in a whisper, that she was *forte* upon her piano, but *piano* upon her forty. But the trial of trials comes ten years later. To that female, therefore, be awarded the palm of *fortitudinis fortitudo fortissima*, who has shown that she knows how to bear her fifty-tude with fortitude.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

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GOSSIP ABOUT GOLF.

It is curious to observe how even such a matter as sport is determined by local circumstances. *Cricket* may be said to be a natural result of the existence of the village greens of England. In like manner, *Golf* exists in Scotland by virtue of the previous existence of a certain peculiar kind of waste ground called *links*. Links are chiefly found along the shores of the Firth of Forth and the neighbouring coasts, being low undulating tracts composed of sand which has been blown up from the sea, and covered with a slight herbage, varied here and there by patches of broom and furze. They are generally common to the inhabitants of the nearest town, by whom they are devoted statedly to the feeding of a few sheep or geese, and occasionally to purposes of recreation and amusement. Thus there are links at Leith, Musselburgh, and Gullane, on the south side of the Firth, and at Kirkaldy, Dunbarnie, Crail, and St Andrews, on the north side—all of them, but especially the last, being fine open cheerful expanses of ground, albeit of little more than nominal value in the eye of the rural economist. On these prairies of the north, the game of golf, which is said to be of Dutch extraction, has been naturalised for hundreds of years, without spreading to other places, and this simply because in no other places is there ground adapted for the sport. A links (there is no distinct singular for the word) and golf go, it may be said, hand in hand together. Where there is no links there can properly be no golf; and where there is a links, there golf is as sure to be as a public-house by the side of a stable-lane, or the dandelion and groundsil where there is nothing else.

But what sort of game is this said golf? Why, to speak of it with a regard merely to its materialities, it is a game played with clubs of a peculiar form, and balls. Holes of a size fit to admit an ordinary-sized tumbler are made in the ground in a series, at the distance of from three to four hundred yards from each other. The player is furnished with a ball of about an inch and a half in diameter, formed of leather stuffed as hard as possible with feathers; and this he plays from hole to hole with his club, he and his opponent contending which shall get it *holed* by the smallest number of strokes. This is all that a man of no soul and *not a golfer* would see in the game, and all that he would say in description of it; but it would not be a more correct definition than that celebrated one of the sport of angling, "a stick and a string," &c. To appreciate golf fully, it must be studied in some such school as that of St Andrews, where its whole character is fully developed, in consequence at once of the admirably adapted ground, and the enthusiasm of the votaries.

This quiet venerable university town, where literary and philosophical society is agreeably mixed with miscellaneous persons in independent circumstances, happens to be skirted by a links of more than two miles in extent, a fine rolling field, as the Americans would describe it, bearing herbage and furze, and, as usual, open for the recreation of the inhabitants. St Andrews is confessedly the Melton of golf, for no other place presents ground nearly so well adapted for the amusement, or which is the haunt of so many players. The links is entirely composed of sand blown up from the sea, upon a spot where the waves must have once held sway, for the ancient sea-cliff is still distinctly traceable along the inland verge, although now softened down by time, and reduced to tillage, pasture, and pleasure-ground. With this fine slope on one side, and the German Ocean on the other, the striking outline of pinnacled St Andrews behind, and in front the distant hills of Perth and Forfar shires, extending from the central Grampians down to the Red Head near Arbroath, the whole scene is something more than beautiful; the very spaciousness of a view commanding objects much more than a hundred miles distant from each other, affects the beholder in an uncommon manner. At one end is what may be called the Golf Settlement, comprehending the Club-house with its flag-staff, houses for the makers of clubs and balls, and lodgings occupied by the more unfailing of the members. At that spot begins the series of holes, which extends curvingly outwards to the amount of nine from the starting one, along a tract which may be easily distinguished from the rest of the ground by its being comparatively feet-worn. Day after day, from a time beyond record, between the hours of eleven and five, have groups of golfers been seen pacing that course, in pursuit of their half-meditative game, equally regardless of summer's heat and winter's cold, of the scorching sunshine and the rain, if, indeed, it be not a fact which is usually spoken as a jest at St Andrews, "that it never rains on the links." Certainly, if it does ever rain there, the wet instantly disappears through the sandy ground, leaving the sward as firm and dry as before. I may here as well mention that the present Club—called Royal in consequence of the patronage of the late king, William IV., who bestowed a gold medal upon it—dates from 1754, and has at all times included the names of the most considerable men of the district, as also those of many of the best players of other places. Four times a-year, the members meet to contend for the various medals connected with the institution; after which there is always a festive meeting. The Club-house is used as a receptacle for the implements and dresses of the members, and connected with it there is a reading-room for such of these gentlemen as choose to subscribe to it.

It is about two o'clock of a fine August day, when, after a forenoon of useful avocations, I pop into the club-house to glance at the papers, and be in the way of any agreeable temptation that may arise. All is emptiness and silence within and without, for there are no visiting members, and many of even the resident ones are gone, some to grouse-shooting, some to watering-places, some here and some there. Most of the *cadies*, as the servants who carry clubs are called, have gone to work at the harvest, in pure despair of so much as one job per day, leaving only one or two to attend to the business of the green—who are to be seen leaning listlessly against the corners of distant houses, as if they thought employment a thing more to be wished for than expected. John Ness, porter to the club-house, and who is also a cady, seated on the low wall near the door, is heard through the open window remarking to a passing acquaintance, that things are most uncommon dull just now. An old gentleman is poring over the Standard; but he has for some years retired from sport, so that nothing is to be looked for from him. However, Colonel Elder has been practising for an hour or two on the green near the house, playing his balls to short distances, unable to get a partner, and, seeing me approach, he sends in to ask if I will come and play with him. This makes two, but a *foursome* is considered the preferable game, and we wait a few minutes longer in the hope of two more gentlemen appearing. As our good stars will have it, Captain Strong and another gentleman heave in sight, and the match is then made up. There are two skilful and experienced players, and two tyros, I being of the latter description. Each good player takes one of the other kind as his partner; and as one of the expert gentlemen is a little more expert than the other, a small odds is allowed to make up the inequality. The first thing to be done is to put on the light scarlet coat of the Club, a cap, and a pair of strongly nailed shoes, the last being necessary to give a firm footing on the green while playing the long strokes. Each man has his cady behind him carrying his clubs and balls. We take our station at the starting hole, and the first thing to be done is to *tee* the balls, of which each party or *side* has one. The cady of the gentleman who is to play the first stroke, takes the ball and puts it upon the top of a small lump of sand, merely to give it that prominence above the ground which will make it a fair object for the stroke. This is *teeing*. He then gives his master the play-club, which is the implement to be used when the ball lies unusually fair for a stroke. The club-part of this instrument is a piece of wood about four inches long, lined with horn below, and loaded with lead behind, having a straight face slightly sloping backwards. Its handle is a slender shaft of hard elastic wood (generally hiccory), thickening upwards to the part where it is grasped by the hands of the player, and where it is lined with strips of thin leather. The handle is of such a length, and it is attached to the club part at such an angle, that the player, having the ball about two feet in front of him, can easily strike it off, having first made the club swing back to his left side, so as to gain a purchase. The first stroke is generally one which tells well in respect of distance, as the ball lies unusually fair, and the club used is that which strikes most powerfully. Some are so great in driving, or *swiping*, as this feat is variously called, as to make the ball go to a distance not easily credited. I have heard that, on one occasion, in frosty weather, a good player made his ball go two hundred and eighty yards. One of my own acquaintance assures me that he has played one to two hundred and sixty yards. Much of this effect is of course due to the nature of the ball, which, felt in the hand, seems as hard as a stone, but rebounds tremendously under a powerful appulsion.

Our game is for a trifle, as is the general practice at St Andrews. For reasons good, the two inexperienced players, who may be called Messrs Rawson and Greene, are appointed to strike off. Mr Greene makes a happy-looking stroke, and thinks he has been doing worthy service to his side; but lo! his ball lights upon a cart-track some hundred yards onwards, where a second stroke will probably be found no easy matter. This, you must understand, good reader, is one of the hazards of the game. A very expert player would fall short or go beyond; but Mr Greene is upon the road—"to ruin," as the St Andrews joke goeth. Well, but what is Mr Rawson about? Mr Rawson is a gentleman excessively anxious to do great things. He plays as an insane steam-engine would do. See how he musters strength, how he straddles for a posture, with what frenzied anxiety he eyes his ball! Gemini! what a *swipe* he takes—there he is down upon it—and, behold .... the ball runs some ten yards, and stops! The undisguisable fact is, that Mr Rawson has *topped* his ball; that is, he has hit it on the crown of its head, and his force has been mostly squandered in vain. Captain Strong, his partner, is too much a gentleman to make a single remark. He asks for his *long spoon*, which the cady hands to him. This is a club in all respects resembling the driver, excepting in its face being slightly curved, and more angular, so as to catch up a ball lying in grass. The captain is unerring and powerful, and his stroke almost repairs the disaster of his partner. He is said to have played *the odds*; that

is, one stroke more than the stroke on the other side. The ball of this side being propelled farther than the point where the other is lying, it is now Colonel Elder's turn to play: he is said to play *the like;* that is, the stroke which makes the one side equal with the other. The ball being found deep in the loose earth of the cart-track, he calls for the *iron;* that is, a club with a comparatively short handle and a heavy spoon-like termination of iron, designed for exercising great force upon a ball lying in a difficult situation. The colonel uses the tool so dexterously, that the ball is sent a good way onward, and laid in a good place for Mr Greene's next effort. But ah! see a little in front, good reader, a treacherous trench zig-zagging across the green, the channel, to wit, of the Swilkin burn, or rivulet, which has chosen to make its exit into the sea in this most improper situation. The law of the links is, that when a ball is sent into the channel of this burn, it must be lifted out and laid on the rear bank, with the loss of a stroke in the reckoning. Mr Greene is most anxious to carry his ball over this difficulty, and for that purpose uses the long spoon, which is calculated to raise it well off the ground. It goes over . . . he breathes again . . . but who can calculate at golf? See! as it rolls onward along the grass, it meets a back-sweeping angle of the deceitful Swilkin, into which it disappears. Mr Greene is in despair, and the colonel looks grave. But there is no avoiding accidents, and one beautiful moral feature of golf is, that you never come by any misfortune without having tolerable hopes that an equally great one will befall your neighbour next minute. Mr Rawson, however, has been more fortunate this time, for he gets over the burn splendidly, and has laid his ball near the hole. When balls have advanced to this situation, a new kind of play, called *putting* (*u* being sounded as in *lull*), comes into requisition. It is performed with a short light club, with a straight and vertical face, and consists in slight careful strokes, designed to bring the ball close to the hole, or into it. Some men are good putters without being good drivers, while others are good drivers, but fail in putting, having perhaps more strength than nicety. It is a feat requiring great calculation of forces, and of the amount of friction which the nature of the ground to be passed over will occasion; and no man without good mechanical faculties can possibly excel in it. It is often amusing to see how a good player is disconcerted by a false step in putting, and how eager he is to find palliations for his failure. "That blade of grass turned me aside!" "I was disturbed by your moving." "Your shadow on the green put me out." Such are the excuses daily heard wrung from men who putt amiss. In fact, the exigency of the moment is, like oppression, sufficient to make a wise man mad. Well, the colonel and Mr Greene have as yet rather the worst of the hole. But the colonel is a capital putter, and a surprising hand at a *steal;* that is, a holing of the ball from a considerable distance. By one of these feats he makes up for the misadventure of the burn, and leaves the hole even with the antagonist party.

We tee again, and the colonel and captain play off for the next hole. There are no more cart-tracks, no more burns, but no want of difficulties for all that. All along the golfing course there is every here and there to be seen a yawning sand-pit, called in the technology of the links a *bunker*, which a stranger would suppose it a piece of gross negligence in the club to leave un-filled-up for a single day, but which is in reality valued as amongst the most important features of the ground, bunkers being hazards from which only skilful players may have any hope of escaping. Right in front of the teeing-place in this case, there is one gaping in the hither side of a knoll, which is sure to catch a ball not well raised, at once stopping short its career, and placing it in a situation from which it is difficult to strike it out. Our two players are over this; but Messrs Rawson and Greene, who have to play the next strokes, see others at convenient distances before them along the course. The bunkers are in fact a sad annoyance to the novice. The holes in some cases are planted in the midst of a set of them, calling for very peculiar skill in bringing up the balls. But to a true player they are the principal charm of the game. As a proof of this, it was lately mentioned in the Fife newspapers that a set of natives of the district, resident at Bombay, had begun to golf on the government esplanade, and enjoyed their sport greatly, although, it must be confessed, they found the ground very deficient in the proper irregularities—meaning, chiefly, *bunkers*. I may here mention that the Royal Golf Club has a lithographed plan of the course, in which all the bunkers, as well as other features of the ground, are laid down by name with all the care exercised in indicating sand-banks and sunk rocks in a mariner's chart. Here, too, of course, the holes are all duly noted, each having its appropriate name, as the Bridge Hole, the Heathery Hole, the Hole o' Cross, and the Hole o' Shell, while one, where an old woman sometimes waits to sell refreshments for bethirsted players, is called the Ginger Beer Hole. An exact knowledge of the topography of the links may well be supposed to be of the greatest consequence, where the ground is so various and in general so difficult.

Mr Rawson now plays, and makes so good a stroke, that the colonel remarks, in his dry way, that he promises ere long to be quite an artist. Mr Greene strikes next, and, eager to avoid a bunker right in the centre, sends his ball into the long deer's grass which skirts the course. The colonel plays it out with his iron at the odds, when, being still behind the position of the opposite party's ball, Mr Greene has to play it again, thus counting *two more*, or an excess of two over the strokes of the adversary. Captain Strong now, playing *one off two*, gives his ball one of those vigorous and well-managed strokes which distinguish him so much, and causes it, clear flying over all dangers, to alight about ten yards from the hole. Following up this advantage with good putting, the captain and Mr Rawson are triumphant. "Dat is one hole in my side, as the Pole said," remarks Captain Strong, referring to a foreigner who was a player at St Andrews some years ago. This is one of the established jokes of the links. On inquiry, I learned that, when his opponent jocularly asked him "which side?" the countryman of Kosciusko very smartly replied, "De right side, to be sure."

Tee again, and now it is Messrs Rawson and Greene's turn to strike off. Let them take care, for there are two small but dangerous bunkers exactly far enough off to receive a ball at the end of a moderate flight. Mr Greene escapes the peril for this time; his ball is seen lying clear on the sward at a very fair distance. Mr Rawson does his best. As there is a breeze at the time, he drives straight for the bunker, expecting that the wind will carry him the necessary distance aside. But the breeze lulls for a moment; and the ball takes a low course, where wind does not much affect it, and accordingly he proceeds in the line of danger. Some think he has gone in, some not, but we shall soon see. He *is* in—snug at the base of the little sand-cliff, where scarcely any club can reach. The cady of one of the opposite party is the first to ascertain the fact, and the gentlemen of that party give an "Ah, indeed!" with an air of concern as seeming sincere as could reasonably be expected. Strong takes his iron, and, making the best of a bad case, brings the ball spinning into the bottom of the pit, where it lies somewhat more fair. Rawson plays it out at *two more*, and at *three more* Strong gives it one of his famous strokes. The colonel now plays *one off three*, and even excels the last stroke. Things look rather bad for Strong and Rawson; but *nil desperandum*. And truly may this be said; for observe Mr Greene, in endeavouring with his short spoon to cant the ball over a bunker, so as to make it fall fair on the green beside the hole, has—oh! ye stars—gone in. Elder eyes the ball ruefully, but thinks he may repair the calamity. He takes his iron, and, striking deeply into the sand beneath, not only gets it out, but places it within a yard of the hole. That stroke was one off two. Captain Strong has now to play two more from a grassy place about ten yards off. For this he takes a short club not yet adverted to, called the *cleek*, the striking part of which consists of a thick slip of smooth iron, with its face inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees backward. It is useful for tilting a ball out of a rough place near the hole. He plays like an adept, and places his ball right between the other and the hole—in the language of the links, a *stymie*. It is now Mr Greene's duty to putt at one off two; but how to reach the hole, with a rival's ball directly in the way! The cadies stand round with suspended breath. Mr Greene scans the ground even to its slightest inclinations, and seems to mark every blade of grass. He goes behind, and, shutting one eye, carefully notes on which side of the interposed ball there is most room for a chance. With the putting club clenched spasmodically in his hands, he stands in a rigid pause of about a minute, and plays. His ball just grazes the other, and takes its place about six inches from the hole. Mr Rawson now putts at *the like*, and seems to have an easy task, as his ball is only eighteen inches from the hole. But the least over-exertion of strength baulks the simplest movements in golf; and, this being the case at present, behold his ball just wheels round the rim of the hole, and lies without. Colonel Elder is in at the odds, and so that hole is divided after all.

'Twere long to tell of every hole in the round; but yet, if this were done, there would be novel circumstances in each, for there is no space between any two holes exactly or even nearly like another, and consequently every step in the player's progress gives occasion to something peculiar in his play, and probably something new in his fortune. Sometimes he has to allow for the wind, sometimes for the dryness or wetness, as well as for the roughness or bareness, of the sward. Sometimes he must, in putting, allow for swelling or sloping ground, and approach the hole by a sort of sweep or curve, difficult to be calculated beforehand, and very difficult to be effected after it has been calculated. Sometimes, as we have seen, he tops his ball, which is not favourable to its progress; sometimes, hitting too low, he strikes what the wit of the links calls the greater ball (namely, the earth) without touching the lesser (namely, the golf-ball), or, at the best, raises the latter high in the air, without sending it on any considerable way. Then he may stand unfair, or he may *draw* his stroke, and thereby send the ball off the course, which is one of the most fatal of misfortunes. There is a space between holes containing ground of an unusually rough character, which bears a name not to be freely mentioned to ears polite. Some powerful players there are who can, in the words of a clever local poem, send a ball "smack over —— at one immortal go;" lighting upon a fine expanse beyond called the *Elysian Fields*. But the penalty of failure is so great, in consequence of the vast sand-pits lying below, that most players, even of good skill, are content to take a somewhat less rough by-course, which they generally pass over at two strokes, or three at most. There is another hole, from which the first stroke sends the ball over a hillock in front, with numerous pitfalls beyond, which are only to be escaped by mere favour of fortune. Then there are furzy places, where, when a man sends his ball, his antagonist asks if he designs to go a-hare-hunting . . . and, in fact, there is a tradition amongst the cadies, of an errant player having one day killed a hare with his ball. Too often, when a ball falls in such a place, it is never more seen. There are also rushy places most easy to be got into, but most consumedly difficult to get out of, the stalks of that herbage blunting the strokes of the heaviest clubs: here an antagonist, if too polite to fall a-laughing, is sure at least to whistle up the first bar or two of "Green grow the rashes O!" for a gentle joke is dearly loved at golf. There is one hole placed only at the distance of one full stroke from the other, but with tremendous bunkers between, into which inexperienced players can scarcely avoid falling. It is amongst the marvellous stories of the links that a deceased professor of the university once holed his ball here at one stroke, an event against which the chances must have been very great indeed; yet he, after all, lost the hole, as he could not find his ball till it was too late. A tolerably good player would be glad to do it at three, and a tyro, if unfortunate in the sand pits, would perhaps take so many as half a dozen. It may here be observed, that the whole round of the course—eighteen holes in all—is generally done by good players at from 100 to 105 strokes, though there are instances of its being done at so few as 90, and even, if cadies speak truth, at 87. I must, by the way, remark of cadies, that they are generally a faithful and zealous class of servants. They take the keenest interest in the play of their temporary master, carefully directing him if unskilful, gently counselling him if otherwise, and always feeling deeply both his successes and his failures. I have heard a cady sigh with genuine grief at a false stroke of his employer, and often observed that those against whose masters the game is going, walk along in as dispirited a condition as if the loss were their own. Some of them are extremely good players, having perhaps had the advantage of learning the game in their earliest boyhood. There is a ball-maker, Allan Robertson by name, who, besides having the highest character for his wares, is reputed to be the best player at St Andrews, and consequently in Scotland—I may as well add, in the world! This is an eminence which golfers must needs admire; and in the little world of the links, men of estate and title will be heard speaking of worthy Allan as if he were a kind of king amongst them.

I have here chanced to advert to a day when only one match is out; but often there may be seen five or six playing along after one another—occasioning such a pell-mell of balls, that quiet promenaders are fain to give the course a wide berth. Some men of leisure are out every day, and never make less than two rounds before dinner, often three, each round being a walk of four miles, to say nothing of the exercise of playing, so that it may well be supposed the golfers are a healthy people. Generally, they are quiet country gentlemen, or retired officers of the army or navy; but several of the professors also play. To judge from the perseverance of its votaries, the game is a most fascinating one:—only, perhaps, too much so, if it be true, which the non-golfing world allege, that genuine denizens of the links can converse during the evenings upon no other subject; but this I am inclined to think something of a calumny. They usually continue to enjoy it to an advanced age, the healthiness of the exercise being itself favourable to longevity; and there is at least one authentic instance of a gentleman playing till considerably past eighty. When unable any longer to play in the usual manner, they resort to what are called the *short holes*—a series placed in a small circle near the golf-house, where, of course, the play consists of *putting* alone. This breaks the fall from the high estate of the long-hole play; and one regards a couple of seniors at the short holes with something like the same mixture of melancholy and satisfaction with which he sees a set of good old hunters turned out into a comfortable park. They can also pop along the green for a hole or two after their juniors, and make remarks on the play of modern times in comparison with that of the great hands

of a former day. Thus, with whist in the evenings, pass the latter days of a golfer, until his old friends have to break short their rounds some pleasant forenoon to attend him to some shady nook beneath the crumbling walls of the old cathedral, whence they retire, remarking, perhaps, that, though never very much of a *swiper*, there was not once a better *putter* on the green.

"NEWFOUNDLAND IN 1842." *

The observant and industrious officer of the British army, who lately published the fruits of his inquiries into the state of the Canadas during a residence there of some years, has just produced a sequel to that work, under the title of "Newfoundland in 1842." His two volumes on Newfoundland contain a careful and well-written statement of facts respecting the island and its inhabitants.

Newfoundland is the largest of the islands lying in the mouth of the St Lawrence. It seems to have been formed, not as great rivers usually form deltoid tracts of land at their outlets, but simply and directly by the bursting of the St Lawrence stream from some pre-existing inland lake, thus isolating the present isle for ever from the continent. The island is situated in latitude 50 degrees north, and between 50 and 60 degrees of west longitude. It is of a triangular shape, measures about 1000 miles in circumference, and is nearly 300 miles broad at some points. The coasts, and many parts of the interior, are elevated and rugged, and deep bays and creeks indent the shores. The present population is estimated by Sir R. H. Bonnycastle to amount to 100,000 persons, of whom between 80,000 and 90,000 are of British descent, the remainder being composed of French residents, and a hundred or two individuals of Indian blood. The capital of Newfoundland is St John's, a city placed on the east of the island, and surrounded by a district containing in all 18,000 inhabitants, the civic population included. There are several other towns of rising consequence on the island.

Newfoundland is chiefly famous for the rich cod-fisheries on its coasts, and for its dogs. Regarding the latter, Sir Richard Bonnycastle tells us enough to show that the practice of sending for Newfoundland pups to the native land of the race is now a very vain proceeding. In the time of the Indians and early settlers, the island-dogs were noble and valued animals, being the only beasts of burden in the region. The breed, however, has now degenerated; and it is "well for the poor spurious descendant of the famed Newfoundland dog," says Sir Richard, "that he is so rapidly yielding in utility; for of all the ill-used animals in creation, none are worse treated by capricious man than these patient and forbearing creatures, which, in winter, may be seen toiling harnessed in pairs, or with two and a leader, to low sledges called catamarans, from before daybreak until the evening sets in, hauling firewood and fence pickets, at the mercy of boys, and the very lowest class of the population; beaten, jaded, ill-fed, and occasionally wounded and killed when their over-exerted strength forbids their further progress. In summer, they swarm at every poor man's door, lying idle, listless, and basking in the sun, feeding on the offal of the fishery, hunting manure heaps for the garbage of the seal, and becoming perfect adepts in the art of breaking fences to get access at night to the yards of houses, in order to carry off bones.

These dogs have also another propensity common to the whole race of Newfoundland dogs—that of worrying cattle and sheep; and have been known to make an entrance under an outhouse where sheep have been stalled, and to commit serious devastation. In short, half the mischief said to be performed by wolves, which are very rare near St John's, is done by their starved congeners." The Labrador dogs are still fine animals, however; and even of good Newfoundland dogs, compared with these, our author says, "I think, from having kept both kinds, and also the spotted, mahogany-coloured, and short-haired Labrador dog, that the short-haired kind are the most faithful friends of man, and the best guardians of a house; and that the other variety, with his bushy and curling tail, is the best water-dog, although both are able to endure the most severe cold in that element, and would, if left alone, sleep in the snow in preference to having a more sheltered bed.

I have known the mahogany-coloured Labrador dog, an animal of immense size and power, to follow my sleigh during a long journey upon the crust of the snow, until his feet became so chafed and sore that he was unable to proceed. His affection was unbounded, and the whole race appear to be particularly fond of children; but perhaps, from their originals having been of the wolfish nature, which manifests itself in those of the colder regions of Labrador and the Esquimaux country, they are all sheep-biters, and, if not very well-fed, most dexterous thieves."

The account given by Sir Richard of the fisheries and oil-trade is at once interesting and instructive. The extent of these branches of commerce is very great. In 1841, upwards of 1000 sail of good-sized vessels entered, and more than 950 left the ports of the island, leaving out of the reckoning the numerous schooners and small craft engaged in the actual fisheries, which amount, during each season, to somewhere about 4500. In the British fishery, each year, are engaged never less than 30,000 sailors, with 10,000 boatmen and curers; and 140,000 tons of produce are annually exported, Britain and her colonies receiving the largest share, while continental Europe and the United States also take great quantities. Cod, mackerel, herrings, capelin, cods'-tongues and sounds, salmon, train-oil, seal-oil, seal-skins, some little peltry, with staves, constitute the chief items of export. Much of the whole produce is found near the island, or on its immediate coasts.

The traders in this branch of commerce are arranged as follows:—"First, the British merchant, or owner, residing most commonly in Britain, but in some cases remaining in the country till he has amassed a fortune, and more rarely remaining altogether there. Next, the middle-man or planter, as he is most absurdly called, probably from all the original English settlements in America having received the official designation of plantations; but the Newfoundland planter has had, in reality, as little to do with cultivating the soil as an Esquimaux. Thirdly, the working-bee, or fisherman. The merchant finds the ship or vessel, the nets, and the provisions—in fact, the means of carrying on the fishery—which he supplies to the planter. In some few cases the planter owns the vessel. The planter agrees with his crews, and superintends the toil of catching and curing."

The actual catching of cod is thus described: "The fishery commences usually about the second week in June, and is carried on in boats manned with two, four, or more hands, according to size and the distance required to go from shore; most of these are mere open boats, and many have no sail, and are worked by girls or boys. Most of them have, however, four men, who have each two lines placed over each gunwale of the boat, and armed with double hooks. The bait, according to the season, being capelin, entrails of fish, herring, mackerel, lance, and cuttle-fish, or squids.

When once favourable ground is reached, which is very often near the mouth, or even in the mouths of the bays, harbours, and coves, the boat is anchored, and the lines thrown over so as to reach the bottom. Then begins a most laborious operation if the fish are plentiful; for as fast as the man hauls up one line, he disengages the fish, or gaffs him if heavy and not well hooked, throws him into the boat, and then hauls upon the other, having first rebaited his hook, if necessary, and let the first line down again, and so on for hours together. When the boat is full, or there is no prospect of more fish, she proceeds to her stage, or curing-station; and this admits of little delay, as in summer the fish soon require salt to make them fit to pack.

A chapter might be written upon the construction of stages, which I have already concisely mentioned—the modes of splitting, salting, and packing; but it would not prove very interesting, and the process has been often described.

The most serious drawback to the successful accomplishment of this tedious and laborious process, during which the fish must be often separately turned and shifted by hand, arises from the fickleness of the weather in the autumnal months, heavy fog and rain being very prejudicial, until the fish is finished and placed in heaps, which resemble in shape the two-penny sponge-cakes of the confectioners. These heaps are formed by placing a row of dried fish, with the tails outwards, circularly, and so continuing to pile, until a circular mound is raised, whose upper circumference, from the varying sizes of the fish, is larger than the lower; after which a semi-conical top is raised, and the whole covered with bark, fastened down, if intended to remain long, by stones or withes.

The fish is split, and the liver, tongue, and sounds collected into separate receptacles, and the entrails and heads pitched through a hole on the stage, when they fall on the beach, or into another stage placed to receive them, as this offal is now universally sold or used for manure. Thus constant and heavy labour is required; and what with the seal-fishing, the collection of bait, and the catching and curing the cod, perhaps in no country are the labouring population more incessantly and toilfully employed than in Newfoundland; whilst the migrations of the fish themselves in pursuit of food will sometimes render one station productive, and again in another season poor."

The seal-fishing, which begins about the 1st of March, is a much more dangerous occupation, being followed on the ice. At the season mentioned, "the sealers are seen coming in from all parts of the country to St John's, with their bundle of spare clothing over their shoulders, supported by a stick six or eight feet long, which is to serve as a bat or club to strike the seal on the nose, where he is very vulnerable; and also to answer as an ice-pole and gaff, or ice-hook, with which landing is effected, as well as for drawing the spoil over the floes and fields. He has likewise his long sealing-gun, if he is intended as a bow or after gunner, or, in other words, as an expert marksman, to shoot the animals where they cannot be otherwise readily destroyed. These gunners rank before the mere batmen, and have some trifling remuneration in the way of a remission of the charge of berth money, which the sealers pay to the merchant who supplies the vessel and stores, for permission to go the voyage, the outfitting being defrayed by the receipt of one-half of the cargo of seals, the other half going to the adventurers, with these and other deductions for extra supplies.

Nothing can exceed the danger and hardships of such a life, yet nothing in the commercial marine pays so well as the sealer when successful. It would be needless to expatiate upon the horrors and constant danger of running to the northward in small brigs and schooners, of from 50 to 150 tons, and in large decked boats of half that size, in the month of March, in such seas and on such coasts as those of Newfoundland and Labrador, with a constant set of ice from the frozen ocean, driven southward by a powerful current, and in a most variable temperature, with the total uncertainty as to where to find the seals.

The seal casts its young, or whelp, as it is called, about the middle of February; and as the young animal grows very rapidly, and contains a purer oil than the old ones, it is chiefly sought after. These whelps remain about the ice near which they were born for a considerable time, and about three weeks after their birth are very fat and in perfect condition.

In a favourable field, hundreds of them are soon deprived of life by the batmen, who merely strike them on the nose. Five or six kinds frequent the shores of Labrador, and are found on the ice; of which the hooded seal, the great seal, the harp, and the rough seal, with the common kind so like a water-dog when swimming, are the best known.

The principal object is to secure the animal's skin with as little damage as possible, and therefore firing at them is not resorted to, except in case of its being otherwise impracticable to kill them, the large seals often being so pugnacious as to require the gun, and the hooded seal having, moreover, a membrane like a hood, which he can draw over his nose, and inflate so as not to be destroyed like the others with a mere blow, unless he is fast asleep. This seal is very fierce. The reason why it is requisite to skin them soon after death is obvious, as they soon freeze; and because the pelt, with the fat adhering, occupies very little room in comparison to the whole body. Some of the flesh of the cub seal—the heart and liver—is also eaten by the men." The blubber is cut from the skin, and melted for its valuable oil. Upwards of half a million of seals are said to fall victims annually in this adventurous trade.

The fishermen of Newfoundland form a large part of the lower or third order of the population, a first class being composed of the judges, clergy, and other officials, while the resident merchants and small proprietors constitute the second class. "The fishermen, formerly, during seven months of winter weather, had no resources but idleness or drink. But a change is coming over the nature of society here. Temperance has made great progress where it is most requisite, and that is among the industrious poor. Agriculture is patronised by the government, and no man presumes any longer to assert that the necessaries for a poor man's existence—potatoes, hay, and oats—cannot be successfully raised, whilst, with common attention, every 'tilt,' as the wretched dwelling of the extremely poor is here called, might be supplied from a small garden with cabbage and all other common vegetables and herbs." Though a portion still remain in a miserable condition, the majority now reside in substantial dwellings of native wood, and enjoy comparative comfort. Their disposition is hospitable. After mentioning that, in place of hams and bacon, the ceiling joists of the Newfoundland peasant's house sustain sealing-guns, fishing-apparatus, and some kind of fish, Sir R. H. Bonnycastle continues—"But the good things of this world are not wanting. I never walked into one of these kind-hearted people's dwellings (and I very often did so during my rambles last summer) without immediate and silent preparations for the stranger; for they do the same to all respectable persons; and in my instance, very frequently at first they did not know me. The good wife puts some tea in the pot, spreads a clean cloth, if she has one at hand or time admits, boils some eggs, produces a pat of fresh butter, and a large jug of milk, with a loaf of home-made bread, or, if that is wanting, white biscuit, and without saying a word during the preparation, expects her visiter, whether he is hungry or not, to fall to, being perfectly satisfied if you drink three or four cups of tea (luckily the cups are usually small), and eat a good deal of bread and butter, and two or three eggs, which she always takes good care shall not hurt your digestion by their hardness. They never offer fish, of which I daresay, from experience, they think you have daily enough; and of course fresh meat is seldom seen, but on rare festive occasions, when the fatted calf or the household lamb graces the board. They have usually, however, a store of flour, and of salt beef or pork, which, with their poultry, would afford at all times a good table, were it not that the latter are too profitably employed in producing eggs for the market, and the former too dear to eat much of."

Sir Richard, it may be observed in conclusion, is of opinion that Newfoundland, being the key of the St Lawrence, and possessing many natural and other advantages, must attain, ere long, to great importance. "It is," he says, "to British America what England is to Europe and to Asia, the sea-girt

* "Newfoundland in 1842," being a sequel to "The Canadas In 1841. By Sir Richard Henry Bonnycastle, K.N.T. Henry Colburn, London. 1842.

fortress in which the destinies of those immense and wonderful regions must hereafter be regulated and controlled." We give our hearty thanks to Sir Richard for this work, and can safely commend it to the public.

A PARISIAN INCIDENT.

In the year 1822, the Marquis de Marigni, an Italian nobleman, inhabited one of the most splendid hotels in the Champs Elysées. The marquis had in early life been sent to Paris in order to complete his studies; and while there, had imbibed the principles of the revolutionary party, which at that period was silently but surely at work to undermine the monarchical government, whose power was then vested in the person of the unfortunate Louis XVI.

The education of the young marquis being completed, he returned to his own country, where his republican spirit was not allowed to remain long inactive; the French army entered Italy, and its numbers were soon augmented by the followers of the Marigni family, headed by the youthful marquis, who soon attained great distinction in his military capacity, and, in the subsequent campaigns of Napoleon, became one of the most successful of his officers.

When the discord which had spread throughout the whole of civilised Europe subsided, and when the excitement of war was over, the marquis found himself again in Paris, an exile from his country, proscribed, banished from kindred and friends, shattered in body, and wearied and exhausted in mind. Nevertheless, he had, by dexterous management, contrived to save some portion of his wealth, which, although trifling in comparison with his original fortune, was yet sufficient to enable him to keep a good establishment in Paris, where, in 1822, our story introduces him to the reader.

At this period the marquis enjoyed the acquaintanceship of two young Parisians, named Hurcan, who, although brothers, were as distinctly different in character as if they each had belonged to a different race. Jules, the eldest, was exceedingly frank and amiable in disposition, possessing all the gaiety of heart and liveliness of manner peculiar to his countrymen. He was also accomplished and well-informed, and had both intelligence and observation, which elevated him above those fortunes enabled them to aim at gaining a more distinguished place in society. The younger brother, Philip, was, on the contrary, gloomy and distrustful, and the dark shades of his character served only to bring out the bright joyousness of Jules's nature, whose only source of unhappiness seemed to be in his brother. Philip, morose and jealous, looked with feelings of envy and dissatisfaction on the ripening friendship of the marquis for Jules.

One evening the Marquis de Marigni communicated to his friend Jules Hurcan, that he was obliged, on account of some matters connected with his family, to leave Paris for a time, during which his house would be shut up, but that, on his return, he hoped to be able to resume his friendly intercourse with him. M. Hurcan, in return, confided to the marquis the change which he expected would soon take place in his condition, and he expressed a wish that his absence would not be prolonged beyond a certain time, as he was desirous that he should be present at his marriage, which was shortly to take place; but this the marquis could not promise to do, as he did not then know where his wandering fancies might lead him in the interval. The last evening on which the friends were together was spent by them in the most agreeable manner, and it was late before M. Hurcan rose to take leave of his host, who begged permission to accompany him on his way home. They sauntered out together; and after an hour's absence, the marquis returned home, apparently very much depressed. The necessary orders having been given to his servants, he retired to rest, and at an early hour next morning he quitted Paris.

Twelve months elapsed before the return of the Marquis de Marigni, for, having no home ties, he had extended his travels much beyond his original intention; and no sooner did he arrive than he made his way to the lodging formerly occupied by M. Hurcan, in hopes of there obtaining some clue by which to find out the new residence of his accomplished friend. The first answer made to his inquiries was an exclamation of surprise that he should not have heard that M. Hurcan was dead; then followed the dreadful intelligence, that he had been assassinated twelve months before; that part of his body had been found concealed in the garden behind the hotel of the Marquis de Marigni in the Champs Elysées; and that the marquis was supposed to have been the murderer, as he had quitted Paris on the very day on which M. Hurcan was missing. Fortunately, the person of the supposed murderer was unknown to his informant, so that the agitation he manifested was attributed to horror at the recital to which he had just listened; and having questioned and cross-questioned the loquacious keeper of the Conciergerie, he, in a state of the utmost perplexity, prepared to retrace his way to his lodging.

He had not proceeded far on his return, when he was arrested by two of the emissaries of Vidocq, whose vigilance it would have required superhuman efforts to have eluded, and who, without farther ceremony, conveyed him before the prefect of police. The unfortunate Marquis de Marigni was here informed that he stood charged with the murder of M. Jules Hurcan, who had never been seen alive since the night on which he left the hotel of the marquis, who was known to have accompanied him on his way home; that subsequent discoveries had led to a still clearer degree of proof against him, as part of the body had been accidentally found in the garden attached to his house; and that these suspicions had been confirmed by his sudden departure from Paris on the morning of the day on which his unfortunate friend was missing.

The marquis confessed that appearances were very much against him, but at the same time brought forward, in exculpation, the absence of all motive to the committal of so heinous a crime; the unfortunate gentleman was his most intimate friend; he had informed *him* of his intention to leave Paris for a time, and on his return it was his first object to find him out. But these palliations had little weight with the stern functionaries before whom he was now arraigned; he was ordered to produce some stronger evidence of his innocence, and in the meantime he must submit to be sent to the prison of La Force, there to await a farther investigation of the affair.

Here, then, in a gloomy chamber of La Force (whose name carried along with it terror and dismay to the hearts of thousands of poor wretches, who, if once lodged within its walls, had little hope of escape), sat, in no very enviable mood of mind, the Marquis de Marigni. He was so deeply engrossed by his own thoughts, that it was some time before he discovered that he was not alone; and on glancing at his companions, he was not long in coming to the conviction that they were *spies*, who were placed beside him in the hope of finding out, either by accident or stratagem, whether or not he were really guilty. This was a common practice in France; but we will not stop to inquire how far it was in accordance with the principles of *honour*, as in this instance it will be found to have defeated the object it had in view.

The marquis had been too long accustomed to danger to dread its approach in the present instance; his grief arose, not from personal alarm, but from the loss of his friend; and as he sat absorbed by his own bitter reflections, it was in vain his fellow-prisoners endeavoured to draw him into conversation. In the apparent consciousness that in a prison vice or misfortune levels all distinction both in classes and feelings, they from time to time presumed to address him, sometimes expressing sympathy with his misfortunes, and at other times giving way to invectives against the authorities by whose orders they were confined; but their unfortunate companion was proof against their arts, and he maintained, evidently to their chagrin, a most imperturbable silence. At length the night closed in, and the voluntary captives in the dungeon dropt, one after the other, asleep; but the excitement in the mind of the principal inmate was such as prevented him from enjoying repose, however much he stood in need of it, after a day of unmitigated distress.

In the middle of the night, the stillness of the gloomy dungeon was interrupted in an unexpected manner by the murmurs of one of the supposed spies. His words were at first unintelligible; but the marquis, whose curiosity was excited by hearing something, as he imagined, relative to his unfortunate friend M. Hurcan, listened attentively for some further elucidation of the mysterious hints involuntarily offered by his sleeping companion, and was thus in his turn forced to become the spy. The name of Jules Hurcan was distinctly mentioned in a tone of regret, accompanied by a half-suppressed groan and a convulsive movement of the body. A few moments' quiet slumber followed, and then the soliloquy was resumed. "Ah!" he ejaculated, "'tis lucky that the prefect does not know that I had any concern in this affair; the Italian may take his chance; Philip knows better than to say anything of it; so I am pretty safe. The head! ah! it will not be covered enough under the wall! The eyes! how they stare! Ah! Monsieur Philip, *he was your brother!*" Here the sleeper made a sudden pause, and he moaned, as if in agony of spirit; but notwithstanding the vigilance of the person most interested in this confession, nothing further was heard.

The broken sentences, however, which had escaped, were sufficient to rouse the dormant energies of the Marquis de Marigni, and he felt as if inspired with new life. Here, in a most singular manner, he had been put in possession of facts which, if true, were conclusive as to the assassin of Jules Hurcan; and he had little doubt that the deed had been sanctioned, if not participated in, by Philip, who had always appeared as the evil genius of his light-hearted brother. The only difficulty now lay in bringing his evidence forward so as to be credited; and turning his gaze, which, even in darkness, he felt to be riveted upon the place where the dreamer lay, he directed his thoughts to the use he might be able to make of his acquired information, so that it might be the means of accomplishing his own liberation.

As soon as it was day, he, by bribing his jailor, got him to send a note which he prepared to his friend M. de P——, one of the most celebrated advocates in Paris, stating the circumstances which had come to his knowledge, and begging him to hasten to him, in order that they might consult upon the adoption of measures for bringing the guilty parties to punishment. The advocate soon obeyed the summons; and in whispers it was arranged between them, that, at the second examination which was to take place that day, a charge was to be preferred against Philip Hurcan and his wicked accomplice; but, then, some further proof was necessary than the mere assertion of the marquis, founded, as his testimony was, upon the vague murmurs of a dreaming man.

When the examination commenced, the marquis told the events of the preceding night, which excited no small astonishment; and it was resolved to bring in the man and confront him with his accuser. Utterly unconscious of the dangerous position in which his troubled dream had placed him, he entered the bureau of the prefect in high spirits, no doubt thinking that everything was in proper train for the condemnation of the marquis; but who shall attempt to pourtray his horror and dismay when accused of being himself the murderer! The effect was so startling that he lost all presence of mind, and, in an agony of passionate apprehension, threw himself upon his knees, crying for mercy, offering to confess all if he were only insured pardon. Of course no promise of this kind could be made; but on being told that it would be better for him to state at once all he knew of the murder, he confessed that he had been hired by Philip Hurcan to assassinate his brother; that the act had been perpetrated while the unfortunate youth was returning to his lodgings, immediately after he had parted from the Marquis de Marigni. The murder was committed in a retired part of the Champs Elysées; and Philip assisted in concealing the body until the following night, when, having gained an entrance over a low part of the wall adjoining the Hotel de Marigni, they severed the head and arms from the body, and concealed them in the interior of the court-yard of the marquis's hotel, by which they hoped that, in case of any discovery taking place, the owner of the mansion would at once be suspected, having been last seen alive in his company The rest of the body was buried in the garden, to which they had ready access, the hotel having been shut up on the day following the murder. Philip he supposed to have been actuated by jealousy of his brother, who was about to be married to a young and beautiful girl, to whom Philip had previously paid his addresses. The unhappy man, having finished his tragic story, pled in the most piteous manner for mercy, and his senses seemed almost deserting him when ordered back to prison as a culprit. The court-yard was examined, and the remains of the head and arms of the hapless young Frenchman were found in the precise place mentioned.

When the officers of justice entered the dwelling of Philip Hurcan at Versailles, where he had been living for some months, he, having obtained previous notice of their arrival, shot himself through the heart. Need it be added, that having lived unloved he died unlamented; in fact, such was the horror excited in the public mind by the knowledge of his crime, that it was found difficult to restrain the populace from taking vengeance upon his body.

His villanous accomplice made a more public expiation of his crime, while the Marquis de Marigni came out in triumph; but his feelings had received a shock which rendered him almost insensible. To the congratulations which were offered to him on every side, the loss of his estimable young friend, at a period of life when the most agreeable prospects of happiness were opening up to him, caused the warm-hearted Italian a desolation of heart which no personal or external circumstances could altogether alleviate.

A few months after these events took place, the beautiful Mademoiselle D——, the betrothed mistress of Jules Hurcan, entered upon her noviciate in the convent of L——, and endeavoured by her zeal in holy things to induce forgetfulness of the hapless fate of her earthly lover.

A WORD TO RAILWAY DIRECTORS.

Much as we admire the great and excellently conducted system of railways in this country, we feel bound to say that the directors generally have proceeded on a too narrow principle as to charges of conveyance and accommodation. We might pass over the charges as being perhaps what prudence dictates, but there is something indescribably mean in the accommodation of third-class passengers, who are turned into a waggon without seats, and are there hurled along like so many cattle in a pen. The class of persons whose means limit them to the choice of this degrading method of locomotion, jocularly call the waggon the *Tub*; and as such we see it referred to in the following passages in a late English newspaper. The writer first adverts to the practices on the German railways:—"There are four classes abroad: *La Berline*, *La Diligence*, *Les Chars-a-banc*, and *Le Wagon*. The *Berline* corresponds to our first-class in all respects, and is the most expensive: the *Diligence* has stuffed seats (without the division into chairs), windows on the sides, and is open from end to end like our second-class: the *Chars-a-banc*, or third-class, differs from the last-mentioned in not having windows, and being less convenient, but there are blinds at the side, and you sit upon stuffed benches; and the *Wagon*, or fourth-class, resembles our second-class, and is equal to it in every respect. The first-class is used by the directors of the company, the aristocracy, and families on travel; the second by the gentry and the middle classes; the third by a somewhat similar description of persons, though it is more 'common' (to use an Anglicism); and the fourth by operatives, peasants, mar-

ket people, and others. There is no invidious or contemptuous epithet applied to the *Wagon*—no calling it the *Tub*, and making people stand up to deter them from resorting to it—there is no contrivance to render certain carriages inconvenient in order that you should be forced to select a more expensive seat elsewhere—plans which, whilst they manifest a narrow and unaccommodating spirit, reflect upon the impolicy and short-sightedness of those who devise them, and prove that they have formed an erroneous estimate of the proper mode of acting upon the taste and feeling of the public. The class-arrangements of the foreign railroads (I speak of the German and Belgian lines) are such as show that the directors know how to meet the wants and appreciate the tastes of the people better than we do at present. People fall into that class which suits them, and where they meet with persons of that station of life with whom they are accustomed to associate ordinarily. These and other considerations cause travellers to select their seats with reference to comfort, and not to do as many do, choose the *Tub*, or an inferior class, because the second-class is so uncomfortable that there is no alternative between the first and third, or no intermediate carriage to tempt them."

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY.

Francis Chantrey was born at Norton, a village on the borders of Derbyshire, on the 7th of April, 1782. His family was respectable, some branches of it being yet possessed of considerable heritable property. Agriculture was the occupation of his immediate progenitors; and, though not wealthy, his mother, who was prematurely left a widow, was able to educate her only child respectably. Francis was sent to the school at Norton; and up to his sixteenth or seventeenth year, passed his time betwixt that place and the paternal farm. It is said, that in very early boyhood he amused the leisure hours of his agricultural terms by making *clay men*, as well as other figures with the same material. Nevertheless, though the promptings of natural genius were thus far indicated, he never entertained a thought of turning his attention permanently to such pursuits, most probably from his having no opportunity of witnessing any workings in statuary that could stimulate his latent powers. Accordingly, not being an enthusiast in agriculture, he resolved, or was advised, to study the law under a solicitor at Sheffield. All was arranged for this purpose, and the day was fixed when Chantrey should go to Sheffield and meet some friends who were to witness his entrance on his apprenticeship. A full hour before the time, the young man reached the town; and in order to while away the interval, he walked up and down the streets, little deeming, when he commenced his stroll, that those few minutes were to form the crisis of his life. So the case turned out. The window of one Ramsay, a carver and gilder, attracted the eye of Chantrey. He stopped to gaze on various figures there; and as he gazed, emotions novel and unexpected were awakened within him. The strongest and finest chord in his nature was struck forcibly and at once, and the tones elicited were so powerful as to drown all the deterring whispers of youthful timidity or shame. Chantrey turned from the window with his resolve firmly taken —"I will be an artist."

The counsels of friends made no change in his determination. In place of articling himself to the Sheffield solicitor, young Chantrey went and bound himself to the carver and gilder Ramsay. The work to which he was here set by no means suited his expectations; but he found a compensation in the voluntary tasks of his leisure hours. Drawing and modelling were his amusements, and for these he forsook all the pleasures natural to his age. The people of Sheffield yet speak of the gleaming of the lamp, through the long hours of night, from the window of the young lover of art, when, in his enthusiasm, he forgot day and night, and all around him, save the ripening conceptions of his creative fancy. He had no teacher to aid him in his progress. He drew and modelled after nature, and his rules of art were the rules of nature. His master repressed rather than encouraged his attempts; yet, ere the three years of his engagement with Ramsay had closed, the casual productions of Chantrey had begun to attract some notice; so much so, that various friends, some of them gentlemen of taste and respectability, strongly advised the young artist to go to London, and apply himself directly to the pursuit of the art of statuary. As his kind mother was one of those who had penetration enough to perceive the high promise of her son's modellings—a promise which she lived to see amply fulfilled—Chantrey found no difficulty in purchasing a release from the latter term of his engagement with Ramsay.

The future sculptor was in his twentieth year when he settled in London, the date being May 1802. His entrance upon that great field of success and failure was as unpromising as might well be. No proofs of study nor flattering testimonials from teachers had he, for he was entirely self-instructed; and at the very close of his life the case was the same, as we find him then saying, that "he never had received a lesson in art in his life." No handsome studio, rich with the evidences of talent, had he to attract employers; he was poor, and his works were to execute. He had almost no acquaintances, to leave friends and patrons out of the question. In short, he had to climb the steep path to eminence solely by his own unaided exertions. Year after year passed away ere he even obtained the chance of arriving at success. Yet he never drooped, nor was his time thrown away. Continuing to study nature with ardent diligence, he made rapid progress towards perfection both in conceiving and executing. He was yet unknown, however, after a cheerless period of seven or eight years, when, almost by chance, he was employed to execute a bust of Horne Tooke, then the Nestor, as it were, of liberalism in Great Britain, from whose lips the younger adherents to the same principles were content to draw inspiration. The execution of this work formed an era in Chantrey's career. The mere features of the ancient adversary of Junius were not only given to the marble, but the sculptor succeeded also in conveying with them that expression of keen penetration and sagacity which characterised the living individual. Horne Tooke was widely known, and numbered among his friends Sir Francis Burdett, and many other persons both wealthy and influential. Their attention was called to Chantrey; and in the course of one month, as he himself tells us, orders poured upon him to the pecuniary amount of five or six thousand pounds. The opportunity had alone been wanted; and when it did come, he stepped, by one effort of genius, from obscurity to eminence, from poverty to wealth.

Chantrey immediately (in 1810) fixed his residence in Pimlico, and erected there a studio for his labours. His earliest works, after this period, were chiefly busts; and it is universally admitted that he never excelled, at any future period, the productions of this order then executed by him. His first prominent public work was the statue of George III., for the city of London. His design for this monument, though the one approved of, was almost rendered unsuccessful by a curious cause. Mr Chantrey handled the pencil as well as the chisel; and such was the beauty of his design, that one of the Common Councilmen observed—"This artist is a painter, and must therefore be incapable of executing a work of sculpture." The remark called the attention of others to the subject, and they summoned Chantrey. "What say you, sir," said Sir W. Curtis; "are you a painter or a sculptor?" "I live by sculpture," simply answered Chantrey. The task was confided to him without more words, and he produced a statue, the ease, dignity, and versimilitude of which render it one of the chief public monuments of the British capital.

While engaged on this statue, another commission was given to him, the result of which was the production of a work held to this hour one of the most finished specimens of English sculpture, and known by engravings over the whole civilised world. This was a monument to the memory of the daughter of Mr Johnes of Hafod, translator of Froissart. In this work, Chantrey's peculiarities of style were first fully developed. Blindly following the customs of their predecessors, sculptors continued, in the beginning of the nineteenth century, to expend all their power upon emblematic figures, allegorical groups, and imaginary mythological models. The powerful examples of Canova and Thorwaldsen have, indeed, done much to sustain the system to this hour. Chantrey adopted and acted on very different principles. With a mind unbiassed by the regulations of the schools, he followed nature alone as his guide. The perpetual repetitions of Britannia, Victory, Peace, Justice, and the like, upon our public monuments, and of Piety, Hope, Religion, Virtue, &c., on private ones, were things too forced and strained to accord with his simple taste. The object of monumental sculpture is to perpetuate the remembrance of the great or the good, and to call up in the minds of the spectators appropriate emotions of sympathy and regret for their loss. Who ever shed tears with Britannia, or participated in the feelings of any others of these frigid generalities? The sculpture may be admired as a work of art; but it is then a monument, at best, only to the artist, not to the occupant of the tomb. Chantrey threw off all conventional trammels, and sought to make his monuments what common sense dictated that they should be. The monument at Hafod, for example, introduces the real party concerned, and presents an exquisite scene of domestic sorrow, exalted by the meditative beauty thrown over the main figure. Another splendid example of Chantrey's art is to be seen in the monument in Lichfield Cathedral, where two lamented sisters are figured asleep in each other's arms. The grace and beauty of the forms cannot be depicted in words; nor can the pen express the skill with which the state of calm and profound repose is imaged forth. Suffice it to say, that the spectator views this group with breathless awe, and that the marble portraiture of "death's counterfeit, balmy sleep," causes the tear to start at thought of the fair innocents, prematurely plunged into the deeper slumbers of the grave itself. Such, surely, is the effect that a monument to the dead should produce; and if the beholders should turn away, in such a case, without even asking the artist's name, a higher compliment would then be paid to him than if his skill had been the sole object of their admiration.

The Lichfield monument was modelled by Chantrey in 1816. Before that time, however, he had been called to execute several public works, and in all of them the same principles were displayed. He executed, for the Scottish Court of Session, a statue of Lord President Blair—a noble work, embodying vividly in marble the calm, thoughtful, and discriminative expression of that judge's features. Another figure, executed by the sculptor for Scotland, was that of Lord Melville. A bust of Professor Playfair was also modelled by Chantrey, and a beautiful work was the result, as might have been expected where a competent artist had so intellectual a head to work upon. In 1814, Chantrey produced for St Paul's two historical monuments for Colonel Cadogan and General Bowes. Before and after the Hundred Days, the artist visited Paris, and saw the great collection of ancient works of art in the Louvre, ere the fall of Napoleon scattered them anew over Europe. Though he felt and acknowledged the beauty of these works, they did not change his style, as the Lichfield monument immediately afterwards proved. A similar proof was given by another of his most celebrated and truly classical works, the statue of Lady Louisa Russel, a child of the Bedford house, who is represented as standing on tiptoe and fondling a dove on her breast. So exquisite is the simplicity and fidelity to nature of this figure, that children of three years old, or so, have been observed to address it, in the perfect assurance of receiving an answer from their playmate.

Advancing every day in public favour, Mr. Chantrey successively executed, among a multitude of private busts and statues, those of Rennie the engineer, James Watt, Sir Joseph Banks, Sir Walter Scott, and many others. Equestrian statues of George IV. and the Duke of Wellington (the latter for the city of London) were also executed by Chantrey, who was knighted by William IV. in 1835. He was offered a baronetcy shortly afterwards, but declined it on account of his want of personal heirs.

In the latter years of Chantrey he was an honoured and admired man, as his works had deserved that he should be. His statuary establishment became an extensive and splendid one, being intrusted to his valued friend Allan Cunningham, the distinguished poet, as secretary and manager of the works. Sir Francis for some time had been, not in ill health, but in such a condition of body that his friends had expected to find him fall a victim to apoplexy; and, on the 25th of November 1841, he was seized with that disease, and expired at his house in Pimlico.

Sir Francis Chantrey was about five feet seven inches in height, with a fine face, and an address at once pleasing and courteous. At his death he left, from the ample fortune accumulated by him, provision at once for the maintenance of the arts which he loved, and for the support of the poor, with whom his kind heart deeply sympathised.

PEDESTRIAN TOUR IN SWITZERLAND.

MONT BLANC.

August 27.—We intended, if the weather favoured us, to spend the day on the Mer de Glace, and some of the other glaciers of Mont Blanc; and, if we could accomplish it, to penetrate as far as the Jardin, in the glacier of Talèfre. The sky, so far as visible from the depths of the valley of Chamouni, was of stainless blue, and promised a day exactly adapted to our purpose. When we had taken a very early breakfast, a guide was sent for, and we held a consultation under his auspices. He seemed a shrewd, sensible fellow, whose words were few, simple, and explanatory, for he probably saw, from our travel-stained aspect, and, indeed, we very distinctly explained to him, that the usual operations for impressing the visiters of the glacier with an awful consciousness of its perils and horrors would be very much thrown away upon us. He had the discretion not to propose cramps for the feet, or ropes about the waist: and here let me remark, that the guide who subjects his protegées to these portentous preparations, indicates thereby a palpable design to lead them through a series of dangers corresponding to the extent of the precautions. The duty of a guide on the glacier is indeed precisely that of a pilot, who is expected rather to avoid dangerous places than to rescue those who have encountered them. There is an analogy between the perilous inequalities of the glacier and breakers at sea, for both are caused by the same circumstance, namely, by rocky projections on the terrestrial surface, covered by water in the one case, and by ice in the other. When the glacier moves over a smooth unbroken level, its own surface is equally plain, and though intercepted by numerous cracks or fissures, these have a certain uniformity in their arrangement, running parallel to each other, and appearing at tolerably regular intervals. But when the ice, in its descent, encounters rocks, or is pressed through narrow openings between precipices, it is tossed into a chaos of spikey and precipitous icebergs, beetling over yawning caverns, for the bottom of which the eye searches in vain. The professional skill of the guide is exemplified in a knowledge of the parts of the glacier where these formidable inequalities occur, and it is his duty to conduct his employers by the least dangerous route. There is one instrument, however, without which no one should venture on the glacier—the alpen-stock, or spiked pole, so serviceable in leaping the chasms, and giving support on narrow ledges or abrupt slopes of ice. Not being prepared for the extent of service we required of these instruments, we thoughtlessly accepted the loan from the guide of some which had previously been used. I would recommend to any one who intends to penetrate to the Jardin, to buy a new pole

for the purpose, as this one expedition will fully exhaust its capabilities for use.

Our path lay first through gentle meadows, reposing in the shadow of the hills, and then we crossed the fierce Arve, and began the ascent of the forest girdle of Mont Blanc, or, as this particular spur of the mountain is called, of the Montanvert. Mile after mile we kept ascending the steep bank by a rutty pathway, ribbed here and there by the mossy roots of a dense forest, and, in other places, overwhelmed by the chaotic debris of the spring avalanches. There is no feature in the scenery of Switzerland from which I have had more enjoyment than in the long walks under the shade of great pine forests. There is something so solemn and majestic, and so suited to the scenery it is cast among in the pine, whether we encounter it among the dark heather hills of Scotland, or on the turved and wavy mounds of the Black Forest, or clustering round the base of the snowy Alps, that one feels his heart less worldly, and his thoughts more solemn, in those deep solitudes,

> Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
> Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.

In our ascent, we had an opportunity of observing how a French family could turn their means to the best account. There were two ladies among the party, and while one rode on the back of a mule, another kept hold of the tail, and was in that manner assisted up the acclivity. So dense was the canopy of pines overhead, that only at a few points could we obtain any view of the surrounding scenery. At these we could see the village of Chamouni apparently under our feet, with the Arve looking like a tiny brook, the broad meadows like paddocks, and the inhabitants like Lilliputians. At some other points we saw, glimmering through the dark foliage, the broad white masses of the glacier, and the dark rocks rising here and there from its surface. At length we reached the edge of the forest, and looked down from a range of rocks on the mighty ocean of ice to which we were about to commit ourselves. Here there is a house of refreshment, called the Pavilion. After we had passed it a mile or two, and while we were seated contemplating the view, there came to us two beautiful kids—the most gracefully-formed creatures of the kind I had ever seen—clamorously demanding marks of attention from us. One of them was fawn-coloured, and the other pure white. The latter had taken a peculiar fancy to me—it scraped me with its sharp little hoofs till I was fain to cry mercy; and varying the method of its kindness, leapt on my shoulder, and rubbed its head on my cheek, to the imminent risk of poking out my eyes with its little horns. Truly, these children of the desert had found nothing but kindness and good faith among the few members of the human family it had been their fate to encounter. The milk-white kid followed us for some distance, and when it saw at last that part we must, it looked after us most wistfully and affectionately from the top of a small rock as long as we were in sight. When we reached the point where we were to descend upon the ice, we were told that we had then walked three leagues or nine miles from Chamouni, and were half way to the Jardin. We were upwards of 7000 feet above the sea level, and the place of our destination was nearly 3000 farther up. The descent was a tedious and laborious business. We had to work our way down the sides of rocks, with occasional notches cut in them to facilitate the progress, and then we had to cross the moraine of the glacier. The moraine is a heap of rubbish—if stones or rocks sometimes eighty or a hundred feet high can admit of so depreciatory an appellative—ranged, to a greater or less extent, along the side of each glacier. It is, in fact, the hard stream of ice depositing upon its border its still harder scum of rock. In the case of the Mer de Glace, the moraine is on a prodigious scale—it is a little mountain range of itself, with its valleys and precipices.

And now, letting it be understood that we have our feet on the ice, instead of detailing individually, as it occurred, every object and incident that might seem worthy of notice, I propose to give, in a few words, a collective and general view of the objects most likely to attract the attention of the traveller on the glacier. There are few readers of this narrative who will not have had an opportunity, in the columns of the publication in which it appears, of making themselves acquainted with the natural history of glaciers. They lie in those deep valleys which form grooves between the snowy summits of the higher alps, and the plains or wide valleys at their bases. The masses of congealed matter formed in the upper regions by the fall of snow and hail, and by the refrigeration of those portions of the snowy matter which may have been melted by the heat of the sun, gradually find their way into these grooves, and thus descend the mountain side, conveying an icy stream into the temperate regions below. A great proportion of the glacier is in a temperature far warmer than that of perpetual congelation, but it carries its own frost along with it. As it melts away into a river, its bulk is supplied from above; and from its great thickness, being generally from 150 to 300 feet, its own inherent coldness provides it with a local freezing temperature in all its parts, with the exception of a stratum on its upper and another at its lower surface. The former is only occasionally warmed and melted by the heat of the summer sun; the latter is kept in a perpetual state of fusion by the internal warmth or caloric of the earth. It thus happens that the lower stratum, as it were, of the ice, is perpetually losing bulk, which is supplied, by some action or other (as to which naturalists are not agreed), from the higher layers. It is believed that the lower portion of every glacier is triturated into a succession of caverns, so that the superincumbent mass, like the strata over an exhausted coal field, is supported on a multitude of pillars; but the visiters who return after a descent into these regions of ice and torrent, where death meets them in so many forms, have been too scanty to provide much information about its mysterious terrors. There are two principles of motion almost perpetually at work in the glacier; the one, the simply mechanical operation of a descent from the higher to the lower regions—a motion so slow, that it will take centuries to convey a stone for a few miles in this slothful but irresistible vehicle. The other principle of motion is in the chemical influence of the alternate freezing and solution of portions of the mass according to the change in temperature, and the subsidiary agents set at work by the same phenomena, namely, the escape of compressed air through the cracks in the ice, and the torrents set in motion by its conversion into water, &c. Those who have witnessed the effect of the crystallisation of water into ice in bursting vessels for ordinary domestic use, will readily imagine the terrific phenomena which must accompany the same agency in a mass of ice varying from 150 to 300 feet in thickness. In spring, when large portions of the ice are thawed during the day and refrozen in the night, the glacier startles the echoes of the quiet valleys around by the continued roar of its artillery. At all times, there is more or less of cracking and crashing going on, and more than once were our steps arrested by a loud report, as if a cannon had boomed forth from beneath our feet.

Independently of the moraines at its edge, great rocks, and masses of triturated rubbish, are borne along on the surface of the glacier. The methods by which it gets possession of these relics of the mountain top are two. By one process, it insidiously removes masses of rock by the expansive power of frost acting on the interstices; by the other process, it boldly knocks them down with an avalanche, and carries them off in triumph. The larger rocks, when they reach the lower part of the glacier, protect the ice immediately under them from the heat of the sun; and so, while the general surface of the glacier is becoming melted to a lower level, they become raised on the top of a pedestal, where they remain till it is too long and slender to support them, and then they fall with a crash. We saw many of these raised high in air, looking like gigantic mushrooms, or, if a more domestic simile be wanted, like stone music-stools, on which the spirit of the storm might be supposed to perform his wild symphonies. Far different is the fate of the smaller fragments. Becoming heated with the effect of the sun, they melt their way into the ice, where they make cavities, filled with translucent water. It will happen sometimes that the water collected on the surface of the ice by the operation of the mid-day sun, going about hither and thither in search of an outlet, comes to this hollow, which it immediately enlarges, and either by finding a passage through it into one of the cracks of the ice, or by working its way steadily downwards, reaches the cavernous bottom of the cake of ice, and joins the great river issuing from it. Other rills join and enlarge the torrent, and thus it happens, that what was in the morning a round hole the size of a punch-bowl, with sides of the most exquisite cerulian blue, and filled with water pellucid as crystal, becomes, ere evening, a yawning rent, hundreds of feet deep, into whose black jaws descends a fierce and roaring cataract.* As the day advanced, and the sun acted strongly on the surface, we beheld many of these wild torrents, and a fearful and exciting thing it was to look down through the pits into which they fall, and see their blue sides deepening into blackness, till the eye loses all trace of the cataract, and sees its white foam disappear in the darkness. The rents in the glacier are seldom quite perpendicular; and as a bulge on one side is met by a corresponding recess on the other, we could seldom see far into them. Even where they seemed to run straight down, however, we could never see the bottom; and it was only by toppling in the huge stones, lying in multitudes on the edges, and hearing their descent from bank to bank, that we could form an estimate of the great depth of the fissures.

Crossing a glacier with an experienced guide, we found to be by no means so difficult or dangerous an operation as we anticipated. The ice is not so compact and brittle as that formed by the congealing of pure water, but spongy and porous. The quantities of gravel and rubbish on the surface honeycomb it, each particle melting the ice it lies on by the heat acquired from the sun, and thus there is a level but rough surface, pleasant to the foot, which reminded us of an asphaltum pavement. With such a footing, if a man be strong-headed and tolerably circumspect, and if he knows how far he can leap, he need have no dread of crossing a glacier. The alpen-stock is invaluable as an instrument for balancing the person in narrow ledges, and without it, the passage of the glacier would be certainly very formidable. It often happens that the surface of the wall of ice between two chasms is not above an inch or two wide. For some feet, however, it slopes down gradually on either side, as the roof of a house does from the apex to the edge of the wall; on this slope, when the cavern is not wide, it is easy to walk with the body slanting over the abyss, and balanced by sticking the alpen-stock in the corresponding slope on the other side. A little practice makes one quite familiar with such operations. A false step, to be sure, is destruction; but in how many of the operations of every-day city life would a false step place one in imminent hazard! A slip on a flight of steps will be likely to cause the fracture of a limb; and a stumble in a crossing of the Strand would be almost certain to finish our earthly pilgrimage.

We crossed the glacier nearly in a direction from south to north, and then left it, to scramble round the rocks at the base of the Aiguille de Taléfre, which runs its sharp peak several thousand feet up. The line of glacier is continuous; but it here materially changes its level through a portion which is called the glacier of Lechaud; and for the reason already stated, instead of a tolerably flat surface intercepted by clefts, this portion of the waste of ice is a chaos of stormy-looking icebergs, rising horn-shaped and spikey, and affording no chance of a passage. While clambering among the rocks of the Taléfre, we met the only human being we saw within the region of ice—a chamois hunter following his trade. This man was a pure child of the wilderness, with all the "savage wildness" of "a dweller out of doors." One could imagine him indigenous to the snows and rocks he was surrounded by. His costume had not the fastidiousness of being even in any way national; it was a simple putting together of all convenient and accessible pieces of manufactured texture, on two simple principles—the preservation of warmth, and the freedom of motion. He had a heavy business-looking rifle, which must at one time have been a costly article. There was neither obsequiousness nor rudeness in the man's manner; he was a gentleman after his own fashion—for who could catch vulgarity by converse with the avalanches and the cataracts?—and we exchanged some compliments in reference to tobacco and the lighting of pipes, with a hearty good fellowship. Having circumnavigated, as it were, the dangerous glacier of Lechaud, we descended again upon the ice, on the glacier of Taléfre. Here, being on a higher level, from 9000 to 10,000 feet above the sea, we were within the line where the snow falls at all seasons, and, covering the openings of the rents with a thin treacherous coating, renders the services of a guide doubly necessary. At one place we passed along a steep bank where the new snow had been melted by the sun, and converted into a deep slush, which afforded a most unpleasant footing.

At length we reached the Jardin, or Garden, so called from its being the highest spot where there is a space free from snow, on which bright-coloured lichens and the smaller Alpine plants produce the effect of a garden smiling amidst everlasting winter. Here we rested and refreshed ourselves, and took a leisurely survey of the wondrous scenery by which we were surrounded. It was literally like a boundless sea of ice, from which there shot up multitudes of the spikey narrow rocks, so descriptively called aiguilles or needles. Grand, however, as were these towering rocks, we were bound to admit that they were inferior in their proportions to the giant masses of the Jungfrau, the Eigher, and the other members of the Oberland range. Mont Blanc is a higher mountain than any one of them, but it does not present anywhere at one view so large an amount of perpendicular precipice, and is much broken into details. But there was a feature of solemn grandeur here, which compensated for the difference in the size of the masses. In the Oberland, if we had snow and rocks on one side, the other might exhibit pastures, or chalets, or forests; but here, all around us was a wide ocean of ice. The guide almost startled us by remarking, how impossible it would be for us to retrace the path by which we had reached that spot. When I looked around, indeed, I felt how entirely our fate depended on the skill of our hired attendant, and that the mariner deposited on a solitary rock in the far ocean could not feel more desolate and helpless than we would have been on such a spot without a pilot. But it was getting cold, and the sun was beginning to cast his rays slantingly across the snows, so we started to our feet, and said we must return home. Yes, it was literally returning home, for now our leisure for wandering was at an end, and, some twelve hundred miles or so from our own doors, we turned our steps for the first time towards them, with the intention of returning with the utmost rapidity. It was not without some regret that we bade adieu to the wandering life we had been leading for some time past—for vagabondism has many charms.

Returning along the bank, where we had sunk nearly knee-deep in melted snow, we found the effect of the rapid operation of the frosts which, since the sun had hid his head, had made the surface slippery and brittle. As we went along, the line of the sun's rays, leaving entirely the surface of ice, climbed higher and higher up the needle-like rocks, and bathed them in a reddish-purple light, which grew warmer and warmer as the rim of shadow rose higher

* Meanwhile, by such and other means, the small stones find themselves at the bottom of the cake of ice, where they are carried about in accordance with its motions. A stone thus stuck in the lower part of a moving glacier will score the rock it moves over, just as a grain of sand stuck to the bottom of a decanter will score a mahogany table as it is pushed along. It is in this circumstance that the renowned theory of glacial scratches has had its origin.

up towards their summits. The sky at the same time astonished us by the wondrous depth and beauty of its blue. It was such a blue as I cannot describe otherwise than by saying, that any colour of sky or water I had ever seen before was muddy and opaque in comparison with its heavenly brightness. The hill side was in deep shadow when we clomb the rocky barrier of the Mer de Glace, and so varied and full of interest had been our excursion, that it was difficult to believe we had walked eighteen miles on the ice. The shade of the trees gave addition to the gloom, and we passed down the forest girdle in deep darkness. It was ten o'clock when we reached the brilliant and thronging inn at Chamouni, and we had occupied between fifteen and sixteen hours in the excursion.

Of our journey homewards through regions already described, nothing, it is presumed, need be said; and so here finishes these rough notes of our pedestrian excursion in Switzerland and Savoy.

PROPOSED FOURTH COLONY IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE New Zealand Company has now established three distinct *settlements* in that region, all of which may be presumed to be prospering, since nothing to the contrary purport ever obtrudes itself upon public notice. We have not for some time been attending to the proceedings connected with this great effort in colonisation, but we believe these have been characterised by extraordinary activity, and that the original plans of the company have been in all respects honourably adhered to. Our attention has now been drawn by the proposal of a fourth settlement, in which, it appears to us, a remarkable advance is made towards that perfect facilitation to the efflux of our population into the waste territories of the British crown, which seems to be generally held as desirable in the present posture of our affairs.

A great evil, or at least a monstrous inconvenience, has been experienced in every one of the recent Australian settlements, and all those of the New Zealand archipelago, in the arrival of great numbers of settlers upon the ground before the lands had been surveyed, or any other preparation made for them. One or two years were in general lost before the survey alone was completed; during which time, the settlers could exercise scarcely any productive industry, and were obliged to spend their capital upon high-priced articles of necessity imported from the home country. In one instance, at least, this delay gave occasion to a land-jobbing and speculative system, which has cast a shade over the first years of the colony, and laid the foundation perhaps of habits which it may require much time to get quit of. We have always felt the force of this obstruction to colonisation, but supposed that it was just one of those difficulties which could not be overcome, and which it was therefore necessary to submit to. We find, however, that this view has not been everywhere adopted. A plan for extinguishing it has been suggested by Mr George Rennie, late M.P. for Ipswich, who, we suppose, must be considered as the author of the proposal for a fourth colony in New Zealand, since he takes the lead in proposing it to the New Zealand Company. "Mr Rennie is of a family famous in the annals of Scottish agriculture—a family who have also earned a high name in science and art: he is himself a practical agriculturist, a sculptor, versed in the useful sister art of architecture, with a capacity for business, and willing to employ his capital as well as energies in a career that promises to blend public usefulness with profitable investment."* His scheme is proposed in a letter to the company, of date the 28th of July 1842.

Mr Rennie proposes that this fourth settlement shall be made upon the east shore of the Middle Island, which "presents the very important advantage of having been already examined, and found to comprise an ample extent of fertile land, and to contain several safe and commodious harbours." He continues—"An advantageous site for the new settlement being in the first instance secured, we propose that the company commence their operations by sending out a preliminary expedition, consisting of surveyors, civil engineers, mechanics, and a few agricultural labourers. On the arrival of the preliminary expedition at its destination, the surveyors should proceed to lay out the town, and the engineers to construct a landing-place, a wharf, and a road from the wharf to the centre of the town. At the same time, a portion of the mechanics should be engaged in erecting, in the immediate vicinity of the wharf, an extensive range of sheds for the reception of goods, and a spacious building, comprising a large dormitory, for the immediate accommodation of the first body of colonists on their landing. These objects being effected, a portion of the mechanics might perhaps be employed in erecting a church and a school-house. And while these several operations are in progress, the agricultural labourers should be employed in clearing and cropping an extensive suburban farm, which the company might judiciously cause to be stocked with the best breeds of cattle and sheep from the Australian colonies. After sufficient time has elapsed for the proximate completion of these important operations, or some of them, the first body of colonists, consisting of a due proportion of capitalists and labourers, should be dispatched from this country.

Under these arrangements, the new settlement will present a field for the immediate commencement of productive industry. The impediments to early progress which occurred in the first experimental colonies will be removed; the labour and cost of landing and conveying the goods of the settlers will be abridged; the settlers, on their arrival, will not be exposed to hardship and privation; they will be placed at once upon their locations, and will be enabled to purchase at moderate prices the seed and stock previously provided by the company. The capital which ought to be devoted to immediate cultivation will not be exported for the purchase of provisions. The settlement will be made from the first an appropriate residence for a civilised community."

The mode of proceeding is thus explained:—It is proposed that the company shall select 100,600 acres of land for the settlement. The 600 acres are to form a town, 200 being reserved for roads, streets, public works, &c., and 400 disposed in 1600 lots of a quarter of an acre each. To 1000 of these lots will be attached a suburban section of 20 acres, and a rural section of 80 acres, making up in all the 100,600 acres. The 600 town lots at L.25 each, and the 1000 lots of all three kinds of land at L.125 each, will bring L.140,000, which it is proposed to employ in this manner, namely, L.40,000 for defraying expenses not otherwise chargeable, for guarding against unforeseen difficulties, and for the company's commission upon the transaction; and L.100,000 for the expenses of surveys and management, the formation of roads, wharfs, bridges, and buildings for the reception of the first emigrants, and for emigration. Mr Rennie adds—"By this arrangement, after setting aside an adequate sum for the company's expenses and remuneration, the large fund of L.100,000 will be employed in defraying the expense of the surveys and management, in sending out labour to the colony, and in effecting those improvements by which labour is abridged. This arrangement will be found more beneficial to the capitalist who employs labour, than that of devoting a larger portion of the proceeds of the land-sales to emigration, as was done in the former settlements founded by the company. The quantity of work performed by two labourers, in a settlement provided with wharfs, roads, and bridges, will be greater than that which could be performed by those labourers on a settlement not provided with these important facilities for rendering industry effective. Immediate labour, when not aided by the results of previous labour, can accomplish little: when the means of communication are imperfect, a great portion of the available labour of the community must be devoted not to immediate production, but to overcoming the difficulty of transport. Estimated not by the number of hands, but by the quantity of work, the actual supply of labour will be increased by diverting a portion of the proceeds of the land-sales from emigration to the execution of works by which labour is abridged."

Mr Rennie makes his proposition "on behalf of a body of persons who contemplate the formation of a settlement" on the plan which he describes; and the company, in its answer, expresses its readiness to enter upon the scheme, provided that the government will consent to it "upon such terms as will afford a reasonable remuneration for the responsibilities and risk of the undertaking." This reservation is understood to be designed for the purpose of securing that the project shall be independent of the governor, Captain Hobson, of whose proceedings, it would appear, the company have hitherto found cause to complain. Whatever may be the arrangements made, or the success of the scheme in this particular instance, we think there can be little doubt that the scheme itself bespeaks an immense step forward in the policy of an enlarged system of colonisation, and, as such, merits the approbation of the public.

* Colonial Gazette, Aug. 17, 1842.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HOLKHAM, 1830.

Having accepted an invitation to spend the 1st of September at Holkham, we arrived there at nine o'clock, and, after being greeted with a hearty welcome by Mr Coke, were introduced to Lady Anne and her sister Lady Mary, with whom, and a party of nine gentlemen, who had been invited to meet us, we sat down to breakfast; and the kind attentions of our host and hostess soon made us feel ourselves "at home." Breakfast being finished, Mr Coke ordered his coach and four, with a barouche and a pair of horses, to convey himself and visiters on a farming tour; and as our particular object was to examine the crop of barley, every facility was afforded us by our kind conductor, whose constant endeavour appeared to be to mingle the useful with the agreeable. The postilions were first desired to stop near some beasts of the North Devon breed, which were grazing in the park. Mr Coke mentioned several facts illustrative of the superiority of the North Devons: amongst others, that he called on Mr Handcock, a butcher in London, who supplies some of the first families, and asked him if he had killed any Devon beasts; he replied, no; they were not good enough for his trade; he could only use the best Scots. Mr Coke persuaded him to try the Devons, and he so much approved of them, that he bought all Mr Coke sent to market for a considerable time—more than one hundred beasts. He also mentioned a trial between the fattening of two Devons against one short-horned beast, the two costing the same as the one; and when killed, the two weighed 140 stone, while the short-horned beast only weighed 110 stone, and it had eaten more food than the two Devons. Mr Coke considers the North Devons as by far the best for ploughing. As we passed slowly along through the park, Mr Coke gave us a very interesting account of the way in which his attention was first directed to agricultural pursuits. "When," said he, "I came to the Holkham estate, in 1776, the land had been let for two leases of twenty-one years each, at 3s. per acre; the leases came out in 1778, and I then offered the tenants new leases at 5s. per acre, tithe-free, but my offer was refused, and I was compelled to turn farmer, or take 3s. per acre. I chose the former; and having been favoured with a long life, have certainly seen the estate greatly improved. When I came to it, the rental was only L.1400 a-year, but now I make L.2500 a-year of the thinnings of my plantations; at that time upwards of 10,000 quarters of wheat were imported annually at the port of Wells, now there is full that quantity exported from the same place; at that time the population of Holkham was under 200, now it exceeds 1100, and all fully employed; at that period (1776), on 4500 acres of land, which now form Holkham Park, there were only 800 sheep kept; I have since planted 2500 acres, and now keep 2500 sheep." We were also highly amused by an account from Mr Coke of his first visit to his majesty William IV., whose hand he shook, instead of kissing it. The king gave him a hearty welcome, and then said, "Now, Coke, go home and take care of your freeholders." It is worth a journey of a hundred miles to see the village of Holkham: what a contrast does it present to that of Houghton, which we visited the day before! In Holkham every cottage is neat and clean; each cottage has a garden of considerable size, and for this neat house and garden he is charged two guineas a-year rent; it was not needful for me to ask if the poor men valued their gardens; the absence of weeds, the neat clipped hedges which surrounded them, and the excellent crops which they exhibited, told me, in language I could not misunderstand, that they were highly prized by their possessors. I wish that all those gentlemen who suffer their cottages to be without the comfort of a garden, could be prevailed upon to visit the village of Holkham, and to follow the excellent example which is there set them. In the centre of the village is a school, which is under the peculiar care of Lady Anne. Such, indeed, is the attention bestowed upon this village, such the anxiety on the part of its owner and his lady that its inhabitants should eat the bread of industry and peace, that, were I to judge only from outward circumstances, I should at once say the inhabitants of this village *must* be happy. While looking at the crops of potatoes in the gardens, we had from Mr Coke some interesting hints and observations on the culture of that useful root. He introduced it himself on the Holkham estate, but five years elapsed before he could prevail upon the poor people to eat or cultivate it, such were their strong prejudices against the stranger he introduced amongst them: he offered them land upon which to plant it without rent, but in vain, until at last he introduced the ox noble, a very large species, when they consented to raise a few, saying they might do for the pigs. Time, however, has wrought a mighty change.—*Stamford Mercury.*

TRUE HISTORY OF MACBETH.

SOME weeks since, the original story of King Llyr, or Lear, upon which Shakspeare founded his magnificent tragedy of that name, was transferred to our columns from an English version of an old Welsh chronicle. Believing that every person of literary tastes will feel it interesting thus to trace out the materials upon which the fancy of our great poet based such superb superstructures, we subjoin what appears to be the real story of Macbeth, printed from an old chronicle by Mr Collet, in his "Relics of Literature." The direct source to which Shakspeare was indebted seems to have been Holinshed, though Buchanan's history of Scotland may also have been in his hands, being published just when he was rising into manhood. Both Holinshed and Buchanan, however, simply retailed the narrative of Hector Boece. The names of all the leading persons in the play are given by Buchanan, Duncan, Malcolm, Donaldbain, Bancho, Fleance, Macduff, and Sibard (Siward), being of the number. Macbeth is called by the historian "thane of Angus." Stirred by ambition, as well as by a dream in which "three women of more than human stature appeared to him," and hailed him successively "thane of Angus," "thane of Moray," and "king of Scotland," Macbeth, according to the historian, murdered Duncan at Inverness, and seized the sceptre, the sons of his victim taking to flight. As the witches had prognosticated that the posterity of Bancho should reign, Macbeth assassinated him, but Fleance escaped. The murder of Macduff's children, the flight of that thane to Malcolm in England, the return of the two with auxiliaries under Siward, the besieging of Macbeth in Dunsinane castle, and the death of the tyrant by the hands of Macduff, are all given by Buchanan as in the play. Minor incidents, such as that of the green boughs taken by the soldiers of Malcolm, so finely woven into the plot by Shakspeare, are also noticed by the historian, and he concludes with a hint to which we may possibly owe this noble tragedy. "I omit here," says Buchanan, "a number of fables more adapted for theatrical representation than history." The direct idea of the weird sisters, we see, was derived from history. To the old play of the Witch of Edmonton, Shakspeare may have been indebted for some hints in composing his incantation scenes.

But what is probably the true story of Macbeth differs considerably from the preceding, which various annalists have repeated almost literally from Boece. "The more veracious Wyntown," says Mr Collet,

"calls Macbeth the thane of *Crumbachty*, which is the Gaelic name of Cromarty; and in the well-known story of the Weird Sisters, the chronicler makes the first witch hail Macbeth thane of Crumbachty, the second thane of Moray, and the third king. These intimations lead directly up to the several fictions of Boece, Holinshed, and Shakspeare. Macbeth was by birth the thane of Ross, by marriage with the Lady Gruoch the thane of Moray, and by his crimes the king of Scots. Finley, as we may learn from Torfæus, was maormor, or, as the Norwegian historian calls him, *jarl*, of Ross, who, at the commencement of the eleventh century, carried on a vigorous war, in defence of his country, against the incursions of that powerful vikingr, Sigurd, the Earl of Orkney and Caithness. With his dominions the district of Finley was contiguous, while the country of Angus lay southward at a great distance. Finley lost his life about 1020, in some hostile conflict with Malcolm II. This fact alone evinces that Finley would scarcely have fought with his wife's father if he had been the husband of Doada. The Lady Gruoch, when driven from her castle by the cruel fate of her husband, the maormor of Moray, naturally fled with her infant son, Lulach, into the neighbouring country of Ross, which was then ruled by Macbeth, who married her, during the reign of Duncan. We have now seen distinctly that Macbeth was maormor of Ross, the son of Finley, and the grandson of Rory, or Roderick; and that he was the husband of Gruoch, who was the daughter of Boedhe, and the grand-daughter of Kenneth IV. Macbeth thus united in himself all the power which was possessed by the partisans of Kenneth IV., all the influence of the Lady Gruoch, and of her son Lulach, together with the authority of maormor of Ross, but not of Angus. With all these powers, in addition to his own character for address and vigour, Macbeth became superior to Duncan and the partisans of his family. Macbeth had to avenge the wrongs of his wife, and to resent for himself the death of his father. The superiority of Macbeth, and the weakness of Duncan, were felt, when the unhappy king expiated the crimes of his fathers by 'his most sacrilegious murder;' and Macbeth hastily marched to Scone, where he was inaugurated as the king of Scots, supported by the clans of Moray and Ross, and applauded by the partisans of Kenneth IV. If Macbeth had been, in fact, what fiction has supposed, the son of the second daughter of Malcolm, his title to the throne would have been preferable to the right of Duncan's son, according to the Scottish constitution from the earliest epoch of the monarchy. Whatever defect there may have been in his title to the sullied sceptre of his unhappy predecessor, he seems to have been studious to make up for it by a vigorous and beneficent administration. He even practised the hospitality which gives shelter to the fugitive. During his reign, plenty is said to have abounded; justice was administered; the chieftains, who would have raised disturbances, were either overawed by his power or repressed by his valour. Yet injury busied herself in plotting vengeance. Crian, the abbot of Dunkeld, who, as the father of Duncan, and the grandfather of his sons, must have been now well stricken in years, put himself at the head of the friends of Duncan, and made a gallant but unsuccessful attempt to restore them to their rights. The odious crime, however, by which Macbeth acquired his authority, seems to have haunted his most prosperous moments. He tried, by distributing money at Rome, by largesses to the clergy, and by charity to the poor, to obtain relief from 'the affliction of those terrible dreams that did shake him nightly.' Macbeth and the lady Gruoch, his wife, gave the lands of Kirkness, and also the manor of Bolgy, to the Culdees of Lochleven. Yet the friendship of the pope, and the support of the clergy, did not insure Macbeth a quiet reign. His rigour increased with his sense of insecurity. The injuries of Macduff, the maormor of Fife, constantly prompted the son of Duncan to attempt the redress of their wrongs. With the approbation, perhaps by the command, of Edward the Confessor, Siward, the potent Earl of Northumberland, and the relation of Malcolm, conducted a numerous army into Scotland during the year 1054. The Northumbrians, led by Siward and his son Osbert, penetrated, probably, to Dunsinane. In this vicinity were they confronted by Macbeth, when a furious conflict ensued. The numbers of the slain evince the length of the battle and the bravery of the combatants. Osbert was slain; yet Macbeth, after all his efforts of valour and vigour of conduct, was overcome. He retired into the north, where he had numerous friends, and where he might find many fastnesses. Siward returned into Northumberland, and died at York in 1055. Meantime, Macbeth continued his bloody contest with Malcolm; and this uncommon character was at length slain at Lumphanan, on the 5th of December 1056, by the hand of the injured Macduff."

ROTATION OF CROPS IN GARDENS.

I have pursued with success for many years the following rotation in preparing ground, which has been almost exclusively devoted, during fifty years, to the growth of strawberries:—It was usual, in renewing the beds, to mow down the plants after the fruit was gathered, and to dig up the middle of the beds for a path, retaining the runners that had struck in the old one to bear the following season. But the ground being overrun with couch-grass, fox-tail grass, and blind-weed, I despaired of cleaning it without destroying the beds entirely. The usual plan would have been to trench the ground; but, aware that I should only increase the evil by dividing the roots of such weeds as could not be picked out, amidst an accumulation of strawberry plants, I had them mown off close to the ground, which was afterwards trenched carefully, by breaking each spadeful, and picking out every root that could be seen. It was then planted with celery, and every time the plants were moulded up, those roots which had escaped in the trenching were picked out. In the spring I again gave it a shallow trenching, to incorporate the dung in which the celery grew; and I afterwards planted the ground with early spring-sown cauliflowers, which were all cut by the middle of August. A good coat of manure was then dug in, and strawberries were planted in patches, three or five together (according to the sorts), two feet apart in the rows, which are two and a half and four feet wide alternately. These plants bore a crop the following season, equal to what they would have done had they been planted out singly the previous spring. Whenever I make a new plantation, I usually follow the same rotation, except that I have no occasion to trench the ground. Previously to making the celery trenches, I have only to strike a spade under the patches, and remove them with the few runners they have made attached; a little hoeing being sometimes necessary, if there are weeds on the ground. I annually dig amongst them; and, as soon as possible after the fruit is gathered, I remove from the patches all the runners they have made. It may be objected, that it is more difficult to keep the fruit clean than when the plants occupy the whole row; but as I can get plenty of short grass, it is easily accomplished. I am of opinion, that, if the patches had double the room, I should be no loser; for, about six years ago, I removed alternate patches from two rows of Keen's seedling—the fruit they have since borne has been very fine, and not less in quantity than there would have been had I not removed any. They continue to bear well still, but I seldom allow them to stand longer than four years. Sometimes, instead of cauliflowers after the celery, I have a late crop of peas, in which case I do not plant the strawberries till the following spring; but I cannot calculate on much fruit that season.—*James Murdoch.*

MUSINGS IN SEPTEMBER.

Out we went, we three,
In loving companie:
Faith, I mote remember,
'Twas the moneth of September!
Haws were red and fields mowne,
And the song-byrd sate lone
On the brown bough; singing, she
Made amends for companie.

By a brooke sate we,
And discoursed of destinie—
"See you now, how things change
As they draw near to die?
Man slackens in 's gait,
Hair whitens on 's pate,
Puff, goeth out 's breath!
So comes the year's death:
Verily, friends, it is strange!"

Out then spake another,
In hollow accents, "Brother,
There's a charnel for the flesh,
And a grave for all matter,
But there's what springeth fresh
From the first as the latter.
The field getteth a new green cloth,
But who knoweth how it doth?
And man quickeneth again,
How or where we seek in vain!
The life of nature it is given
To our view—our own to Heaven."

—*Colburn's Kalendar of Amusements.*

USES OF THE DAGUERREOTYPE.

[From the "Spectator."]

The Daguerreotype process, as improved by M. Claudet, can represent objects all but in motion; a momentary suspension of movement only is necessary to fix the image on the plate, and a transient expression of the countenance is rendered permanent. Several members of the corps de ballet at the Italian opera lately stood—or rather danced—for their portraits to M. Claudet, in postures that could be retained but for an instant, such as poising on one toe with the other leg extended, and resting on the points of both feet. These miniatures may be seen at the Adelaide Gallery, and very curious they are; the whole of the figure, and even groups of two or three dancers, being delineated on a plate of two or three inches high, in which the play of the features and the minutest characteristics of the dress are discernible. M. Claudet's collection of likenesses includes the queen-dowager and other distinguished personages; but the most interesting of the series to us were those of Mademoiselle Rachel, in ordinary costume, and with her habitual look when in a thoughtful state of quietude. Mind and character are so vividly and delicately pourtrayed, that we could not but wish that the great tragic actress had sat in some of those different states of emotion which her eloquent countenance can express at will with so much intensity. If there is one thing more than another that the magic power of the Daguerreotype is valuable for, it is this of limning the fleeting shades of expression in the human face: for here the art of the painter, however great his skill, is most at fault; and it is only in his happiest moments that the artist of genius can transfer to the canvass the indications of lively sensation, strong passion, and profound thought, or even of individual character in a quiescent state. Could Garrick have looked all his characters before the lens of the Daguerreotype, generation would have beheld again and again what was given to his contemporaries to see once and away. Charles Mathews, who dipped for faces behind his green table, and brought up a fresh one every time, would have had nothing to do but to present his various physiognomies successively before the Daguerreotype camera to have them reflected in that retinent mirror. We instance actors in particular, Rachel having put us on the histrionic track; and also because, their art consisting in assuming at will certain characters and feelings, the Daguerreotype is peculiarly well adapted to take their portraits in a state of emotion: orators and others could only be so taken unawares, which would be scarcely practicable except in rare instances.

But some readers, having a prejudice against the Daguerreotype miniatures, may be ready to protest against their incorrectness as well as their grimness; and this brings us to the point which we are aiming to enforce, namely, the necessity for viewing the photographs through a medium of high magnifying power, not only to correct the slight aberration caused by the diminishing lens of the camera, but to amplify their shadows so as to lessen their density and remove the harshness and blackness consequent thereon. The image is too minute for any but a microscopic scrutiny to develop all its minutiæ of form; and, looking at the plate with the naked eye, one does not perceive the object truly and completely, even in point of form. A compensating lens, through which the visiters might view the photographic limnings, and artists might copy them when required, would be a desirable addition to the new arrangements that M. Claudet is now making at the Adelaide Gallery for facilitating his operations and promoting the convenience of visiters.

The value of the Daguerreotype as an aid to artists both in landscape and portraiture, is not yet fully appreciated; nor is the practice of producing prints from photographs so general as it is likely to become. We allude not to the experiments of taking impressions from the plates themselves (which the specimens that have been shown, though very imperfect, prove to be not altogether impossible), but to copies from them. A work has been commenced in Paris, called "Excursions Daguerriennes," containing views of the principal cities and remarkable places in the world, some numbers of which we have seen in London. The engravings are very neat and accurate copies in aquatint of the plates, the size of the originals; notwithstanding the absence of very minute detail, and the inferiority of the execution to the marvellous delicacy of nature's image, they are beautiful as works of art, and of course exact representations of the places.

THE ENGLISH ABROAD.

The Russians and the English are the two great travelling nations, and they are the only two who travel in the large, heavy, family coach, though the latter seem to be giving up that heavy machine which one cannot see out of. One of these carriages arrived two nights ago, and there was an immediate wager to which it belonged, England or Russia: the former gained it. The English have little idea how everything they do and say is discussed by foreigners. They mark and remark the most trifling circumstances; everything seems of consequence; even the dress is noted in the memory. Madame —— was the *mise à merveille*," or "*comme un ours*;" and while they are going in or out, walking or talking, just as they would if they were at home, they are little aware of the construction put upon every word and action, particularly in countries where they are not much known. The want of "risibility of the countenance and flexibility of the body" is the first thing that strikes; and it may be a question, whether the general acquirement of these *agrémens* in society might not be useful, inasmuch as the first would increase our own happiness, and the last the contentment of our neighbours. All persons like to be respected; "preferring one another" is a Christian principle; and there is a pleasure in the feeling of a well-regulated mind in showing deference to others, as well as receiving it one's self; and if we do not pay it, we cannot expect to receive it. The outward attention and respect paid by foreigners to women, and the inattention to her of our lords of the creation, is evident to the most unobserving. I could give many examples of my own experience of this; but were I to mention them, it might be called vanity: however, one is vivid in my imagination. We were once in a hurry to get our passports, and, knowing there is nothing like "making a page of your own age," that is, doing your own business, I drove first to the English, then to the Austrian ambassador's; my own "countryman" received me in dishabille—civilly, however, though hurried in his movements; the passport was signed, the gentleman bowed and retired to his den, leaving the lady to make her way out as she could. I then proceeded to the Austrian ambassador, and was shown into his room, where he was writing. I ought to have mentioned, the Englishman kept me waiting some time. Monsieur received me with the grace and politeness of his nation. When he found we were going to Italy, he inquired by what route, discussed the merits of them all, gave me much information, and, when the passport was ready, accompanied me to the head of the stairs, presented it, and, with many good wishes for an agreeable journey, and as many obeisances as if we had been at court, we parted. One was an unpleasant *business*, the other an agreeable visit; and manner made the difference. If it is true that *action* is three parts of speaking, *manner* must be three parts of diplomacy.—*Lady Vavasour's Last Tour and First Work.*

CAST-IRON BUILDINGS.

Buildings of cast-iron are daily increasing in England. As the walls will be hollow, it will be easy to warm the buildings by a single stove placed in the kitchen. A three-storey house, containing ten or twelve rooms, will not cost more than L.1100. Houses may be taken to pieces, and transported from one place to another, at an expense of not more than L.25.—*From a newspaper.*

[We entertain serious doubts as to the propriety of using cast-iron buildings as dwelling-houses; the liability to attract lightning is not the least of the evils to be dreaded.]

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SELF-IMPOSED TAXES.

IT is a great mistake to allege of mankind that they do not like taxes. There is, indeed, some truth in the allegation, but it also includes a large amount of falsehood. Mankind only do not like taxes which other people impose upon them. They are quite contented under taxes which they impose upon themselves. To speak with more rigid accuracy, no man likes taxes which others impose upon him, but every man is happy to pay taxes which he imposes upon himself. Comparative amount is of no moment. A man will pay very large self-imposed taxes with all the good humour imaginable, while he will be found to grumble at a very small rate imposed by others. Generally speaking, the voluntary taxes are greatly in excess of the compulsory, so that it may be said there is but a small proportion of truth in the allegation that mankind do not like taxes. It would be much more philosophical to say that mankind like taxes, only admitting that there was a small exception from the rule with regard to a certain way in which taxes were occasionally imposed, namely, when they were put by one man upon another.

I admit this exception to the fullest extent. I do not even deny it with regard to those instances of taxation in which a man is supposed to tax himself through the medium of representatives. Somehow, though statesmen have ever shown a great anxiety to uphold this fiction of the law, and thereby, if possible, make the public taxes seem self-imposed, there are few well-authenticated instances of individuals liking such taxes any more than those to which the dictate of a despot has subjected them. The relation between the will of the represented citizen and the order for payment which he in time receives, with due penalties specified for delay and refusal, is apt to be not very clearly perceived, and all De Lolme and Blackstone's efforts to mend the matter go much in vain. The fact, then, is certain, that men do not like taxes of a public nature. Alas, how little need is there to impress this truth! Does not almost every newspaper convey the groans and grumblings of the unfortunate public on the enormity of these imposts! How do high and low, young and old, rich and poor, and "men of all shades of political thinking," unite in detesting these at the best necessary evils! Yes, I think the proposition that men do not like public taxes will be pretty generally acceded to.

But it is quite different with the far larger class of taxes which men do really and without fiction lay upon themselves. Here all is serenity and complacency. If we consider every expense incurred under the influence of some false maxim, sentiment, or appetite, and which does not redound to real enjoyment, as a self-imposed tax, I think it will be allowed that most men pay more in voluntary than compulsory taxation; yet not a single genuine groan is ever heard about the matter. Sometimes, indeed, the voluntary is curiously mixed up with the compulsory taxation, as we shall see in the sequel; but in these cases the only remarkable thing is, that the part which is voluntary usually serves in a great measure to reconcile the sufferer to that which is otherwise—and many are so happy to pay the voluntary as to overlook the compulsory altogether.

Spontaneous taxation is of several kinds, and it would require a much more skilful hand than mine to anatomise it properly. Sometimes we see it in the whole style of a man's life, sometimes only in particular habits or particular acts. In the fashionable and affluent world, it has ever borne extensive sway. There we see men and women content to spend but a small portion of their incomes in the manner which their natural tastes would dictate, and paying nearly the whole of it away in self-imposed taxes, merely that they may appear to live as some other persons live, whose good opinion they think they are thus cultivating, while in truth nobody is ever once thinking about them. Some tax themselves in a pack with which they never hunt; some in a racing stud which they never accompany to Ascot's. Some pay a vast impost in the maintenance of a gratis hotel in the shape of a country house; some in the keeping up of an equipage which they think their rank calls for; some in a retinue of servants whom they do not need, and who are only a cumber to them, so that they may be considered as a sort of double tax. A box at the opera makes a very neat self-imposed tax of some hundreds per annum, which some persons of no particular taste for music pay with a great deal of pleasure. Private concerts, routs, and *fetes champetres*, are occasional cesses of the same kind, which many are happy to pay, taxing their own patience and spirits at the same time to entertain the company who may be assembled. In short, almost all the gaieties of the *beau monde* may be described as self-imposed taxes, for those at whose cost they are instituted obviously have very little real enjoyment in them. "I don't care for going to town next season—to tell the truth, I am tired of it—but I suppose we must go, my dear, or it would be thought very odd." So says a country gentleman to his wife, in the true spirit of submission to self-imposed taxation. And they go and pay the tax accordingly, with all the cheerfulness imaginable. Talk of self-devotion and self-sacrifice!—where is there anything of the kind comparable to a life passed in constant submission to restraints and expenses, incurred in order to carry out the idea of what is proper to one's class in the gay world?

The less affluent classes submit to their self-imposed taxes with a patience equally edifying. It is calculated that from forty-five to fifty millions, or about the amount of the whole of the public taxes of the United Kingdom, are spent in it annually on ardent spirits, beer, tobacco, and some other things which, so far from benefiting the people, do them harm. This is a splendid amount of *voluntary* taxation, and it is, of course, only a portion of the whole. Yet not a word of grumbling is ever heard from those who pay it. The expenditure on ardent spirits alone is estimated at twenty-four millions, and this at least must be regarded as a very pure tax of the voluntary kind, seeing that not an atom of utility can be attributed to the article, but much that is the reverse. Nevertheless, I now am old who once was young, and I do not recollect ever hearing any one vent a word of complaint respecting this tax. What stronger subject for indignation, it may be asked, could a poet or an orator wish for, than the well-fed, well-clad emissaries of a despot, extorting oppressive taxes from a population, such as that of Egypt, sunk into the depths of poverty? The same contrast is to be seen every day between the magnificent tax-offices called gin-palaces in all our large towns, and the poor wretches who hourly come there to pay in their spontaneous impost; but no one connected with the tax-paying class in this instance is ever seen to get warm upon the subject. In the town of Bury, which contains 25,000 inhabitants, the annual expenditure on spirits and beer is estimated at L.54,190, or about L.8 for each family, being sufficient to pay the rent and *public* taxes of comfortable houses for the whole of the population. A large proportion of the humbler classes do there live in very mean and ill-furnished dwellings, there being no fewer than fifteen hundred in which the inmates sleep more than two in a bed. Yet I venture to say, the immense self-taxation which is the chief cause of all this poverty is submitted to without a murmur. It is calculated that the town of Dundee, which contains 60,000 inhabitants, taxes itself for spirits to the amount of L.180,000 per annum: there is one parish in it which gives a new version of Falstaff's tavern bill—*a hundred and eight places for the sale of liquor to eleven bakers' shops*. Now, the angels may weep over these taxes of Dundee, but the people themselves do not. In the principal street of the old town of Edinburgh, there are upwards of a hundred tax-offices open; if there were half so many for compulsory taxes, human nature would be in constant rebellion under it; but being all for self-imposed taxes, the thing is thought nothing of. Some years ago, there was in Glasgow one office for these self-imposed taxes to every thirteen houses, and all submitted to with marked resignation. Such is the general case throughout the empire: everywhere we see numerous offices for spontaneous imposts, which the people are hourly paying without a murmur, while the smallest cess laid upon them for something really useful to them, would rouse their "ignorant impatience of taxation" in a moment. With what heroic indifference does a patriotic citizen pay out his self-imposed taxes in one of these offices on a Saturday evening, ay, even till he has denuded himself of perhaps a sixth or fifth part of his weekly earnings! Not a qualm seizes him, not a whisper of complaint escapes. But take the same citizen, and tell him that it would be well for him to pay a health rate or an education rate of the most trifling amount, and see how he would receive the idea. It is a remarkable fact, which I have often had occasion to note, that when you speak to a man about any new proposed tax of a public and compulsory nature, however small it may be, he is sure to begin a long elegy on the severity of the taxes of that kind which he already has to pay; but when he is in the way of subjecting himself to a tax of the other kind, albeit a pretty heavy one, he never says a single word about this department of his hardships. His demeanour, when paying his self-imposed taxes, is in general rather of a cheerful kind—as if they were a source of positive happiness to him, and so much to be enjoyed, that he could not bear to indulge at the moment in a single painful association.

Do not let it for an instant be supposed, that any one class of the community is more addicted to the paying of self-imposed taxes than another. It is an universally prevalent disposition, and the same essentially, whether exemplified by the gentleman whiffing at his cigar or the workman at his clay pipe, whether in the same tavern amongst mugs and jugs, or at a table where five kinds of wine and a dessert tempt to a bewailment of the unfortunate habits of the lower orders, and a general discussion of the distresses of the country. I may chance, however, to have met with an illustration amongst a humble portion of the people, better than any which have accrued from higher quarters. This illustration I here introduce, without wishing it to be supposed that it is more characteristic of one class than another. When Sir Charles Shaw took charge of the police force in Manchester a few years ago, he found the work-people in the habit of paying sixpence per week each to the old watch for calling them up in the mornings. He put a stop to the practice, as being one which interfered with the regular duties of the police, and as being founded on a habit which might be corrected. The employers, however, complained of the interruption of the practice, and requested that it might be renewed. Sir Charles, considering that sixpence was too high a charge, offered to allow the police to call up the work-

people at *twopence* per week each, provided that the masters, to save the trouble of the weekly collection, deducted the amount from the weekly wages, and paid it over to the police fund. The answer to the proposal was, that the work-people would sooner pay sixpence of their own accord than have one penny deducted from their wages by their masters. Could there be anything more pointedly demonstrative of the readiness with which imposts are submitted to, although actually severe, if they are only self-imposed?

I trust, then, that the proposition put at the head of this paper, that it is a great mistake to allege of mankind that they do not like taxes, has been satisfactorily made out. The whole matter, it will be observed, lies in the specialty as to the mode of imposition. Tax honest John Bull in the most homœopathic manner, and he roars like his namesake; but allow the worthy man to tax himself, and you cannot take any plan for making him more happy. The great error or misfortune of statesmen is, that they always leave him somebody to blame as the cause of his impoverishment: if they could so arrange the matter with the worthy gentleman as to leave him only himself for that purpose, they would find him the most gentle, submissive, forgiving, and Christian-like person in the world.

LIEBIG ON HEALTH AND DISEASE.

We said we should most likely glance at the theory of disease propounded by Liebig in his recent work on Animal Chemistry,* and we now take up the subject.

Liebig's ideas are not altogether new, but they are given in an original and forcible manner, and must prove of no small use in helping forward physiological science. He shows, as we formerly mentioned, that a principal phenomenon in the animal organism consists in the supply and waste of substance; that the vital force may be compared to a furnace which requires constant fuel—the oxygen of the atmosphere, as it were, blowing the flame, while the fuel is the food that hunger incessantly demands. Animal life, then, our author proceeds to demonstrate, is intimately associated with the mutual action of waste and supply, and that the condition of body in which these are preserved in equilibrium is what we term *health*.

The process of destruction in the animal fibre is greatly assisted by exercise or labour, and consequently so is the demand for material greater. This, indeed, is a plain truth, which every person knows—the man who toils hardest requires most food. But this general truth is qualified by circumstances; the action of supply and waste differs in degree at different periods of life from infancy to old age. In childhood, the power of assimilation—that is, transforming food into fibre—is stronger than in advanced years, and therefore proportionally more nourishment is required. We find, says Liebig, that "a perfect balance between the consumption of vital force for supply of matter, and that for mechanical effects, occurs, therefore, only in the adult state. It is at once recognised in the complete supply of the matter consumed. In old age more is wasted; in childhood more is supplied than wasted." In mechanical efforts, or labour, vital force is expended. The daily loss of a full-grown man cannot be restored in less than seven hours' sleep. "The adult man sleeps seven hours, and wakes seventeen hours; consequently, if the equilibrium be restored in twenty-four hours, the mechanical effects produced in seventeen hours must be equal to the effects produced during seven hours in the shape of formation of new parts. The body can only increase in mass, if the force accumulated during sleep, and available for mechanical purposes, is employed neither for voluntary nor for involuntary motions."

These facts respecting the supply of waste by food and vital force by sleep, bear on the theory of disease. According to Liebig—"Every substance or matter, every chemical or mechanical agency, which changes or disturbs the restoration of the equilibrium between the manifestations of the causes of waste and supply, in such a way as to add its action to the causes of waste, is called *a cause of disease*. *Disease* occurs when the sum of vital force, which tends to neutralise all causes of disturbance (in other words, when the resistance offered by the vital force), is weaker than the acting cause of disturbance.

Death is that condition in which all resistance on the part of the vital force entirely ceases. So long as this condition is not established, the living tissues continue to offer resistance.

To the observer, the action of a cause of disease exhibits itself in the disturbance of the proportion between waste and supply which is proper to each period of life. In medicine, every abnormal condition of supply or of waste, in all parts or in a single part of the body, is called disease. It is evident that one and the same cause of disease will produce in the organism very different effects, according to the period of life; and that a certain amount of disturbance, which produces disease in the adult state, may be without influence in childhood or in old age. A cause of disease may, when it is added to the cause of waste in old age, produce death (annihilate all resistance on the part of the vital force); while in the adult state it may produce only a disproportion between supply and waste; and in infancy only an equilibrium between supply and waste (the abstract state of health).

A cause of disease which strengthens the causes of supply, either directly or indirectly, by weakening the action of the causes of waste, destroys, in the child and in the adult, the relative normal state of health; while in old age it merely brings the waste and supply into equilibrium.

A child, lightly clothed, can bear cooling by a low external temperature without injury to health; the force available for mechanical purposes, and the temperature of its body, increase with the change of matter which follows the cooling; while a high temperature, which impedes the change of matter, is followed by disease.

On the other hand, we see, in hospitals and charitable institutions (in Brussels, for example), in which old people spend the last years of life, when the temperature of the dormitory, in winter, sinks 2 or 3 degrees below the usual point, that by this slight degree of cooling the death of the oldest and weakest, males as well as females, is brought about. They are found lying tranquilly in bed, without the slightest symptoms of disease, or of the usual recognisable causes of death.

A deficiency of resistance, in a living part, to the causes of waste, is obviously a deficiency of resistance to the action of the oxygen of the atmosphere. When, from any cause whatever, this resistance diminishes in a living part, the change of matter increases in an equal degree.

Now, since the phenomena of motion in the animal body are dependent on the change of matter, the increase of the change of matter in any part is followed by an increase of all motions. According to the conducting power of the nerves, the available force is carried away by the nerves of involuntary motion alone, or by all the nerves together.

Consequently, if, in consequence of a diseased transformation of living tissues, a greater amount of force be generated than is required for the production of the normal motions, it is seen in an acceleration of all or some of the involuntary motions, as well as in a higher temperature of the diseased part. This condition is called *fever*.

When a great excess of force is produced by change of matter, the force, since it can only be consumed by motion, extends itself to the apparatus of voluntary motion. This state is called *a febrile paroxysm*."

He then proceeds to show that disease in a hitherto healthy part is immediately a result of an overcharge of oxygen, and that in the same manner the whole system may become affected. "Should there be formed, in the diseased parts, in consequence of the change of matter, from the elements of the blood or of the tissue, new products, which the neighbouring parts cannot employ for their own vital functions; should the surrounding parts, moreover, be unable to convey these products to other parts, where they may undergo transformation, then these new products will suffer, at the place where they have been formed, a process of decomposition analogous to fermentation or putrefaction.

The accelerated change of matter, and the elevated temperature in the diseased part, show that the resistance offered by the vital force to the action of oxygen is feebler than in the healthy state. But this resistance only ceases entirely when death takes place. By the artificial diminution of resistance in another part, the resistance in the diseased organ is not, indeed, directly strengthened; but the chemical action (the cause of the change of matter) is diminished in the diseased part, being directed to another part, where the physician has succeeded in producing a still more feeble resistance to the change of matter (to the action of oxygen)."

The remedies for disorders of this kind are such as experience has pointed out to be useful in restoring an equilibrium in the general action. One method, as is well known, is to apply counter-irritants; and when these fail, the surgeon withdraws a portion of blood. "He diminishes, by blood-letting, the number of the carriers of oxygen (the globules), and by this means the conditions of change of matter; he excludes from the food all such matters as are capable of conversion into blood; he gives chiefly or entirely non-azotised food, which supports the respiratory process—as well as fruit and vegetables, which contain the alkalies necessary for the secretions.

If he succeed, by these means, in diminishing the action of the oxygen in the blood on the diseased part, so far that the vital force of the latter, its resistance, in the smallest degree overcomes the chemical action—and if he accomplish this, without arresting the functions of the other organs—then restoration to health is certain.

To the method of cure adopted in such cases, if employed with sagacity and acute observation, there is added, as we may call it, an ally on the side of the diseased organ, and this is the vital force of the healthy parts. For, when blood is abstracted, the external causes of change are diminished also in them, and their vital force, formerly neutralised by these causes, now obtains the preponderance."

Cold may be made available with great effect as an agent of cure, by restoring equilibrium, and changing the character of matter. It may be applied "especially in certain morbid conditions in the substance of the centre of the apparatus of motion; when a glowing heat and a rapid current of blood towards the head point out an abnormal metamorphosis of the brain. When this condition continues beyond a certain time, experience teaches that all motions in the body cease. If the change of matter be chiefly confined to the brain, then the change of matter, the generation of force, diminishes in all other parts. By surrounding the head with ice, the temperature is lowered, but the cause of the liberation of heat continues; the metamorphosis, which decides the issue of the disease, is limited to a short period. We must not forget that the ice melts and absorbs heat from the diseased part; that if the ice be removed before the completion of the metamorphosis, the temperature again rises; that far more heat is removed by means of ice, than if we were to surround the head with a bad conductor of heat. There has obviously been liberated in an equal time a far larger amount of heat than in the state of health; and this is only rendered possible by an increased supply of oxygen, which must have determined a more rapid change of matter.

The self-regulating steam-engines, in which, to produce a uniform motion, the human intellect has shown the most admirable acuteness and sagacity, furnish no inapt image of what occurs in the animal body. The body, in regard to the production of heat and of force, acts just like one of these machines. With the lowering of the external temperature, the respirations become deeper and more frequent; oxygen is supplied in greater quantity and of greater density; the change of matter is increased, and more food must be supplied, if the temperature of the body is to remain unchanged."

The section on this deeply interesting subject is closed by the following judicious remarks:—"It is only by a just application of its principles that any theory can produce really beneficial results. The very same method of cure may restore health in one individual, which, if applied to another, may prove fatal in its effects. Thus, in certain inflammatory diseases, and in highly muscular subjects, the antiphlogistic treatment has a very high value; while in other cases blood-letting produces unfavourable results. The vivifying agency of the blood must ever continue to be the most important condition in the restoration of a disturbed equilibrium, which result is always dependent on the saving of time; and the blood must, therefore, be considered and constantly kept in view, as the ultimate and most powerful cause of a lasting vital resistance, as well in the diseased as in the unaffected parts of the body."

* Animal Chemistry, or Organic Chemistry in its Applications to Physiology, by Justus Liebig. Edited by W. Gregory, Professor of Medicine, Aberdeen. London: Taylor and Walton, Upper Gower Street. 1842.

THE LIFE AND POETRY OF LUCRETIUS.

Titus Lucretius Carus was born at Rome, B. C. 95 or 96. His father seems to have been an obscure scion of an illustrious stock. The Lucretii were one of the most ancient and powerful families in the Roman commonwealth. They had been early elevated into fame by their connexion with that heroic lady whose tragic fate had changed the constitution of her country, and with it the destinies of the world.

At the time of our poet's birth, a rage for Grecian literature had spread throughout Italy. The conquerors had submitted to the schooling of the conquered, and avowed themselves as far their inferiors in letters as they had proved themselves their superiors in arms. The Achaians who had come to Rome as hostages remained as instructors, and the seminaries over which they presided were thronged with eager and delighted pupils. It was natural, however, to entertain a preference for the fountain-head of knowledge and taste. The language and learning of Greece were to be found purest and raciest at the source. Rhodes, Mitylene, but especially Athens, became, accordingly, the favourite resorts of the Roman youth. Each of these localities had associations to boast of, inexpressibly precious to juvenile enthusiasm; and the last, in particular, was holy ground. Not to speak of warriors, and statesmen, and poets, Athens was pre-eminently the home and the haunt of science. Zeno was still apparent to the second-sight of fancy, hovering beside his porch; Epicurus still uprose at every turn of the garden; the awful form of Aristotle yet lingered by the Lyceum; and the deep grove of the Academy was made still more sombre by the shade of Plato. It was thus to a spot, the richest in all the world in such inspiring recollections, that Lucretius was sent to complete his studies. Here he attended the Epicurean school, at that time taught by Zeno and Phædrus, both able and benevolent men, and imbibed the lessons of that philosophy of which he afterwards approved himself so ardent a disciple and so gifted an expounder. As his fellow-students at this seat of learning, we find a group of names which afterwards rose to rank with the proudest in their country's annals. Among them are those of Brutus, Cassius, and Cicero. With some of these remarkable young men our poet contracted warm and lasting friendships. But none of them seems to have had a place so near his heart as Caius Memmius, a high-born Roman, between whose family and that of Lucretius there subsisted an hereditary amity. He

who was writing for millions was most concerned for the applause of Memmius.

In company with Catullus, our poet, at an after-period, went with his friend to Bithynia, on his obtaining the government of that province. Into the activities of political life Lucretius himself never plunged, although, in his retirement, in the neighbourhood of Rome, he took, as a private patriot, a lively and often an indignant interest in the events of the time. His chief solace or amusement, however, was derived from the composition of his poem on the "Nature of Things." The completion of this work may be referred, with some probability, to about B. C. 58.

The little that is known of the life of Lucretius has now been told. His death is involved in mystery. Respecting two circumstances there seems to be no doubt. He became insane, and committed suicide. Whether, as some assert, he was deranged by a love-potion administered in a fit of jealousy by his wife Lucilia, or whether, as may more rationally be supposed, he was liable, like Tasso, to periodical attacks of a malady which has blighted some of the finest intellects, it cannot be questioned that he perished by his own hands. He died at the age of forty-four.

The "Nature of Things" is a philosophical and didactic poem, in six books, each consisting, on an average, of twelve or thirteen hundred lines. It is devoted to the exposition of the system of Epicurus, physical, moral, and theological, of which we may say a few words.

Philosophy, according to Epicurus, is reason applied to the promotion of happiness, which last is man's chief good, and ought to be the object of all his efforts. In order to its perfection, two things are necessary, a sound body and a tranquil mind. The great obstructions to the latter attainment are superstition and the fear of death. These, therefore, Epicurus laboured with all his might to remove. It is evident that the grand aim of his *ethics* was the emancipation of the human mind from dangerous passions and superstitious fears. Men fail of happiness either from misconceiving its nature or mistaking the means of its attainment. The definition of it given by Epicurus was, the state in which man enjoys most and suffers least, reason being the arbitress of pain and pleasure. He himself, while recognising the modifying influences of habit and temperament, was disposed to place happiness chiefly in mental tranquillity. Violent and tumultuous pleasures he regarded as, on the whole, hostile to it. To sluggish inaction he was equally opposed. The life he recommended finds its fitting emblem neither in the impetuous torrent nor in the stagnant pool, but may rather be likened to the limpid stream, passing, in cool serenity, along its appointed channel.

Virtue is to be practised as the only means of securing such felicity. The grand end of living pleasurably can only be reached by living well. All the virtues are resolvable into *prudence*. This, as applied to the regulation of the appetites, is termed *temperance*—the virtue which teaches us to enjoy present good in such proportion as to avoid entailing a future evil. In its relation to the necessary calamities of life, it becomes *fortitude*—a quality prompting to the patient endurance of whatever ills are inevitable; of the more acute, since they cannot last long; of the less considerable, because these are outweighed by concomitant pleasures. In its bearing on social relations, it is styled *justice*—a duty dictated by enlightened self-love, since strict regard to the rights of others is proved to be the only efficient safeguard of our own.

We are now prepared to pass to a rapid survey of the "Nature of Things." The poem opens with an invocation of Venus, the prolific principle of life and enjoyment, whose universal dominion is glowingly pourtrayed. The author next propounds his subject, and celebrates the triumph over superstition achieved by his master Epicurus. The mention of this foe to human happiness suggests the tragic story of Iphigenia, the virgin daughter of Agamemnon. We shall extract this beautiful episode entire. It may be remarked, that Lucretius has heightened the pathos of the incident, and brought it into far closer accordance with nature, by deviating from the track of his predecessor Euripides, who represents Iphigenia as a voluntary victim.

> Around she looked; the pride of Grecian maids,
> The lovely Iphigenia, round she looked—
> Her lavish tresses, spurning still the bond
> Of sacred fillet, flaunting o'er her cheeks—
> And sought in vain protection. She survey'd
> Near her, her sad, sad sire; the officious priests
> Repentant half and hiding their keen steel,
> And crowds of gazers weeping as they view'd.
> Dumb with alarm, with supplicating knee
> And lifted eye, she sought compassion still:
> Fruitless and unavailing: vain her youth,
> Her innocence and beauty; vain the boast
> Of regal birth; and vain that first herself
> Lisp'd the dear name of Father, eldest born.
> Forced from her suppliant posture, straight she view'd
> The altar full prepared: not there to blend
> Connubial vows, and light the bridal torch;
> But at the moment when mature in charms,
> While Hymen called aloud, to fall e'en then,
> A father's victim, and the price to pay
> Of Grecian navies, favour'd thus with gales.
> Such are the crimes that Superstition prompts.
> (*Book* I. 83-102, *Good's Version.*)

The poet next proceeds to show that nothing can spring from or be reduced to nothing—a position which may be taken as the basis of the ancient physics. The dryness of philosophical discussion is here agreeably relieved by the following exquisite lines, which are presented to the reader in our own version:—

> The drops seem lost when Father Æther pours
> In earth's expectant lap his genial showers
> But soon shall crops in golden glory spring,
> And trees abroad their branchy foliage fling;
> Up from the soil in joyous effort shoot,
> And bend anon beneath a load of fruit:
> Hence man and beast are nurtured; hence we see
> Our cities gladden'd with the urchin's glee:
> On every breeze the warbled music floats,
> And glade and grove grow vocal with the notes:
> Hence languid herds athwart the mead repose,
> And milky moisture from their udders flows:
> With feeble limbs the frolic lambkin plays,
> Quaffs the warm mother's milk, and o'er the pasture strays.
> Thus nought may perish: mighty Nature brings
> Repair from ruin through the whole of things;
> Nor suffers birth, nor yields of life the breath,
> Save from the dust of antecedent death.—(251-265.)

The poet then discourses at large on the doctrine of atoms, and the results of their infinitely-varied combinations. He attacks the opinions of several ancient philosophers regarding the first principles of things; contends that the universe and space are alike illimitable; and concludes with a brief yet sublime assertion of the *self-interpreting power of nature*, and the certainty of a rich reward to those who patiently feel their way to her august arcana. The modern reader will be amused with the following reasonings against the doctrine of gravitation and the possibility of antipodes:—

> But fly, oh! Memmius, fly the sect deceived,
> Who teach that things, with gravitation firm,
> To the vast centre of the Entire, alike
> Unerring press: the world who fain would prove
> Void of external impulse, may subsist,
> And nought its post desert, profound or high,
> Since of such gravitating power possessed.
> For canst thou deem that aught may thus sustain
> And poise itself? that aught of solid weight,
> Placed at earth's utmost depth, could upwards strive
> Reversed; and to the surface (in the stream
> As spreads the downward shadow) still adhere?
> For thus such sages hold: thus man and beast
> Subsist, they teach, inverted, earth beneath:
> From their firm station, down their deeper skies
> As unexposed to fall, as towards the heavens
> Ourselves to mount sublime: by them the sun,
> When night to us unfolds her stars, surveyed;
> And equal measuring, in alternate course
> With us, their months, their darkness, and their day.
> Such are the specious fancies error feigns,
> In idle hour, to minds perverse and vain.
> (1051-1068, *Good's Version.*)

The Stoics, whose system is thus acrimoniously repudiated, believed that the figure of the earth and of the heavenly bodies was spherical, and also held the tenet of central gravitation. When asked how it occurred—allowing this to be a fact—that the particles of earth, water, and air, attracted by such common centre, did not fly off from their own proper orbits, and, passing through the vacuum of space, approach that centre, and rest there, to the total subversion of order and the regeneration of chaos—they replied, that such would assuredly be the effect, were it not for a certain elastic or contractile power possessed by the atmosphere of every orb, which compresses its particles together, and thus prevents such a dissolution.* This elastic substance was imagined to embrace and keep compact not only each individual orb, but also the universe considered as a whole. Hence, the poets speak of the "walls of the world."

The second book of the "Nature of Things" opens with a sublime picture of the philosopher's position; surveying securely, from the heights of science, the incessant though fruitless turmoil of vulgar mortals. The poet is thus conducted to what was deemed by his master, Epicurus, an exhaustive definition of happiness—"a body disjoined from suffering, and a mind divorced from care." As the passage which follows is one of the finest in the whole range of ancient or modern poetry, we shall attempt to translate it without abridgment. The reader will note the allusion to the magnificent garniture of the Roman palaces. Their walls and ceilings were often overlaid with gold and ivory, while the pavement was formed of tesselated marble. We are told that Nero caused the roof of his dining-room to be so constructed as to shift and present various appearances during the progress of the banquet. All the furniture of the mansion was provided in a like sumptuous style. In lamps, especially, the ancients were extremely curious. No price was grudged in their purchase, and no pains were spared in their workmanship. Some of those found among the ruins of Herculaneum are ranked by Winkelmann with the most valuable spoils of the buried city.

> Obey we Nature, and her claims are few,
> Delights innumerous on our path she'll strew.
> What though, athwart the hall, no boys of gold
> Their burnish'd lamps of sunny brilliance hold—
> That flame on boards where proud patricians sup,
> And dazzle drinkers in the midnight cup?
> No massy plate in stately service come,
> No music thunder o'er the fretted dome?—
> Yet what care we, on velvet greensward laid,
> Beside some brook, beneath some beech's shade!
> The less when laughs the spring, or summer pours
> Across the verdant meads her blushing flowers.
> Yes! sultry fevers have as fierce a fire,
> And from their victim full as loath retire,
> Though broider'd purple be around him spread,
> As if he stretched him on a peasant's bed.
> Since, then, nor wealth, nor birth, nor wide control,
> Avail the body, can they aid the soul?
> Say, when thy legions bristle on the plain,
> Say, when thy navies stud the ample main,
> Doth superstition, panic-struck, depart?
> Doth dread of death forsake thy troubled heart?
> Can these bid all thy dark forebodings cease,
> And lull the tempest of thy soul to peace?
> If all be vain—if cares and fell alarms
> Fear not the gleam of spears, the clang of arms;
> If bold they thrust 'mid lords and sceptred kings,
> Unawed, uncheck'd, by all resplendent things;
> Invade the court, and cluster round the throne,
> Though gold and purple frown, and bid begone—
> Why doubt that error's films our vision blind,
> And darkness broodeth o'er the human mind?
> As children tremble in the dark, and see
> Ideal terrors, so full often we
> Indulge our baseless fears in blaze of day,
> And conjure phantoms, credulous as they:
> Nor beams material pierce the mental gloom;
> *That* not the sun's bright shafts, but reason, truth, illume.
> (*Book* II. 20-60.)

The poet then goes on to prosecute the old subject of atoms, describing their motions, figures, and other properties; explains the occasions of light and colour; discourses on the vastness of the universe; and concludes, by an induction of imaginary proofs, that this earth has reached the stage of senescence, inanition, and decay—the idea of the world being in its dotage having been a favourite of poets and moralists in all ages.

In the third book, Lucretius advances to consider the nature, seat, and destiny of the soul. At this section of his work, he stands committed to the advocacy of a creed no less unpoetical than false. The elaborate apologist of materialism is self-convicted of treason against the Muse. The dearest hopes of nature, when chilled and scared by the hard visage of scepticism, have ever been wont to find shelter in song. Like the fabled Hamadryad, whose existence was bound up in that of her connatal tree, poetry seems destined to live or perish with the faith of an hereafter.

Our limits permit only a single extract. We regret the necessary omission of a beautiful passage, occurring towards the close of the book, in which the tales of the popular mythology regarding the torments of Tartarus are described as so many allegorical exponents of the tyranny of unbridled passions and the gnawings of an evil conscience. But without leaving unquoted this and other passages almost equally fine, it would be impossible to assign anything like proportionate prominence to the remaining sections of the poem.

> Why think the soul, when desolate and bare,
> Disrob'd, unhoused, it melteth into air,
> Its fleeting being to detain hath power—
> Say—not for ever—for a single hour?
> Nor do the dying feel the spirit pass,
> Unharm'd, entire, from the corporeal mass;
> The bronchial pipe first fill, then mount the throat,
> And last, at liberty in ether float:
> No; as each sense at its appointed part,
> The central soul expireth at the heart;
> While, were the mind immortal, none would mourn
> That the dull body should to earth return;
> But gladly rather fling his garb aside,
> As aged stag his horns, or snake his scaly hide.
> (*Book* III., 602, 614.)

The first of these arguments has already been dismissed, as proceeding on the false assumption that matter is a necessary adjunct of mind, or even an aid in reaching the true notion of that existence; the second can only be fully met by a reference to the teaching of the Christian scriptures.

In the fourth book, Lucretius proceeds to discourse on the various classes of external perceptions, enlarging especially on the properties of vision, and proposing explanations of various optical deceptions. The admirer of Wordsworth will recognise in the verses on echo, rudely disguised as they are in the translation of Creech, the germ of one of his finest thoughts.

> But some parts of the voice that miss the ear
> Fly through the air diffused, and perish there
> Some strike on solid buildings, and, restored,
> Bring back again the image of the word.
> This shows thee why, whilst men through caves and groves
> Call their lost friends, or mourn unhappy loves,
> The pitying rocks, the groaning caves, return
> Their sad complaints again, and seem to mourn.
> This all observe; and I myself have known
> Both rocks and hills return six words for one:
> The dancing words from hill to hill rebound—
> They all receive, and all restore the sound;
> The vulgar and the neighbours think and tell,
> That there the nymphs, and fauns, and satyrs, dwell;
> And that their wanton sport, their loud delight,
> Breaks through the quiet silence of the night;
> Their music's softest airs fill all the plains,
> And mighty Pan delights the listening swains—
> The goat-faced Pan, whose flocks securely feed,
> With long-hung lip, who blows his oaten reed.
> Ten thousand such romaunts the vulgar tell,
> Perhaps lest men should think the gods will dwell
> In towns alone, and scorn their plains and cell.
> (*Book* IV. 572-596, *Creech.*)

We cannot present the reader with a more graceful commentary on the last extract than the following:—"Nothing is more pleasing in ancient mythology than the fanciful doctrine which peopled all earth and sea with multitudes of fair female spirits. Every hill and dale, every grot and crystal spring, every lake, and brook, and river, every azure plain and coral cave of ocean, was animated and hallowed by the presence and protection of the nymphs. Grouped in bands, they braided the flowery garlands, or wove the mystic dance, or watched the cradle of infant gods and heroes, or followed in the train of Artemis. Sometimes they shared the love of the celestials, sometimes they deigned to consort with favoured mortals, sometimes they coqueted with satyrs and sileni; but more often, alone, in maiden purity, they would wander through

* Good's note on the passage, vol. i., 165.

glade or field, and repose on sunny bank or in green-wood covert, rejoicing in the beauty and beneficence of nature. Being dispersed through all creation, the classes into which they were divided, and the epithets by which they were distinguished, are exceedingly numerous. We hear most frequently of the *Naiades*, the fountain, lake, and river nymphs; *Nereides* and *Oceanitides*, sea and ocean nymphs; *Oreades*, mountain nymphs; *Napææ*, *Dryades*, *Hamadryades*, grove and tree nymphs."* The fauns and satyrs are the rural male divinities of Italian and Grecian mythology respectively. Chief of the former is the Latin Faunus, at the head of the latter Arcadian Pan. To him were ascribed all wild unearthly sounds, all strange and sudden terrors; whence, it is worthy of being noted, the English term panic.

With an attempt to account for the phenomena of dreams, and other disquisitions which need not be particularly referred to, the fourth book closes. The fifth opens with a fresh panegyric on Epicurus, whom our poet never tires in praising. That philosopher's system of cosmogony is next explained at large; the mutability of the visible universe is asserted; chaos, the heavenly bodies, the succession of seasons, the solar and lunar eclipses, the rise of animals and vegetables, afford ample scope for interesting discussion and splendid description; and, last of all, we are presented with a delightful view of the progress of human society and the origin of the various arts. We must make room for the group of the seasons, which has been compared by Dr Warton to the exquisite designs of Guido and Carracci. Our own translation is used:—

> Spring comes and Venus; harbinger of spring,
> Comes Zephyr, trippingly, with balmy wing;
> While Mother Flora by their footsteps strews
> Flowers of delicious scents and thousand hues:
> Parch'd Summer next, and dusty Ceres come;
> The sultry blasts forsake their airy home:
> Next, Autumn marches in her mellow pride,
> While tipsy Bacchus staggers by her side:
> Behind, new tribes of tempests sally forth,
> The lurid Auster and the blustering North:
> Then Winter follows with his hoary host—
> Snow, sleet, and stormy hail, and chattering frost.
> (*Book* V. 736-746.)

The last book treats on a vast variety of natural phenomena, such as thunder, lightning, waterspouts, hurricanes, earthquakes, and volcanoes. The poet then passes to assign his reasons for the inundation of the Nile and the poisonous stench of the Averni, attempts to explain the mysteries of magnetism, adverts to endemic and contagious diseases, and closes the work by a magnificent description of the tremendous pestilence, well known from the account of Thucydides, which broke out in Athens during the first year of the Peloponnesian war. With the concluding touches of this terrific picture we now finish our selections:—

> Nor small the misery from the city oft
> That pour'd from distant hamlets; for in throngs
> Full flock'd the sickening peasants for relief,
> From every point diseased; and every space
> And every building crowded; height'ning hence
> The rage of death, the hillocks of the dead.
> * * * * *
> At length the temples of the gods themselves
> Changed into charnels, and their sacred shrines
> Throng'd with the dead; for superstition now,
> The power of altars, half their sway had lost,
> Whelm'd in the pressure of the present woe.
> Nor longer now the costly rites prevailed
> Of ancient burial, erst punctilious kept;
> For all roved restless, with distracted mind,
> From scene to scene; and, worn with grief and toil,
> Gave to their friends the interment chance allowed.
> And direst exigence impelled them oft,
> Headlong, to deeds most impious; for the pyres
> Funereal seized they, rear'd not by themselves,
> And with loud dirge and wailing wild, o'er these
> Placed their own dead; amid the unhallow'd blaze
> With blood contending, rather than resign
> The tomb thus gained, or quit the enkindling corse.
> (*Book* VI., 1257-1261, 1270-1284, *Good.*)

The "Nature of Things" exhibits to us a great poet grappling energetically with a stubborn and untractable subject. Majestic in itself, his theme was barely susceptible of the marvellous graces he has contrived to engraft on it. Lucretius had to sustain the double character of philosopher and poet. He had to do with more than the beautiful outsides of things. Reason was ever hampering and hanging on the rear of imagination. Fact was ever damping the fires of fancy. He may be enjoying, in the simple love of nature, the "angry bravery" and the rich fragrance of the rose, but must explain anon, with dull botanical accuracy, the texture of its stem, the painting of its petals, and the effluence of its odours; he may brood, with awful satisfaction, on the "disastrous twilight" which fancy associates with "perplexed monarchs," and sinking states, and impendent battles, but is suddenly recalled to his proper task—the calculation of an eclipse; he may venture, in lofty mood, into the world of spirits, and Tartarus may rise before him, peopled with shapes of terror, but these he must forthwith transmute into so many vapid allegories; or the bow of beauty may span the firmament, and there may be stealing on him the dream of "gems and gold" flashing through its limber and transparent fabric, but the darling illusion is dissipated for ever by the rude revelations of optics. Such intrusions into her own haunts the Muse loveth not, nor tolerates such tampering with her ideal sanctities.

> She loves the rose, by rivers loves to dream,
> Nor heeds why blooms the rose, why flows the stream;
> She loves her colours, though she may not know
> How sun-born Iris paints the show'ry bow.

* Notes on Ovid, Professor Ramsay, p. 368.

It is interesting to observe, in the "Nature of Things" the triumph of genius over this and other difficulties. Next to the barrenness inseparable from his subject, in the manner, we mean, in which he proposed to treat it, is to be ranked the poverty, for his purpose, of the Latin language. In getting over this obstruction, he has been successful to a surprising degree. Speech bends to his bidding; the tongue of Italy seems to become plastic and subtle as the Greek; his very harshness harmonises with the subject and the man; and his archaisms fill the ear far better than the smoother dialect of his successors. In his logical nexus—in the knitting of his propositions and the marshalling of his arguments—he often reminds us of Young; while the structure of his verse, though far more musical in its varied cadence, suggests to us occasionally the sonorous march of Akenside. But in the strength and grandeur of thought which pervade those passages, which probably drew forth from Ovid the epithet of the "sublime Lucretius," the author of the "Nature of Things" has no rival save Milton. At these seasons the thick clouds of the Epicurean philosophy are not only pervious to the radiations of his genius, but seem to fall back, as if in reverence, from around it, and impart to it a deeper and richer halo. In such moments of inspiration—to employ the words of a living scholar well qualified to pronounce such a verdict with confidence—"Notwithstanding the abstruse and technical discussions inseparable from his theme, he has lighted up his work with some of the grandest bursts of poetry to be found in any language."

"LIFE IN THE WEST."*

Such is the title of a volume through which we have picked our way, not without a share of amusement. The author is a queer independent sort of blade, somewhat confused in his ideas, but with eyes open to what passes, and too sharp to be imposed upon in his wanderings among the American borderers. He professes to have left home and betaken himself to the western regions, both in Canada and the States, in search of land on which to settle; but we do not hear much on that subject, and the bulk of the volume consists of droll sketches of adventure on board steamers, in hotels and log huts, and among parcels of Indians with whom he picks up an acquaintance in the woods and prairies.

Mr Morleigh, as we suppose he is to be called, lands at New York, and gets away westward by Troy and Lake Champlain to the lakes, loitering a good deal at different places on the journey. At Kingston, the new legislative capital of Canada, he "fell in with a lot of Irish and Scotch emigrants; they had just completed some bright deal-board houses. The men were employed by the government, and the women were washing their clothes and children. I asked several of them if they had bought any land; they said they had not, and betrayed most lamentable ignorance, not one of them knowing the name of the vast lake before them. But this did not surprise me much, as we have a wealthy Yorkshireman and his wife at our hotel, as ignorant of the country as the babes in the wood. They bore us to death with stupid and unmeaning questions. They expect to find shingle palaces in the woods, and sugar-trees, and apple-trees, and peaches, and all sorts of fruit trees, and Indian corn growing wild, and wild turkeys as easily caught as tame ones; and I verily believe, if a Yankee told them it rained 'striped pig' in the back settlements, they would believe him." A good quiz this on the ridiculous notions of many persons who emigrate.

At Toronto he finds everything to be now very dull. "There is a listlessness about this great overgrown town that displeases me. Even the plank footways cannot give elasticity to the step. One feels weighed down with the heavy air and drooping aspect of the people who have crowded into the streets and lanes of Toronto, and for what purpose I cannot divine, for there is little or no trade to induce such a swarm of people, rich and poor, to build up streets of two-storey houses here, instead of scattering themselves over the vast tracts of wild lands around them. They live huddled together, and now the seat of government is removed, the good people of Toronto look blank enough. 'It cannot be concealed,' said a tradesman, 'the *city* has been seriously injured by that blow; but we must and will have the seat of government brought back again.' Others pretend it is a great benefit that the seat of government has been taken away; for, say they, the clerks and *employés* bought up all the good town lots at exorbitant prices, but now things will find their level. Level enough, truly, thought I; for the whole town is built on a dead flat—flat as a pancake."

Here the author point blank hits upon what must be considered the grand error in all emigration systems whatsoever, that is, *the emigrants huddling up in towns, instead of boldly pushing into the country, and commencing the proper business for which they set out.* Arriving afterwards at Goderich, he makes a similar remark. At this place "I felt inclined to exclaim against the building mania that seem to possess old country people. Instead of establishing themselves in the woods, they expend their capital upon houses and stones in the town, and, so far from improving their condition by emigration, they are frequently worse off in those new colonial towns than in the old established towns at home. For my own part, I cannot conceive what the people would be at, huddling together, bag and baggage, into every bit of cleared swamp, cut up, gridiron-wise, into streets and lanes, in which the poor wretches purchasing lots are invited to build houses, and establish another thriving new town. If people must and will live together like a swarm of bees in a hive, they ought to thrust themselves into the midst of Manchester, Birmingham, or London, where they may enjoy all the bustle of life, and be fooled to the top of their bent, without running the risk of crossing the Atlantic in a rotten vessel, and seeking society in the backwoods of North America."

Getting to Wisconsin, he proceeds gaily over the open prairie in a mail-waggon to Janesville, on Rock River. The free-and-easy way in which the letters are handled is droll enough. "Secure a seat in the waggon, paying four dollars for the same; an exorbitant price for a seat in such a lumbering old concern. Only two passengers, myself and a carpenter, who carries a tool-chest big enough for a meal-chest or bacon-bin." Arrive at "Mount Pleasant post-office. Here we stop to deliver the mail, and the post-master being out, his wife asks us to enter the house and eat some wild plums while the letter-bag is emptied on the floor; and the good woman, assisted by the carrier and the carpenter, proceeds to select and sort the letters, two children playing with the same.

'Clara, miss! what are you doing? Take your blackberry-stained fingers off the letters. Do; that's a dear. Give me that letter with the red seal.'

'No I wont, ma.'

'Give it to me for this plum, dear.

'No I wont, miss; I'll keep it.'

'There, lift up the infant; don't you see the state the floor, and the letters, and the newspapers are in?' exclaimed the carrier, as the post-mistress caught up her child; and the young ladies, eating plums, held up their hands and exclaimed, 'My!'"

Starting in renewal of the journey, "we continued our route through fine rolling prairie and oak openings, quite parkish, and the oak seems to be the only tree that escapes or resists the fires; however, I observed their stunted growth and gnarled appearance bespoke the rough raising of prairie trees, exposed to winds, fires, frosts, and snows. This day we passed the debris of two houses, one a log and the other a frame house, which had been burned by prairie fires; fate of the inmates unknown, though their carelessness is manifest to all; a simple trench or ditch round their dwellings would have stopped the fire, or turned aside the destroying element."

He at length arrives at Madison, a city in expectation. "It was night before we wended our way through the magnificent streets, squares, and avenues of the young capital of Wisconsin. My companions, favoured by the darkness of the night, amused themselves by telling me the names of the various streets we passed through on our way to the hotel, while I strained my eyes into the oak openings, right and left, in quest of balconies, piazzas, stoops, and colonnades. Mr Morrison, the innkeeper, welcomed us to Madison, led the way into his bar, volunteered whisky and water, or a cobbler, to drive the night dew out of our throats. Moreover, the good man accommodated me with a single-bedded room, a luxury I had not enjoyed for some time. Sunday morning: rose refreshed, and marched out to look at the city, which had vanished like a dream, leaving that great unsightly fabric, the capitol, with its tin dome glittering in the sun, and some forty houses, of all sorts, shapes, and sizes, rained about here and there sparingly, at the corner of the *projected* streets and thoroughfares of this embryo town. Entered the capitol, which I found full of chips, shavings, and mortar: from the door and raised platform, *en revanche*, we have a splendid view of Third and Fourth lakes—for as yet the lakes have been only numbered, it would seem—and there is a chain of beautiful little lakes about Madison. There is nothing grand about the scenery, but all that quiet beauty of wood and water frequently seen in the old settled country at home."

At Madison he is fixed for five days for lack of any conveyance from it. "The only quadrupeds and beasts of burden to be seen in the streets being hogs and oxen. The hogs of the true snake-eating, half-rat, half-alligator breed, infest the doors; the oxen, worn down with toil, jingle their bells as they browse about the highways and byways." A teamster arrives to bait his weary *span*, and embracing the favourable oppor-

* Life in the West: Backwood Leaves and Prairie Flowers: Extracts from the Note-Book of Morleigh in Search of an Estate. One volume. London: Saunders and Otley. 1842.

tunity, he is once more on the road, sometimes riding, and at others sallying on foot after game. The next halting place is Prairieville, where he finds the public-house crammed full of emigrants and residents, great politicians and great wranglers. "In this place, and, indeed, all along the little Fox River, the fever and ague may be traced. Breakfast upon the game we brought in ourselves, and pursue our journey through a densely-wooded country. We have left the pure air of the prairie behind us, and now we progress very slowly over the worst road I have ever travelled; in fact, the trees have been just cut down and pulled aside, and the stumps, rocks, and ruts, render it almost impossible for the horses to tug the waggon along. This being Sunday, we have put up our guns and rifles, and walk before the waggon, perspiring at every pore, and panting for breath. From time to time we pass groups of Norwegians, who have emigrated from their own forests to locate themselves in the only difficult and impracticable belt of woods in Wisconsin. At last we catch a glimpse of the blue waters of Lake Michigan, at the end of the long avenue of dismal woods and infamous roads through which we have been wending our way for hours from Prairieville to Milwaukee. Even in that short route of fifteen miles, I suffered more from heat and fatigue than I have yet experienced in America; for what with the closeness of the air, absence of water, and—but here we are at last, crossing a good wooden bridge into quite a gay-looking town, white stoops, sign boards over stores, houses and villas perched on high banks and cheerful aspects, our waggon proudly drawn up at the door of the Milwaukee House."

Milwaukee is seven years old, and from a single farm-house and a few Indian wigwams, is now a regular town, the hotel, as usual, being the great centre of attraction. "Many of the store-keepers, clerks, and single-men lodgers, editors of newspapers, and clericos, board at our house; certes, the charge for bedroom, board, breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper is not very exorbitant, only six York shillings a-day, and everything in very good style. Finding my host civil, though not at all communicative, I resolved to stay a few days at Milwaukee, to watch the progress of men and things in this singular place. It is no easy matter to pick information out of the denizens here; in other countries, a man may pick up some knowledge, even at a *table-d'hôte;* but here every man seems wide awake, all eyes and ears, and hands and mouth full of his own affairs; his meals are dispatched with impatient haste, bordering on voracity; after meals, he swingeth upon his chair, squirting tobacco-juice, hands thrust deeply in pockets, or whittling toothpicks; he swallows a gin-sling, and flings out of the door—he's gone like a streak of oiled lightning. Whosoever thinks he receives information from one of these slick gentlemen, I say, has been, to use their own singular expression, 'sucked,' left clean as an empty egg-shell, for the rule is to 'gammon a stranger' who persists in asking questions, telling him something 'awfully musical,' and receiving as much of his plain history and adventures as he is ass enough to communicate."

Our hero having heard that there was to be a meeting of Indians to receive an annual payment from an agent of the United States government, he determines to be present, though he must perform a most tedious and fatiguing journey across prairies, through marshes, up rivers, and so on. One day he loses his track, and climbing a tree, "I looked round for miles in every direction; not a living thing seemed within sight or hearing. 'Oh, solitude! where are thy charms?' I muttered, as I resumed my march. Five miles further on, I halted again beside a clear running stream, prostrate by the side of which I enjoyed a delicious draught of the pure and unadulterated in a very primitive manner. But in the very act of swigging up the clear water, I was not a little startled to contemplate the grim visage of an Indian reflected in the flood; and starting up, lo and behold, two gaunt fierce-looking old Indians stood beside me. How the deuce they could have glided up so noiselessly I could not divine—for even the snapping of a dry stick could be heard half a mile off. But the salutation, 'Bo jou, bo jou!' showed they were friendly." Following these Indians, he is conducted to the house of Monsieur Grignon, a half-breed, and a successful trader in those parts. At this establishment he is well received, and meets with a large party going to "the payment," headed by Osh Cosh, chief of the Menomenees. Osh Cosh has not an imposing appearance; he is "a dirty mean-looking little Indian, with a large mouth, bandy legs, a quick eye, and mean-looking brow," little better than "a worshipful chimney-sweeper in an old dirty blanket. Observing that his coarse black hair hung down over his face, and his cheeks were covered with dirt, I inquired if any accident had befallen his excellency, or royal highness. The answer was brief: 'The chief is in decent mourning for one of his sons lately deceased.' I thought of the ancient custom of the Jews—how David humbled himself in sackcloth and ashes, &c." Osh Cosh, we are informed, was in a bad humour; he did not approve of the mode of taking the census of his tribe, and paying each individually; he wished the chiefs to receive the money, and divide it as they thought proper. A rude sort of entertaintment being served up in the hut, "Osh Cosh declined sitting at the table. He was served with wild-duck stew, tea, and cakes, on a stool in the chimney-corner. Tea over, Osh Cosh signified his intention to make a speech, and profound silence being observed, he stood up before the red embers of the fire, dropped his blanket from his shoulders round his loins, and raising his right hand, spoke in a deep, yet clear and somewhat sonorous voice, without stopping, for at least half an hour, my friend, the bluff Frenchman, interpreting what he said to me from time to time. The speech, from first to last, was in the declamatory style, and against whisky. He said he had seen many barrels lying in the reeds, waiting to be broached when the payment was made; but he would set his face against any such underhand proceedings. Fire-water (iscodaywabo) was the secret poison—the knife with which the Shemookmen (the American, or long knife) destroyed his young men. He would set his face against this fire-water; he would tell the agent (or money-carrier) that he would rather see all his money thrown into the river than lose a single warrior by drunkenness and brawling. He then reverted to what occurred at the last payment: 'a man, goaded to madness with fire-water, killed two women, and fired at a man; the band to which the women belonged rose to a man, and rushed upon the drunken madman; what they did you all witnessed, and, I shame to say, I witnessed also,' said the chief. 'They threw him on the great council fire, and he was burnt. The white men fled—the pale faces were filled with fear; it is not right they should bring away such evil reports. I am resolved to preserve order in the camp, and set my face against the whisky-traders.'"

The speech of Osh Cosh met with a loud and approving grunt; but we shall immediately see how his tee-total principles were acted upon. Paddling in canoes up Wolf River, the party, including our voyageur, reaches the place of assemblage. The first thing that occurs is a meeting of all the traders in front of a large round wigwam, styled the Council Lodge, and here "one and all signed a paper, or mutual agreement, not to sell whisky to the Indians till the payment has been made, and then they may all start fair. Osh Cosh and the Grignons are the prime movers of this good measure; and the better to carry it into effect, all the whisky barrels are to be stored in the bush at the other side of the river, and every drop seized on this, or the Indian side, is to be thrown into the river."

The accommodations in the Council Lodge were not first-rate, and the night was bitter cold. "The keen frosty air whistled freely through the chinks in the frail sides of our lodge; the dogs frequently broke through the mats at the door, and prowled about us. The Indians also kept up a perpetual howling, singing, and flute-blowing, round the embers of the fire in front of the wigwam. The agent, poor man, was grievously disturbed by this noise; and frequently during the night he started up from his bed, blankets, and sheets (which he had taken the wise precaution to bring along with the money boxes), and thrusting his head out of the lodge, he would roar at the Indians, 'Tell them to stop that noise! make less noise there!' Then groping his way back to bed again, he sometimes stumbled over the snoring clerk, who would awake in a great fright, and halloo, 'Thieves! mind the boxes! murder!' &c. It was next to impossible to sleep for an hour without being routed up by some vile noise either within or without, and in the morning I rose up far from being refreshed with my first night's bivouac on Indian ground.

Got some savoury stew for breakfast this morning, down town, at the sign of the 'Striped Apron,' which floated gracefully above six wigwams thrown into one, by a spirited New England pedlar from the bay. He has got together sundry cooking utensils, and a barrel of flour, some pork, and, strange to say, coffee. He thinks he will clear his expenses, and perhaps a little more, as he charges half-a-dollar a meal. The long wigwam is the rendezvous of all the traders and loafers in the place, though the Indians seldom pass the threshold."

Several days are spent in preliminary business, such as taking down names, settling qualifications, and other matters, while hunting and gambling go on among the more unconcerned spectators. Osh Cosh's excise laws are, till this stage of affairs, pretty rigorously enforced. "A negro barber from the bay has been detected selling whisky to the Indians; in his lodge he had several barrels of whisky concealed, and the appointed mixed force of traders and sage Indians, who have endeavoured most laudably to keep the peace, and prevent the sale of whisky, have seized upon this nigger's illicit store of the baneful fire-water, and the barrels having been rolled up in front of the Council Lodge, the agent and Osh Cosh are called on to decide as to its fate. Meantime the nigger goes about exciting the pestilent half-breeds and profligate Indians to rescue his whisky, using the most abusive language, saying he will get up a big fight for his whisky, wishing he had his bowie knife, and, in short, provoking some hardy pioneer to thrash him."

Several other seizures are made in gallant style; but the regulators of morals are not proof against the temptation of so much liquor. "In the midst of their seizures they could not help tasting, and from tasting went on to swigging, from swigging to tippling, and at last they cut a most ludicrous figure, marching about from lodge to lodge, and from tent to tent, in quest of whisky, inveighing against the fire-water, while they were hardly able to stand; indeed, the major who commanded seemed to think he commanded a regiment, instead of a dozen boosy traders in red and grey night-caps, and some half-dozen old Indians in blankets; he carried his cudgel like a pike; 'It looks well, at least, said my uncle Toby.' Frequently halting his men in front of the Council Lodge, he would inspect them with great severity, give them speeches upon military discipline, read what he called the order of the day, which was the old declaration of independence; then putting himself at their head, march round the whisky barrels as if they were the trophies or spoils of war, followed by a mob of drunken half-breeds and whooping Indians. But at last the whisky was given up, and I saw the poor major, flat as a flounder, his occupation gone, his band dispersed, and in a hoarse voice he exclaimed against the ingratitude of the traders, who had not rewarded him for his zeal even with a letter of thanks."

Next morning was pay-day. "The whole village was up and stirring; flags and streamers were hoisted in front of the traders' lodges. One man, to attract notice, had taken advantage of a dead tree in front of his lodge, and covered its branches with strips of red calico, blue ribbons, and gew-gaws; another hoisted a dozen striped shirts, another a red blanket, another a green blanket, and the traders strode backwards and forwards in front of the goods, bawling as loud as their lungs could bellow. While the Indians and their squaws surrounded the Council Lodge in groups, the squaws for once dressed in all their finery, and the young men vying with each other who could show most vermilion, yellow ochre, and indigo on their cheeks, and feathers—red, horse, and moose hair—on their heads, wampum and beads, bracelets and gorgets, round their arms and necks. The sun shone out gloriously, and the *coup d'œil* was most enlivening; several Indians had brought up their horses, and rode about at a break-neck rate over the stumps and logs. The Council Lodge had been metamorphosed into a pay-office; a door opened on each side, through which the Indians were to pass, and receive their pay from the agents at a long counter, upon which the contents of the money boxes, some twenty-seven thousand dollars, was piled up in goodly rows. Some of the traders, especially the Grignons, beset the door of egress, and as every Indian passed out, received the amount he owed for goods received on time. Thus it frequently happened that an Indian came away from the lodge as empty-handed as he entered it, the squaws alone hesitating, and frequently refusing to part with the dollars at once.

The moment the last dollar was paid, down went the American flag, and the agent and his men rushed to their boat, plied their oars, and sheered off from the scene of action. Then the whisky sellers took the field. The young Indians clubbed together, and bought barrels of fire-water, knocked in their heads with their clubs and tomahawks, and helped their friends all round to bowls and cups of the spirit, above proof—real fire-water.

The result may be anticipated: the whole village became a scene of riot and debauchery. I retreated to my friendly trader's lodge, and found him expostulating with a few young Indians upon the folly and wickedness of getting drunk. Indeed, this good man's words and example seemed to have considerable effect on his hearers; he begged of them to quit the village, bag and baggage, now they were paid. Several followed his advice at once, and others began to remove the mats, &c., from their lodges; while the Indians who lived in his vicinity lodged their money for safe keeping in his hands. One old trapper actually deposited forty dollars with him, but would not go home—no, he preferred plunging into the midst of the riot and revelry. Next morning I hardly knew him, as he sneaked up, all covered with dirt and blood, to ask for his bundle.

That evening the rain came down in torrents; my host stood at the door of his lodge, and endeavoured to prevail on the Indians to pass on, and go home, but their drunken friends soon found them out. They came with kettles and cans full of whisky, which they insisted we should taste. My host obstinately refused, and the result was, that a good deal of whisky was spilt, the Indians forcing cans of it against our lips, while we evaded the torrent; this was the most disagreeable part of the entertainment.

At night we barricaded the door with empty barrels and logs, but the Indians still came begging for money to buy more whisky, and the rain entered the roof and sides of our lodge. My blanket was saturated; and at midnight I sat up, finding it impossible to close an eye amidst the wild howling, terrific shouts, screams, love and war songs, of the drunken savages without. As my host observed, it was worse than bedlam broke loose—it was like hell upon earth. Crowds of unhappy children crawled round our own lodge, crying bitterly; some of them contrived to creep into the empty barrels at our door, and that barrier was broken down before morning with a loud crash.

The grey morning dawned heavily upon the Wolf River; as I went forth and looked around, not a third of the tents, lodges, and wigwams was standing; all was misery and wretchedness. The ground was covered with drunken savages, stripped of their finery, torn and tangled with filth and briars. The half-breed whisky-sellers plied their vile vocations, determined to sell every drop of liquor they brought to the ground. All the respectable traders had huddled up their goods and retreated, or prepared to start away in canoes. I was not a little surprised to see the old

squaws gliding about with rifles, war-clubs, and tomahawks, under their arms; in fact, they are the only efficient police, carrying off their husbands' weapons before a carouse, to prevent bloodshed if possible."

We have seen enough of this horrible picture, and here, with our author, close these sketches of doings in the "far west."

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

VINCENT DE PAUL.

THE name of Vincent de Paul is almost unknown to the general public of Britain. The case is very different, however, as respects France, the land of his nativity. There he holds the same rank which the Howards hold in our own country; and, like these individuals, he deserves to be known wherever benevolence is honoured and genius admired.

Vincent de Paul was born at Ranquines, a hamlet in the department of the Landes, on the 24th of April 1576. His parents were not wealthy, and in boyhood he was intrusted with the humble office of tending their sheep. At the age of twelve he was placed under the cordeliers of Acqs, in order to receive his education. He made rapid progress in his studies; and, at sixteen, had qualified himself for becoming tutor to a respectable family, in which he acquired sufficient means to recompense his parents for their past outlay, and complete his course of training for the priesthood. In 1596 he received the tonsure; and, for the next seven years, supported himself by teaching, preferring to continue the while his theological studies rather than accept a curacy, for which he conceived himself not fully qualified. A considerable sum was left to him in 1605, soon after which event, while sailing with a friend to Narbonne, he was taken prisoner by a Turkish corsair and carried to Tunis. There he was sold as a slave, and for two years endured the hardest fortunes, under successive masters. At length he fell into the hands of a Savoyard renegade, one of whose wives was of Greek extraction. This woman used to visit the fields where Vincent de Paul followed his laborious occupations, and one day she asked him to sing a hymn to that God who seemed to be so much in his thoughts. With tears flowing from his eyes, he sang to her the song of the expatriated children of Israel, commemorative of the time when they hung their harps upon the willows by Babel's streams. The Greek woman was herself far from home, and the mournful melody went to her heart. She had great influence with her husband; and the issue of her representations was, that he not only gave the French captives their liberty, but accompanied them in their flight to Avignon, where he was publicly restored to the bosom of the Christian church.

Soon after his return on this occasion, Vincent de Paul accompanied the vice-legate to Rome, and gained so much on the esteem of the Pope, and other high ecclesiastical dignitaries, that he was sent by them on a mission to Henry IV. in the year 1609. His subsequent nomination to the office of almoner to the French queen, Marguerite of Valois, exposed him to such temptations that he soon resigned the office, and sought repose of conscience in retirement. After holding a rural curacy for some time, Vincent was appointed tutor to the three sons of the Count de Joigny, absentee-governor of the convict-galleys at Marseilles; but pressed again by a tender conscience, he left for a time that household, to undertake the spiritual charge of Chatillon-les-Dombes, in Bresse. This place, notorious for the vicious habits of its population, became, under the eye of its zealous pastor, the abode of happiness and virtue. The poor and infirm were already the peculiar charge of Vincent de Paul; and it was here that he established, for their benefit, his first Fellowship of Charity (*Confrérie de Charité*), an institution which became the model of numerous others subsequently formed in France. Vincent returned to the family of De Joigny in 1617, at the pressing intreaties of the countess, who had felt his loss deeply. He now entered earnestly on the formation of missions for the religious instruction of rural places where it was greatly required. But a much more striking task to which Vincent de Paul devoted himself, was one connected with the galley-convicts. He visited the prisons where they were for a considerable time confined before being sent on board the ships at Marseilles. He then saw, to use his own words, "unfortunate beings shut up in dark and deep dungeons, devoured by vermin, attenuated by want and misery, and entirely neglected both in body and soul." This state of things excited in him the profoundest emotions of pity and sorrow, and he resolved that it should exist no longer. Receiving leave from the Count de Joigny, he commenced by purchasing, in the street Saint Honoré, a building large enough to receive all the convicts of Paris condemned to the galleys. He then made an appeal to the charity of his friends, in order to enable him to perfect that establishment for the reception of the convicts. The result was, that, by indefatigable personal exertions, he restored comfort to these unhappy persons, and converted them from reckless and blaspheming maniacs into peaceful and resigned penitents. All men marvelled at the change effected by the unwearied zeal of a solitary individual, and the king was so much struck by the spectacle that he appointed Vincent de Paul, in 1619, almoner-general of the convict galleys of France, in which office it was in his power to extend greatly the range of his benefactions. He was also intrusted with the government of the first convent of the Visitation at Paris.

The year 1622 was remarkable for one of the noblest acts which Christian charity ever prompted a human being to perform. Vincent de Paul had quitted his duties in Paris in order to satisfy himself, with his own eyes, of the condition and mode of management of the convicts in the galleys at Marseilles. To prevent prepared exhibitions, he went without warning, and unknown. In passing from rank to rank of the convicts, he came to one poor young man, who appeared far more desolate and despairing than the others. Vincent inquired into his case. He had been condemned to three years of the galleys for smuggling, and the cause of his deep sorrow was the miserable condition to which his wife and children must have been reduced by his absence. Touched to the soul by the tears of the convict, Vincent took a resolution which few men could have taken. In alleviating the sufferings of the condemned, he ever impressed upon them the necessity that existed for bowing to the laws; and he would not, even in this case, teach an opposite lesson by applying for a reprieve, but gave the laws a victim in his own person, and sustained their dignity. With consent of the superintendant, the young man was freed, and Vincent took his place. For eight months he endured all the hardships of the galleys, working daily with a chain around his leg, which left a weakness never effaced during his life. Nor was this done in ostentation. So different was the case, that, though the fact was proved on his posthumous canonisation, the probation was rendered difficult by his never having been known to talk of it during his life, even to his most intimate friends.

In 1623, Vincent de Paul established, at Maçon, two Fellowships of Charity, one for men and the other for women. The principle of these institutions was, to give alms and relief daily to certain poor persons inscribed in the list after inquiry, to give a lodging to poor travelling persons for one night, and to send them on their way next morning with a small sum of money. Such were the institutions, resembling our Houses of Refuge, which Vincent de Paul was the means of originating and spreading throughout France. For these institutions alone his country owes him a deep debt of gratitude. To understand fully the difficulties which he had to overcome, the temper of the age in which he lived must be borne in mind. "When I established the charity at Maçon," says he, "every one mocked me. I was pointed at with the finger on the streets; no person believed that I could ever attain my end; and yet, when the thing was successfully done, many wept for joy, and all combined to pay me so much honour that I was constrained to leave the town in secrecy to avoid their applauses."

Continuing closely occupied with the formation of charities and missions, Vincent de Paul, in 1625, carried out the latter object by the establishment of a great religious community in the college of the *Bons Enfants* at Paris, for the purpose of instructing rural districts, and training young men to the ministry. The great object of the founder was to take away from the church the scandal resting on the ignorance and license of the clergy. This institution, called the Congregation of the Mission, became a noble one, and its influence was felt not only over France, and in all parts of the world where they had formed settlements, but over all Catholic countries. Its great utility was acknowledged by the popes, and by Louis XIV., who assigned to it a large income.

The establishment of the order of the Daughters of Charity, so famous in France for their attention to the indigent and the sick, was the next great work of this indefatigable man, whose touching appeals moved even the most insensible to contribute to the ends of charity and benevolence. He also established the order—at first a distinct one—of Female Visitants to the Hospitals for Disease. In the war of the Fronde, several thousand Germans, who had been induced to enter France, were left by their employers to perish, and would have perished, had not Vincent stirred up a general spirit of charity in their behalf, and got them sent back, clothed and fed, to their own country. The calamities of the same war were fearful in many French provinces. Famine and pestilence ravaged the ranks of the soldiery, and the fields were covered with unburied bodies. Vincent raised twelve millions of francs, which he, with his coadjutors, carried to the relief of the sufferers, giving them food, attire, and medicine, and saving numberless lives from too probable destruction. De Paul went on his knees before Cardinal Richelieu, to intreat that minister to assent to peace. His petition was not without its effect.

During the regency of Anne of Austria, Vincent was named president of the Council of Conscience, and, in that position, brought his influence to bear on many new abuses. As one example, he procured the renewal of the ancient ordinances against duels; but the most famous of his actions was his permanently fixing the lot of foundlings in France. These unfortunate victims of error and wretchedness, for whom Vincent de Paul had already done some good, having had provision made for many of them, in various quarters, were about to be abandoned to their former misery for want of funds and sympathy. Vincent, who allowed no obstacles or toils to stop him in the cause of humanity, made exertions for the assembling of the women of Paris, of higher and lower rank; and, when they were met, addressed them in the most moving terms in behalf of the poor innocents, whom their unhappy or unnatural parents left to the mercy of chance and the pity of strangers. "These unfortunate and guiltless children," he cried, "will live if you bestow on them your charitable cares; death is their inevitable portion if you abandon them." His language so moved his auditory, that an instant subscription of forty thousand livres took place; and, ere long, an annual income of the same amount was insured for this benevolent end. The king granted a building for the reception of the foundlings, and their comfortable maintenance was placed beyond the effects of chance or change. In this instance, the effect of De Paul's efforts may be of a doubtful nature; but the excellence of his motives cannot be disputed.

Besides all these acts of benevolence, Vincent de Paul obtained numerous benefactions for existing charities in France, and otherwise improved their condition. His personal influence with courts and nobles became latterly very great; but his deeds of charity were effected chiefly by personal exertions, in which neither danger nor ridicule could make him pause. His manner was gentle and attractive, and his eloquence of that kind that alike touched the heart and convinced the judgment. In early days, indeed, the repulses which he encountered had made him harsh and rough in his address; but he detected the fault, and, by a strong effort, permanently cast it off. Vincent de Paul died at Paris in September 1660, at the age of eighty-five. He received the honours of canonisation, the highest of his church, in 1737, from Pope Clement XII.

The whole career of this estimable character affords a strong proof of what may be done by the indomitable will and untiring energies of one man.

CONTINENTAL RAILWAYS.

[From the *Times* newspaper.]

THE progress of the railway system on the continent is a subject of growing importance with this country, and, indeed, with the whole of Europe; yet it is one on which, at present, little accurate information is possessed. A work which has just made its appearance in Paris comes very opportunely to supply this deficiency. It is entitled, "Chemins de Fer de l'Allemagne et du Continent Européen," and is written by M. Bourgoing. We propose, on the score of its great utility, to set forth, in a very condensed form, the principal facts contained in this publication.

The first system of railways examined is that of Austria, where the entire direction of these enterprises has of late been taken into the hands of the government, to which effect a decree of the emperor was published, providing that all railroads should be divided into roads of the state and private roads; the first to be exclusively carried on by the state, while the second is left to the management of private companies, the plan of whose works, however, is to be drawn up by the government. Those more important branches which are at present in the hands of private companies will nevertheless remain so, and the privileges already granted strictly maintained. All matters relating to railways are referred to the Presidency of the Convention, under whom a committee is appointed to decide on the technicalities and details of administration.

The principal Austrian line is that called the Northern, or Emperor's road. This road extends from Vienna to Warsaw, with branches to Brunn and Olmutz, where the part completed at present ends. The remainder is in progress of construction. The entire length of the line from Vienna to Olmutz is twenty-eight German miles, which was performed to and fro in one day. The communication with this town, one already of great commercial consideration, is far more important than that with Brunn, as it favours the commercial relations with Silesia, Poland, and Bohemia. The next line of importance is that from Prague to Dresden, but this is only in projection; and the capitalists of Vienna who were invited to take a part in the enterprise have refused to comply until that from Vienna to Prague be established. Meanwhile, a committee has been instituted to trace out the plan of operations, and they have determined that the only suitable line would be one which should follow the course of the Elbe and the Moldau. There is no doubt but that a road will eventually be established between Vienna and Prague, and thus a system of railroads will be formed joining the north and south of Germany, which, if extended to Trieste, as it probably will be, will present a continued line from the Baltic to the Adriatic and Mediterranean. There exist other railways also, as that from Linz to Budweis, and from Prague to Pilsen, which are but ill constructed, and unfitted for steam-carriages; and one from Linz to Smunden, better constructed than the former, but still only capable of horse-conveyances. A central railway in Hungary, following the left bank of the Danube, has been authorised by the Diet, and in July 1840, all the shares, forming a capital of 8,000,000 florins, were taken. At present the only railroad existing in Hungary is that from Presburg to Tirnau, which was opened in September 1840.

The kingdom of Bavaria, where, under the auspices of the present sovereign, the arts of civilisation have, within the last thirty years, made great advances, has not been backward in appreciating the advantages of railway communication, although its railways at present exist only

in project, with the exception of one from Fürth to Nuremburg, and another from Augsburg to Munich. The first, which is two Bavarian leagues in length, was constructed by a company of shareholders, and opened in 1835. The last dividend, declared in January 1842, exceeded 16 per cent. That from Munich to Augsburg, also constructed by shares, is 16¼ Bavarian leagues in length, and cost 9,015,000 f., including a portion of the necessary implements. It was opened in October 1840, and the number of passengers conveyed during the year amounted to 253,680, the total receipts for the same period being 547,774 f.

In 1841, a convention was signed between Bavaria and Saxony, for the construction of a railway from Nuremburg to Leipsic, which is to pass through Bavaria by Erlangen, Bamburg, and Hoff, and through Saxony by Plauen and Altenburgh. The king has also determined on the establishment of a road from Augsburg to Nuremburg, and the entire line from Augsburg to Hoff will be constructed at the expense of the state. The portion which extends from Nuremburg to the frontiers is to be completed in the space of five years. Several other lines are also, though distantly, projected, namely, one striking south-west of Augsburg into the valley of Nerlach, through Kempten to Lindau, on the Lake of Constance; another to Dillingen, thence to join the railway of the Neckar and the Rhine; a third will extend to Ulm, pass through Kaustadt, Heilbronn, and Heidelberg, and join Rhenish Bavaria with Bavaria; a fourth, according to arrangements with Saxony, will diverge at Bamburg from the Nuremburg and Hoff line, extend through Coburg and Meningen, and so reach the Prussian lines. It is probable that a railway will also be established from Munich to Salzburgh and Vienna.

In the Grand Duchy of Baden, the greatest activity is at present displayed in completing a railway stretching from Mannheim, through Heidelberg, Carlsruhe, Kehl, and Freyburg, to the frontiers of Switzerland, near Basle. Its entire length comprises 62 3-10 leagues, and the total cost is estimated at 55,025,218 f.

Wurtemburg has as yet no railways either in a finished state or approaching it, but negotiations have taken place between this state and Baden, which will in all probability terminate in the commencement of a system forming a connexion between the Rhine and the Danube, which will prove of immense importance to all Germany, while at the same time it facilitates its own internal relations. Engineers have examined the country, and have concluded a plan divided into three portions. The first forming a line from Heilbronn to Kaustadt, and from Krusslingen on the frontiers of Baden to Ludwigsburg. The second would join the former line with the Danube, extending from Kaustadt through Goeppingen and Esslingen to Ulm, and consequently would require a section through a chain of the Alps. The third would effect the junction of the Danube with the Lake of Constance, passing through Biberich. This line presents greater difficulties than any of the rest, in consequence of the great heights intervening between Ulm and the Lake of Constance. The estimates for these three divisions amount to 31,430,520 f.

In Prussia, a country admirably adapted by nature for such enterprises, on account of the vast extent of its plains, the railway system is pursued with the greatest activity; and it already possesses several lines of considerable importance, while daily progress is made in the construction of others. From Berlin four lines diverge; the first to Potsdam, 3½ German miles in length; it was constructed by shares, and cost 5,090,600 f. The next extends to Frankfort-on-the-Oder, and is in process of construction by a company of shareholders, authorised by royal ordinance, and whose capital amounts to 3,140,000 f. This road, which is 10½ German miles in length, will, it is expected, be terminated at the end of the present year, when it will prove of the utmost commercial benefit. Another line proceeds to Koethen, passing through Juterbogh, touching the Elbe at Wittemberg, and after following that stream a short distance, crosses to Dessau. The length of this road is twenty German miles; it was constructed by a company of shareholders with a capital of 4,200,000 dollars, and was thrown open to the public in September 1841. The fourth line, which is now in course of construction, goes to Stettin; it is 18 German miles in length, and will cost, according to the present estimates, 9,271,400 f. The opening of this line will take place, it is anticipated, at the beginning of next year. A railroad has been completed, extending from Magdeburg through Koethen and Halle to Leipsic. It is constructed with a double track, and is 14 miles in length, which distance is performed in from 3 to 3½ hours. The plan of this road has been censured by experienced officers, in consequence of its being laid on the left bank of the Elbe, as, in case of a war with the west, it would become necessary to destroy it. It is proposed to establish a line from Halle to Frankfort-on-the-Main, passing through Weimer and Gotha, and the treaty relative to this project has already been signed by the interested states. As it is of the greatest importance, both in a commercial and military point of view, that Halle should be in direct communication with Cassel and Cologne, a railway has been projected effecting this junction. Cassel will also be placed in communication with Altenburgh, with Brunswick, and with Frankfort, and thus will become the centre of five great national lines. From Dusseldorf to Elberfeld there exists a railway four miles in length, which is now open for the conveyance of passengers. The latter town, which is now one of the most important trading centres, will shortly be joined to Cologne by a line extending through Lippstadt to Minden, and connecting the Rhine with the Weser. It will be 34 miles in length, and its cost is estimated at 22,641,000 f. Cologne has already a railway to Aix-la-Chapelle, which is 9½ miles long; it was opened in September 1841, and is in the hands of the same company as the Cologne and Minden line. Arrangements have also been made for the establishment of a railway from Minden to Magdeburg, passing through Brunswick and Hanover. Meanwhile, vigorous efforts are being made to complete the line between Aix-la-Chapelle and Liege; so that the time is not distant when a general line of communication will exist between Belgium and Prussia.

In the kingdom of Saxony, great attention has been paid, from a very early period, to the construction of railways, and no other part of Germany have they repaid with so much advantage. Leipsic, especially, has beheld its prosperity daily increasing. The railway from this down to Dresden was constructed by shares, and thrown open in 1839. It is 15½ German miles in length, and has two tracks, the second of which was completed in September 1840. For the year 1840, the receipts were 1,702,895 f., and the expenses 919,535 f., the number of travellers having been 415,135. The kingdom of Saxony, together with the Duchy of Saxe Altenburgh, has entered into an agreement with Bavaria for the establishment of a line from Leipsic to the frontiers of Bavaria at Hoff, passing through Altenburgh, Krimitzchau, Plauen, &c. The necessary capital is 6,000,000 f., one-fourth of which will be supplied by Saxony and Saxe Altenburgh, and the rest by shareholders. The shares are at present all disposed of, and the works were commenced in July 1841. Their conclusion is promised for 1847.

One of the best regulated and most conveniently constructed railways in Germany is that belonging to the free town of Frankfort. It is nine leagues in length, and extends to Wiesbaden, taking in Mentz. The cost of this line was 7,000,000 f., and the returns are now as much as 16⅜ per cent. The engineer, M. Denis, under whose direction the works were carried on, is the same who constructed the lines from Nuremburg to Furth, and from Munich to Augsburg.

The kingdom of Hanover is daily expected to conclude a treaty with Brunswick for the establishment of lines connecting Hamburgh, Hildesheim, Celle, and Brunswick; and it is also in negotiation with Bremen on the subject of a railroad to that rich and commercial town. The Duchy of Brunswick has already a railroad in a complete state from Brunswick to Huzzburg, five miles and three quarters in length; and a company is formed for the construction of a line from Brunswick to Hamburgh, passing through Heide and Luneburg, which, it is anticipated, will be extended to Wismar. The city of Hamburgh will, through the arrangements now in progress in the different states above spoken of, be placed in direct communication—1st, with Berlin, and thence with Frankfort-on-the-Oder and Stettin; 2d, with Madgeburg, and thence with Leipsic and Dresden; 3d, with Hanover, and thence with Brunswick and the Harz. The projected line from Hamburgh to Berlin is already being actively carried out. The subscription lists are closed, and the sum subscribed by Hamburgh amounts to 54,000 f., a very feeble portion of the necessary capital; but it must be considered that it has undertaken solely at its expense that part of the line requiring the most outlay—namely, from Hamburgh to Bergedorf, and which is now almost completed. Hamburgh, however, with the other free towns, Lubeck and Bremen, have not shown themselves so actively disposed to favour this project as Prussia, whose interest is far more evident in it than their own. In Denmark, it is expected that a railway will shortly be commenced from Kiel to Altona; and there is some question of one from the same town to Gluckstadt, on the mouth of the Elbe; but Denmark, who derives a large share of revenue from the tolls of the Sound, has always evinced the strongest opposition to any plans having a view to facilitate the communication by land between the Baltic and the German Ocean. Such interested motives, however, will not hold out long against the strong impulse which now animates the whole confederacy in establishing a great and general system of railway communication.

With regard to Belgium, it was natural that, with all the facilities and resources which it possesses in itself for this species of construction, it should rapidly arrive at a complete system of railways, and, indeed, little now remains to be done in that respect.

The following is a list of the lines now in full operation:—From Brussels to Antwerp, by Mechlin; from Mechlin to Ostend; from Mechlin to Aus; from Landen to St Frond; from Ghent to Courtray; from Brussels to Subise.

Holland, too, has recognised the necessity of following the example of surrounding states, and although it has but one line in a finished state, that from Amsterdam to Haarlem, it is actively engaged in forming a regular and extended system. The lines from Haarlem to Leyden, and from Leyden to the Hague, are already in process of construction, while other lines have been projected, forming a round from the Hague, through Rotterdam and Utrecht to Amsterdam, and their directions traced out. It is also projected to establish a line from Utrecht through Arnheim to Dusseldorf, there to join the Prusso-Belgian line. Four or five years, it is expected, will see this line completed. In Russia, with the exception of one short line from St Petersburg to the Imperial palace at Zarskojeselo, no railways exist; indeed, in a country where the natural facilities for conveyance are so great, the frost, during six months of the year, rendering the land hard and smooth, these modes of communication are not so desirable. It is, however, understood that a project is on foot to establish a line from St Petersburg to Moscow, which is to be undertaken by a society of foreign capitalists. The expenses of such an enterprise have been estimated at 400,000,000 roubles, and England has offered to supply the rails, of which a length of 150 leagues will be required; and although twenty per cent. above the English price has been offered to Russian forgemasters, it is probable that they will not be able to compete with us.

It is not likely that Italy will remain long without railways; in the Lombardo-Venetian states, a short line has been completed between Milan and Monza; and a series of lines will shortly unite Milan and Venice. The construction of a railway of no great length, from Castellamare to Naples, is daily expected to reach its termination; and it is already announced as certain that companies have been formed for the establishment of lines connecting Florence, Lucca, Pisa, and Leghorn. There is also some question of a railway from Rome to Civita Vecchia. With regard to Switzerland, the great difficulties which the country presents, and the obvious interest of its inhabitants in delaying travellers, will doubtless oppose an obstacle for some time to the establishment of railways. Nevertheless, a line from Basle to Zurich has been talked of.

ANCIENT WORLD.

The ancient world was only a little world. Although warlike, it derives its chief glory from the works of genius, from the writings of poets, historians, and philosophers. Viewed through this glowing but exaggerated medium, that looks great and magnificent which in reality was stinted, meagre, and desolate. Alexander vainly thought he had conquered the universe when he had only ravaged a district. Nations were then only tribes, empires cantons, and their half-savage rulers hardly more potent than emirs of Lebanon or khans of Tartary. Most of what now constitutes the earth, and fills it, was unknown; the great seas and continents were hid below the horizon of the ancients; even the swell of an ocean-tide had scarcely been felt by them; and all their conquests, battles, and bustle—the sites of their great cities and kingdoms, as well as of their histories and epic poems—never ranged far from the tranquil shores and islets of the Mediterranean lake.

The number of people corresponded to their narrow geographical limits. How, indeed, could mankind be numerous without the means of sustenance, when there was little commerce, and no manufactures; when they were strangers to the useful arts, by which a dense population can alone be fed, clothed, and lodged? All, therefore, which has been transmitted as to the extreme populousness of the ancient world, may be considered almost as deceptious as its oracles. Carthage, according to Strabo, contained 700,000 inhabitants; Athens, inclusive of slaves, about half a million; Rome, four millions. It is not improbable that in these representations there is a wrong figure or a redundant one. Statements of numbers are very liable to errors, and the errors to be copied or multiplied, as the grammatical construction does not detect them. Besides, it must be remembered of Athens and Rome, that, though termed cities, they were more properly districts or provinces walled in. The present remains of the Roman walls show that they were of vast extent; but they encompassed large tracts of country, were truly *rus in urbe*, and included in their circuit woods and water, and corn-fields, as well as mansions and spacious gardens. And Rome, as is well known, comprised the chief of Italy. Genoa, Milan, Florence, Leghorn, and other noble cities, are of recent foundation, and pertain entirely to modern history. Italy, even in the Augustan age, must have been thinly peopled, and doubtless afforded a free passage enough for those vast herds of swine (one thousand in number) of which Polybius writes, and which were guided in their pastoral migrations by the blowing of horns. The severity of the climate in the most busy regions of the Old World attests the scantiness of population. In Ovid's time, the Black Sea was often frozen, which would be quite a phenomenon at present. That Italy is warmer now than formerly, we have many testimonies. From various passages of Horace, we may suppose that the streets of Rome were full of snow; and Juvenal refers to a woman breaking the ice of the Tiber to perform her ablution. I never met with a tourist who had seen snow in Rome; and the Tiber is hardly more liable to freeze than the Nile or Ganges. This increase of temperature is satisfactory proof of an increase of people; for numbers tend much to the civilisation of climates, as of manners and institutions.—*Wade's Lecture on Ancient and Modern Society.*

AN OBJECT WORTHY OF PURSUIT.

There is but *one* pursuit in life which it is in the power of all to follow and of all to attain. It is subject to no disappointments, since he that perseveres makes every difficulty an advancement, and every contest a victory; and this is the pursuit of virtue. Sincerely to aspire after virtue is to gain her, and zealously to labour after her wages is to receive them. Those that seek her early, will find her before it is late; her reward also is with her, and she will come quickly. For the breast of a good man is a little heaven commencing on earth, where the Deity sits enthroned with unrivalled influence, every subjugated passion, "like the wind and storm, fulfilling his word."—*Lacon.*

CAPTURING OF CRIMINALS IN AMERICA.

One of the most significant signs of social improvement is the people of one country helping the people of another to put a stop to crime. It now appears that a person absconding from justice in England to America has little chance of escape, the American executive, to its credit, interposing to capture the fugitives. The following are cases in point, which we copy from the *Montreal Guzette* of the 5th of May last: for obvious reasons, we put the names in blank:—"The New York papers contain the particulars of the arrest of two persons, from England, for fraud and embezzlement, by the New York police-officers Hays and Stephens. These officers having received notice that a man named J—— P——, a clerk in the employ of a tanner near Sittingbourne, England, had embezzled a large sum of money belonging to his employer, and sailed for New York, obtained a boarding boat, and proceeded down to the Narrows, where they awaited the arrival of the ship in which P—— had taken his passage; and on her making her appearance, they immediately boarded her, and arrested the delinquent, who was a cabin passenger. The other delinquent arrested in the same way was a man named J—— T——, a cattle-dealer in the neighbourhood of Leeds, who had overdrawn his account at the bank of that place, committed forgery, and then taken his passage for New York. Intelligence of these frauds had previously been brought out by the steamers; and in both cases the agents were successful in recovering the greater part of the embezzled property."

JAMES WALLACE:

A TALE FOR BOYS.

[We extract the following tale from an American newspaper, in which it purports to be written by T. S. Arthur. The reprehensible practice of American newspaper editors of transferring literary articles without acknowledging the source whence they are derived, renders it impossible for us to say whether the tale is original or selected from a previous publication.]

"How far is it from here to the sun, Jim?" asked Harman Lee of his father's apprentice, James Wallace, in a tone of light raillery, intending by the question to elicit some reply that would exhibit the boy's ignorance.

James Wallace, a boy of fourteen, turned his bright intelligent eyes upon the son of his master, and, after regarding him for a moment, he replied, "I don't know, Harman. How far is it?"

There was something so honest and earnest in the tone of the boy, that much as Harman had felt disposed at first to sport with his ignorance, he could not refrain from giving him a true answer. Still, his contempt for the ignorant apprentice was not to be concealed, and he replied, "Ninety-five millions of miles, you ignoramus!" James did not retort, but repeating over in his mind the distance named, fixed it indelibly upon his memory.

On the same evening, after he had finished his day's work, he obtained a small text-book on astronomy, which belonged to Harman Lee, and went up into his garret with a candle, and there, alone, attempted to dive into the mysteries of that sublime science. As he read, the earnestness of his attention fixed nearly every fact upon his mind. So intent was he, that he perceived not the passage of time, and was only called back to a consciousness of where he was by the sudden sinking of the wick of his candle into the melted mass of tallow that had filled the cup of his candlestick. In another moment he was in total darkness. The cry of the watchman had told him that the hours had flown, until it was past ten o'clock.

Slowly undressing himself in his dark chamber, his mind recurring with a strong interest to what he had been reading, he lay down upon his hard bed, and gave full play to his thoughts. Hour after hour passed away, but he could not sleep, so absorbed was he in reviewing the new and wonderful things he had read. At last wearied nature gave way, and he fell into a slumber, filled with dreams of planets, moons, comets, and fixed stars.

On the next morning, the apprentice boy resumed his place at the work-bench with a new feeling; and with this feeling was mingled one of regret, that he could not go to school as did his master's son.

"But I can study at night while he is asleep," he said to himself.

Just then Harman Lee came into the shop, and approaching James, said, for the purpose of teasing him, "How big round is the earth, Jim?"

"Twenty-five thousand miles," was the unhesitating answer.

Harman looked surprised for a moment, and then responded, with a sneer—for he was not a kind-hearted boy, but, on the contrary, very selfish, and disposed to injure rather than do good to others—"Oh, dear! How wonderful wise you are! And no doubt you can tell how many moons Jupiter has? Come, let's hear."

"Jupiter has four moons," James answered, with something of exultation in his tone.

"And no doubt you can tell how many rings it has?"

"Jupiter has no rings. Saturn has rings, and Jupiter belts," James replied, in a decisive tone.

For a moment or two Harman was silent with surprise and mortification, to think that his father's apprentice, whom he esteemed so far below him, should be possessed of knowledge equal to his, and on the points in reference to which he had chosen to question him; and that he should be able to convict him of an error into which he had purposely fallen. "I should like to know how long it is since you became so wonderful wise," Harman at length said, with a sneer.

"Not very long," James replied, calmly. "I have been reading one of your books on astronomy."

"Well, you're not going to have my books, mister, I can tell you! Anyhow, I should like to know what business you have to touch one of them! Let me catch you at it again, and see if I don't cuff you soundly. You'd better, a great deal, be minding your work."

"But I didn't neglect my work, Harman; I read at night after I was done with my work; and I didn't hurt your book."

"I don't care if you didn't hurt it. You're not going to have my books, I can tell you. So do you just let them alone."

Poor James's heart sank in his bosom at this unexpected obstacle so suddenly thrown in his way. He had no money of his own to buy, and knew of no one from whom he could borrow the book that had all at once become necessary to his happiness. "Do, Harman," he said, appealingly, "lend me the book; I will take good care of it."

"No, I won't. And don't you dare to touch it," was the angry reply.

James Wallace knew well enough the selfish disposition of his master's son, older than he two or three years, to be convinced that there was now but little hope of his having the use of his books, except by stealth; and from that his natural open and honest principles revolted. All day he thought earnestly over the means whereby he should be able to obtain a book on astronomy, to quench the ardent thirst that he had created in his mind. And night came without any satisfactory answer being obtained to his earnest inquiries of his own thoughts.

He was learning the trade of a blind-maker. Having been already an apprentice for two years, and being industrious and intelligent, he had acquired a readiness with tools and much skill in some parts of his trade. While sitting alone after he had finished his work for the day, his mind searching about for some means whereby he could get books, it occurred to him that he might, by working in the evening, earn some money, and with it buy such as he wanted. But in what manner to obtain work he knew not. It finally occurred to him, that, in passing a house near the shop, he frequently observed a set of window-blinds with faded hangings and soiled colours. "Perhaps," said he to himself, "if I could do it cheap, they would let me paint and put new hangings to their blinds."

The thought was scarcely suggested when he was on his feet moving towards the street. In a few minutes he stood knocking at the door of the house, which was soon opened. "Well, my little man, what do you want?" was the kind salutation of the individual who answered the call.

James felt confused, and stammered out, "The hangings of your blinds are a good deal faded."

"That's a very true remark, my little man," was the reply, made in an encouraging tone.

"And they very much want painting."

"Also very true," said the man, with a good-humoured smile, for he felt amused with the boy's earnest manner and novelty of speech.

"Wouldn't you like to have them painted and new hangings put to them?" pursued James.

"I don't know. It would certainly improve them much."

"Oh yes, sir, they would look just like new. And if you will let me do them, I will fix them up nice for you, cheap."

"Will you, indeed? But what is your name, and where do you live?"

"My name is James Wallace, and I live with Mr Lee, the blind-maker."

"Do you, indeed? Well, how much will you charge for painting them and putting on new hangings?"

"I will do it for two dollars, sir. The hangings and tassels will cost me three-quarters of a dollar, and the paint and varnish a quarter more. And it will take two or three evenings, besides getting up very early in the morning to work for Mr Lee, so that I may paint and varnish them when the sun shines."

"But will Mr Lee let you do this?"

"I don't know, sir; but I will ask him."

"Very well, my little man. If Mr Lee does not object, I am willing."

James ran back to the house, and found Mr Lee standing in the door. Much to his delight, his request was granted. Four days from that he possessed a book of his own, and had half a dollar with which to buy some other volume, when he should have thoroughly mastered the contents of that. Every night found him poring over this book; and as soon as it was light enough in the morning to see, he was up and reading.

Of course there was much in it that he could not understand, and many terms the meaning of which was hidden from him. To help him in this difficulty, he purchased with his remaining half dollar, at a second-hand book stall, a dictionary. By the aid of this he acquired the information he sought much more rapidly. But the more he read, the broader the unexplored expanse of knowledge appeared to open before him. He did not, however, give way to feelings of discouragement, but steadily devoted every evening, and an hour every morning, to study; while all the day his mind was pondering over the things he had read, as his hands were diligently employed in the labour assigned him.

It occurred, just at this time, that a number of benevolent individuals established, in the town where James lived, one of those excellent institutions, an Apprentices' Library. To this he at once applied, and obtained the books he needed. And thus—none dreaming of his devotion to the acquirement of knowledge—did the poor apprentice boy lay the foundation of future eminence and usefulness. We cannot trace his course, step by step, through a long series of seven years, though it would afford many lessons of perseverance and triumph over almost insurmountable difficulties. But at twenty-one he was master of his trade; and what was more, had laid up a vast amount of general and scientific information: he was well read in history; had studied thoroughly the science of astronomy, for which he ever retained a lively affection; was familiar with mathematical principles, and could readily solve the most difficult geometrical and algebraic problems; his geographical knowledge was minute; and to this he added tolerably correct information in regard to the manners and customs of different nations. To natural history he had also given much attention. But with all his varied acquirements, James Wallace felt, on attaining the age of manhood, that he knew comparatively but little.

Let us now turn, for a few moments, to mark the progress of the young student in one of the best seminaries in his native city, and afterwards at college. Like too many tradesmen whose honest industry and steady perseverance have gained them a competence, Mr Lee felt indisposed to give his son a trade, or to subject him to the same restraints and discipline in youth to which he had been subjected. He felt ambitious for him, and determined to educate him for one of the learned professions. To this end he sent him to school early, and provided for him the best instruction.

The idea that he was to be a lawyer or a doctor soon took possession of the mind of Harman, and this caused him to feel contempt for other boys who were merely designed for trades or store-keeping.

Like too many others, he had no love for learning, nor any right appreciation of its legitimate uses. To be a lawyer he thought would be much more honourable than to be a mere mechanic; and for this reason alone, as far as he had any thoughts on the subject, did he desire to be a lawyer. As for James Wallace, he, as the poor illiterate apprentice of his father, was most heartily despised, and never treated by Harman with the smallest degree of kind consideration.

At the age of eighteen, he was sent away to one of the eastern universities, and there remained—except during the semi-annual vacations—until he was twenty years of age, when he graduated, and came home with the honorary title of A.B. At this time James Wallace was between seventeen and eighteen years of age, somewhat rough in his appearance, but with a sound mind in a sound body—although each day he regularly toiled at the work-bench, and as regularly returned to his books when evening released him from labour, and was up at the peep of dawn, to lay the first offerings of his mind upon the shrine of learning. But all this devotion to the acquirement of knowledge won for him no sympathy, no honourable estimation from his master's son. He despised these patient persevering efforts as much as he despised his condition as an apprentice to a trade. But it was not many years before others began to perceive the contrast between them, although, on the very day that James completed his term of apprenticeship, Harman was admitted to the bar.

The one completed his education—as far as general knowledge and a rigid discipline of the mind was concerned—when he left college. The other became more really the student when the broader and brighter light of rationality shone clearly on his pathway, as he passed the threshold of manhood. James still continued to work at his trade, but not for so many hours each day as while he was an apprentice. He was a good and fast workman, and could readily earn all that he required for his support in six or eight hours of every twenty-four. Eight hours were regularly devoted to study. From some cause, he determined he would make law his profession. To the acquirement of a knowledge of legal matters, therefore, he bent all the energies of a well-disciplined, active, and comprehensive mind. Two years passed away in an untiring devotion to the studies he had assigned himself, and he then made application for admission to the bar.

[Young Wallace passed his examinations with some applause, and the first case on which he was employed chanced to be one of great difficulty, which required all his skill; the lawyer on the opposite side was Harman Lee, who entertained for his father's old apprentice the most profound contempt.]

The cause came on within a week, for all parties interested in the result were anxious for it to come to trial, and therefore no legal obstacles were thrown in the way.

There was a profound silence and a marked attention and interest when the young stranger arose in the court-room to open the case. A smile of contempt, as he did so, curled the lip of Harman Lee, but Wallace saw it not. The prominent points of the case were presented in plain but concise language to the court; and a few remarks bearing upon the merits being made, the young lawyer took his seat, and gave room for the defence.

Instantly Harman Lee was on his feet, and began referring to the points presented by his "very learned brother," in a flippant, contemptuous manner. There were those present who marked the light that kindled in the eye of Wallace, and the flash that passed over his countenance, at the first contemptuous word and tone that were uttered by his antagonist at the bar. These soon gave place to attention, and an air of conscious power. Once on his feet, with so flimsy a position to tear into tatters as that which his "learned brother" had presented, Lee seemed never to grow tired of the tearing process. Nearly an hour had passed away when he resumed his seat with a look of exultation, which was followed by a pitying and contemptuous smile as Wallace again slowly arose.

Ten minutes, however, had not passed when that smile had changed to a look of surprise, mortification, and alarm, all blended into a single expression. The young lawyer's maiden speech showed him to be a man of calm, deep, systematic thought—well skilled in points of law and in authorities; and, more than all, a lawyer of practical and comprehensive views. When he sat down, no important point in the case had been left untouched, and none that had been touched required further elucidation.

Lee followed briefly, in a vain attempt to torture his language and break down his positions. But he felt that he was contending with weapons whose edges were turned at every blow. When he took his seat again, Wallace merely remarked, that he was prepared, without further argument, to submit the case to the court.

The case was accordingly submitted, and a decision unhesitatingly made in favour of the plaintiffs, or Wallace's clients.

From that hour James Wallace took his true position. The despised apprentice became the able and profound lawyer, and was esteemed for real talent and real moral worth, which, when combined, ever place their possessor in his true position.

Ten years from that day Wallace was elevated to the bench, while Lee, a second-rate lawyer, never rose above that position.

In the histories of these two persons is seen the difference between simply receiving an education, as it is called, and being self-educated. This fact every student, and every humble apprentice with limited advantages, should bear in mind. It should infuse new life into the studies of one, and inspire the other with a determination to imbue his mind with knowledge. The education that a boy receives at colleges and seminaries does not make him a learned man. He only acquires there the rudiments of knowledge. Beyond these he must go. He must continue *ever after*, a student, or others will leave him in the rear—others of humbler means and fewer opportunities; the apprentice of the handicraftsman, for instance, whose few hours of devotion to study, from a genuine love of learning, have given him a taste and a habit that remain with him in all after time.

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HANDLES.

THERE is a class of persons usually described by the silken tongue of polite society as persons of peculiar temper, or simply as "peculiar," but who are sometimes confidentially alluded to under much more alarming designations. The peculiarity generally consists in such qualities as fretfulness, crossness, quarrelsomeness, contradictiveness, cankeredness, and so forth, or in that summary of conditions which one describes when he says of a fellow-creature, "There is no pleasing him." The existence of such a person in a little circle—for example, one of a sisterhood of old maiden ladies obliged for economy to live together—is an evil of a very grave character, as it never fails to make a large subtraction from the comfort of all the rest. To keep that person tolerably sweet, or to avoid at least giving occasion to outbreaks of the "peculiarity," often becomes the leading business of the associated persons; and, at the best, there is amongst them a want of that serenity and ease of mind, which form so important a requisite in life, and without which, indeed, life is scarcely worth having. A terrible class, in truth, are these "peculiar" people, notwithstanding that, as Sir Walter Scott said of bores, there is generally something respectable about them—the termagant sister, for instance, being almost sure to be the best house-keeper. It becomes, of course, a serious consideration, whether there be any beneficent arrangement of Providence designed to alleviate to mankind the woes arising from these peculiar people.

I am of opinion that there is. It has often struck me that peculiar people are nearly the most manageable of all creatures, when once the moving spring of their predominant feelings is detected. Creative wisdom has furnished each of them with what vulgar parlance terms a HANDLE—a certain something in their character, which it is only necessary to manage rightly in order to avoid all that is bad about them, at the same time that we perhaps obtain the benefit of all that is good. Almost any peculiar person may be made tolerable for the common intercourse of life, if one only finds out his handle, and can use it adroitly. Sometimes the handle is curiously hidden in the mesh of character, so as not to be very easily got hold of; but when once discovered, its management is generally not very difficult. The patient may be as immoveable as was the wooden horse mounted by one of the three calenders in Arabian story; but turn one little peg—the handle!—and he springs up into the air with you in a moment. It is very favourable to the management of peculiar people, that they are usually so blind as to be in no great likelihood of discovering when any one is touching their handle, or even that they have a handle at all. Did they suspect such a thing, a pretty storm we should have of it. But the fact is, of themselves they never suspect any such thing, and no third party ever gives them a hint of it—for it is just one of the misfortunes of people of difficult tempers, that they are the objects of an universal conspiracy. Thus, if the operator does not expose himself by extremely clumsy play, or by voluntarily betraying the secret, all is safe.

There is a well-known story of an Irish pig which had a handle. Its owner, taking it to Cork, and knowing its refractory disposition, told it that he wished it to go to Dublin, when, as he expected, it immediately took the course which he desired. This story is conformable, if not to porcine, at least to human nature, as the following true anecdote will prove. David Dobie was a dyker, or builder of dry-stone enclosures, near Thornhill in Dumfriesshire. He was a passable sort of rustic in most respects, but had a strange, rough, contradictory way of speaking, especially to his wife Bet, who could not make the simplest remark, or set forth the most unpretending proposition, but he was sure to treat it as wrong and frivolous. Bet was obliged to act accordingly, whenever she wished to carry any particular point. Their son, a boy of thirteen, who assisted his father, wished to go to Thornhill fair, and to have money in his pocket when he went. He disclosed his wishes to his mother, who undertook to bring the matter about. That evening, the following conversation, which I beg leave to relate in the original Doric, took place between David and Bet:—

"Gudeman, ye'll no guess what that fulish laddie, our Robbie, has ta'en into his head?"

"'Deed, gudewife, I canna tell what either he or you would think o', ye're baith sic fules."

"Na, but, gudeman, ye ken the morn's the fair day, and nought will serve him but he wad hae me to speak to you about letting him gang to the merket, and him only a laddie o' thirteen; it's clean out o' the question. What wad a laddie like him do there?—and lose a day's wages into the bargain?"

"What's that ye say, Bet? What for no? The laddie's a bit weel-doing callan', an' works primely; an' he shall gae to the merket, 'at he shall, in spite o' your teeth. Yes shall he!"

"Aweel, aweel, David, just as ye like, ye're the best judge, nae doubt; but ae thing leads aye to anither. The laddie speaks the greatest nonsense about siller to keep his pouch in the merket; he even ventured to name a gude white shilling in my hearing; but, I trow, I soon settled that wi' the airn tangs, an' I hae na seen him sin-syne, like."

"What's that ye're saying, Bet? Did ye meddle wi' the weel-doing laddie, wha bigs stane for stane wi' me a' day, an' aye does my bidding in spite o' a' your havers? A shilling, Bet! I tell ye, woman—an' what I say's a law in this house—I tell ye, woman, he shall not only hae a shilling, but half a crown, 'at he shall. Sae shall he, e'en in spite o' you, and your airn tangs into the bargain!"

"Aweel, aweel, gudeman. Ye maun just hae your ain way o't; but ye'll see what it'll a' come to. Ye're just spoiling the laddie wi' indulgence," &c.

In this way, honest David could be made to do any thing his wife pleased, all the time that he thought himself the most incontrollable of domestic despots. A similar expedient was resorted to about fifty years ago with a nobleman who owned a park of celebrated beauty skirting the sea-coast near one of our large towns. There was a pathway through his grounds, by which his predecessors had allowed the people of a neighbouring village to pass on their journeys to and from the town. Stingy and unsocial, he determined to put an end to the privilege, although it did not interfere with the privacy of his family; and, accordingly, whenever he met any one going through the park, he turned him back. The villagers at length came to know how to *manage* the old earl; so, when walking through the park, if they saw him at a distance, they immediately turned and seemed to be going the contrary way. When he came up, he of course put them right about, and thus sent them on the way they wished to go. By this simple device, both parties were equally pleased—the villagers in escaping a circumbendibus of several miles, and the earl in the accomplishment of his resolution to *turn back* all who entered his grounds.

For every different species of difficult people, a peculiar mode of management is required. A violent man, for instance, requires submission. When he comes to the explosion, the great art is to allow it vent and free way. To expose anything to its force, by way of diminishing it, is as imprudent as it would be to go and put up a fire-screen against an igniting barrel of gunpowder. The only safety is in getting away from the Presence as quickly as possible. Passionate people, when thus treated, generally become reasonable and penitent in a short time, and are even willing to make some amends for their violence. Unless, then, they should be like Fletcher of Salton, whose anger was no sooner off than it was on again, it is possible to manage violent people to some purpose. There is a story told of a country gentleman who was liable to fall into transports of rage with his servants, in the course of which he seldom failed to inflict a cuffing or caning upon them. When his better genius resumed its sway, there was always an assythment for the injuries he had inflicted, generally in the form of some extra indulgence or present, so that in time it became rather a subject of rejoicing among the servants when their master fell foul of them. The great art was to make no resistance or complaint, but to leave it all to the worthy gentleman's own conscience. It is easy to see how this policy might be adapted to parlour life. We can imagine a lady anxious for a new drosky, of which her husband would prudently postpone the purchase, saying to herself—"Well, I am sure of it the next time George falls into a passion." Eager for a particular splendid shawl, which George thought too dear, she might bethink herself—"If he would only take one of his frantic fits, I should be sure of it." A wife of any ingenuity might in a great measure dress herself off her husband's hurricanes. But to secure such results, an absolute submission is necessary. The penitent feeling must have no consolation for itself in any recollection of an angry reply. If it have, it fixes equal guilt upon the other party, and no reparation seems necessary. Yet the submission must be well managed. Great pains must be taken to avoid the appearance of a policy in the matter. When several persons are concerned, there must be no symptom of a forethought, arrangement, or conspiracy amongst them. All must be natural and appropriate to the occasion. Then, but then only, may the proper solatium be expected.

The persons usually called *impracticable* are a large section of the class. These are usually individuals of a self-willed character, full of rooted prejudices, high in their own conceit, and strongly of opinion that all the rest of mankind are fools. Therefore, they never coalesce with other people in any common object. They never agree with any body on any question. Unless an idea has arisen in their own minds, and they believe (which, however, they are apt to do) that nobody else ever had it before or now entertains it, it is no idea for them. Such a person never belongs to any political party. He is a party of himself. Truly was it said of John Lilburn, a remarkable specimen of the class, that if he alone were left in the world, Lilburn would not agree with John, nor would John with Lilburn. "What is to be done with an impracticable man? Surely he has no handle!" Has he not, indeed? Why, there is no kind of person that has a more conspicuous handle. That very self-concentratedness which makes him an impracticable man, supplies the handle by which he is to be managed. To make such a man tolerable, his fellow-creatures generally find it necessary to study to convert everything to his own glory, and to support him in the notion that he is the centre and mainspring of everything. No one must ever pretend to have an opinion as to how anything could be best done in his presence. No one must ever recommend to

him any course of action. But even his children know that he may nevertheless be made to do anything, or take a particular view of any question, if only the idea be made to appear as proceeding from or somehow originating in himself. The gratification thus given to his predominant feeling awakens benevolence, and he becomes as pliable as could be wished. Some do not scruple to apply direct flattery, for the purpose of softening down impracticability, and it is of course generally successful, for where there is so high an inherent opinion of self, it only looks natural that the opinion of others should be high also. And thus the gods have sometimes presented to them the most ludicrous of all spectacles—an obstinate, self-willed man, thinking himself a ruler and lawgiver amongst his fellow-creatures, strutting, chin-elated, genial to others only through the gratification of his own selfish feelings, all the time that two or three persons whom he thinks insignificant are deliberately playing upon him, and secretly enjoying the intense ridiculousness to which they are subjecting him.

The handles of peculiar people are the most liable to remark; but the fact is, there is more or less of a handle attached to all persons, good, bad, and indifferent. The predominant feeling, taste, or prejudice, usually presents the handle by which individuals of all kinds are to be managed. It is a large part of the business of Tact in society, to discover this leading tendency, and to appeal to it. A thorough courtier looks for the handle of the epicure in the region of the stomach: in the amateur, author, draughtsman, and musician, he knows that it lies in the praise of his productions and performances: with the invidious, he takes care to express dislike of, and detraction from, a sufficiency of estimable people: with the bigot, he is loud in condemning opposite systems. With a lady, to admire her clergyman or her children, and be sceptical about the complexion of the lady who lives opposite, is a pretty sure card. Be it remarked that, in all human beings, whatever other handles there may be, there is sure to be one in that part of the cerebral system where lie the organs of self-esteem and love of approbation. Offend these faculties, however slightly, and the favour of that person is utterly lost: soothe them, however slightly, and it is retained and increased. Half the bad blood which exists in the world is produced by trivial offences to these feelings. It is consonant with the strictest morals, at least to be cautious against giving unnecessary offence to these feelings; nor would a benevolent code condemn a little effort being made now and then to gratify them, since the gratification tends to sweeten men so much towards each other.

As to the genuine men of handles, the peculiar people, the difficult and impracticable men, of course it is impossible to commend the practice of seeking such means of managing them. A bold honesty rather dictates that we should go the straight way to work, although with little hope of a successful result. But men are only men, and it will probably continue till the end of the world to be more or less the penalty imposed on a troublesome and disagreeable temper, that it shall expose its owner to be a standing subject of petty deception to his fellow-creatures. If any one who can make himself conscious of being so characterised, dislikes the penalty, let him endeavour to remedy the fault.

ANCIENT CEMENTS.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the great degree of perfection to which the useful arts have attained within these few centuries, it cannot be denied that there are some things in which we were excelled by the ancients, and in none more so than the art of building. The moderns are adepts in the process of cutting, fashioning, and laying blocks of stone one above another; and in these respects, therefore, there is nothing to complain of. The point upon which they are deficient is giving their buildings an imperishable degree of strength by means of proper cements or mortar. In modern house-building, the making of mortar appears always to be a second-rate consideration, being, as we believe, usually committed to the hands of the least instructed class of labourers.

The Romans—following, as may be presumed, the practice of the Greeks, with some improvements of their own—were particularly careful in the making of their mortar, which they applied in a very peculiar manner. On examination, some of their most stupendous architectural structures are found to exhibit enormous masses of masonry, consisting of pebbles and other small stones, apparently thrown together at random, and bound by a kind of mortar which has been thin enough to penetrate the smallest interstices, and thus form a solid whole throughout. The strength of this mortar, after a lapse of two thousand years, is surprising. It is harder than the stones among which it has been found, and bids defiance equally to the erosions of time and the heaviest blows of the hammer. Another of the extraordinary qualities of this cement consists in its impenetrability to water. The aqueducts of the Romans prove this most satisfactorily, being coated with no resinous substance whatever, but merely with this same cement, made a little thinner on the inside than on the outside. The Roman mode of building a strong wall was as follows. After bringing the work to the surface, they had recourse to planks made to fit into each other, successively extending them in length and in height, and binding the opposite ones at such a distance from each other, as to form the thickness of the wall, and, withal, with sufficient strength not to deviate ever so little from the perpendicular on either side. It was thus that they formed, as it were in a mould, these enormously massy walls, composed, as we have already seen, of every species of pebbles, and other small stones, which our modern architects know not what to do with for want of a mortar qualified to constitute with them one solid compact body.

We may easily conceive at what a great rate even a small number of hands, if well supplied with materials, must have been able by this means to push on any building work. For this purpose, nothing more was requisite than to have in readiness a sufficient number of troughs full of the proper mortar—throw in, at random, the pebbles and other small stones—and then saturate the latter with the former—all which might be perfectly well done, by the smallest degree of attention to get as much stones as possible into the cassoon, and then make the mortar fill up all the interstices between them; and with regard to vaulting and arching, they had their centres as well as the moderns. When they had an aqueduct to build, then, as the interior surfaces of its channel required a coating of that peculiar cement, which is still observable in them to a certain thickness, and which we have already taken notice of, they began by laying it on the planks of the interior casing and the centres, previous to the throwing in of the coarser materials; and thus formed a crust which effectually kept the water from any stones of a spongy nature that would otherwise have imbibed it. Without this method of casing, they would never have been able to construct either walls of so prodigious a thickness or channels of so surprising a thinness. In a word, the effect of this cement must have been very quick, to coalesce and set as readily as our gypses and plasters, and directly resist the pressure of the other materials laid upon it. In fact, the least shrinking or swelling must have proved fatal to works of this kind, not one of whose parts, perhaps, yielded a solid and horizontal basis to any other.

This fixedness and perseverance within the same volume constitute another important quality, which the slenderest observation must convince us the Roman cement is endued with; and being the last as yet discovered, we may proceed to sum up all the excellencies peculiar to this extraordinary composition. In the first place, then, this cement, from a liquid, turned very quickly to a solid state, and hardened with time as plaster does. Secondly, it acquired a surprising degree of tenacity, and laid such hold of the smallest stones it came in contact with, as scarce to bear being parted from them. Thirdly, it was impenetrable to water. Fourthly, it continued always of the same volume or bulk, without either swelling or shrinking. One would imagine, that so many extraordinary qualities should have secured this composition from the effects of violence and time, and kept the secret of it alive to the latest posterity. Yet, it may safely be affirmed, that this valuable secret has been lost, to all intents and purposes; and that, notwithstanding the continued and hearty sighs and researches of all Europe, nothing like it till now has been discovered by the moderns. For if in some parts the buildings are more solid than others, it is merely owing to the extraordinary goodness of the lime, sand, and other materials employed in them.

The re-discovery of this cement, so marvellous in its properties, became a subject of deep attention to Monsieur Loriot, Master of Mechanics to the King of France. This gentleman, in the course of the inquiries carried on by him in the year 1770, had the satisfaction to discover a kind of mystery in nature, which threw light on the subject under his consideration. "Taking some lime, which had been a long time slaked, out of a pit covered with boards, and a considerable quantity of earth over them again, by which means the lime had preserved all its original freshness, he made two parts of it, and plashed and beat them both perfectly well. He then put one of these parts, without any addition, into a glazed earthen pot, and in that condition set it to dry of itself in the shade. Here, in proportion as it lost its moisture by evaporation, it cracked and split in every direction, parted from the sides of the pot, and crumbled into a thousand pieces, all of them equally friable with the bits of lime dried up by the sun, which we usually meet on the banks of our lime pits. With regard to the other part, M. Loriot just added to it one-third of its quantity of powdered quick-lime, and then had the whole well kneaded, in order to make the two kinds of lime perfectly incorporate with each other. This done, he put this mixture, likewise, into a glazed earthen pot, as he had done the first; when, behold, it soon began to heat, and in the space of a few minutes acquired a degree of consistence equal to that of the best plaster when prepared in the best manner. In short, it set and consolidated almost as readily as metals in fusion when taken from the fire, and turned out a kind of instantaneous lapidification, having dried completely within a very small space of time, and that, too, without the least crack or flaw. Nay, it adhered so strongly to the sides of the pot, as not to be parted from them without breaking it.

The result of this addition of the quick-lime, surprising as at first sight it may seem, is notwithstanding so easily explained and accounted for, that it seems somewhat strange that M. Loriot should be the first to suspect and discover it. In fact, what can be plainer, than that the sudden setting and consolidating of these two substances, when thus united, must necessarily arise from the quick-lime being carried, by a perfect amalgamation or admixture, into the utmost recesses of the slaked lime, saturating itself with the moisture it there meets with, and thereby effecting that instantaneous and absolute desiccation, which, because we are so well accustomed to it, we so little mind in the use of gypses and plasters.

But the most valuable of all the extraordinary qualities in this composition is its not being liable to any cracks or flaws, when the ingredients are in the exact proportion they ought to be, or to give way, in any sense, either by shrinking or swelling, or, in short, ever undergo the least alteration from that state in which its fixing left it—a phenomenon we may account for on the same principles with the foregoing. Whereas mortar, or common cement, never dries but by the evaporation of its moisture, M. Loriot's cement becomes perfectly solid without the least evaporation; its moisture continues in and makes part of it; the desiccation is altogether intestine; and as the mass continues the same, and, moreover, the component parts of it are brought so near each other, it is impossible any cracks or flaws should ensue; for cracks and flaws can arise from nothing but the evaporation of a superfluous moisture, and the approach to each other of those parts which that moisture had till then kept asunder. M. Loriot had likewise the satisfaction to see that his composition was endued with the surprising quality of being and continuing impenetrable to water. For this purpose he made new trials; he formed with his cement some vessels of a form proper to hold water, weighed them, filled them, and after the water had stood in them a considerable time, emptied them, when, on weighing them a second time, he could not find that they weighed either more or less than before he filled them.

After several repetitions of these trials, and always with the same success, it now only remained to find out what effects, if any, time, or rather the vicissitudes of the weather, might have on this mixture of the two kinds of lime, as well as on several other compositions, in which M. Loriot had made it up, with other materials, fit for mortar; but, after making for this purpose a great number of new experiments, all the conclusion he could draw from them was, that not only the original mixture of the two kinds of lime, but every other to which he added it, instead of giving way to the greatest dryness or moisture, heat or cold, in the air, increased with age in solidity and compactness."

The mixing, then, of *powdered quick-lime* with any kind of mortar or cement made with *slaked lime*, was the operation which M. Loriot conceived to be necessary for the production of a building-cement such as the Romans used, and possessing all the advantages which architects could desire. It is of course not to be expected from us that we should positively assert the practical utility of M. Loriot's discovery. From his account, however, the cement referred to appears to possess the following qualities. The close union formed by the two kinds of lime employed, enables them also to seize and consolidate all small bodies that may be mixed with them. *Sand* and *brick-dust* are the bodies most suitable for this purpose. In forming a cement, therefore, M. Loriot desires builders to take "any quantity of very fine brick-dust, and twice as much fine river sand, the former well sifted, and the latter well screened, with a sufficient quantity of old slaked lime to form, with water, an amalgam as usual, but withal wet enough to slake a quantity of quick-lime equal to one-fourth of the brick-dust and sand taken together; then add the quick-lime in powder to the brick-dust and sand; incorporate them well, without loss of time, and use them directly, as the least delay may render the use of them defective or impossible. A coating of this mixture applied to the bottom and sides of a canal basin, or any other kind of building which is to contain or stand over water, has the most extraordinary effects, though laid on ever so thin. What wonders, therefore, might we not expect from this cement, were such buildings to be originally constructed with it.

The dust of charcoal incorporates very kindly with the same materials, in a quantity equal to that of the quick-lime; and though the lead colour, which arises from this addition, makes no essential part of the mixture, it may still have its uses on certain occasions. But it is otherwise with regard to the bitumen contained in the charcoal; since this substance cannot but form a rampart extraordinary against the water, no way inferior to that afforded by the other materials with which it is made up.

If all we want is a strong coating, then, by adding to the common mortar, consisting of slaked lime and sand, one-fourth its quantity of quick-lime, we shall have one which, within four-and-twenty hours, acquires a greater degree of consistence than the common kind in several months. Two parts of air-slaked lime, one of sifted plaster, and a fourth of quick-lime, made up into an amalgam of the consistence of common mortar, afford a coating no less fit for the inside of buildings than tenacious and incapable of cracking or flawing."

Dry freestone, or other stones, pounded and sifted,

* We gather the materials of this article from a paper in the Annual Register for the year 1774, itself founded on an essay by Monsieur Loriot, Master of Mechanics to the King of France.

are also pointed out by M. Loriot as likely to be useful ingredients in such cements, and he advises small quantities of these to be made at a time when they are to be used. The directions of M. Loriot are so pointed that they may be given here, even at the risk of repeating part of what has been said. There are two ways of making the cement. "The first is, to mix up very well, with water and slaked lime, the sand, brick-dust, or other materials you choose to employ for the purpose, to the consistence already prescribed, that is, somewhat thinner than usual; then sprinkle into the mixture your powdered quick-lime; and, lastly, incorporate the whole well together to be used directly. The second way is to mix up the sand, brick-dust, and powdered quick-lime by themselves in the proportion prescribed; then adding to them, just as fast as you want your cement, the proper quantity of slaked lime and water, work the whole up well with the trowel. In this way, the sand, brick-dust, and powdered quick-lime, may be kept ready made up in sacks, large enough to fill one or two troughs, so as scarce to leave the workmen any room to fail in the operation, let them be ever so ignorant or careless about it."

The permanency and stability given to buildings by this cement were proved in France by many trials; and if the facts be as stated, the attention of architects may yet be most usefully directed to this subject. In the case of vaults, arches, aqueducts, canal basins, and other structures peculiarly exposed to water and weather, the cement of M. Loriot appears to have proved most effective. "Every kind of subterraneous construction, whether civil or military, may, by means of this cement, be rendered not only habitable, but even infinitely more healthy than they generally are, and that, too, though surrounded by water; so that our cellars, especially those under court-yards, and other open places, as likewise our necessaries—all now so subject, the former to be deluged on every rising of the neighbouring rivers, &c., the latter to convey infection to a great distance by their contents oozing through the adjacent earth—all these works, I say, may be easily cured by means of this cement, equally proper to keep water in or out. In short, what is it we may not make of, or with the assistance of, this proteus matter, and that at one cast? Watering-troughs, ponds for stable and poultry yards, reservoirs against fire, wholesome cisterns in fortified and other places, where no running or well water is to be had."

The cement described may be also effectively cast, according to the accounts given, into pilasters and the like for the support of buildings. There are few architectural purposes, indeed, to which a little ingenuity may not apply it. The end which it seemingly answers is one of the most important kind. The stability and durability of our habitations and public erections are matters which cannot be overrated; and a comparison of old with modern buildings in these particulars throws a reproach on the increased resources of our times, which it would be well to wipe away.

POPULAR ENGLISH FESTIVALS.

MICHAELMAS DAY

Michaelmas Day, the 29th of September, properly named the day of St Michael and All Angels, is a great festival of the Church of Rome, and also observed as a feast by the Church of England. In England, it is one of the four quarterly terms, or quarter-days, on which rents are paid, and in that and other divisions of the United Kingdom, as well as perhaps in other countries, it is the day on which burgal magistracies and councils are re-elected. The only other remarkable thing connected with the day is a widely prevalent custom of marking it with a goose at dinner.

Michael is regarded in the Christian world as the chief of angels, or archangel. His history is obscure. In Scripture he is mentioned five times, and always in a warlike character; namely, thrice by Daniel as fighting for the Jewish church against Persia; once by St Jude as fighting with the devil about the body of Moses; and once by St John as fighting at the head of his angelic troops against the dragon and his host. Probably on the hint thus given by St John, the Romish church taught at an early period that Michael was employed, in command of the loyal angels of God, to overthrow and consign to the pit of perdition Lucifer and his rebellious associates—a legend which was at length embalmed in the sublimest poetry by Milton. Sometimes Michael is represented as the sole archangel, sometimes as only the head of a fraternity of archangels, which includes likewise Gabriel, Raphael, and some others. He is usually represented in coat armour, with a glory round his head, and a dart in his hand, trampling on the fallen Lucifer. He has even been furnished, like the human warriors of the middle ages, with a heraldic ensign, namely, a banner hanging from a cross. We obtain a curious idea of the religious notions of those ages, when we learn that the red velvet-covered buckler worn by Michael in his war with Lucifer used to be shown in a church in Normandy down to 1607, when the bishop of Avranches at length forbade its being any longer exhibited.

Angels are held by the Church of Rome as capable of interceding for men; wherefore it is that prayers are addressed to them and a festival appointed in their honour. Wheatley, an expositor of the Book of Common Prayer, probably expresses the limited view of the subject which is entertained in the Church of England, when he says, that "the feast of St Michael and All Angels is observed that the people may know what blessings are derived from the ministry of angels." Amongst Catholics, Michael, or, as he has been named, St Michael, is invoked as "a most glorious and warlike prince," "chief officer of paradise," "captain of God's hosts," "receiver of souls," "the vanquisher of evil spirits," and "the admirable general." It may also be remarked, that in the Sarum missal, there is a mass to St Raphael, as the protector of pilgrims and travellers, and a skilful worker with medicine; likewise an office for the continual intercession of St Gabriel and all the heavenly militia. Protestant writers trace a connexion between the ancient notion of tutelar genii and the Catholic doctrine respecting angels, the one being, they say, engrafted on the other. As to the soundness of this view we do not give any opinion, but it seems certain that in early ages there was a prevalent notion that the affairs of men were much under the direction of angels, good and bad, and men prayed to angels both to obtain good and to avoid evil. Every human being was supposed to have one of these spiritual existences watching over him, aiming at his good, and ready to hear his call when he was in affliction. And however we may judge this to be a delusion, we must certainly own that, as establishing a connexion between the children of earth and something above and beyond the earth, as leading men's minds away from the grossness of worldly pursuits and feelings into the regions of the beautiful and the infinite, it is one of by no means the worst tendency. We must be prepared, however, to find simplicity amidst all the more aspiring ideas of our forefathers.

In time, the sainted spirits of pious persons came to stand in the place of the generally nameless angels, and each place and person had one of these as a special guardian and protector. Not only had each country its particular patron or tutelar saint, but there was one for almost every town and church. Even trades and corporations had their special saints. And there was one more specially to be invoked for each particular ail that could afflict humanity. It will be curious here to descend a little into particulars. First, as to countries, England had St George; Scotland, St Andrew; Ireland, St Patrick; Wales, St David; France, St Dennis and (in a less degree) St Michael; Spain, St James (Jago); Portugal, St Sebastian; Italy, St Anthony; Sardinia, St Mary; Switzerland, St Gall and the Virgin Mary; Germany, St Martin, St Boniface, and St George Cataphractus; Hungary, St Mary of Aquisgrana and St Lewis; Bohemia, St Winceslaus; Austria, St Colman and St Leopold; Flanders, St Peter; Holland, St Mary; Denmark, St Anscharius and St Canute; Sweden, St Anscharius, St Eric, and St John; Norway, St Olaus and St Anscharius; Poland, St Stanislaus and St Hederiga; Prussia, St Andrew and St Albert; Russia, St Nicholas, St Mary, and St Andrew. Then as to cities, Edinburgh had St Giles, Aberdeen St Nicholas, and Glasgow St Mungo; Oxford had St Frideswide; Paris, St Genevieve; Rome, St Peter and St Paul; Venice, St Mark; Naples, St Januarius and St Thomas Aquinas; Lisbon, St Vincent; Brussels, St Mary and St Gudula; Vienna, St Stephen; Cologne, the three kings, with St Ursula with the eleven thousand virgins.

St Agatha presides over nurses. St Catherine and St Gregory are the patrons of literati and studious persons; St Catherine also presides over the arts. St Christopher and St Nicholas preside over mariners. St Cecilia is the patroness of musicians. St Cosmas and St Damian are the patrons of physicians and surgeons, also of philosophers. St Dismas and St Nicholas preside over thieves; St Eustace and St Hubert over hunters; St Felicitas over young children. St Julian is the patron of pilgrims. St Leonard and St Barbara protect captives. St Luke is the patron of painters. St Martin and St Urban preside over tipsy people, to save them from falling into the kennel. Fools have a tutelar saint in St Mathurin, archers in St Sebastian, divines in St Thomas, and lovers in St Valentine. St Thomas Becket presided over blind men, eunuchs, and sinners, St Winifred over virgins, and St Yves over lawyers and civilians. St Æthelbert and St Ælian were invoked *against* thieves.

Generally, the connexion of these saints with the classes of persons enumerated took its rise in some incident of their lives, and in the manner of their deaths; for instance, St Nicholas was once in danger at sea, and St Sebastian was killed by arrows. Probably, for like reasons, St Agatha presided over valleys, St Anne over riches, St Barbara over hills, and St Florian over fire; while St Silvester protected wood, St Urban wine and vineyards, and St Osyth was invoked by women to guard their keys, and St Anne as the restorer of lost things. Generally, the patron saints of trades were, on similar grounds, persons who had themselves exercised them, or were supposed to have done so. Thus, St Joseph naturally presided over carpenters, St Peter over fishmongers, and St Crispin over shoemakers. St Arnold was the patron of millers, St Clement of tanners, St Eloy of smiths, St Goodman of tailors, St Florian of mercers, St John Port-Latin of booksellers, St Louis of periwig-makers, St Severus of fullers, St Wilfred of bakers, St William of hatters, and St Windeline of shepherds. The name of St Cloud obviously made him the patron-saint of nailsmiths; St Sebastian became that of pin-makers, from his having been stuck over with arrows; and St Anthony necessarily was adopted by swineherds, in consequence of the legend about his pigs. It is not easy, however, to see how St Nicholas came to be the presiding genius of parish-clerks, or how the innocent and useful fraternity of potters obtained so alarming a saint as "St Gore with a pot in his hand, and the devil on his shoulder."

The medicating saints are enumerated in the following passage from a whimsical satire of the sixteenth century:—

To every saint they also do his office here assign,
And fourteen do they count, of whom thou may'st have aid divine;
Among the which *Our Lady* still doth hold the chiefest place,
And of her gentle nature helps in every kind of case.
St *Barbara* looks that none without the body of Christ doth die;
St *Cath'rine* favours learned men and gives them wisdom high,
And teacheth to resolve the doubts, and always giveth aid
Unto the scolding sophister, to make his reason staid.
St *Apolin* the rotten teeth doth help when sore they ache;
Otilia from the bleared eyes the cause and grief doth take;
Rooke healeth scabs and mangins, with pocks, and scurf, and scall,
And cooleth raging carbuncles, and boils, and botches all.
There is a saint, whose name in verse cannot declared be,*
He serves against the plague and each infective malady.
St *Valentine*, beside, to such as do his power despise
The falling sickness sends, and helps the man that to him cries.
The raging mind of furious folk doth *Vitus* pacify,
And doth restore them to their wit, being called on speedily.
Erasmus heals the colic and the griping of the guts,
And *Laurence* from the back and from the shoulder sickness puts.
Blaise drives away the quinsy quite with water sanctified,
From every Christian creature here, and every beast beside.
But *Leonard* of the prisoners doth the bands asunder pull,
And breaks the prison doors and chains, wherewith his church is full.
The quartan ague, and the rest doth *Fernel* take away,
And *John* preserves the worshippers from prison every day;
Which force to *Bennet* eke they give, that help enough may be,
By saints in every place. What dost thou omitted see?
From dreadful unprovided death doth *Mark* deliver his,
Who of more force than death himself, and more of value is.
St *Anne* gives wealth and living great to such as love her most,
And is a perfect finder out of things that have been lost;
Which virtue likewise they ascribe unto another man,
St *Vincent*; what he is I cannot tell, nor whence he came.
Against reproach and infamy on *Susan* do they call;
Romanus driveth sprites away and wicked devils all.
The bishop *Wolfgang* heals the gout, St *Wendlin* keeps the sheep,
With shepherds and the oxen fat, as he was wont to keep.
The bristled hogs doth *Anthony* preserve and cherish well,
Who in his lifetime always did in woods and forests dwell.
St *Gertrude* rids the house of mice, and killeth all the rats;
And like doth Bishop *Huldrick* with his two earth-passing cats.
St *Gregory* looks to little boys, to teach their *a*, *b*, *c*,
And makes them for to love their books, and scholars good to be.
St *Nicholas* keeps the mariners from dangers and disease,
That beaten are with boisterous waves, and toss'd in dreadful seas.
Great *Christopher* that painted is with body big and tall,
Doth even the same, who doth preserve and keep his servants all
From fearful terrors of the night, and makes them well to rest,
By whom they also all their life with diverse joys are blest.
St *Agatha* defends the house from fire and fearful flame,
But when it burns, in armour all doth *Florian* quench the same.

It will be learned, with some surprise, that these notions of presiding angels and saints are what have led to the custom of choosing magistracies on the 29th of September. The history of the middle ages is full of curious illogical relations, and this is one of them. Local rulers were esteemed as in some respects analogous to tutelar angels, in as far as they presided over and protected the people. It was therefore thought proper to choose them on the day of St Michael and All Angels. The idea must have been extensively prevalent, for the custom of electing magistrates on this day is very extensive.

September, when by custom (right divine)
Geese are ordained to bleed at Michael's shrine—

says Churchill. This is also an ancient practice, and still generally kept up, as the appearance of the stage-coaches on their way to large towns at this season of the year amply testifies. In Blount's Tenures, it is noted in the tenth year of Edward IV., that John de la Hay was bound to pay to William Barnaby, lord of Lastres, in the county of Hereford, for a parcel of the demesne lands, *one goose fit for the lord's dinner*, on the feast of St Michael the archangel. Queen Elizabeth is said to have been eating her Michaelmas goose when she received the joyful tidings of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The custom appears to have originated in a practice among the rural tenantry of bringing a good stubble goose at Michaelmas to the landlord, when paying their rent, with a view to making him lenient. In the poems of George Gascoigne, 1575, is the following passage:—

And when the tenants come to pay their quarter's rent,
They bring some fowl at Midsummer, a dish of fish in Lent,
At Christmas a capon, *at Michaelmas a goose*,
And somewhat else at New-Year's tide, for fear their lease fly loose.

We may suppose that the selection of a goose for a present to the landlord at Michaelmas would be ruled by the bird being then at its perfection, in consequence of the benefit derived from stubble feeding. It is easy to see how a general custom of having a goose for dinner on Michaelmas day might arise from the multitude of these presents, as landlords would of course, in most cases, have a few to spare for their friends. It seems at length to have become a superstition, that eating of goose at Michaelmas insured easy circumstances for the ensuing year. In the "British Apollo," 1709, the following piece of dialogue occurs:

Q.—Yet my wife would persuade me (as I am a sinner)
To have a fat goose on St Michael for dinner:

* Probably St Roque.

And then all the year round, I pray you would mind it,
I shall not want money—oh, grant I may find it!
Now several there are that believe this is true,
Yet the reason of this is desired from you.

A.—We think you're so far from the having of more,
That the price of the goose you have less than before:
The custom came up from the tenants presenting
Their landlords with geese, to incline their relenting
On following payments.

MASSON ON AFFGHANISTAN.*

BEFORE us lies another new work on the subject of Affghanistan and the adjacent countries on the Indus, so lately treated of by the ill-fated Burnes, and by other writers of whose works we have taken notice. The subject is one, however, of which the interest is not easily exhausted under present circumstances, and the three volumes now in our hands contain, besides, a very considerable amount of fresh matter. The writer, Mr Masson, spent a number of years in the districts which he describes, in what capacity we cannot precisely learn from the preface. The writer, we may observe by the way, shows himself in his least agreeable phase in his prefatory address, and throws out remarks, defensive and offensive, upon the late managers of British affairs on the Indus, which the general reader must deem out of place, to say the least of it, in such a work.

Nevertheless, as has been said, there is good matter in the volumes of Mr Masson. He starts at once, and without circumlocution, with an account of his stay in Bahawalpur, a town on the Sutlege, one of the chief feeders of the Indus. It is impossible, however, for us to follow him in his movements from place to place, or to discriminate between the numerous khans and rajahs with whom he comes in contact. We must merely take snatches here and there; and, firstly, we may give a portrait of one of the small despots of these regions, who, when not engaged in war, live solely for sensual pleasure. "The Nawab Shir Mahomed Khan is about thirty-five years of age. Although believed to feel keenly his dependent situation on the Sikhs, his chagrin does not prevent him from being corpulent, as becomes a nawab, or from amusing himself with many childish diversions. Indeed, it seems the principal business of those about him to find subjects fit to excite his mirth, and to enable him to while away his existence. Hence, he entertains fiddlers, wrestlers, keepers of bears and of monkeys, and often enjoys the sight of ponies fighting in his flower-gardens. When one of the animals gives the other a good shake of the neck, the nawab claps his hands, and cries, 'Wah! wah!' His attendants do the same, and the apartments resound with clappings of hands and shouts of 'Wah! wah!' It is wonderful how all seem to delight in the sport. He is fond of hunting, and is very dexterous with his bow. He also prides himself on his strength, and, it is asserted, can break the horns of an ox from the living animal. Overlooking these foibles, he is kind and good-natured, and pays great attention to his mother."

Such despot chiefs, taking all they can from those around them, encourage their subjects in like manner to plunder whenever a chance occurs. Our author walked alone on many of his journeys, and on one occasion, he tells us, came up to two mere youths. But young as they were, the spirit of the region was in them. "I made towards them; and as I neared them, they were evidently surprised both at my presence and appearance. The younger lad was inclined to run, but the elder staid him, and awaited me. I could not very well understand them, but saw that my colour was the cause of terror. The younger seemed to think I was a *dev*, and would by no means approach me, although assured by the other that I was only a man, and there was no reason to fear. The latter asked me to extend my arm, and, as I thought he did so with a view of assuring his companion, I complied, when he seized my wrist, and wrenching it round, brought me, without power of resistance, to the ground. He called upon his friend to come and examine the bundle I carried on my back, but no persuasion could remove the fear of the lad, and he kept aloof. The fellow wrenched my wrist more and more, until I roared out that I was the *nawab's nukar*, or servant; at which he suddenly relinquished his hold and retired, allowing me to recover my feet. Seeing the mention of the nawab terrified him, I denounced all vengeance on him, when he pointed to his camels, and asked me if I would drink some milk. I asked whether he had a *piala*, or bowl, and found that he intended to milk into my hands, which I declined, as I should have placed myself in a position which might have disposed him to take another advantage." The author got free of them, but made a narrow escape, on the whole, from perishing unheard-of by the hands of a reckless boy, and leaving his bones to bleach in some nook of these perilous plains.

The city of Kandahar (or Candahar) having acquired fresh eminence lately as one of the capitals of the district of Cabul (or Kabal, as our author calls it), his account of it may prove not uninteresting. "The city of Kandahar is surrounded by mud walls, which have a circumference of three miles. There are, I believe, seventeen towers on each face, besides the angular ones; and a trench was carried round, under the direction of the late Sirdar Shir Dil Khan. Its situation is convenient, as it is on no side commanded; and it has five gates, one of which opening upon the *id-gah*, and leading into the citadel, is generally closed up. The citadel occupies the north-west quarter of the city, and is said to have been built by Shahzada Kamran, who formerly held the government of the city and country. The principal bazaars are wide and spacious, and had originally avenues of trees and canals leading along either side of them, but they are not now well preserved. No city can be better supplied with water, which is brought by large canals from the Arghassan river, and then distributed by so many minor ones, that there is perhaps no house which has not one of them passing through its yard. There are also many wells, and the water is considered preferable to that of the canals as a beverage.

Of the area included within the city walls, so much is spread over with ruinous and deserted houses, extensive courts, gardens, and ranges of stabling, that it is probable there are not above five thousand inhabited houses, by which estimate the population would be from twenty-five to thirty thousand souls. Notwithstanding, the city is acknowledged to be the *takht*, or metropolis, of the Duranis. The public mosques, and other buildings, are by no means handsome, arising principally, perhaps, from a deficiency of materials; and this evil has been detrimental to the substantial erection of the city generally, the houses being almost universally built of unburnt bricks, and covered with domes, there being no fuel to burn bricks, and no timber to make flat roofs.

The residences of the sirdars, while large and sufficiently commodious, display no architectural taste or beauty; the balconies of their *balla khanas*, or upper rooms, are, indeed, curiously carved in wood, and constitute their chief ornamental appendages. The *arg*, or citadel, being constructed of kiln-burnt bricks, appears to advantage from the exterior, and the entrance is somewhat imposing. Within, the palaces of the former kings, with their painted chambers, are desolate, or occupied by the menials of the present rulers, who seem studiously to avoid residing in them.

The bazaars are well supplied with good and cheap provisions, and with a great abundance of excellent fruits. Kabal is famed for the quantity, Kandahar for the quality, of its fruits; yet I found them so reasonable that a *maund*, or several English pounds of grapes, was purchased for a *pais;* and figs, plums, apricots, peaches, pears, melons, and almonds, were nearly as cheap. The pomegranates of Kandahar are, perhaps, unsurpassed, and justly enjoy a great repute in these countries. Meat, while very good, is not perhaps so cheap as at Kabal, but *roghan*, so generally used, and bread, are cheaper, as are curds and eggs; of the latter ten or twelve being sold for one pais. It is a great blessing to these countries that subsistence is so cheap, and that the poorer classes are, consequently, little affected by the struggles for political ascendancy amongst the chiefs. Fuel is one of the articles considered dear, and is brought from a distance." If we persist in forcing a settlement to the west of the Indus, Kandahar must become one of the main stations for the maintenance of our power and the prosecution of our industry. "Kandahar," says our author, "contains, in its fertility and resources, all the elements of a powerful state." But, as hinted in a late article in this Journal, everything seems to indicate, that the wisest plan for Britain to pursue at present would be to keep to the east of the Indus, and settle her power safely there.

Another specimen of the mode of treating unprotected travellers on the Indus, may interest the reader more than any descriptive extract. Shortly after leaving Kandahar on foot, Mr Masson encountered a camel-caravan, the men accompanying which were settled for the evening. "Found about one hundred and twenty tents, arranged in a semicircular form; in front of which were two spots, enclosed by stones, which served as *masjits*. It being the time of evening prayer, I went up to one of these, and saluted with the usual *salam alikam*, and was invited to sit down. When prayers were finished, one of the men, decently apparelled, said to me, '*Doudi kouri dil ter razi*,' which signifies, 'If you will eat bread, come here.' I accepted the invitation, and accompanied him to his tent, which was well furnished, after the fashion of the country; and before the entrance were picqueted three tolerable horses. The whole had an appearance of easy circumstances, indeed of comparative opulence. Bread was cooked expressly for me, water was brought to wash my hands before eating, and I was encouraged to eat heartily. I felt perfectly at ease, and was doing justice to my entertainment, having fasted throughout the day, when another man came in, and seated himself by my side. The repast being finished, the new visitant applied a rather rude slap on my cheek; at which I merely smiled, presuming it was intended as a joke, and although a severe one, yet, as these savages understand little of decency, and being alone among so many, it was but common prudence to pass it off lightly. He then asked me for my upper garment. This I refused, still thinking him disposed to be merry. I, however, found, to my cost, he was not trifling, for he despoiled me of it by force, as well as of my headdress, &c.; in short, left me nothing but my perjamas and shoes. He also applied two or three additional slaps on the cheek, and a liberal allowance of terms of abuse in Persian, which was all he knew of that language. This he did in ridicule of my ignorance of Pashto, which he was continually urging me to speak. During this time, my worthy host, the master of the tent, encouraged and abetted my despoiler, and received some pais which were in a pocket of my upper garment. The clothes were detained by the other ruffian, who, after a while, conducted me to his tent, one much smaller, and of mean appearance. He bade me sit down by the fire and warm myself, and in due time spread felts on the ground by the fireside, which were to serve me for a bed, and informed me I might repose myself; cautioning me, as I understood him, not to attempt to escape during the night, for I should be certainly seized by the dogs. I stretched myself on my sorrowful bed, and ruminated on my deplorable situation—consoling myself, however, that it did not appear the intention of my friend to despoil me of my perjamas, in the web-cord of which was my small stock of money; and calculating on certainly reaching the kafila the next day, if allowed to depart in the morning, and if I should be able to repair my deficiency of raiment. Still my situation was sufficiently wretched; yet, from the fatigue of the day's march, the power of a naturally strong constitution, and the presence of the fire, I shortly fell asleep, and enjoyed uninterrupted repose during the night, awaking only in the morning when kicked by my host, who called me a *kafir*, or infidel, for not rising to say prayers, which he presently repeated in the very clothes of which he had despoiled me the preceding evening. I was now led into the tent in which I had been originally entertained, where several other men were assembled. Here I was beat with sticks and cords, and had some large stones thrown at me. I made no doubt but it was intended to destroy me; I therefore collected my spirits, and resolved to meet my fate with firmness, and betray no marks of weakness or dejection.

While a stone is within reach, the Patans of these countries are never at a loss for offensive weapons. I have seen severe wounds inflicted by these missiles. They assert that Cain killed Abel with stones, which appears to have established a precedent for their use.

One of the camel-drivers told me to mount a camel, but I could not catch one. I learned that they were proceeding to Robat. They were those I had passed the day before. We marched four or five *koss*, when they halted, and told me that in the evening they should go to Robat. I would have continued my journey, but, alas! I was to encounter robbery anew. My clothing and money were now taken, and I was entirely stripped. In return for my perjamas, they gave me a ragged pair, which did not cover my knees; my shoes alone escaped, being either too large or too small for their several feet. I did not part with my money or apparel very willingly or very peaceably; in fact, one of the ruffians unsheathed his sword, but the others forbade violence. I appealed to them as men and Mussulmans, but this only excited their laughter." Mr Masson, however, got into the train of a kafila or travelling band, and, though suffering greatly, contrived to creep along with them till he obtained help and means.

* Narrative of Various Journeys in Balochistan, Afghanistan, and the Panjab; including a residence in those countries from 1826 to 1838. By Charles Masson, Esq. London: R. Bentley. 842.

GLASGOW WATER-WORKS.

WHILE on a late visit to Glasgow, we were much pleased with the manner in which that large and populous city was supplied with water. Although situated on the margin of a fine flowing river, the town, in comparatively recent times, was exceedingly ill supplied with that necessary article. A century ago, or less, the only water procurable in the streets was from wells, a few of which still exist, and are held in peculiar favour by some of the citizens. The first incentive to establish a public water-company was given, in 1804, by Mr William Harley, who constructed a reservoir at Willow Bank. The building is still standing, with the golden fish on its apex. He supplied it with spring-water from the adjacent lands, which he dispensed to the inhabitants at a small price, through the medium of water-butts carried from street to street. The success which attended this experiment gave rise to the Glasgow and the Cranston-hill water-companies. The former was incorporated by act of parliament in 1806, for the purpose of supplying the city, for the first time, with filtered water from the Clyde; the latter, having a similar object in view, was incorporated in 1808. During a number of years, these bodies went on independently; but afterwards a junction was formed between them, which received the sanction of parliament in 1838. The proprietary of the united company, which is very numerous, embraces a large majority of the monied men of the west of Scotland, and is possessed of great local influence.

The works of the company are very pleasantly situated on the banks of the Clyde, about two miles above the city. In proceeding towards them, our path lies through the "Green"—a splendid and favourite arena for recreation, health, and pleasure—scarcely surpassed, indeed, by any of the parks of London. It comprises about 140 acres of fine grass land, skirting the northern bank of the river. Under the auspices of the late Dr Cleland, the whole superficies has been levelled and beautified, and a fine carriage-drive formed, nearly three miles in length, which is frequently used by pleasure parties, on horse-

back or in carriages. Here all military displays and extraordinary meetings take place. Near the entrance at the west end stands an obelisk, erected to the memory of Lord Nelson.

The Clyde in this vicinity forms the great public bath of the city, to which the inhabitants have at all times free access. In the course of one day, no fewer than 2000 persons have been observed to bathe here. It is matter of deep regret, however, that in a crowded city like Glasgow, teeming as it does with a dense manufacturing population, so little attention should be paid by the public authorities to the establishment of suitable baths. Our continental neighbours are far before us in this respect.

After a delightful walk along the margin of the river, we reached the water-works, which we found to occupy both sides of the stream, the motive-power being on the one side, while the aqueducts and filters are on the other. Our attention was directed, in the first instance, to the works on the northern bank. These consist of a series of buildings occupied by nine large steam-engines, two of which, called Goliah and Sampson, are of great magnitude and power, and well merit the names which have been given them. They were made in 1839 by the Neath Abbey Iron Company, Glamorganshire, and have each a 72-inch cylinder, with a 10-feet stroke. They are kept in excellent order, and present the finest and most elegant specimens of workmanship of the kind we have ever had the pleasure of inspecting. The room in which they perform their Herculean labours is tastefully painted and papered, and entirely free from disagreeable effluvia. The erection of these magnificent machines, with their appurtenances, cost the company L.20,000. Four of the other engines, possessing 54-inch cylinders, with an 8-feet stroke, have received the appropriate names of Jupiter, Saturn, Achilles, and Ajax. At Cranston-hill works, which we did not visit, there are also four steam-engines in constant operation. The aggregate amount of motive-force thus at the disposal of the company, is estimated at about 700 horse-power. Attached to the walking-beam of each engine is a very ingenious piece of mechanism, with seven dials, resembling clock-work, and furnished with a pendulum which vibrates in unison with every stroke of the engine, and registers, with amazing accuracy and precision, the number of strokes given in the course of an hour, a week, a month, &c. The superintendant has only to consult this self-acting index to ascertain the quantity of water thrown into the city by each engine during any given period. Connected with the water-pipes we observed mercurial pressure-gauges, of very fine workmanship, for indicating the height to which the water is raised in the city, where corresponding gauges are kept in the engineer's office, by which it can be known at a glance how the supply is maintained by the engines, though in operation at the distance of nearly three miles. The quantity of water furnished by the works daily amounts to upwards of 8,000,000 gallons, besides about 600,000 gallons of unfiltered water, raised directly from the river for the use of several public works. At one period, double this quantity was used; but the factories seem now to prefer filtered water, though at a higher rate.

Having examined the varied and ingenious means and appliances on the northern bank for propelling and conducting the water through the city, we were carried across the stream in a boat, to inspect the aqueducts and filters on the other side. These occupy a triangular peninsula, of a honey-comb-like structure, washed on two sides by the Clyde, and perforated in various directions by water-channels. The principal aqueduct or filter consists of an elliptical tunnel 7½ feet in diameter, and upwards of 600 yards in length, sunk ten feet lower than the level of low water, in a bed of sand and gravel, through which the water filters naturally. This tunnel forms a curve parallel with the bed of the river, at about 50 feet from its margin. There are, besides, about eight acres of meadow land, and nearly two of sand-filter, on which the water is raised by steam-power. The whole water produced by these filters is conveyed through a gravelly subsoil into the tunnel above mentioned. The water thus purified is brought across the stream through four suction-pipes, laid in the bed of the river, and connected with the engines on the northern side. It is worthy of remark, that two of these pipes were designed and laid under the direction of the celebrated James Watt, whose genius and skill triumphed over the first difficulty which presented itself, arising from the bend or curve in the bed of the river, by devising a flexible main or tube, constructed of iron pipes, and so connected by moveable joints and hinges as to adapt its form to the bottom of the Clyde. The water is conveyed into the city through the medium of four principal pipes or *mains*, as they are called, respectively of 14, 21, 25, and 36 inches diameter. As the ground on which Glasgow is built is of great variation of elevation, four intermediate stations or reservoirs have been formed, into which water is raised to the elevation requisite to supply the several districts, and no more; thus economising the power required to be exerted by the steam-engines, and furnishing, at the same time, an abundant supply to those who occupy the highest houses. Besides these reservoirs, there are two others now in course of erection at the west end, to meet the increased demand arising from the rapid extension of the city in that direction. One of these is an extremely handsome massive structure, and harmonises admirably with the elegant buildings by which it is surrounded. It is lined throughout with cast-iron plates, and is 123 feet in length by 84 in breadth, and 10 in depth. The whole extent of pipes, with their varied ramifications throughout the city, amounts to upwards of 140 miles.

The supply to the inhabitants, we were informed, begins about six in the morning, and is continued without intermission throughout all the pipes, till from eight to ten in the evening. The population of Glasgow, according to the last census, is nearly 300,000; and these works pour unceasingly, like the heart in the human system, the life-blood of a city—WATER—through a thousand channels, until it reaches the most distant and obscure member of the community. One has only to witness, for a brief period, the effect of a partial suspension of the works, to be convinced of the incalculable benefits they confer upon such a city. Time is economised, habits of cleanliness are formed and cherished, and the sum of domestic happiness is increased. The "well," indeed, has been brought to almost every fireside, and fountains made to flow in every alley. Fires, too, those dreadful scourges of a manufacturing community, are extinguished by the same means; and large factories are sustained in localities where there is no water, and where, of course, they could not have been erected.

INSURRECTIONS AT LYONS.

INSURRECTIONS, mobbings, and all other commotions for the purpose of raising the rates of wages, have invariably ended in misery and disappointment to the parties concerned; for the simple reason, that they discourage the adventuring of capital, and paralyse the very moving springs of employment. Their fatal effects have in no instance been seen more conspicuously than at Lyons a few years ago. The history of the great insurrection at that city is interesting, and may yield an instructive lesson. It was originally told by M. Monfalcon, a physician of Lyons, whose narrative is here given in an abridged shape.

The silk manufacture, introduced from Italy in the fifteenth century, forms the great spring of industry and wealth in the city of Lyons, a town happily situated on a peninsula formed by the junction of the Saone and Rhone, in the south-east of France. It is the second city of that country, and contained, about the year 1830, a population of 140,000 persons. Of these fully 30,000, including men, women, and children, may be computed to have been engaged, at the same period, in the silk manufacture; and the quantity of silk manufactured may be reckoned, in round numbers, at 700,000 kilogrammes, a kilogramme being equal to 2 lbs. 8 oz. and 3 dwts. of troy weight. The money turned over at Lyons by the silk trade is estimated by M. Monfalcon at 200,000,000 francs annually. "The exportation of the article is greater, by one half," he says, "than the exportation of all the other manufactured productions of the whole of France put together." As the great, though not the sole seat of a manufacture so important to the national wealth and welfare, Lyons, it may be imagined, is a place viewed with deep interest by the entire people of France.

The parties engaged in the silk manufacture may be divided into two principal classes; namely, the masters, who have several silk-looms of their own, usually from three to eight, and have a fixed residence; and the class called *compagnons*, who work some of the looms of the masters, and receive half of the money gained by these looms, without having responsibility of any sort upon their heads. When the silk-trade is dull, these latter persons turn their hands to something else, and the instability of their position forms a great evil in the manufacturing system of Lyons. Generally speaking, the compagnons are improvident persons, and their habits are immoral. They dissipate upon foolish or injurious luxuries much of the means which they gain by working five days in the week with diligence. They live poorly, their houses are crowded and unhealthy, and sometimes large families are crowded together in single ill-ventilated apartments. Their children, boys and girls, are usually brought up to the silk-trade like their parents, and the youths of the male sex may be said to be the most dangerous portion of the population of Lyons. The elder among them, youths from fifteen to twenty, are called apprentices, and the younger are called *lancers*, their task being to throw (*lancer*) the shuttle in certain pattern-silks. For the most part, M. Monfalcon assures us, "neither apprentices nor lancers have received the slightest education. They are turbulent on days of riot and revolt, through a mere love of noise. But these boys were seen, during the days of disturbance, creeping among the horses, and aiming blows at the dragoons, which were so much the more dangerous, as it was impossible to foresee them." They were even provided with fire-arms, he continues, and showed an utter contempt of danger.

Such is the character of the class of artificers among whom, in 1831, a spirit of disorder insinuated itself, in consequence partly of the agitating influence of the Three Days of the preceding July, and partly from the effect on the French silk-trade of the increasing competition of Prussia, Switzerland, and, above all, Great Britain. The influence of the latter cause should have rendered them more prudent and industrious than formerly. Feeling a change for the worse, though to no great extent, they adopted a very opposite course, charging the evil upon their guiltless and equally suffering employers, and demanding terms which could never be acceded to. In the autumn of 1831, even while business was getting brisker, the workmen, or the agents of the unions which they had formed, required the adoption of an unvarying scale of prices, and resolved upon a general turn-out in the event of non-compliance. By this scale, or tariff, the silk-weavers determined to stand, never reflecting, apparently, that it was absurd to call upon the employer, himself suffering from all changes in the market, to insure the workmen from the chances of suffering from the same cause. Early in October 1831, the weavers, pursuing their object, laid the scheme of a wage-tariff before the mayor and authorities of Lyons. The latter, intimidated seemingly by so numerous a body, received the application, and called on the master-manufacturers to send delegates to meet those of the workmen on a certain day. M. Dumolart, Prefect of the Rhone, rashly yielded to this arrangement. "The definitive convocation of the delegates of the working-men and of their employers took place in M. Dumolart's drawing-rooms. While the opposing interests were engaged in debate, an immense multitude of the workers in silk, organised in troops and cohorts, advanced from the suburbs to the square of Bellevue and the square of La Préfecture, immediately in front of M. Dumolart's house. They were then without arms, without sticks, and they marched in silence and in perfect order. Their chiefs carried wands in their hands as signs of their authority; and the multitude, rallying round the tri-coloured flag, remained inoffensive and mute. That day (the 25th of October) presented a singular spectacle: a perfect order reigned in the disorder—there were no tumultuous cries—no provocations; the working-men satisfied themselves with making a demonstration of their forces. A great number of them, however, penetrated into the court-yard of the Préfecture, and stationed themselves immediately under the apartment where the tariff was regulating. At last, one of their delegates left the assembly, walked down to the square in front of the Préfecture, and commanding silence, said —'My friends, people are busy up there about your interests—all goes on well—retire!' At the instant all that host of working-men quietly retreated in the same order in which they had advanced. At two o'clock in the afternoon, the civil authorities of Lyons announced that the tariff was agreed upon and finally settled. This news was received by the weavers with the most lively demonstrations of joy. A tariff had been established on paper, but it remained to be seen if it would work. The men had fixed that work was only to be done at certain prices, but they could not compel masters to give them work at those prices, if the latter should find it ruinous to do so. Clearly, the right of considering whether they were to give work at the prices fixed upon remained with the manufacturers, if liberty and right were to be anything more than mere names in the country. To pursue the narrative of M. Monfalcon—"Scarcely was the tariff promulgated in Lyons, when many commercial houses, alarmed at the prospect of the future, or finding it impossible to pay the high prices demanded by the weavers, came to a determination to suspend all their operations. The great fault of M. Dumolart had placed our capitalists in a frightful position—many thousand looms were at once left without work.

A dreadful fermentation agitated the working-classes during the first weeks of November. They demanded the execution of the tariff, and showed the most deadly animosity against the manufacturers. Mobs gathered in the streets, squares, and suburbs; La Croix Rousse (a large dependent town, rather than a suburb) was up in arms, and a hostile collision seemed inevitable. A grand review of the national guard took place on Sunday, the 20th of November, for the installation of its chief, old General Ordonneau. Ten thousand men were present beneath the national flag, and had these men been decided in their wish of maintaining order, no troubles could have happened. But it was easy to see, by the alarming countenances of all the companies from the suburbs, and by the apathy of the majority of that armed militia, that some great event was preparing. The citizens of Lyons were left a prey to the most acute anxiety, and people ran everywhere inquiring what would be the probable result of this cruel situation. They were not left long in this state of uncertainty."

The result was a dreadful conflict, which lasted for three days, and watered the streets of Lyons with the blood of its citizens. Hundreds of lives were lost, and, as takes place in every similar scene of confusion, the innocent suffered alike with the guilty. It was on the morning of Monday, November 21, that the weavers of La Croix Rousse placed themselves in an attitude of open insurgency, raised barricades, and planted above their heads a black standard, with the pointed inscription—"We will live working, or die fighting!" They cut the silk from looms, and forced the peaceable to join them or perish. They had abundance of arms and ammunition, and even two pieces of artillery. The civil and military authorities knew all this, and they had force sufficient, of regular troops, to restore order. But they sent, at the outset, only sixty men of the national guard, with arms, but *without ammunition*, to march upon the barricaded position. "A shower of stones gave them their welcome; many of them were wounded, and the detachment was compelled to make a hasty retreat. Then, indeed, some attacks were made by the troops of the line, but with

feeble means, and not upon one but different points: thus they all failed. An officer was wounded in the thigh—a drummer shot through the shoulder. These first successes encouraged the insurgents; the working part of the population rose like one man."

All classes of mechanics were now involved in the affair, and seized the opportunity to demand wage-tariffs. Dumolart, the Prefect, and General Ordonneau, went to speak to the insurgents; they were seized and made prisoners. General Roguet, commander of the garrison, a veteran but invalid soldier, was the only man now found to direct a force against the insurgents. But the latter, secure in the lofty firm-built houses of La Croix Rousse, repulsed all attacks, though at the cost of much bloodshed. On the second day, the soldiers were in possession of but one square, in the whole of the great city of Lyons. They had fought with courage; "but what could cavalry do in a war of streets, under the fire of enemies that were carefully concealed behind gates and chimneys? Many of them were dismounted, wounded, or killed; and several, who were thrown or fell from their horses, were dispatched by the women and children of the weavers."

The insurgents fired on all flags of truce sent to them. True, they liberated the Prefect and General Ordonneau, but only because they saw their victory almost secured. And in reality, the despairing magistrates thought it best to yield, and send away the soldiers. "At two hours after midnight," says our author, "on the morning of the 23d of November, General Roguet yielded to the representations of the civil authorities, and resolved to quit the town with the remainder of the troops he commanded. * * * He was followed and assisted by a few men of the national guard. But the insurgents were aware of his movements, and established a strong post at the barrier of St Clair, with the view of intercepting his retreat. A single piece of artillery, and a general fire from the troops of the line, presently forced a passage there. The soldiers, formed in close columns, then cleared with courage and rapidity three barricades that had been raised between St Clair and La Boucle, and beat and threw into perfect disorder the posts of working-men that guarded them; and in spite of a running fire of musketry, and stones and tiles that rained upon them from the houses, they made good their retreat to Montessuy, Caluire, and La Pape, after having lost a number of men. The dragoons, who performed several brilliant charges, suffered the most. A battalion of the 40th closed the retreat, and fought with courage for its protection. But the unfortunate wounded soldiers left behind were stripped, dispatched, and thrown into the Rhone, by a set of weavers, whose fury had obliterated every feeling of humanity. General Fleury was wounded and dismounted in the fatal retreat, and one of his aides-de-camp was killed by his side."

Intoxicated with their victory, the workmen now gave themselves up to riotous indulgence, and went about the streets, hugging one another, and crying, "Les Braves!"—("The Heroes!") They were reeking even then with the blood of their countrymen. But the removal of all opposition restored them, in some measure, to reason. Much property was burned and destroyed; but at length they stood still, as if sensible that wanton destruction could do nought else than bring ruin and famine on themselves. The municipal authorities began to regain some portion of their authority. The population retired to their houses, and, willing to return to work, became aware of the obstacles which their own insane conduct had thrown in the way of their peaceful maintenance. On the 27th of November, four days after the retreat of the troops, General Roguet was asked by the authorities to return with them. He found a humbled population in Lyons. Men were praying for work and food. Revenge might readily have been taken upon them, but happily another course was pursued. Louis Philippe's eldest son, the Duke of Orleans, was to visit the city with Marshal Soult, and he did so on the 3d of December, when he was received with great acclamations. A powerful force accompanied him; the citizens received all not only without resistance but with joy. "And thus," says M. Monfalcon, "finished the history of the three days of November, and such was the winding up of the working-men's victory. Much blood was shed; brave French soldiers received their death; the first manufacturing city in France was a prey to the most frightful disorder: and for what end? Had the condition of the working-classes been improved? Had they succeeded in forcing their employers to adopt the tariff? No. The principle of that scheme was absurd, and could never be acknowledged by the government. Had they succeeded in raising the price of their labour? No. Trade can flourish only when no blows are aimed at the liberty and tranquillity of its transactions; and their revolt paralysed it, and condemned the silk manufacture to a long period of inactivity. Had their easy and short triumph attracted the public interest to their cause?—was their country indebted to them for what they have done? Alas! no. They attacked with an armed hand the institutions of their country—trod her laws under foot, expelled the legitimate authorities, and threw our city into an abyss of misery. The brutal employment of force to resolve a question of trade and industry is equally absurd and criminal, whether it proceed from the working-man, his employer, or the government. But some will say, the insurgents did not abuse their victory. Yes; we must, without doubt, to a certain point, be grateful to them for not having proceeded to extremes and the most horrid excesses, which, however, would have brought down a fearful and inevitable vengeance on their own heads. They did not do to Lyons, and to the capitalists and manufacturers of Lyons, all the mischief that they might have done; but ought this negative merit to make us forget the crime of their impious aggression, the horrors of a civil and civic war of three days, and the deplorable consequences that resulted therefrom?"

Notwithstanding the lesson given by the results of this senseless resort to violence and bloodshed, the workmen of Lyons did not then learn the wiser part. In a second article, we shall advert to the scenes which were presented in that city in 1834, originating in the same, or nearly the same, cause.

A STORY OF LONDON LIFE.

It was on a winter's evening, in the year 18—, that in the small parlour of a small house, in a narrow and confined street of the dense metropolis of Great Britain, was seated a very every-day sort of group. It consisted of Mr Beaufort Dawkins and his family, the latter comprising a lady who certainly considered herself a "better half," and two daughters of the respective ages of seventeen and fifteen. An important event had that day taken place—nothing less than the formal and legal admission of Mr Dawkins as junior partner in the house of Altamont, Dobson, Smith, and Jones, to whom he had been confidential clerk for more than twenty years. The five o'clock dinner was finished, and a bottle of wine was being discussed, the whole party having drawn round the fire, while in the manner of each were many signs of complacency. There is vast expression in the figure—in attitude, ay, even in a finger—and the most uninitiated would never have mistaken the prevailing sentiment, as Mr Dawkins leaned back in his arm-chair, stretching a very dirty pair of boots towards the fender, and slightly compressing his lips as he brought a glass of ruby wine admiringly between his own vision and the bright flame. He felt that he had achieved greatness, and it is very doubtful whether Newton, after one of his profound discoveries, or Shakspeare after the embodiment of some everlasting truth, evinced so much self-satisfaction. Neither was there much likelihood of any error about the lady's feelings. She had disdained, on this important evening, to ply her needle, as she was in the habit of doing; so, for want of better employment, she twirled her restless fingers in the faded strings of a very fine but rather dirty cap; and in her endeavours to assume a dignified deportment, fidgetted about in a manner which would have been very trying to nervous persons. But dignified repose is difficult for the unaccustomed to assume. Of the two girls, Matilda, the elder, was acknowledged to be the more attractive. Already of a commanding height and figure, with features beautiful and finely chiselled, she was indeed eminently handsome; though perhaps a physiognomist would have regretted a certain vacancy betrayed by the mouth. Yet, withal, there was that self-possession which, with mind and decision, would have formed pride, but, as it was, only constituted vanity. Susan, the younger, formed a perfect contrast to her sister, for her features were anything but regular, and her figure *petite*. Still, there were people who had the extraordinary taste to admire her; who forgave a mouth they acknowledged was too large, in consideration of the teeth it revealed, and the dimple a smile displayed; and who thought a pair of soft hazel eyes, shaded by a jetty fringe when they were raised and did sparkle, were not to be exchanged for Matilda's dazzling complexion. Susan was the only one of the party who was occupied, and she was hemming diligently a gentleman's silk handkerchief. Matilda was the first to break a short pause, by exclaiming—

"Well, now, papa, I hope you will let me have some lessons in singing."

"Wait, my dear, till we have got into the new house," observed Mrs Dawkins; "I should not choose Signor Crocchini to attend you here;" and the lady looked round with considerable scorn on the house of the last ten years, where she had drudged, and coaxed, and scolded by turns, but where she had passed, notwithstanding, a very happy period of her life.

"And my dear Dawkins, my dear Beaufort," she continued, "do not let us think of staying here until the notice expires. What *is* a quarter's rent compared to the appearance of the thing. Now that you are really in the firm, it is due to yourself and your family that you consider these things. And, my love, I have been thinking a great deal of the new house and all our fresh arrangements, and I am sure we must have a man-servant."

"My dear, I cannot afford it."

"Well, at any rate, a boy—really a youth—tall of his age, of sixteen or so, in a good livery, gives the same air of respectability to a family that a man-servant does."

Mrs Dawkins knew her own power. From long experience, she was aware that in arguments with her spouse perseverance was the one thing needful. True, she did not generally gain entirely the point from which she started, but for this, of course, she made all due allowances. In suggesting the necessity of a man-servant, therefore, she only expected to gain Mr Dawkins's consent to her hiring "a youth;" and had she lived in the later days of "pages" and biped "tigers," she might with yielding amiability have suffered her aspiring desires to dwindle from six feet two to four feet nothing. Thus a quarter of an hour was well bestowed in settling this important question, and about as much time was devoted to arranging some comparatively trifling matters in a similar diplomatic fashion. A visiter, however, disturbed the party.

"Why, that is Herbert Forster's knock, I declare!" exclaimed Mrs Dawkins; "who would have thought of his coming on such a wet night; did you expect him, my dear?"

"Not I; though, by the way, I have not seen him to-day, and perhaps he has brought me some papers I asked him yesterday to arrange."

Meanwhile, Matilda, with rather a sharp "give it me," had taken the work from her sister's hand, and in twenty seconds had arranged herself with wonderful composure at the table, with the whole apparatus of scissors and threads, &c., before her, a very pattern of neatness, precision, and industry. Susan said not a word, though the faintest smile in the world might have been observed on her countenance, as she raised her large eyes to her sister's face. A slight blush suffused Matilda's cheeks; but as she knew this was very becoming, she did not by any means withdraw from the light which fell full upon her, and she was the last to rise and greet the visiter.

Herbert Forster, though only a clerk in the house of Altamont, Dobson, Smith, Jones, *and* Dawkins, was an orphan, distantly related to several noble families, and had passed the years of childhood amid all the tenderness of affection and the luxury of affluence. His father had been Mr Dawkins's earliest benefactor, and on the severe reverses which preceded Mr Forster's death, Mr Dawkins was in some measure enabled to return the obligations he was under, by procuring for Herbert, at a good and increasing salary, the situation of foreign correspondent (for which his knowledge of languages qualified him) in the mercantile house to which we have alluded. Though humbled in fortune, he was in every other respect so greatly superior to the circle in which the Dawkinses moved, that there is no wonder that Matilda—a coquette by nature—was willing to try what power she could gain over him; indeed, he was nearly the first "quarry" for whom she prepared the manifold weapons contained in a coquette's quiver. Latterly, however, he had, to her great dismay, transferred all those trifling attentions which are felt rather than described to Susan, for whom, of course, she, as an elder sister, entertained a due degree of contempt.

So much for the relative positions of the younger members of the party. As for the lady-mother, she liked Herbert Forster pretty well; though, notwithstanding his frequent visits and extreme intimacy, she had not as yet dreamt of any falling in love, either on his part or that of her daughters. The feelings of Mr Dawkins, however, were of a much warmer character; for he loved him almost as well as his own children, and though not a man of talent himself, he had sufficiently the power of appreciation to recognise the superior mind and acquirements of Herbert, and to feel a strong confidence that he would be successful in life. Perhaps the only one talent in which Mr Dawkins excelled (and which, indeed, had been the means of raising him to his present exalted position) was the one in which Herbert Forster was most deficient, namely, what phrenologists call the organ of number. He was, indeed, a first-rate accomptant—a talent, by the way, which seldom accompanies a brilliant and imaginative mind, though, if it do, it makes the intellect stupendous. Even on that memorable evening the bent of his mind might have been observed when he interrupted an animated conversation between Herbert and Susan on a point of history, to request the former to go over with him some abstruse calculations; and when these were finished, he proposed a family "rubber,"—more, it is not uncharitable to presume, to enjoy the often-repeated triumph of astonishing the uninitiated by calling the last cards from every hand, than from any other motive.

Kind reader, pass over with me all the bustle, and excitement, and confusion of the Dawkinses removal to the "new house." I must beg you even to imagine their first immersion into a new sphere of society. By small degrees, and in the short space of three years, so great a change was effected in the Dawkins family, that they seemed to form quite a new species of the genus to which they belonged. It is true Dawkins *père* was still an "every-day person," for the lion changes not his skin, nor the leopard his spots; yet, from the friction of more refined society, into which he and his had struggled, he had acquired some polish, but being naturally a reserved man, circumstances had rendered him less communicative than ever. Assuredly there was a mystery connected with him. Some people talked figuratively of a mine he had discovered, and others of a lottery-ticket turned up a prize. These rumours might be nonsense; but the world always looks with suspicion on unaccounted-for wealth.

But where did the money come from? Ah! that is the question. The Dawkinses now had a really good house, well furnished, and with family arrangements better conducted than might have been expected. The "boy" had long since made room for a substantial

full-grown servitor; dashing parties were given; and even a carriage was kept exclusively for the ladies. And all this was to be supported by the junior partner in the house of Altamont, Dobson, Smith, Jones, and Dawkins, whose share of the profits averaged something less than five hundred a-year. When his partners asked questions, they were satisfied by the rather unsatisfactory answers he gave, implying that his long head enabled him to make fifty per cent. of his own money.

Meanwhile, three years had added many graces to Susan, and had certainly not taken from the personal attractions of her sister; but the mind of each had advanced, and their faint and child-like shades of character had assumed a deeper and more decided hue. They were consequently more different than ever. And Herbert Foster!—— But he shall speak for himself.

The scene was no longer the "small parlour," but a handsome drawing-room in G—— Street. The season the latter end of May, when the thermometer of London gaiety stands at the highest. The time was between three and four in the afternoon, the day Sunday; Venetian blinds softened the bright sunshine which would otherwise have streamed into the room—a room altogether pervaded by an air of comfort, almost of luxury. Its only tenants were Susan and Herbert, and both had remained for some minutes so silent, so motionless, that they looked more like statues than breathing, feeling, beings. Herbert's face was buried in his hands, while Susan, who sat at a little distance, gazed at him with an expression of fixed though tearless agony. At last she rose, and timidly threw one arm across his shoulder; he drew it round his neck, and pressed her yielding form in a long and passionate embrace.

"Dearest, you are right," he exclaimed, after a moment's pause; "while we are true to one another, we cannot be quite wretched. But then—ay, that is the thing that embarrasses me—I am poor!"

"Herbert, I do not feel that you are poor. Your small but certain income would suffice for more than my unambitious wants. Oh! if you knew how sick at heart I feel of the false and hollow life we lead, you would better understand how I yearn for quiet and content. But you do know; you must have seen the miseries which this struggling life has engendered; the tempers and caprice with which I have to bear, and which have shaken my nerves and undermined my health. And really, dear Herbert, you owe it to me now to be my consolation, seeing that it must have been your love and your instructions which have made me think differently from Matilda, and have rendered me incapable of loving any one less noble, less *perfect*, than yourself." She tried to be gay, though she was earnest; for hers was real woman's love, which cannot exist, in its depth and purity, without a large share of spiritual adoration to its object—the natural religion of a woman's heart. And perhaps when Herbert answered, "Foolish girl, you make me angry," he did not feel much displeased.

"And yet," he continued, "what avails it that I deserve you? (She pressed his hand.) Not, dearest, for partly leading out of darkness the blossom which naturally struggled into light, but because my heart is so wholly, so unutterably yours, that it does deserve your own, yourself in return. But what avails it if they will not give you to me—if they have loftier views for you? How frequently do I feel that we were all happier when you lived in the old house, and your father was only a clerk!"

"Oh! how much happier! Even his countenance betrays that he is wretched. He looks a dozen years older; and in three years his hair has become perfectly white. I am sure there is some mystery. Where does the money come from which *is* spent, though we are so harassed by debts?"

"By debts?"

"Oh! yes; and by having everything on long credit we pay most dearly. Think, dear Herbert, of the delight of feeling we did not owe a penny; and you know we should manage that even on your two hundred a-year."

"I hope so, though not, I fear, without some self-sacrifices from you."

"None—none—nothing would be too great a sacrifice by which to escape the horror of debt. But where does the money come from which, after all, is spent?"

"If I tell you, Susan, what the world says, it is that Mr Dawkins is a successful gambler."

"A gambler! Why now, he seldom touches a card."

"Not at home, perhaps, and this may well be the case. If the report be true, it is not surprising that sixpenny whist should have lost its interest, or that he refrains from joining a card-table even at your parties."

"Oh! what a dreadful life!—and what a false and wretched family we are! But do you believe it, Herbert?"

"I fear I must. It is better, Susan, with your energy and strength of mind, that you know the truth, at least as much as I can tell you. This very day, while loitering till the hour I knew your mother and Matilda would be out riding, I saw Mr Dawkins enter a well-known gambling-house."

"What! in the day-time—on a Sunday?"

"Even so. And, trust me, I would be the last to tell you such things are; for I deeply feel, that to the innocent and pure vice should still retain the veil with which shame has covered it; but there are circumstances to which 'nice customs must courtesy,' and I think ours are of the number."

"It is all true—I feel it is all true," exclaimed Susan, bursting into tears; "and it accounts for so much misery—for the care-worn brow and irritable temper—for our uncertain means and our wretched existence. And yet, Herbert, he can be kind, and just, and right-thinking too; and on his consent I rest all my hopes. And Matilda, I wish she would choose one of her lovers. I think she would be much happier than she is at present."

"Or rather you wish," returned Herbert, "that one of them would choose her."

"Choose her! why, she says there are three or four anxiously and ardently awaiting her decision."

"She says—but I fear we must not quite believe her—though I will grant that she is so blinded by vanity that she is the victim of self-deception, and really does consider herself the irresistible being she describes. It is a very common delusion, I assure you. Matilda is admired for her beauty, but I fear little respected."

This was indeed too true. Neither was Matilda nor her mother surrounded by any adventitious circumstance or connexion that could lend to either of them a borrowed lustre. As for Susan Dawkins, she was like a sweet violet, not really the less to be prized because rank weeds grew around; or like a pure gem, not the less precious because fate had cast it among a heap of rubbish. The rest of the family were deceived precisely as persons so acting and so circumstanced almost always are. Now, in English society—even in what we may only call the upper grade of the middle classes—there are circles within circles, each progressively more picked or sifted than its predecessor. Talent *with* character, or wealth *with* character, may pierce to the very centre; and there will be found a sweet and full reward for any exertion the endeavour may have cost—a full and sweet reward which, once tasted, will always be recognised, though perhaps it is not very easily to be described. Certainly the outer circle is a very wide one. It consists of folks who are called "dashing," who accomplish that feat which, taken literally, is an achievement at least as prodigious as would be the discovery of the philosopher's stone; namely, they spend twice their income. In this circle may be included often people of talent, but with soiled reputations, and the riff-raff of many grades and descriptions of people; and it is remarkable that the members of this circle seldom or never advance to the inner and more select ones, though they occasionally drop off into the immensity of space beyond. The next circle is less brilliant but more solid, for it is capable of being cemented by honesty and friendship; and altogether, between the two extremes, there is about as much difference as between the sweet walnut and its outer soiling shell. Surely there is no need to hint that the Dawkins family, neglecting the real respectability and quiet happiness which might have been within their reach, had stepped, instead, into the dangerous vortex of that meretricious circle to which I have alluded. So much for the slippery path of error; for perhaps it was not among the least mournful results that "Matilda was but little respected."

But the half-sweet half-bitter tête-à-tête of the lovers was interrupted by the arrival of Mr Dawkins. Not that he entered the drawing-room, but they knew he had come home, and that he had ensconced himself in his own sanctum, a room called, by courtesy, the library. To their anxious hearts the present moment seemed a very favourable one, the absence of Mrs Dawkins and Matilda being extremely propitious. To seek Mr Dawkins at once, and to rely on the force of truth and the eloquence of sincerity, was a plan so natural and simple, that they felt it did not deserve to be called a scheme; and strong in their own deep feelings, and believing that the realisation of their dreams was at stake, five minutes more found them, certainly with changing cheeks and quickened pulse, at the door of "the library." Susan knocked lightly, but almost before she could listen to the anticipated "come in," her hand had turned the lock. For a moment she was startled by the scene which met her view. A heap of sovereigns, seeming to her an unimagined sum of money, was only partially covered by open papers, with which her father appeared in the act of concealing it. Writing materials were before him, and something like a check-book in his hand, while his countenance was so livid, and his eyes so glassy, that Susan involuntarily started forward, believing he must be ill. In a few minutes, however, he recovered his composure, and listened with even more patience and kindness than his daughter had dared to hope for, to the intreaties and arguments of Herbert Forster. Susan had seated herself on a low stool beside her father, as if thus placed, her agitation would be less perceptible; while with one hand she grasped that of his, and with the other pressed against her brow, she in some measure shaded her face. It was Herbert who chiefly spoke, but a pressure of the hand may be very eloquent! That was a strange and ever-to-be-remembered interview, during which, in truth, though unprofessedly, the young were monitors of the old; for they talked of principle to him who had been found wanting, and of contentment and moderate desires and truth to a parent who for long years had scarcely recognised one of them.

That brief half hour was a golden one to Herbert and Susan, for in it they won a father's consent to their union. And when shedding grateful happy tears, she threw herself into his arms, he strained her to his heart, more fondly, more proudly, with more self-satisfaction, than he had done for years. But he bade them leave him, and be happy, for he had writing to do, letters to transmit, and at six they would meet again at dinner. They left the room, and Herbert quitted the house, for he felt it would be scarcely delicate to meet Mrs Dawkins until she had been apprised of the happy determination in his favour. For a short interval we must return to the library. The door was now locked; but no matter through what crevice we peep. Again Mr Dawkins was seated at the table, again was his face livid and his eye glassy, though fixed intently on some strips of paper which lay before him. He then wrote slowly, with precision, carefully as ever schoolboy penned a copy; but the writing did not please him, for, after a moment's hesitation, it was torn into innumerable fragments and cast aside. Again and again the attempt, whatever it might be, was made, and at last, we may presume, he was successful, for some scraps of paper he put contentedly into a note-case, and others he locked up in his escritoir. Then placing the sovereigns in a canvass bag, and the canvass bag in his pocket, he took up his hat, stepped softly along the hall (just noticing the dial, which pointed to a few minutes past four), and stealthily opening the street door, went out, closing it by means of a latch-key also, without noise. Neither Susan nor any of the servants had the slightest suspicion of his absence, though, by a singular accident, Herbert Forster saw him a second time enter the house to which he had before alluded.

The life of Dawkins was a mystery which seemed to warp the fate of all about him, and his increasing distresses delayed the marriage of the amiable Susan. Six months after the explanations in the library, Mrs Dawkins died; and shortly afterwards, a still greater blow overtook the family, in the elopement of the elegant and heartless Matilda with a personage, an occasional companion of the father; in short, no less dignified a being than the Count de Truccelini.

Alas! for the bereaved father. The wretch who had called himself the Count de Truccelini Mr Dawkins knew to be a gambler and swindler, besides more than suspecting him to be already a married man! And this was the associate to which vice had linked him—the man he had suffered to pollute his pure domestic hearth. With a handsome person and specious address, there could be very little wonder at his gaining influence over the weak minds of Matilda and her mother, to whose ears, also, the empty title he possessed *or* assumed had a strange fascination. Oh! ye ignorant few, whose band, thank heaven, is every day decreasing; ye who dread enlightened minds in women, and would keep them in darkness akin to your own, will ye not understand that the mind requires light and nourishment, and that if ye will not give it wholesome food, it must grovel in the mire, or seek at best the flaunting weeds which have root there! The wretched father felt that his child was lost, and yet was he fain to try by any desperate measure to save her. He thought he had a faint clue by which to trace the fugitives; and waiting only to write three or four letters on business, he started with post horses in pursuit. One of these letters was addressed to Herbert; but when opened, he found it had been misdirected, being evidently intended for some one else, though whom he could not make out. At all events, it seemed unimportant, though naturally he was much annoyed at thus missing some instructions on business matters which must have been intended for him; but he felt that the haste and excitement under which Mr Dawkins had written, easily accounted for the mistake.

It is not worth while to follow Mr Dawkins closely on his journey. Enough, that with unwearied steps he pursued the pair, and it would seem did at last discover them in an obscure French town. His own movements were so rapid and uncertain, that he was unable to receive any intelligence from home, and the letters he addressed to poor Susan only served to confirm their worst fears. But at home, oh! how serious were the scenes enacted during the interval of that chase upon the continent.

It was a sharp frosty moonlight evening at the end of December, within a day or so of the close of the year, when a traveller alighted in the city from a Dover coach. He called a street-coach immediately afterwards, and ordered the coachman to drive quickly to —— street. Mr Dawkins, for the traveller was our old acquaintance, soon reached the door of his home. To his surprise, however, he found some difficulty in getting an answer to his repeated summons for admittance. He began to tremble. Wayworn and depressed in spirits, he had expected to find the arms of one kind child at least open to receive him, and to meet from her with those consolations which the conduct of Matilda had rendered only too necessary. But in place of Susan, an old woman—the sole remnant, seemingly, of his lately well-served household—appeared at length in answer to her master's summons. "Where is Susan?" cried Dawkins, hastily; "where is my daughter?" The faithful old servant looked at him with anxiety, almost with fear, in her aspect. "Oh! sir," said she, "have you just newly arrived?—have you heard nothing?" "Nothing—not a word," answered the alarmed Dawkins; "since my departure I have scarcely been an hour in one place, and have, therefore, not heard a syllable from England. No letters *could* reach me!" He had entered the parlour by this time, and sunk into a chair. Some moments elapsed ere he could ask the question that most naturally formed itself in his mind. "Is Susan ill—dead?" "Oh! no, sir," answered the woman; "Heaven be praised, she is well in health; but she has gone for some time to live with a friend. She has gone in order to be near the prison."

"The prison!" repeated Dawkins, growing pale as death.

"Yes, sir, continued the old woman. "Oh! Mr Dawkins, have you not heard of the misfortune of poor Mr Forster? He has been accused and found guilty of forgery." "Forgery!" muttered Dawkins faintly, as he started to his feet. "Yes, sir, the firm—your partners—discovered that they had been defrauded, and they said, though he denies everything, that he had done it. But my dear young lady will not believe a word against Mr Herbert, and she is always with him when they will allow her."

Dawkins stood for a time as if stupified. Suddenly, however, he changed his manner, and, with a hasty hand, took out and examined some papers from his bag. Placing these in his pocket-book, he seized his hat, and, without a word to the servant, quitted his now desolate house. When in the street, he again called a coach, and ordered the conductor to drive to —— street, the site of the city mansion of the head partner of the firm of Altamont, Dobson, Smith, Jones, and Dawkins.

On that evening, Sir John Altamont was called from the presence of a party of his friends to witness a scene which the dullest brain was not likely to forget during a lifetime. The man who burst in upon him was his own partner, but so changed, as scarcely to be recognisable. "You have prosecuted Herbert Forster for for-

gery," said Dawkins, with agitated abruptness; "for the love of Heaven fly without delay and liberate him! *I am the guilty man.* Here—here are the proofs!" And he took hurriedly from his pocket a mass of papers which the merchant, startled and confused as he was, soon recognised to be connected with the forgeries, and as supplying a missing link which had alone thrown doubt on Forster's criminality. In short, the papers were convincing. Dawkins, meanwhile, watched the face of Altamont with eager anxiety; and when he saw that the other seemed to be satisfied, he again cried—"Fly to save him! I have retained the coach for the purpose. There should be no delay in clearing the innocent. The life of my child—now my only child—hangs on that of the guiltless young man!" The alderman, who was sheriff for the time, and was the very person to be of use in such a case, had risen to his feet, and Dawkins observed a confused glance cast on himself. He understood its meaning. "In the name of our common Father," he again cried, "answer me—are you satisfied, from these papers, of that guilt which I again solemnly avouch and admit with my tongue?" Altamont replied gravely in the affirmative. "Then I know you to be a just and a merciful man; I know that you will do your duty," said Dawkins. "For me—may God forgive me! Oh, may God forgive me!" With the words, and ere the alderman could interfere, the unhappy man drew out the hand which he had for some time held in his breast—it grasped a pistol; and, in one instant, he lay dead on the floor, shot through the heart!

We need not dwell on the consequences of this event. Sir John Altamont—for, as sheriff, he had been knighted—drove immediately to the Home-Secretary, whom he made acquainted with the important discovery related. The ultimate consequence, of course, was the complete exculpation and liberation of Herbert. The general public rejoiced deeply in the escape of the innocent young man. More deeply did they rejoice when the rumour afterwards went abroad that Herbert Forster had nourished vague suspicions of the truly guilty party, but that, being uncertain of the truth, he could not and would not step forward to throw a shade on the name of the father of her whom he loved.

Not long after the events related, Herbert Forster might have been found in the respectable situation of British Consul at a foreign port of some eminence. With him was his wife, Susan Dawkins, or she who had borne that name. While Herbert had lain in prison, with a sudden and shameful death before his eyes, she had been his constant attendant, his sole consolation, and he repaid her love by the after devotion of a lifetime. The pair had the sad consolation of giving a refuge to the deserted Matilda, humbled by suffering into something better than she had been in her earlier years.

POOR JOHN FITCH.

Judge Hall, in his "Notes on the Western States of America," thus speaks of this unfortunate projector:—"In 1785, John Fitch, a watchmaker in Philadelphia, conceived the design of propelling a boat by steam. He was both poor and illiterate, and many difficulties occurred to frustrate every attempt which he made to try the practicability of his invention. He applied to Congress for assistance, but was refused; and then offered his invention to the Spanish government, to be used in the navigation of the Mississippi, but without any better success. At length, a company was formed, and funds subscribed, for the building of a steam-boat; and in the year 1788, his vessel was launched on the Delaware. Many crowded to see and ridicule the novel, and, as they supposed, the chimerical experiment.

It seemed that the idea of wheels had not occurred to Mr Fitch; but instead of them, oars were used, which worked in frames. He was confident of success; and when the boat was ready for the trial, she started off in good style for Burlington. Those who had sneered began to stare, and they who had smiled in derision looked grave. Away went the boat, and the happy inventor triumphed over the scepticism of an unbelieving public. The boat performed her trip to Burlington, a distance of twenty miles, but unfortunately burst her boiler in rounding to the wharf at that place, and the next tide floated her back to the city. Fitch persevered, and with great difficulty procured another boiler. After some time, the boat performed another trip to Burlington and Trenton, and returned in the same day. She is said to have moved at the rate of eight miles an hour; but something was continually breaking, and the unhappy projector only conquered one difficulty to encounter another. Perhaps this was not owing to any defect in his plans, but to the low state of the arts at that time, and the difficulty of getting such complex machinery made with proper exactness. Fitch became embarrassed with debt, and was obliged to abandon the invention, after having satisfied himself of its practicability.

This ingenious man, who was probably the first inventor of the steam-boat, wrote three volumes, which he deposited in manuscript, sealed up, in the Philadelphia library, to be opened thirty years after his death. When or why he came to the west we have not learned, but it is recorded of him that he died and was buried near the Ohio. His three volumes were opened about five years ago, and were found to contain his speculations on mechanics. He details his embarrassments and disappointments with a feeling which shows how ardently he desired success, and which wins for him the sympathy of those who have heart enough to mourn over the blighted prospects of genius. He confidently predicts the future success of the plan, which, in his hands, failed only for the want of pecuniary means. He prophesies that in less than a century we shall see our western rivers swarming with steam-boats; and expresses a wish to be buried on the shores of the Ohio, where the song of the boatmen may enliven the stillness of his resting-place, and the music of the steam-engine soothe his spirit. What an idea! Yet how natural to the mind of an ardent projector, whose whole life had been devoted to one darling object, which it was not his destiny to accomplish! And how touching is the sentiment found in one of his journals:—'The day will come when some more powerful man will get fame and riches from my invention; but nobody will believe that *poor John Fitch* can do anything worthy of attention.' In less than thirty years after his death his predictions were verified. He must have died about the year 1799."

GOD IN THE STORM.

BY MISS PARDOE.

"Did you hear the storm last night, my child,
As it burst o'er the midnight sky,
When the thunder rattled loud and wild,
And the lightning flicker'd by?"
"I heard no tempest, mother mine—
I was buried in slumber sweet;
Dreaming I stood in the soft moonshine,
With flowers about my feet."

"Can it be, my child, that you did not hear
The roar of the tempest-breath,
As it scatter'd the rent leaves far and near
In many an eddying wreath?"
"No, mother; my happy sleep was full
Of gentle and holy things—
Shapes that were graceful and beautiful,
And the music of angels' wings."

"Yet the storm was loud, my darling child—
There was death on the hurrying blast;
And vapours dark over-head were piled,
As the hoarse wind bellow'd past."
"I thought not of clouds, my mother dear,
When I rose from my nurse's knee:
You taught me that God is for ever near,
So what danger could I see?"

"I taught you well, my sinless one;
Yet my own weak spirit quail'd,
As the midnight blast roll'd madly on,
And the moon's calm lustre fail'd."
"Were you wrong, then, mother, when you said
That God's eye turn'd not away,
But in darkness watch'd about my bed
As it did on my path by day?"

"I am rebuk'd!" was the meek reply,
As the mother bent her knee;
"On the lip of babes may a lesson lie—
I have learnt one, child, from thee:
His wrath, which makes the sinner weep,
By a guilty conscience vex'd,
Does but deepen the sinless infant's sleep,
And rock it to gentler rest.

And while thunders hoarsely peal around,
Speaking woe to the worldling's ear,
The Lord in his mercy stills their sound,
When innocence is near:
And while his living fire appals
The guilty here below,
The shadow of the Saviour falls
On childhood's sleeping brow."

MANUFACTURE OF TAPESTRY.

The first manufactories for weaving tapestry which acquired reputation in Europe were those of Flanders, and they appear to have been long established in that country, principally at Arras, before they were introduced either into England or France: the precise period when they were first manufactured by the Flemings is uncertain. Guicciardini, in his "History of the Netherlands," published at Antwerp in 1582, ascribes to them the *invention* of tapestries, but without mentioning any particular date. Whether the Flemings did or did not derive their knowledge from the east, to them is certainly due the honour of having restored this curious art, which gives a life to wools and silks, scarcely, if at all, inferior to the paintings of the best masters. The weaving of tapestry was first introduced into England in the time of Henry VIII. by William Sheldon; but it was not until the reign of James I. that it acquired any particular reputation. This monarch greatly patronised the art, and gave the sum of L.2000 towards the advancement of a manufactory, which was established by Sir Francis Crane, at Mortlake, in Surrey. The patterns first used for making these fabrics in England were obtained from pieces which had already been worked by foreign artists; but as the tapestries produced in this country acquired greater celebrity and perfection, the designs were furnished by Francis Cleyn, who was retained for that purpose. There is extant in "Rymer's Fœdera," an acknowledgment from Charles I., that he owed Sir Francis Crane the sum of L.6000 for tapestries, and that he grants him the annual sum of L.2000 for ten years, to enable him to support his establishment. To France, however, we are indebted for the great perfection to which this curious and costly art has been brought. Henri Quatre first established a tapestry manufactory at Paris about the year 1606, which was conducted by several clever artists whom he had invited from Flanders; but this, like many similar institutions founded by that monarch, was greatly neglected at his death, and would probably have been entirely so, had not Colbert, the minister of Louis XIV., with a view of providing the costly and magnificent furniture for Versailles and the Tuilleries, again remodelled it upon a more secure foundation, and from that period the royal manufactory of the "Hôtel des Gobelins" dates its origin. The working of tapestry, although a species of weaving, is nevertheless so closely allied to the achievements of the needle, that a brief description of the "Manufacture Royale des Gobelins" may not be considered uninteresting or out of place in a treatise on the art of needlework. As early as the fourteenth century, dyers of wool were settled in the Faubourg St Marcel, at Paris, on the banks of the Bièvre, the waters of which stream were considered as favourable to the process of dyeing. One of these, named Jean Gobelin, who lived in 1450, amassed considerable wealth, which his descendants increased, and at length, renouncing the business of dyers, filled various offices in the state. The Gobelin family were succeeded by Messrs Canaye, who, however, did not confine their attention to the dyeing of wool; but under the patronage of Henry IV. commenced the working of tapestry, which, until that period, had been confined to the Low Countries. To these succeeded, in 1655, a Dutchman named Glucq, and one Jean Lianson, a workman, and a great proficient in the art. Louis XIV., at the suggestion of his minister, Colbert, afterwards purchased the buildings and gardens which were still the property of the Gobelin family, and established them as a royal manufactory. In a charter which was drawn up at that time, the building is called the "Hôtel des Gobelins," from which circumstance the tapestry made there has ever since been known as "Gobelin Tapestry." Skilful artists, weavers, and dyers, were brought from Flanders, and attached to the establishment; and in 1667, the celebrated painter Le Brun was appointed chief director of the Gobelin manufactory, to which he communicated that beauty and grandeur his admirable talents were so well calculated to produce.—*Hand-Book of Needlework.*

NOBLE CONDUCT.

M. Dugar, provost of the merchants in the city of Lyons, was a man remarkable for the strict and impartial administration of justice. The bakers flattered themselves that they could prevail upon him to be their friend, at the expense of the public. They waited upon him in a body, and begged leave to raise the price of bread. He told them that he would examine their petition, and give them an answer very soon: before they left the room, they contrived slily to drop a purse of two hundred louis d'ors on the table. They soon called upon the magistrate for an answer, not in the least doubting but the money had effectually pleaded their cause. "Gentlemen," said M. Dugar, "I have weighed your reasons in the balance of justice, and I find them light. I do not think the people ought to suffer under a pretence of the dearness of corn, which I know to be ill-founded. As to the purse of money which you left with me, I am certain that I have made such a generous and noble use of it, as you yourselves intended; I have distributed it among the poor objects of charity in our hospitals: as you are *opulent enough* to make such *large donations*, I cannot possibly think you can incur any loss in your business, and I therefore shall continue the price of bread as it was before I received your petition."—*Flowers of Anecdote.*

AFFECTATION OF SUAVITY.

There are some who affect a want of affectation, and flatter themselves that they are above flattery; they are proud of being thought extremely humble, and would go round the world to punish those who thought them capable of revenge; they are so satisfied of the suavity of their own temper that they would quarrel with their dearest benefactor only for doubting it. And yet so very blind are all their acquaintance to these their numerous qualifications and merits, that the possessors of them invariably discover, when it is too late, that they have lived in the world without a single friend, and are about to leave it without a single mourner.—*Lacon.*

NEW WORK OF MESSRS CHAMBERS.

THE "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE," which was to consist of 100 numbers, being now on the eve of completion, Messrs CHAMBERS respectfully announce that they design commencing the publication of a new work on Saturday the 3d of December, being the week following that in which the "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE" terminates. The title of this new work will be

CHAMBERS'S
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The work will appear in weekly numbers, consisting of a single sheet in royal 8vo., double columns, uniform with the "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE," and costing *three halfpence*; and in monthly parts at *sevenpence*. It will consist of not more than 100 numbers, forming two massive and handsome volumes.

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A DAY IN THE EAST OF FIFE.

IN one of the fine mornings of the by-past month, I left St Andrews on an excursion, which I designed should comprehend three or four places with which sundry historical and poetical associations were connected. The sun towered brightly above the German Ocean as our little party drove out of the long and silent, but not unimposing street of the ancient city, and took their way along the open country to the west, where stacked fields proclaimed the triumph of a summer which has left even the querulous farmer not one word to say in its disparagement. As we went along, our hearts "rejoiced in nature's joy;" but it was not to indulge in fond musings over fine natural scenes that I, at least, had undertaken the excursion. My thoughts were with the days of other years, the desolate halls and mouldering sepulchres of men of name, and places upon which the deeds of a former age, whether good or bad, have stamped an imperishable interest. The first few miles of our drive presented us one of these places, which, however, we did not on this occasion stop to survey, namely, the scene of the assassination of Archbishop Sharpe. How strange it now seems, twenty minutes after leaving a populous town, to pass a place where one of the first dignitaries of the country was mercilessly butchered in open day! Magus Moor, famed as the scene of this deed, is now a mixture of corn-fields and thriving plantations; and almost the only feature of the locality which existed at the time, and still survives, is a solitary ash-tree beside the farm-house of Magus, the same which figures in a sculptured representation of the murder upon the archbishop's monument in the church of St Andrews. Another memorial of the deed is a small upright slab, erected, by Presbyterian hands, in honour of a Covenanter who, with five others, was executed at this place as an offering to the manes of the slaughtered prelate. This is now surrounded by a plantation, and is not easily reached. It is exactly one of those tablets of the wilderness which persecuted Presbyterianism has made so numerous throughout Scotland, and which, with all their heterography and doggrel, tell so strikingly, by their pure earnestness, on every pilgrim beholder. The murder of Sharpe was perpetrated by nine persons, some of whom were of the rank of gentlemen, between twelve and one o'clock, on Saturday the 3d of May, 1679. Though they remained to wreak their vengeful feelings on his body, and to rifle his papers, they all escaped unnoticed, nor were any of them ever discovered or brought to justice; but the deed was bitterly enough expiated otherwise, as such *blunders* generally are.

A few miles brought us to the rural village of Ceres, a pleasantly situated place, with a neatly-kept rivulet-bordered green, such as every village *ought to* have, though in our northern land this is the good fortune of very few. I had often heard of the burial vault of the noble family of Crawford Lindsay, as being a sight worth seeing at this village, and to this object we lost no time in directing our steps. Close beside a large modern church of homely appearance, situated on the top of a high bank, is a small tile-covered building, which the grave-digger tells you is the tomb of the Lindsays! It was once a wing of the church, with a gallery for the use of the living family above, but is now disjoined; and it is accordingly to something like a potato-house that the pilgrim is directed as the last home of a family of twenty descents, two earldoms, and a viscountcy—a family which has filled Scottish history with its greatness and its deeds, from the time when the "Lindsays light and gay" fought at Otterbourne, and two centuries before that time to boot, down to Dettingen and Fontenoy. We entered this poor earth-floored shed—for it was nothing better—and there found a few objects which I shall describe in order. Beside the wall, on the left, lay a full-sized stone figure of a gentleman in armour, supposed to be a distinguished member of the family who lived in the fourteenth century. Excepting in being broken through at the waist, it was in good condition, and a faithful memorial, no doubt, of the accoutrements of a warrior of that period. It formerly lay in the church, from which it was removed hither nearly forty years ago. The only other objects of a conspicuous nature were two frames or cases raised above the ground on skids, and which contained the remains of John Earl of Crawford, the famous general of George II., and his wife. The lid of the larger case being raised, disclosed the top of a coffin covered with crimson velvet, and presenting a brass plate with the following inscription:—"John Earl of Crawford, born 4th October 1702, died 25th December 1749, in the 48th year of his age." The lid of the coffin itself being raised, we saw a close coffin of lead, in which it is believed the embalmed body remains entire. It was with feelings which I should vainly attempt to describe that I felt myself in the bodily presence of the gallant and accomplished soldier, whose history I had so often read—who, in the service of Russia, astonished even the Cossacks by his horsemanship—who, commanding the life-guards at Dettingen, cried out, "My dear lads, trust to your swords, and never mind your pistols," and charged to the time of *Britons, strike home*—who kept the passes into the Lowlands while poor Charles was staking all his hopes at Culloden; and on many other occasions acted a conspicuous part in an age of which hardly any living specimen can now exist. And his countess, the elegant Lady Jean Murray, who left him after only six months of wedded happiness, before she had completed her twentieth year, and whom his affection caused to be embalmed, and sent from Aix-la-Chapelle, where she died, to this place—what of her? A dusky, battered, metal cover, bearing the letters L. J. M., with a coronet, being lifted up from the case beside his lordship's coffin, we beheld beneath a quantity of mere rubbish, a mixture of decayed wood and bones, constituting all that now remains of "what once had beauty, honours, wealth, and fame," and was, besides, an object of the fondest solicitude to the best and bravest of men.

> "How loved, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
> To whom related, or by whom begot;
> A heap of dust alone remains of thee—
> 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be."

A singular looking object attracting our attention amidst this wreck of humanity, the grave-digger took it up, and showed us more nearly what proved to be a portion of the skull, containing a piece of sponge which had been substituted for the brain by the embalmer. Think of the head of this young, beautiful, and many-titled lady, that head for which affection could once scarcely get a smooth enough pillow, *now* lifted and handled by the coarse hands of an unthinking rustic! The vault, so called by courtesy, presented no other objects but a small square case containing the intestines of the earl, and a few fragments of old tomb-stones, which had been taken from amidst the rubbish of the former church. Of all the other members of this ancient family buried here, no memorial remains, excepting three slab tomb-stones placed at the end of the vault on the outside, and which we found deeply covered with rubbish. Having got them cleared, I easily read upon one, "HIC JACET JOANNES LINDSAY DOMINUS DE BYRES," with the date of his death, 1562. The person referred to was John, fifth Lord Lindsay of the Byres, who commanded the Scottish army at the battle of Ancrum Moor, and was the father of that fierce reforming lord whom Scott describes in such lively terms in "the Abbot," as forcing Queen Mary at Loch Leven to resign her kingdom by sternly griping her arm. On the only other stone containing anything intelligible, I read the words EUPHAM DUGLIS. It was the monument of the wife of that savage lord, a daughter of the knight of Loch Leven, Queen Mary's jailor, and sister of the Regent Moray. Probably the other stone, as they were all of a size and similar in style, was the monument of Lord Patrick himself. These monumental slabs had once formed part of the floor of the church, but had been removed when that edifice was renewed in 1806; to such contingencies are the memorials of greatness exposed when a few ages have passed away. The line of these Lords Lindsay terminated in the great general above mentioned, who was fourth Earl of Lindsay, and eighteenth Earl of Crawford. Now that great family has no acknowledged male representatives, their lands are in the possession of others, and of their house of the Struthers, near Ceres, where they once lived in splendour, only a gable wall or two remains.

Having seen all which was to be seen at Ceres, we remounted our drosky, and proceeded in a westerly direction, for the purpose of visiting the old tower of Scotstarvet. Passing the modern house of Wemyss Hall, delightfully situated at the bottom of a south-sloping hill, forming a beautiful pleasure-ground, we quickly approached the ancient seat which we were anxious to examine. Scotstarvet is a tall narrow tower, occupying the highest ground in an opening of the hills, through which we obtain a peep of the fine vale of the Eden. It is evident that the situation has occasioned the name, for tarbet, or tarvet, is a Gaelic word for an isthmus, or passage between hills. The tower is conspicuous from a great distance, relieved against the sky as it is approached, and its appearance is the more striking by reason of an ash-tree which springs out of the battlements, like a feather in a soldier's cap. We found the tower, on a near view, to be one of those wonders, a building of the middle ages, as straight, compact, and sharp, as the day it was finished. It is merely a tower of three vaulted storeys, the two upper of which have been inhabited by human beings, while the lowest has been a kitchen. A winding stair, contained in a square projection at one of the angles, gives access to the various rooms, and to the battlements, above and within which rises an additional room, in the form of a small slope-roofed house. Large modern additions to the tower existed till about fifty years since, but have since then been entirely removed. I visited Scotstarvet as classic ground, though probably few who now live have the faintest notion of the connexion of the place with anything superior to the commonplace affairs of mortals. The owner of this house two hundred years ago was Sir John Scott, director of the chancery, and a judge of the Court of Session, a man of remarkable talents and learning, and an eminent patron of literature, when most of his countrymen were absorbed in barbarous controversies. To his munificence we owe the publication of an elegant collection of the Latin poetry produced in that age by Scottish authors,* as well as the production of an atlas of Scotland,† which he himself helped to prepare and to illustrate by historical matter. A man like this is as a light to a traveller in a dark night, or a

* Entitled *Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum*, published at Amsterdam, in two volumes, in 1637.

† *Theatrum Scotiæ*, in 46 maps, published by Bleau of Amsterdam, in 1654.

refreshing spring in the midst of a parched land. He flourished in public life in Scotland, from a period not long after the accession of James VI. to the English throne, down to the reign of Charles II., steering his way prudently through all the troubles of his time, and never wanting in the means to gratify his refined tastes. Sir John's first wife was a sister of the poet of Hawthornden, who often lived here. Amongst Sir John's other visiters at Scotstarvet, were Sir James Balfour, the Lord Lyon and author of the "Annals," the two Johnstons the poets, and Sir Robert Kerr of Ancrum, also a poet. Ascending to the bartizan, we found over the door leading upon it from the stair, a stone containing the sculptured arms of the learned knight, together with his initials, "S. J. S.," and those of Dame Anne Drummond, his wife, "D. A. D.," with the date 1627, being probably that of a repair of the edifice. Here, besides the ash-tree, which is rooted firmly in the building, we found a gooseberry bush springing from the wall below the battlements. The people, it seems, have a notion that, when this bush dies, or is removed, something very sad will befall the owner of the mansion.

The Scotts of Scotstarvet were considered the first cadets of Buccleugh, and for several generations were remarkable for ability. A grand-daughter of Sir John, marrying Viscount Stormont, is believed to have been the means of inoculating that family with talent, of which one remarkable example is to be found in one of her sons, the first Earl of Mansfield. The family terminated in General Scott, father of Viscountess Canning and of the Duchess of Portland; and the property is now in other hands.* Here, also, there was room for a fond imagination to indulge in musings over days and things gone by. I lingered in the dismantled rooms of the old chateau, eagerly endeavouring to realise the clever old knight and his friends, and reviving all I could remember of their intellectual labours. Could it be in this deep recessed window, where two fixed *vis-a-vis* seats still exist, that Sir John would employ his last days in chronicling all the disasters of the public men of his time, in that strange little book which did not till long after see the light, the "Staggering State of Scots Statesmen!" from which it was made to appear that scarcely a single man had held public employment in Scotland between 1550 and 1650, who had not, though for a time flourishing, come to wreck and ruin, or whose children at least had not done so. The tone of this book is sharp and biting; the venerable knight had himself suffered sorely under Cromwell, and was not too well treated at the Restoration; it is not *very* uncharitable to suppose that he might feel a slight consolation for his own misfortunes in contemplating those of his neighbours—a source of comfort oftener experienced than acknowledged amongst the children of men. However this may be, the Staggering State is a curious record of the personal characters and familiar actions of the men of that age, and conveys a strong impression to the reader, that its author, as he sat and talked in the flesh at his own table, or by his own fireside, must have been one of the most entertaining of companions. Drummond, too, in whose classic shade in Lothian Jonson had sat, must have often sat in the scarcely less classic shade of Scotstarvet, perhaps detailing to the greedy ears of his sister and brother-in-law the last visit he made to the wits of the south, and all the racketings he had with them at the Angel and the Mitre, or regaling them with some of the latest productions of the muse of Massinger, Ford, or Webster. Here, without doubt, he must have composed his whimsical poem entitled "Polemo-Middinia," for it relates to a familiar occurrence at Scotstarvet, and looks entirely as if written the evening after to amuse the particular circle there assembled. Grotesque as the subject is, I could not survey the fields around this now desolate tower, without investing them with a lively feeling of interest, as I considered that they had once been animated by the rustic bustle which the slip-shod muse of Drummond has there described. This poem is what is called macaronic, that is, a mixture of two languages, the most of the words being Scottish, but wrought up with Latin, and put into an appearance of Latin hexameter verse. It relates to a quarrel which the author's sister, Lady Scotstarvet (Vitarva), had with a neighbour styled Lady Newbarns (Neberna), and describes a conflict which took place between the servants of these two gentlewomen, in consequence of the former endeavouring to put a resentful indignity upon the latter. Let not the gentle reader be unduly startled, when I mention that this indignity consisted in causing all the Scotstarvet dung-carts to be led past the windows of Lady Newbarns. The transaction is described by Drummond in a breadth of style suitable to the nature of the incidents, and it is not difficult to conceive the roars of laughter with which it must have been received in the hall of Scotstarvet, where the characters which it so ludicrously reflected were all of course intimately known. I am tempted to make an endeavour to convey some notion of this poem to the unlearned reader, by means of a few passages with an interlined translation. Vitarva first calls her forces about her, and gives them their commission, telling them that if Neberna should come out and challenge them for what they did, she would warrant and defend them.

Hic aderant Geordy Aikenhedius et little Johnus,
Here came Geordy Aikenhead and little John,
Et Jamy Richæus, et stout Michael Hendersonus,
And Jamy Ritchie, and stout Michael Henderson,
Qui jolly tryppas ante alios dansare solebat,
Who was accustomed to dance jolly trips before all others,
Et bobbare bene, et lassas kissare bonæas;
And to bob well, and kiss the bonny lasses;
Duncan Oliphantus, valde stalvartus, et ejus
Duncan Oliphant, a very stalwart man, and his
Filius eldestus, jolly boyus, atque oldmoudus,
Eldest son, a jolly boy, and an old-mouthed one,
Qui pleugham longo gaddo dryvare solebat;
Who was wont with a long gad to drive the plough;
Et Rob Gib, wantonus homo, et Oliver Hutchin,
And Rob Gib, wanton man, and Oliver Hutchin,
Et plouky-faced Watty Strang, atque in-kneed Elshender Aitken,
And plouky-faced Watty Strang, and in-kneed Elshender Aitken,*
Qui tulit in pileo magnum rubrumque favorem,
Who bore in his bonnet a great red favour,
Valde lothus pugnare, sed hunc Corngrevius heros
Very loth to fight, but him the Corngrieve hero
Nouthe adum vocavit, atque illum forcit ad arma.
Called Nott-head, and forced to arms.
Insuper hic aderant Tom Taylor et Hen. Watsonus,
Here also came Tom Taylor and Henry Watson,
Et Tomy Gilchristus, et fool Jocky Robinsonus,
And Tommy Gilchrist, and fool Jocky Robinson,
Andrew Elshenderus, et Jamy Tomsonus, et unus
Andrew Elshender, and Jamy Thomson, and one
Norland bornus homo, valde valde anti-covenanter,
A Norland born man, a dreadful anti-covenanter,
Nomine Gordonus, valde black-moudus, et alter,
Gordon by name, very black-mouthed, and another,
(Deil stick it! ignoro nomen) slav'ry beardius homo,
(Deil stick it! I've forgot his name), a slavery-bearded man,
Qui pottas dichtavit, et assas jacerat extra,
Who cleaned pots, and threw out ashes.

The unsavoury procession sets out amidst great din, with Piper Law playing "the Battle of Harlaw" before it, and the insult to Lady Newbarns is accomplished — which lady, however, comes out in great rage, and calls forth her barrowmen and lads, and her jack-man, hire-men, plough-drivers, and ploughmen, tumbling-boys from the reeky kitchen, wide-breeked fishermen, and coalmen and salters as black and ugly as a certain personage, and also the servant-women—for instance,

Maggæam magis doctam milkare cowæas,
Maggy better skilled in milking cows,
Et doctam sweepare flooras, et sternere beddas,
And sweeping floors, and making beds,
Quæque novit spinnare, et longas ducere threddas;
Who knew also to spin, and draw out the long threads;
Nansæam, claves bene quæ keepaverat omnes;
Nanse, who carefully kept all the keys;
Yellantem Elpen, longo bardamque Anapellam,
Yelling Elspeth, and long-bearded Annaple,
Egregie indutam blacko caput sooty clooto;
Whose head was signally clothed in a black sooty clout;
Quæque lanam cardare solet greasy fingria Betty.
And greasy-fingered Betty, accustomed to card wool.

Neberna feeds her troops well, and sends them to the combat, which rages intensely on a field neither dry nor clean, and during which many incidents take place in the style of the Iliad and Æneid, until, as in the Homeric and Virgilian battles, attention is concentred upon one pair of combatants, namely, a savage maid of Neberna's styled Gilly, and a carter of Vitarva's, whose name is not given, and who had offered a particular insult to her mistress:—

Extemplo Gillæa ferox invasit, et ejus
Quickly fierce Gilly attacked him, and
In faciem girnavit atrox, at tigrida facta,
Savagely grinning in his face, and, tiger-like,
Boublentem grippans beardam, sic dixit ad illum:—
Gripping his trickly beard, thus said to him:—
"Vade domum, filthæe nequam, aut te interficiabo!"
"Gang hame, ye filthy gude-for-naething, or I'll be the death o' ye!"
Tunc cum gerculeo magnum fecit Gilly whippum,
Then with a jerk Gilly gave him a good whip,
Ingentemque manu sherdam levavit, et omnem
And taking up a large shard,
Gallantæi hominis gash beardam besmeariavit
Besmeared all the gash beard of the gallant man;
"Sume tibi hoc," inquit, sneezing valde operativum
"Take that till thee!" she said, sneezing violently,
"Pro premio, swingere, tuo;" tum denique fleido
"For thy reward;" then to the frightened fellow
Ingentem Gilly wamphra dedit, validamque nevellam,
Gilly-wamphry gave a good heavy knevel, †
Ingeminatque iterum, donec bis fecerat ignem
And repeated it till twice she made the fire
Ambobus fugere ex oculis; sic Gylla triumphat.
Fly from both his eyes; and so Gilly triumphs.
Obstupuit bumbaizdus homo; backumque repente
Astonished stood the bumbaized man, and suddenly
Turnavit veluti nasus bloodasset; et, "O fy!"
Turned back as if his nose had been bleeding, and, "O fy!"
Ter quater exclamat, et O quam fœde neezavit!
He three or four times cried, and O how dreadfully he sneezed!

Enough, perhaps, of this homely stuff, which, however, I may say in my own defence, a bishop was the first to give to the world. And so turn we the back of our drosky to the old tower of Scotstarvet.

Descending the slope towards Cupar, we had full in front the rich vale of the Eden, thickly bedecked with elegant modern mansions, amongst which the Priory, the seat of the late Lady Mary Lindsay Crawford (the last of the Crawford Lindsays), shone conspicuous. Right opposite rose a beautiful wooded hill, having an obelisk on the top, to the memory of John Earl of Hopetoun, a distinguished soldier of the Peninsula. This is *the Mount*, once the property and residence of the poet of the Scottish reformation, Sir David Lindsay. We designed to climb its sides, and visit the spot where the worthy Lord Lion, King at Arms, had lived; but, on reaching Cupar, finding the distance greater than we had calculated upon, we were obliged to give up the intention. I may here, nevertheless, state that, where the baronial mansion of Sir David once stood, there now only exists a farm-house, having two sculptured stones of the old house built into it, one of them presenting the initials of Sir David and those of his wife, in this form—

S
D L
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G *

the other presenting the arms of one of his successors of his own family, with the date 1650. The ground has been alienated from the name of Lindsay for more than a century, and now belongs to General Sir Alexander Hope of Rankeillour. In 1806, a farmer of patriarchal age, who had dwelt seventy years on the spot, pointed out to a correspondent of Mr George Chalmers "a shaded walk on the top of the Mount, where Lindsay is said to have composed some of his poems. It was called, in the youth of this aged man, Sir David's Walk; and in 1801, when the woods of the Mount were cutting, the same venerable enthusiast interceded with Sir Alexander Hope for three ancient trees, which stood near the castle, and were known by the name of Sir David's Trees. The liberal spirit of that gentleman probably needed no such monitor; but the trees were spared. It is likely they still remain, and the literary pilgrim may yet stand beneath their shade, indulging in the pleasing dream that he is sheltered by the same branches under which the Lord Lion was wont to ruminate, when he poured forth the lays which gave dignity to the lessons of experience, and accelerated the progress of the Reformation."*

In the thriving town of Cupar, to which we now proceeded, we went to see the castle-hill, on whose esplanade Sir David's extraordinary *Satire of the Three Estates* was acted in the open air during his life-time. The spot is now occupied by school-rooms, but it is still possible to form some notion of this open-air theatre and its assembled audience, grinning at the jests directed by pardoners, paupers, and sutors, by Dissait, Flattrie, and Wantonnes, against the vices of the contemporary clergy. In English literary history, the satire is a piece of some distinction, as the last specimen of the class of plays called *Moralities*, in which the chief characters were abstract qualities personified. Its clever raillery is mingled with grossnesses of speech and act, the repeated witnessing of which by a king, queen, and court, cannot but excite the greatest surprise in the present age. When our horses had rested a due time at M'Nab's, we recommenced our journey, which was now almost directly homeward. In the course of the drive we saw a few more sights, not unworthy to be told to the gentle reader; but, like the sultaness Schecherazade, I am clear for not telling too much at once, and so, for the present, I make my bow

INSURRECTIONS AT LYONS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

CIRCUMSTANCES soon occurred to prove that the working-men of Lyons had derived no effective warning from their futile and blood-spilling outbreak in November 1831. The miserable tariff for which they had held out having been given up at the time with perfect indifference, a new plan was tried, with full consent of both masters and men. This consisted in the establishment of a tribunal, called *L'Institution des Prud 'hommes*, and composed of an equal number of manufacturers and delegated workmen, whose business it was to arrange the scale of wages for regular periods. It was hoped that this council would prove one of amity and concord; but it speedily proved to be a very pandemonium of confusion and anarchy. The representatives of the working-men carried their prejudices and passions with them, and acted not as the colleagues, but as the constant and bitter rivals of the master-deputes, interrupting debates, and annulling decisions at will. A mob was, moreover, admitted to the place of meeting, and there hooted and threatened all who displeased them. Harmony was farther distant than ever.

Nor did the evil rest here. The disturbances of 1831 had drawn upon Lyons the attention of all the wild speculators in politics, morals, and religion, whom Paris or France contained; and preachers and lecturers of all denominations accordingly flocked to the unfortunate city. Before the outbreak of 1831, the weavers of Lyons had been remarkably indifferent to all sorts of politics and political discussions. A few months sufficed to change their feelings. As was to be expected in a place where so much ignorance prevailed, the adventurers who preached republican opinions found most converts in the workshops of Lyons, outstripping all their competitors, from Carlists to Saint-Simonians. Ere long, the workmen chose to have a newspaper purposely for themselves; and this journal, called the *Echo de la Fabrique*, had for its auxiliaries other papers, which openly advocated a revolution and a republic. By such combined causes were the uninstructed weavers of Lyons worked up to, and kept continuously in, a state of frenzy. "The great weapons of the publications described were, of course, calumny and personal defamation. Any manufacturer or merchant who did, or even said, anything considered unfavourable to the cause of the people,

* Excepting the patronage of the chair of Roman literature at St Andrews, founded and endowed by Sir John: this remains with the Duchess of Portland. It is interesting to find the only connexion between the descendants of this elegant person and the county where he once had so much property, is by a link of such a nature.

* Pimpled. † Blow.

* Mr Tytler's Scottish Worthies, Family Library.

was at once accused of every vice and crime, and held up as a monster to popular execration."

M. Monfalcon, the writer now quoted, states that, during the thirty months intervening between November 1831 and April 1834, "Lyons never at any time enjoyed fifteen days of tranquillity." The numerous and sometimes conflicting sources of agitation tended, for a part of that period, to prevent any great or combined movement towards a new insurrection. But at length certain gentlemen, calling themselves Propagandists of the Society of the Rights of Men of Paris, came to the city of Lyons to lend their generous assistance in throwing the confused mass of mischief into a proper shape, and in giving it an impulse toward its destined end. Under their auspices, unions were formed, and laws and bye-laws concocted. The two great unions were, that of the *Mutuellistes*, or weavers who had looms of their own; and that of the *Ferrandiniers*, or weavers who had no looms. The constitution of these unions was nearly the same. The Mutuellistes had one hundred and twenty-two lodges, of twenty members each, and with a president in each. From the united body of presidents were formed twelve central lodges, each of which named three members to form an executive commission, which thus consisted of thirty-six members. This commission again resolved itself into a permanent directory of three members. Each member of the union paid five francs on admission, and one franc per month regularly. The money here was the important matter, fine though the lodge-scheme looked. The money was the thing which sustained such men as struck or wanted work; and the money kept up the *Echo de la Fabrique*, as well as the *Echo des Travailleurs*, a rival which sprang up in due time.

Though dissensions soon occurred among these unions, yet they so far worked out their unhappy ends as to give a stronger aim to the mischievous elements existing in Lyons. From the middle of 1832, the city not only never enjoyed fifteen days of peace, but a month never passed without an open attempt at insurrection. These would have been much more quickly and decisively destructive than they really were, but for the wise measures taken by the French government immediately after November 1831. They then commenced to fortify the city, and in less than two years a number of forts, connected partly by entrenchments, had arisen around Lyons, while a strong barrack was built in the square of the Bernardines, commanding the always turbulent quarter of Croix Rousse. The erection and completion of these works, with the number of forces in the city, doubtless kept down the insurrectionary spirit to a certain extent. But it grew in strength and audacity till it became ungovernable. At the close of 1833, scarcely a day passed without a riot, more or less serious. Mingling political with commercial matters, the weavers publicly sang republican hymns at the same time with psalms about the tariff, the cry for which revived in double force; and "Down with Louis Philippe!" "Long live the guillotine!" "Down with the aristocrats!" were also common cries on the streets of Lyons.

In consequence of these mad dissensions, the silk trade was in a languishing state in February 1834. The natural result was, an inability on the part of the manufacturers to pay the wages given before. Blind to the fact, that their own previous insane conduct had the inevitable tendency to cause this fall, the Mutuellistes, by a majority of 2341 over 1290, resolved on a strike. Next day not a loom in Lyons was at work, the minority remaining idle under compulsion. From the 12th to the 22d, the weavers held out, making senseless and vain demands; but after the eight days had elapsed, they returned to their work, having gained nothing. But it was calculated *one million of francs* (L.40,000 sterling) *were lost to Lyons during these eight days*. And, moreover, a "great number of families left the town, and terror became general among the manufacturers. Most of them concealed their goods or packed them up and exported them, and then getting their own passports, hurried from Lyons as fast as they could. Considerable amounts of capital thus left the city. Some first houses were shut up and abandoned."

It seemed, however, as if nothing but bloodshed—bloodshed once more—could quell the mad spirit of insurgency in these ignorant and misguided men. On Saturday the 5th April, six men belonging to the Mutuelliste Society were to be brought to trial for various acts of riot. An enormous multitude of the weavers assembled in and around the court, and the result was an attack upon the assembled officials, from which the judges, the attorney-general, and the commissaries of police, only escaped by making their exit through a concealed door and a hayloft. A body of sixty foot soldiers marched out to check the riot, but though the weavers parted without further mischief, the discovery that the muskets of the soldiers were unloaded did much harm, leading the people to believe that the soldiery would not act against them.

Next day eight thousand weavers turned out to attend a workman's funeral, and in the evening the streets were crowded with men singing the Marseilloise hymn, and shouting republican and seditious cries. This state of things led to the instantaneous departure of many other capitalists and manufacturers from the city. It was now evident that Lyons was clearing, to become once more a field of battle. In the weaving lodges, the question was openly debated, how and when a revolt, political and commercial, might be best effected. The actual determination to revolt was taken, and the workmen were confident of success, though the troops in the city amounted to 10,500 men. The rioters deemed the troops friendly, however, and there committed a great and fatal mistake. The 9th of April, the day fixed for resuming the trial of the six Mutuellistes, was looked on by the authorities as the perilous moment, and justly, as it proved. "On Wednesday, the 9th of April," says M. Monfalcon, "at seven o'clock in the morning, the soldiers were at their posts with loaded muskets, cartridge-boxes filled, their knapsacks on their shoulders, and with rations for two days. They were disposed in four separate divisions. General Fleury was at La Croix Rousse; Colonel Dietzman at the Hotel de Ville; General Buchet at the archbishop's palace; Lieutenant-General Aymard, the commander-in-chief, at the square of Bellecour. At eight o'clock, M. B—— informed M. Gasparin, the prefect, that the chiefs of the section of the Society of the Rights of Man were assembled at a house close by. He, moreover, brought a heap of republican proclamations wet from the press. A member of the municipality proposed the immediate arrest of men whose intentions were no longer doubtful to any one; but another member of the same body showed the disadvantage there would be in exercising such an act of authority before the commencement of hostilities by the insurgents in the public streets. It was therefore agreed that the republicans should be left to act.

At half-past nine o'clock, the mob began to fill the streets and squares. The authorities were again asked to order the arrest of some of the chiefs of the associations, who were abroad with the crowd. The answer was, 'No! as yet they have committed no disorder, and the authorities ought to avoid even the appearance of aggression—they must not be struck before they strike.' A man placed himself in the midst of the square of St Jean, and read a republican proclamation addressed to the *soldiers* and the working-classes. The colonel of the gens-d'armes, passing at the moment, tore the proclamation from his hands, and arrested the reader. Shortly after, the crowded square of St Jean was suddenly and completely evacuated; not a republican, not a single weaver was to be seen. The most absolute solitude and perfect silence reigned there.

But the insurgents had begun to raise their barricades in the street St Jean, and in all the streets and lanes that opened upon the square. The scaffolding and materials of some houses that were building—beams, planks, stones, carts, and overturned carriages—served to form these lines of defence, and the pavement was taken from the streets to be thrown at the soldiers. When informed that a second, a third, and a fourth barricade was thus rising, General Buchet ordered half a battalion of infantry and a platoon of gens-d'armes to clear the public way, but to refrain from firing until an act of open hostility was committed. A few soldiers and some policemen rushed against the first barricade, and attempted to overturn it; they were instantly assailed by heavy stones, thrown by the insurgents from the gates, windows, house-tops, &c. Here, then, was not only a resistance but an aggression—a carbine was discharged from the detachment of troops—the gens-d'armes commenced the fire.

During this time, the trial of the six Mutuellistes had begun. At the report of the first shot, the advocate for the accused, M. Jules Favre, stopped short; he could not, he said, continue to plead whilst the citizens were slaughtered in the streets. The whole audience was violently excited. M. Pic, the president, broke up the court. The next moment judges, magistrates, advocates, officers, and all, rushed pell-mell out of court, and endeavoured to gain their different homes before the scene of warfare should have time to extend itself."

A fearful combat now began. Barricades rose in all directions, and the soldiers fought hand to hand, with shot and steel, against the insurgents. The latter enjoyed, as formerly, great advantage from the shelter of the houses, till the soldiers began to blow up the doors with petards. The city was soon set on fire in various places in consequence. Hundreds of peaceable citizens perished in consequence, and, when artillery began to play on the strong positions of the workmen, then the aged and the young fell alike. The insurgents were driven, on the first day, into the long narrow streets of the interior of the city, the soldiers, by whose side the authorities fought on foot, having carried every position attacked by them.

But the spirit of the misguided workmen was unbroken. "On the second day, they challenged a renewal of the combat at six A.M., by ringing the tocsin from St Bonaventure and other churches. The firing, however, did not begin till eight o'clock. The street warfare presented much the same character as the preceding day; but at La Guillotière the battle became still more furious. A multitude of working-men, placed on the roof-tops and behind chimneys, fired incessantly on the troops; consequently whole batteries of artillery thundered on that populous suburb, and soon wrapped many houses in flames. The main street was literally swept by the cannon. A large and beautiful house, situated at one corner, was set on fire—the flames rapidly spread from house to house, and in a short time all that part of La Guillotière was nothing but a heap of smoking ruins. At another point near the hospital, the troops kept up a tremendous fire of musketry against a party of working-men who lay there in ambush behind a barricade. The balls rebounding (*par ricochet*), entered in at the windows of the houses, and wounded many females. At noon, the black flag floated over the church of St Polycarpe, at L'Antiquaille, at Fourvières, at St Nizier, and at the Cordeliers. The stunning tocsin resounded on all sides. Colonel Mounier, at the head of some grenadiers, ordered the destruction of a barricade in the street of St Marcel. The colonel directed the attack in person. He wanted to show his men how easy it was to carry such a defence; he jumped upon the barricade, and was shot dead by a musket fired point-blank. The death of that brave officer infuriated the grenadiers; they threw themselves upon the barricade, scaled it, beat it to the ground, and pursued the insurgents, who fled in all directions. A few of the soldiers saw some of the republicans seek refuge in a corner house; it was from that direction that the fatal shot which killed poor Mounier was fired. With blind fury the grenadiers rushed into the house, ran up the stairs, forced open the room doors, and discharging their pieces, killed, among others, one of the most honourable and esteemed citizens of Lyons, M. Joseph Rémond. Thus, the death of the brave Colonel Mounier was followed by a not less deplorable accident! Mournful results of civil wars are these, where the lives of so many innocent persons expiate the offences of the factious, who themselves often escape unpunished! During this day, the buildings of the College were set on fire three times, and three times the fire was extinguished; the library was threatened with destruction, but fortunately that rich literary treasure did not sustain the least injury. At the end of this day, if the garrison had obtained no decisive success, it had at least lost none of its advantages. The insurgents had nowhere gained ground, though they had fought with more obstinacy than had been expected."

It would be painful to follow this insurrection through all its details. The plan of action pursued by the military, consisting chiefly in discharges of artillery, was prudent as regarded themselves, but awfully destructive as respected life and property in the insurgent streets. The soldiers took care not to enter the long narrow streets, where escape with life was almost impossible. Four days the warfare continued unabated. On the evening of the fourth day (12th of April), however, the troops were in possession of nearly the whole city, and peaceful citizens began to breathe freely. Physicians for the first time dared to visit the sick and wounded. Still there was a little fighting on Sunday the 13th, but on the 14th the contest ended. On that day, the last lanes in La Croix Rousse were taken, and nearly every insurgent in them was shot or bayonetted by the troops. It was only then that the true authors of the evil were exposed to and met the fate which they had provoked.

By these six days of commotion, Lyons was left nearly in ruins. The destruction of property was enormous, and the loss of life also very great, though not proportionate. The results of the whole was an almost total stoppage of the silk trade in Lyons. Capital was taken from it to an immense amount, and its owners settled in more tranquil scenes. For years to come, the effects of these riots must be felt in the trading concerns of the city.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

JOHN KEPLER.

After Copernicus and Galileo, the history of astronomy does not present a more illustrious name than that of John Kepler, the "Legislator of the Heavens," as he has been somewhat rashly called, from the splendid discoveries which he made respecting the movements of the planets. He was born in 1571, near Weil, in Wirtemberg, of which place his paternal grandfather was burgomaster. The father of the great astronomer was an improvident man, who left sober pursuits to be a soldier under the infamous Duke of Alva in the Netherlands: his mother was illiterate and of disagreeable temper. Being born in the seventh month, he was at all periods of his life small and of a weakly frame of body. His early education was repeatedly interrupted by his being put to humble rustic occupations; but his abilities, nevertheless, became so conspicuous, that it was resolved, more particularly considering his want of personal strength, to bring him up to the church. The education necessary for this purpose was begun in a school at Maulbronn, at the expense of the Duke of Wirtemberg, and completed at the college of Tubingen, an eminent Lutheran seminary, remarkable for its advocacy of the doctrine of the omnipresence of the body of Christ. There he took his degree of Master of Arts in 1591, on which occasion only one person stood above him in the list.

The professional prospects of Kepler were blighted by the freedom which he assumed in judging of religious doctrines, and particularly that which was so much a favourite with his college. Finding himself, for this freedom, abused as "a self-seeker, a hypocrite, a heretic, and an atheist," he was glad to accept an invitation from the States of Styria, to take the astronomical lectureship in the gymnasium at Gratz. He was now in his twenty-second year, and had not as yet turned his mind particularly to astronomy, al-

though, at Tubingen, his mathematical teacher had been Michael Mastlin, an able man, who had given much attention to that subject, and is said to have been the converter of Galileo to the Copernican system. Kepler undertook the office, because he thought himself bound to become useful as soon as possible; but having, even at this early period, ambitious wishes, he thought proper to reserve his right to enter upon any more brilliant career that might present itself. Here, by his very first act, he had the misfortune further to inflame the divines of Tubingen against him. The delinquency consisted in drawing up an almanac for Styria, in which, according to the fashion of the country, he adopted the *new style*—a thing correct in itself, but for which Europe had been indebted to a pope. "The new calendar," said the Tubingen sages, "has manifestly been devised for the furtherance of the idolatrous popish system." Kepler, on the other hand, thought it "a disgrace for Germany to be alone without that correction which the sciences desire." This strange trait of jealousy in the German university conveys a strong impression of the keenness with which religious differences were felt in the sixteenth century.

Kepler had been well grounded at school in figures, numbers, and proportions. He had also given his thoughts to the "examination of the nature of heaven, of souls, of genii, of the elements, of the essence of fire, of the cause of fountains, the ebb and flow of the tide, the shape of the continents and inland seas, and things of this sort." Investigations of nature were then mixed up with superstitious notions derived from the vulgar, and genuine light was only breaking, in faint streaks, through the mass of ignorance and delusion. The Copernican system had been promulgated, but existed only as an obscure heresy, patronised by a few. Kepler had been taught by Mastlin to look favourably upon it; but at such a stage in the progress of new ideas, even powerful minds are apt to concede more to old and respectable error than to an innovating truth. Kepler had now devoted himself for some time to astronomy; but his mind was naturally ingenious and fanciful rather than philosophical in the proper sense of the word. His favourite plan of investigation, not only at this period, but throughout his whole life, was first to conjecture, and then to endeavour to make good his conjectures by laborious calculations shaped for that end. He was chiefly bent on discovering analogies in nature. The most remote things he endeavoured to reduce to some sort of resemblance. He was particularly anxious to find mathematical proportions in the orbits of the different planets, or rather in their spheres; for, as yet, each planet was supposed to be fixed or set in a hollow sphere in which it revolved. He first tried if their various distances were multiples of each other, in which he completely failed. Then, by one of those happy strokes of daring which distinguished him, he inserted a new planet between Jupiter and Mars, where it latterly has been found there is a group of small ones; but still this did not help him. In some subsequent conjectural calculations of a geometrical kind, he was struck by the appearance of a proportion between the circle inscribed without and that described within a triangle, and the orbits of Saturn and Jupiter; and following out this idea of measurement in reference to the other planets, he imagined that he had accounted for the five solid figures of geometry, and detected the secret of the planetary arrangements, whereupon his joy was boundless. In a small work, entitled "Prodromus," in which he explained his theory, he says—"The intense pleasure I received from this discovery can never be told in words. I regretted no more the time wasted; I tired of no labour; I shunned no toil of reckoning; days and nights I spent in calculations, until I could see whether this opinion would agree with the orbits of Copernicus, or whether my joy was to vanish into air. * * As men," he continues, "enjoy dainties at the dessert, so do wise souls gain a taste for heavenly things when they ascend from their college to the universe and there look around them. He who has discerned the frailty of human affairs, will aspire heavenward from earth. He will begin to set less value on what once appeared to him the most excellent. He will esteem God's works above all things; and, in the contemplation of them, he will find a pure enjoyment. Great Artist of the world! I look with wonder on the works of thy hands, constructed after five regular forms, and in the midst the sun, the dispenser of light and life. I see the moon and stars strewn over the infinite field of space. Father of the world! what moved thee thus to exalt a poor, weak, little creature of earth so high that he stands in light a far-ruling king, almost a god, for he thinks thy thoughts after thee!" This sublime exultation was soon found to be premature, for the theory of the five solid figures did not prove true; but Kepler in time made it all appropriate. The ingenuity displayed in his little work was universally admired.

In 1597, Kepler married Barbara Müller, a lady of noble family, who would not ally herself to him till he had first proved his own descent from a noble ancestry. She possessed some fortune, which he expected would leave him at ease to pursue his favourite studies; but this prospect was blighted by a persecution of the Protestants which the Duke of Styria now commence, and which led to the retirement of our philosopher from the country, after selling his estate at a great disadvantage. He condescended to intreat protection and aid from the college of Tubingen; but his heterodoxy on the Omnipresence forbade them to do anything in his behalf. His book had attracted the favourable opinion of Tycho Brahe, the celebrated Danish philosopher, who, banished from his own country, had found a refuge at Prague, where he pursued astronomical observations with a set of instruments far superior to any of the kind as yet in existence. Tycho's theory of the planets was allied to the old one of Ptolemy, and opposed to that of Copernicus. He wished Kepler to set his calculating mind in action on the Tychonic theory as he had done on the Copernican. He, therefore, with the sanction of the Emperor Rudolph, invited the German philosopher to join him at Prague. Kepler, at a loss for an asylum, and eager to have the benefit of Tycho's splendid instruments, consented, and he and his family removed thither in 1600. The association was not a happy one, for Tycho was proud, and Kepler, with a sufficiency of pride, was poor and dependent. But their quarrels were put an end to by the death of the illustrious Dane in October 1601, when Kepler was appointed to succeed him as the imperial mathematician, with a salary of fifteen hundred gulden per annum.

If this salary had been regularly paid, Kepler would have been a happy man; but the government finances were in a bad state, and Kepler could only now and then obtain a little money at the sacrifice of half his time in court attendance. To induce the emperor to continue to patronise astronomy, he was obliged to gratify him by acting as an astrologer, and he was fain to cast nativities for any one who would employ him, for the sake of daily bread. These proceedings, together with the countenance which he seems to give to astrology in some of his writings, have caused him to be represented as a believer in that false science; but, when his writings are rightly read, we can see that he regarded astrology, and the necessity he was under of dabbling in it, with the loathing of a virtuous and philosophic mind. Struggling with poverty, obliged, as it were, to dance before the Philistines for sport, delicate in health, and of weakly eyesight, provided only with rude and defective instruments, he persevered in his investigations of a science, in which, we must remember, some of the most important truths, as gravitation and the arrangement of the planets, were as yet unascertained. It now appears pretty clearly,* that, throughout his whole career, he also met with no small amount of trouble on account of his religious views; not that he doubted any of the prime doctrines of Christianity, but merely disavowed a particular local view of Christ's body in the Eucharist, and patronised the Gregorian calendar.

Notwithstanding all difficulties, he persevered as assiduously in his labours as circumstances permitted, and, amidst a thousand erroneous conjectures, lighted upon a few important truths. He gave out the mode of calculating eclipses which is still in use, and, with a *camera obscura*, was the first to observe the spots on the sun. It was a remarkable and noble trait of Kepler's character, that he was always ready to acknowledge any error he had committed, and to quit one line of investigation, proved false, for another. He was the most candid of philosophers; and to this may in fact be attributed in no small measure the success which ultimately crowned his labours. There was also great magnanimity in his nature. When the time came for publishing an elaborate set of tables which he had constructed from the observations of Tycho, the emperor Rudolph had sunk into universal contempt and quitted the stage of life. It might have been expected that Kepler, who was so dependent, would have courted his successor Matthias, by conferring his name on the tables; but he reflected that they had been prepared under the patronage of the late unfortunate emperor, and the *Rudolphine Tables* they accordingly became. The splendid discoveries of his contemporary Galileo excited only the admiration and attracted the friendship of Kepler.

It was in the course of some laborious researches respecting the motions of the planet Mars, that he lighted upon the two first of the grand astronomical laws which bear, and must ever bear, his name. Having attempted in vain to explain their motions upon the usual supposition of a circular orbit, he was at length led to surmise that the planet described curves of some other kind, and, going on from one step to another (to us the difficulties of such steps are unimaginable), he finally came to see that every difficulty vanished when he supposed an oval or elliptical orbit, having the sun placed nearer to one end than the other. He then determined the dimensions of the orbit of Mars; and, by comparing together the times employed by the planet in completing a revolution, or any part of a revolution, discovered his second law, that the planet, increasing its rapidity the nearer it approached the sun, went through the parts of an imaginary correct circle round the sun in the same times, so that, if there had been a radius from the sun to the planet, that radius would have moved with uniform rapidity. Kepler quickly found that these laws applied to the orbits of all the planets, and also of the satellites. He announced the discovery, with an explanation of all the speculations, erroneous and otherwise, which led to it, in a volume entitled *Astronomia Nova*, published in 1609.

In 1612, after the death of Rudolph, Kepler accepted a professorship in the University of Linz, to which he then removed. Not long after, he had the misfortune to lose his wife; but he soon replaced her with a second, by name Susanna Rettinger. By these ladies he had a considerable number of children; but all except two predeceased him, and it is acknowledged that no descendants of his exist. About two years after his second marriage, his peace was disturbed by a cause for which the reader will be little prepared—a charge of witchcraft against his mother. We learn, with feelings of an extraordinary kind, that during the ensuing five years, while engaged in those researches which established some of the most important truths in astronomy, this illustrious man had to give much of his time, thoughts, and labour, to the defence of an aged parent against one of the most ridiculous of accusations. At length, in 1618 (we learn from himself that it was on the 15th of May), he discovered his third law, that the squares of the times of the revolution of the planets are as the cubes of their mean distances from the sun; thus making out, not a musical harmony, as he once supposed, in these celestial objects, but a mathematical unity and fellowship quite as sublime and wonderful. This law was given to the world in a work entitled *Harmonices Mundi*, which he published in 1619, and dedicated to James I. of England. We grieve to say that in this volume there are also contained some of the most monstrous fancies that ever entered the brain of a living man; as, for instance, that the globe which we inhabit is a sentient being, capable of being roused to passion (storms and earthquakes being the expressions of its rage) by such offences as throwing a stone into a lake or a deep cleft, as a bull or an elephant would be roused by a straw tickling its ear. Nor was his idea of the analogy between the planetary arrangement and musical tones much less ridiculous, Saturn and Jupiter being represented in his scheme of mundane harmony as taking the bass, Mars the tenor, the Earth and Venus the counter-tenor, and Mercury the treble. The terms in which he speaks of his third law show, however, how deeply he felt a real triumph in science. "It is now eighteen months," says he, "since I got the first glimpse of light, three months since the dawn, very few days since the unveiled sun, most admirable to gaze upon, burst upon me. Nothing holds me; I will indulge in my sacred fury; I will triumph over mankind by the honest confession that I have stolen the golden vases of the Egyptians, to build up a tabernacle for my God far away from the confines of Egypt. If you forgive me, I rejoice; if you are angry, I can bear it; the die is cast; the book is written—to be read either now or by posterity, I care not which: it may well wait a century for a reader, as God has waited six thousand years for an observer." At the conclusion of the work he thus expresses himself: "I give thee thanks, Lord and Creator, that thou hast given me joy through thy creation, for I have been ravished with the work of thy hands. I have revealed unto mankind the glory of thy works, as far as my limited spirit could conceive thy infinitude. Should I have brought forward any thing that is unworthy of thee, or should I have sought my own fame, be graciously pleased to forgive it me." With reference to the opposition which his discoveries had met with, he adds:—"The day will soon break, when pious simplicity will be ashamed of its blind superstition, when men will recognise truth in the book of nature as well as in the Holy Scriptures, and rejoice in the two revelations."

After this period, Kepler chiefly devoted himself to the completion of the Rudolphine Tables, and to the steps necessary to accomplish their publication. The resources of the empire were at this time engrossed by the thirty years' war, and Kepler found the greatest difficulty in obtaining the means of giving this splendid production to the world. His own salary was also constantly in arrear, and he and his family suffered much at this period from poverty. Nevertheless, it was at his own expense that the types necessary for the tables were cast. This great work at length appeared in 1627, and completed his fame. Amongst the honours paid to him on account of it, he received a present of a gold chain from the Grand Duke of Tuscany, probably through the influence of Galileo. Soon after, by the permission of the emperor, whose patronage had never been steadily lucrative to Kepler, he attached himself to the service of Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland, the celebrated imperialist commander in the thirty years' war, who was at all periods of his life a firm believer in astrology. Wallenstein probably desired to have Kepler near him, that he might interpret the bearing of the stars upon his extraordinary fortunes, and it was no new idea to the philosopher to look to the false science for the means of studying the true. Although comparatively well supported in this situation, Kepler was anxious to realise a large arrear due to him by the imperial treasury, and for this purpose he went to Ratisbon in 1630. The fatigue of the journey and the vexation attending its ill success brought on a fatal illness, and Kepler died in that city on the 15th of November, in the fifty-ninth year of his age, leaving his family in very poor circumstances, though it appears that one of his children afterwards obtained payment of some part of his claims on the government. He was buried in St Peter's Church, under a tomb inscribed with his name, which not long after was destroyed in the course of the wars then raging; but, since the beginning of the present century, a very elegant monument has

* Baron Breitschwert's Life and Labours of Kepler. Stuttgart. 1831.

been erected to this illustrious man in the Botanical Garden of Ratisbon, near the place where his mortal part reposes.

SUBJECTS FOR PAINTERS.

Thomas Hood, who, though not professionally a painter, has had no lack of experience in the sketching department, at least, of the art, makes a feeling complaint, in his own style, respecting the scarcity of proper subjects for artistical handling. He exclaims, in the verses headed "The Painter Puzzled"—

> "In vain I stare upon the air—
> No mental visions dawn;
> A blank my canvass still remains,
> And worse—a blank undrawn;
> An aching void that mars my rest
> With one eternal hint;
> For, like the little Goblin Page,
> It still keeps crying, 'Tint!'
> But what to tint? Ay, there's the rub
> That plagues me all the while,
> As, Selkirk-like, I sit without
> A subject for my *isle*."

Seriously speaking, though Hood touches on the point only for the sake of a jest, we believe that, in these days of ours, when novelty is at once growing more and more in demand, and more and more difficult of attainment, the painter must often be puzzled for want of good subjects. It also seems to us, however, that the difficulty might in part be removed, were artists oftener to turn their attention to the verbal pictures of the *poets*, and particularly those among them who have displayed invention and fancy in the highest degree. Wordsworth pointedly declares the callings of the poet and the painter to be one and the same—

> "Creative art,
> Whether the instrument of words she use,
> Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues."

Conscious of this, painters have no doubt resorted frequently to the poets for subjects; as, for example, to Spenser, whose taste for allegory and personification has rendered his "Fairy Queen" nothing else than a vast gallery of magnificent pictures. But it appears to us that there are other poets, rich in treasures of a similar description, who have, as yet at least, been in a great measure overlooked by artists. To one case, in particular, we shall point attention on the present occasion.

The "Hyperion" of Keats abounds in materials for works of art of the highest order. The fancy of that poet seems to have been vivid to a wonderful degree. Every form and scene described by him, is presented with such distinctness as to make it apparent that he must have been able, in the first place, to call each up before his own mind's eye in its minutest shades and lineaments. In "Hyperion," his fancy had to work on grand objects, namely, the Titans—the oldest gods of the Greek mythology—beings gigantic in form and terrible in strength. The opening lines of the poem present a noble picture, equal in many respects to Dante's sketch of Ugolino, which both Reynolds and Fuseli thought worthy of embodiment on the canvass. It is the portrait of the god-chief of the Titans, Saturn, whom his own son, Jupiter, had just dethroned:—

> "Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
> Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
> Far from the fiery noon and eve's one star,
> Sat grey-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
> Still as the silence round about his lair;
> Forest on forest hung about his head,
> Like cloud on cloud. * * * *
> A stream went voiceless by, still deaden'd more
> By reason of his fallen divinity,
> Spreading a shade; the Naiad 'mid her reeds
> Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips.
> Along the margin-sand large footmarks went,
> No further than to where his feet had strayed,
> And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
> His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
> Unsceptred; and his realmless eyes were closed."

The fallen giant-god—the gloom, the forests, the large foot-prints, the deadened stream, and the lip-pressing Naiad—these certainly form a verbal picture, at least, of a sublime order.

Comes there to Saturn a Titaness, a goddess of the infant world—

> "With face as large as that of Memphian sphynx,
> Pedestal'd, haply, in a palace-court,
> When sages looked to Egypt for their lore.
> But oh! how unlike marble was that face!
> How beautiful, if Sorrow had not made
> Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self!"

She strives to arouse Saturn, but in vain; and then—

> "in tears
> She touch'd her fair large forehead to the ground,
> Just where her falling hair might be outspread
> A soft and silken mat for Saturn's feet.
> One moon, with alteration slow, had shed
> Her silver seasons four upon the night,
> And still these two were postur'd motionless,
> Like natural sculpture in cathedral cavern."

The genius of the poet seems to us finely displayed here, in his equalising the duration of their motionlessness, "one moon," with the grandeur of the parties. Proportions are splendidly maintained. Altogether, this scene seems to afford materials for a second great picture. Passing over the fine sketch given of the yet undispossessed god of the sun, Hyperion, when, frenzied with dread of the fate which had befallen his brother-Titans—

> "Along a dismal rack of clouds,
> Upon the boundaries of day and night,
> He stretch'd himself in grief and radiance faint,"

we come to another, yielding noble scope for the pencil of the artist. The band of the bruised Titans is described as lying in a dark and vast mountainous recess, in the state in which they were left at the time of their overthrow. Around and above them—

> "Crag jutting forth to crag, and rocks that seemed
> Ever as if just rising from a sleep,
> Forehead to forehead held their monstrous horns;
> And thus in thousand hugest phantasies
> Made a fit roofing to this nest of woe.
> Instead of thrones, hard flint they sate upon—
> Couches of rugged stone, and slaty ridge,
> Stubborn'd with iron."

The unfortunate group are described generally in imagery which may give to the painter a striking idea of their bulk and dreariness—

> "Scarce images of life—one here, one there,
> Lay vast and edgewise; like a dismal cirque
> Of Druid stones upon a forlorn moor."

Fine descriptions, again, are given of the posture of individuals—

> "Creus was one; his ponderous iron mace
> Lay by him, and a shatter'd rib of rock
> Told of his rage ere he thus sank and pined.
> Iapetus another; in his grasp
> A serpent's plashy neck, and all its uncurl'd length,
> Dead * * * * * *
> Next Cottus; prone he lay, chin uppermost,
> As though in pain; for still upon the flint
> He ground severe his skull, with open mouth,
> And eyes at open working."

There are others, some of them Titanesses; but we cannot carry our extracts further. If an artist wished for *light* to irradiate this gloomy scene, let him take another part of the poem, and he will find it. We shall give a long extract here; for it seems to us that every artist must be delighted with the manner in which the painter-poet has cast illumination on these fallen giants in their rugged retreat. Saturn had previously joined them, and the huge Enceladus is "on his feet," attempting to rouse them to vengeance. He cries—

> "'And be ye mindful that Hyperion,
> Our brightest brother, still is undisgraced—
> Hyperion, lo! his radiance is here!'
> All eyes were on Enceladus's face,
> And they beheld, while still Hyperion's name
> Flew from his lips up to the vaulted rocks,
> A pallid gleam across his features stern:
> Not savage, for he saw full many a god
> Wroth as himself. He look'd upon them all,
> And in each face he saw a gleam of light,
> But splendider in Saturn's, whose hoar locks
> Shone like the bubbling foam about a keel,
> When the prow sweeps into a midnight cove.
> In pale and silver silence they remain'd,
> Till suddenly a splendour, like the morn,
> Pervaded all the beetling gloomy steeps,
> All the sad spaces of oblivion,
> And every gulf and every chasm old,
> And every height, and every sullen depth,
> Voiceless, or hoarse with loud tormented streams:
> And all the everlasting cataracts,
> And all the headlong torrents far and near,
> Mantled before in darkness and huge shade,
> Now saw the light and made it terrible.
> It was Hyperion:—a granite peak
> His bright feet touch'd, and there he staid to view
> The misery his brilliance had betray'd
> To the most hateful seeing of itself.
> Golden his hair, of short Numidian curl,
> Regal his shape majestic, a vast shade
> In midst of his own brightness, like the bulk
> Of Memnon's image at the set of sun
> To one who travels from the dusking East:
> Sighs, too, as mournful as that Memnon's harp,
> He utter'd, while his hands, contemplative,
> He press'd together, and in silence stood.
> Despondence seized again the fallen gods
> At sight of the dejected King of Day,
> And many hid their faces from the light."

Here is certainly a great artistical subject. The gloomy grandeur of that rocky recess, its giant occupants, Hyperion on the peak, with his encircling and emitted radiance illuminating the erect Enceladus, Saturn's grey hairs, and every salient point in the scene—surely all the accessories of a noble picture are here presented.

Turning from the grand to the beautiful, how many fine pictures may we not find in the gallery of the same poet! Look at this slight passing sketch of a lover and his mistress:—

> "And as he to the court-yard pass'd along,
> Each third step did he pause, and listen'd oft
> If he could hear his lady's matin-song,
> Or the light whisper of her footstep soft;
> And as he thus over his passion hung,
> He heard a laugh fall musical aloft;
> When, looking up, he saw her features bright
> Smile through an in-door lattice all delight."

Again, if any artist is fond of personifications—though that style has become somewhat unfashionable, and pre-existing works do certainly occupy the field in some measure—what a delicious series of sketches might be made from the following four representations of Autumn, in so many different yet all equally appropriate positions!—

> "Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
> Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
> Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
> Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
> Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
> Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
> Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
> And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
> Steady thy laden head across a brook;
> Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
> Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours."

If any artist be partial to forest scenes, the opening of "Endymion" contains an exquisite picture of a Sacrifice to Pan, on the woody slopes of Latmos. The sacrificers and their altar must be passed over, but the open lawn, where the ceremony took place, is so vividly painted, that, even in an isolated form, the lines will be appreciated. The poet speaks of "many paths"

> "all leading pleasantly
> To a wide lawn, whence one could only see
> Stems thronging all around between the swell
> Of tuft and slanting branches; who could tell
> The freshness of the space of heaven above,
> Edged round with dark tree-tops!—through which a dove
> Would often beat its wings, and often, too,
> A little cloud would move across the blue."

This would make a variegated little painting by itself, were the green lawn, the dark branchy fringe, the blue sky, the dove, and the little cloud, all given as tastefully on the canvass as here in words; but from the poet might be obtained, as has been hinted, many other rich accessories, in the shape of "troops of little children garlanded," and damsels and shepherds, with the charioted Endymion, their pastoral prince, all aiding in the sacrifice to Pan.

In the second book of "Endymion," there is a description of Adonis sleeping, which contains materials for an exquisite painting, but is too long to transcribe. The description of the witch Circe, with her victims around her, transformed all to brutes, is also a fine sketch of another kind, though an imitation of old Homer—

> "An echo of him in the north-wind sung."

But, indeed, were we to point out all the passages of Keats which might yield hints to painters, we might quote one-half of his poems. He cannot mention sun or moon, sea or sky, without noticing some feature of a picturesque kind; for he had viewed them all with the eye of a painter. For example, observe the passage where, addressing the moon, he says—

> "The sleeping kine,
> Couch'd in thy brightness, dream of fields divine:
> Innumerable mountains rise, and rise,
> Ambitious for the hallowing of thine eyes;
> And yet thy benediction passeth not
> One obscure hiding-place, one little spot
> Where pleasure may be sent; the nested wren
> Has thy fair face within its tranquil ken,
> And from beneath a sheltering ivy-leaf
> Takes glimpses of thee; thou art a relief
> To the poor patient oyster, where it sleeps
> Within its pearly house. The mighty deeps,
> The monstrous sea is thine—the myriad sea!
> Oh, Moon! far-spooming Ocean bows to thee,
> And Tellus feels her forehead's cumbrous load."

General as the description here is, it might nevertheless give hints to the artist engaged on a moonlight scene.

It is not every poet, nor even every great poet, who attends so closely to the picturesque in nature, as to yield materials like these to the painter. Wordsworth, bard of nature as he is, examines her not so much to paint her beauties for the mere sake of their loveliness, as to extract from them some moral, bearing on humanity. Sir Walter Scott possessed a most inventive fancy, but it was bent and biassed in a peculiar direction by his antique and chivalrous predilections. He is full of pictures of that description; and, indeed, in his case the painters have made liberal use of the opportunities placed in their way. To this subject we may take occasion to return.

THE TWO WAYS OF LIVING.

A STORY OF HUMBLE LIFE.

"Well," said pretty Helen Thomson to her sister Jane, "I'd scorn to marry a man because he'd got a bit of money."

"So would I," answered Jane, in a quiet voice.

"Why, what are you going to marry David Cairns for, but for his money?" asked Helen.

"I'm going to marry him because I like him, and because I expect he'll make me a good husband," replied Jane.

"But would you marry him if he had no money?" inquired Helen.

"No, I would not," responded Jane. "I've seen enough of people marrying to live in worse poverty than they were in before."

"I knew you wouldn't," answered Helen, triumphantly; "and that's what I call marrying a man for his money."

"I might as well say, Helen, that you are going to marry Richard Mills for his legs; for I'm sure you wouldn't marry him if he had none," said Jane.

"Oh, that's quite a different thing," replied Helen, laughing. "Nobody would marry a man without legs. He couldn't earn his living if he had no legs."

"I don't know that," returned Jane; "he might get a very good living by begging perhaps. His want of legs might be a fortune to him in that way."

"But who'd marry a beggar?" said Helen.

"Not I, certainly," replied Jane, "if I can help it; and all I seek in marrying a man who has a little something to begin the world with, is to put as good a chance as I can betwixt me and beggary."

"Many that began with nothing have done just as well as those that are so over-cautious," said Helen.

"They may sometimes, where they have great luck," replied Jane.

"Luck!" said Helen; "why, look at the Davisons; what particular luck have they had? and yet how well they are doing; and I'm sure they had nothing to begin with."

"Why, they have had the luck never to be ill, for one thing," answered Jane; "and he has had the luck never to be out of work, for another. But suppose either of these circumstances had happened, and they may happen yet, how would they have got on?"

"Oh, if one's to begin by supposing all sorts of misfortunes," exclaimed Helen, "nobody would ever be married at all. For my part, I think there's nothing so foolish as always looking at the dark side of things."

"I quite agree with you," said Jane; "I am far from wishing you to look always at the dark side of things. I only wish you to look on *both* sides; for life will show us its dark side, Helen, whether we look for it or not."

"Well, it's time enough to think of trouble when trouble comes," replied Helen; "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

Here Jane gave up the argument, for although her mind was not convinced, the authority of the quotation was too much for her; and a few weeks saw her the wife of David Cairns, and Helen of Richard Mills. Excepting the simple circumstance that one had something to begin the world with, and the other nothing, the present situation and future prospects of the two young couples were much on an equality. David Cairns was a carpenter, Richard Mills was a mason; they were both good workmen, and both decent well-disposed young men; and amongst the neighbours, old Thomson was considered to have married his daughters very well. The weddings took place on the same day, the girls were dressed alike, neatly and respectably, as were their husbands; Giles Thomson strained a point to give them a good dinner after the ceremony; some of their neighbours were invited to tea; in the evening they took a walk in the fields, and at night each bridegroom conducted his bride to a tidy cottage, duly provided with such utensils and articles of necessary furniture as are indispensable to the comfort of a poor man's dwelling. Helen had not taken such serious views of life as Jane had, but she was a cheerful, active, industrious girl, and had every intention of doing her duty and making a good wife. Her cottage was as neatly kept as Jane's; Richard Mills had his meals as regularly and as well provided as David Cairns, and she took a pride in letting her sister see that, although they had not the comfortable bit of money in the savings'-bank, they were in want of nothing.

"See what a nice new cloak I've got," said Helen to Jane one Sunday, as they met on their way to church; "it's a present from Richard; he gave a pound for it."

"It's a very nice one, indeed," replied Jane.

"Why don't you get one?" asked Helen. "Wright has plenty more, and they're quite a bargain at the money."

"I don't think it is dear, indeed," answered Jane; "but my old one will do very well for this winter. Perhaps next year I may afford myself a new one."

"Pooh!" said Helen; "next year! That's always the way. I really think the more money people have, the more stingy they grow. I'm sure if Richard can afford to give me a cloak, David can afford to give you one."

"Oh, David would give me one if I wished it, I know," answered Jane; "but I don't. I had rather make this last a little longer, and save the money."

"Why, haven't you got ever so much money already in the savings'-bank?" said Helen. "Surely you might spare twenty shillings for a cloak?"

"But I had rather have the twenty shillings than the cloak, I tell you, Helen. Every one to his taste, you know. But I suppose Richard has been doing very well lately with such a rise of wages, and having constant work?"

"Yes," said Helen, "that's the way I got the cloak, and several other things I wanted. It's as well to get what one wants when times are good. By and by wages may fall, and then we could not have afforded them."

"It is right to get anything you *absolutely* want, certainly," answered Jane; "but I wouldn't buy things I could do without, merely because I had the means. I would rather try to lay by a little."

"Oh, lay by!" cried Helen. "What's the use of laying by the little we could spare?"

"But everything must have a beginning, Helen. When David began to lay by, it was with half-a-crown. Suppose he had spent it instead, because the sum was so small, he might have found the same excuse for spending the next, and never have begun at all. People in our situation must not wait for large sums, if they mean to save. You know the old proverb, *Every little makes a mickle!*"

"But, gracious, Jane," said Helen, "if, when wages are high, one is to lay by every farthing one can spare, there would be no difference between good times and bad times. They would be all bad times, and one would never have any enjoyment at all!"

"Oh, you are mistaken, Helen," returned Jane; "it would be much nearer the truth to say that they would be all good times. And, besides, if you have nothing to spare when wages are high, how will you do when they are low?"

"Why, we must do as other people do—as well as we can," answered Helen. "Besides, Jane, Richard likes to see me respectable; one doesn't like to look worse than one's neighbours."

"But what is respectable, Helen?" asked Jane. "If you mean clean and tidy, I agree with you; but I think an old cloak well kept, and worn from motives of economy, is more respectable than a new one bought with money that ought not to have been spent. And since everybody's circumstances differ in some respect or other, why should we be guided by our neighbours? Besides, suppose our neighbours are imprudent, is that any reason why we should be imprudent too?"

When people are worsted in an argument, and begin to feel that they are wrong, they very commonly take refuge in a little bit of ill temper, by way of putting an end to the discourse, and getting out of the dilemma; and thus did Helen, saying impatiently—"Well, my goodness! what's the use of making such a fuss about the cloak; what's done can't be undone. Wright wont return my twenty shillings and take back the cloak, if I go on my knees to him; so do let's hear no more about it!" But Helen knew very well in her heart that it was not the individual cloak that Jane was "making such a fuss about," but the general principle of economy and saving that she wished to enforce; and although she scarcely acknowledged it even to herself, she was perfectly aware that her sister was right.

"Jane thinks it very extravagant of us to have bought this cloak," said she to her husband. "She says I ought to have worn my old one, and laid by the money." Richard was not more conceited or self-opiniated than men in general; but few people relish advice and interference with respect to their private conduct or domestic affairs, unless it is very delicately administered; so he answered that Jane should mind her own business.

"We don't find fault with her old cloak, and she need not find fault with your new one," said he. "If I had borrowed the money of her to pay for the cloak, she might have had a right to say something; but as I earned it by my own labour, I think I had a right to spend it as I pleased."

Whether Richard was right or wrong in this view of the case, we need not stop to inquire, but shall proceed with our story. Things went on tolerably well for some time, and to all appearance one sister was as well off as the other; for Jane, by good management and industry, and taking care to make everything go as far as it would, contrived that the little weekly sum that was laid by should never be missed. David always had his meals in comfort and sufficiency, and always found his cottage clean, and his wife and little girl (for each sister had become a mother) neat and tidy. And what more had Richard? Nothing that it would be easy to name. The money that was saved in one household without appearing to entail any perceptible privation, was spent in the other without producing any perceptible enjoyment; and this shows what may be done by good management and strict economy—economy without niggardliness, we mean; for if Jane had made her husband's home uncomfortable through her desire to save, she would have lost more than she gained. It is true the sum laid by was small—it could not be otherwise; but if, at the end of a month, there was a sum of ten shillings to carry to the bank—accumulated at the rate of half-a-crown a-week—what a wide difference there was between having it, without having suffered any sensible privation to obtain it, and having spent it without having anything to show for it, or being able to recall any particular pleasure or advantage its outlay had procured!

It seemed a piece of great good luck, that just as winter was coming on, and work not likely to be so plenty, Richard got a job about thirty miles from home; a gentleman named Halford, who was about to be married, was in haste to get some alterations made about his house, and an extra number of hands being required, Richard applied and obtained employment; but before Helen had well done rejoicing at their good fortune, news came that Richard had had a fall, and had broken his leg. The gentleman, however, who had employed him, acted very generously; he took him into his house, provided him with medical attendance, and desired that his wife should be sent for to remain with him till he was well enough to be moved. Helen went, and tended him carefully, until he was in a fit condition to be laid in a waggon and carried home, and then both she and Richard felt that it would not be right to encroach longer on the charity of their host.

There was every reason to hope that, with due care and rest, Richard would recover, and his damaged limb be as useful, if not quite as ornamental, to him as before the accident; but as Helen sat, with her child on her lap, watching his pale face, whilst the waggon crept slowly along the road, care sat upon her brow, and ever and anon a sigh bore evidence to the uneasy thoughts that weighed heavily upon her heart. Where was their daily bread to come from now? And as her eye fell upon the cloak, now worn and past its beauty, which had furnished the occasion of Jane's first lecture, a pang of remorse shot through her heart. "Ay," thought she, "had I begun to save then, we might by this time have had money enough to maintain us till Richard is able to work again, without being obliged to anybody." *Obliged to anybody!* and who could she look to be obliged to but the parish or her sister? "Never! no, never!" murmured Helen, as her heart swelled, and her cheek flushed, and the tears started to her eyes; "I'll eat my fingers before anybody shall know that we are in want!"

It is very easy to say such things: we shall see how Helen acted upon this very self-applauding expectation.

"What's the matter, Jane?" said David Cairns to his wife one evening. "What are you looking so grave about?"

"I was thinking of my sister and her husband," replied Jane. "Richard seems to get on but very slowly."

"Oh, but he'll do very well. I saw the doctor this evening as I came from work, and he says everything's going on quite right; there's no occasion to be uneasy."

"It is not about his leg, exactly, that I am uneasy," responded Jane; "I daresay it will get well in time, as the doctor says; but it's because I can't make out how they are living."

"Living!" replied David; "why, didn't Helen say that Mr Halford had given them money enough to keep them till Richard could work again?"

"She said he had behaved very generously to them," answered Jane; "and when I asked her what they were to do if Richard was long out of work, she told me I need not be uneasy, they should do very well; but I am uneasy though, for I can read Helen's countenance, and however she tries to carry it off, I can see she is very unhappy."

"Pooh!" said David; "that's all fancy. Why should she say they are well off if they are not?"

"From pride," answered Jane. "Helen's very proud, and I know she would rather suffer anything than own she was in want, especially to me."

David did not comprehend this so clearly as his wife did; but one thing he did comprehend, which was, that if Helen and her husband got into difficulties, there was no one to help them out of them but himself; and as he had no desire to be called upon to make such a sacrifice, he was by no means inclined to yield belief to Jane's suspicions, or to encourage them in her. Not that David was an unusually selfish or unfeeling man, but he had earned his money hardly; he had the prospect of a little family to provide for; he looked to the possible accidents of illness or want of work that might happen to himself, and he set a proportionate value on the little store that was his anchor of hope in the event of storms or reverses. So, whenever Jane made an attempt to introduce the subject, David threw cold water on it, recommending her not to pry into her sister's affairs, or persist in believing people in distress who declared they were not so; and as Helen's lips remained closed on the subject of their finances, Jane was obliged to keep her uneasiness and her suspicions to herself. All she could do was frequently to carry some little delicacy or mess of nourishing food to Richard, which, she said, she was sure would do him good, and which, she might have added, he seemed very much in want of; for Richard gained strength but slowly; which was the more unfortunate, as spring was coming on, and there was good prospect of plenty of work.

A man needs all his strength and activity to work as a mason; he has heavy weights to carry and long ladders to climb; and as long as stout hale workmen were to be had, Richard did not find it so easy a matter to get a job as he used to do. However, he got what he could, and worked his best; which was, indeed, very necessary, for Helen expected to be confined in June. Jane took care that she should want for nothing during her illness, and Helen silently, and, perhaps, rather sullenly, accepted her attentions—for Helen was an altered woman. She had been a thoughtless girl and a thoughtless young wife, but there was now an air of recklessness and sullen defiance about her, that occasioned Jane the deepest distress. Richard, on the contrary, seemed depressed, ill, and discouraged, but he made no complaints, and was as impenetrable to Jane as Helen was. This time, Helen gave birth to a little boy, and in the following autumn, Jane made her husband a similar present. Helen made little effort to return the attention she had received. She called once to see the child, and inquire how her sister was; but, she said, "she had enough to do at home to look after her own two brats, to have time for gadding." Jane said nothing, but she turned and looked in her face when she used the word *gadding*, and Helen blushed. "Besides," said she, with an affectation of gaiety, "I can be of no use to you, such rich people as you are," and she cast her eyes round on all Jane's little comforts—"you want for nothing that poor people like us can send you."

"No, I am thankful, I want for nothing," replied Jane; "but that is no reason I should not wish to see my sister; but, Helen, there's many a true word spoken in jest, and now the ice is broken, I can't help saying that I am afraid you and Richard are really poor; at least that you are not so well off as you pretend to be."

"Pooh!" said Helen; "you think nobody well off that has not got money in the savings'-bank; but if people have enough to eat every day in the year, what does it signify?"

"Not much, perhaps, if they always have enough," answered Jane; "though there was a time, Helen, when you looked to something more than having enough to eat," and she glanced at Helen's worn and faded cotton gown and scanty shawl. "But have you enough to eat, sister, every day in the year? Carry it off as you will, I can't help fearing that you have not, nor Richard either."

"Does Richard complain?" asked Helen, almost fiercely interrupting her sister.

"Oh, no," answered Jane, "never by words; but his looks complain, and so do yours. Those pale cheeks and hollow eyes, Helen"——

"Just because I'm nursing," interrupted Helen, peevishly. "Little Dick's such a hungry child that he drags me to death—and so, by the by, I must run, for I daresay he's squalling long before this, and little Jane wont know how to pacify him. He came into the world hungry, and I believe he has been hungry ever since," and with a forced laugh away ran Helen.

"I'm afraid he has," thought Jane, with a sigh, as she looked after her sister. "Poor little Dick!—by and by, when he is weaned, I can often get him here and give him a meal, as I do little Jane, without Helen's knowing anything about it."

And so she did; but Helen did know about it, though she affected ignorance; and, in her heart, she was glad, and even obliged too, although she would not have owned it. When her children went to their beds with full stomachs, Richard and she lay down in theirs better able to endure the cravings of their own empty ones.

The ensuing winter was very damp and close. There

was scarcely any frost, and the poor rejoiced, for they needed less fuel; but when the spring came, a fever broke out, and being very rife in the quarter where the Cairns family lived, David caught it, and was laid up for several weeks. Had they had nothing to fall back upon, this would have embarrassed them sadly; but they had a comfortable sum in the savings'-bank, and ten pounds of this, discreetly used, carried them through David's illness, and by enabling Jane to purchase him nourishing wholesome food afterwards, soon sent him back to his work a hale and cheerful man, leaving them both more determined to be careful for the future than ever, after thus experiencing the benefits of frugality and forethought.

It may be supposed that during David's illness Jane had no time for visiting her sister, and as her sister seldom visited her, their intercourse became less and less. But as soon as David was recovered, and they were out of their troubles, she seized her first moment of leisure to go and see how Helen and her children were getting on. When she arrived at the door, and lifted the latch, she found it was locked, but she heard the voices of both the children crying within.

"Where's your mammy, Janey?" said she to the little girl through the door.

"Mammy's out," replied the child.

"Has she been long gone?" inquired Jane.

"I don't know," said the child, sobbing; whilst Dicky roared loud enough to crack his windpipe. Not liking to leave them in that state, Jane tried to pacify them by talking to them through the door, and resolved to wait, if she could, till Helen returned; but Helen stayed so long that she found it impossible; so, leaving the bread and jam she had brought for the children with the next neighbour, she bent her way homewards.

"Where can Helen be away so long at this time of day?" thought Jane, as she turned from the door. "Ah! there was a time when she would not have left her children there to cry alone, poor little things." But she had not gone far before, in turning the corner of a street, she almost ran against her sister and her husband, whose loud voices, before they saw her, proclaimed that they were at angry words. Helen's cheek was flushed, her dress was slatternly, and not over clean, whilst Richard looked thin, wan, and dejected. They both started on perceiving it was Jane, and were evidently both confused; but Helen looked defiance to the conclusions her sister might draw from what she saw and heard, whilst Richard looked really humbled and abashed.

"I have been to your house," said Jane, "but I could not get in, and I left the poor children crying for you."

"We have been to receive some money," answered Helen—and as she spoke she chinked a few shillings in her hand with an assumed air of negligence—"and we were detained longer than we expected."

"I'll go back with you," said Jane, "for I am anxious to see the children. I haven't seen them these six weeks. I suppose Dicky's grown a fine boy."

"Middling," said Helen; "I don't think he thrives much; he's not half as forward as Janey was at his age."

"No wonder," murmured Richard in an under tone; but Helen gave him a look that stopped his mouth. He said nothing more, and Helen said nothing either, except in answer to Jane's inquiries; and she walked on with an air that did not seem to betoken a very hearty welcome to her sister. However, Jane was determined to see the children; and when Helen unlocked the door, uninvited she followed her in; but as she crossed the threshold, and caught a view of the rooms on either side, for both were open, she started with dismay at the picture of desolation that met her view. The parlour, which had once been prized, was perfectly bare; not an article of furniture remained in it; and the other room did not present a much more promising aspect. The bed was gone; but that Jane hoped had been replaced up stairs; and nearly everything else was gone too; in short, it was too evident that every article that could by any possibility be dispensed with had been removed. Whither? Alas! Jane guessed too well; they had been sold or pledged to furnish the means of subsistence. Richard silently drew forward a little three-legged stool—for chair there was none—and offered it to Jane, who, knowing Helen's proud spirit, did not dare to give utterance to the grief she felt, but taking little Dick in her arms, she hid her tearful eyes in the poor baby's bosom, whilst Helen tried to carry off her confusion by affecting to scold little Jane, whose naturally pretty face was scarcely recognisable for dirt and tears, because, during her mother's absence, she had dragged her silk cloak—*the* silk cloak, now little better than a faded rag—from the peg it hung upon, and putting it over her own shoulders, had been trailing it over the wet and dirty floor. What an air of discomfort there was over everything inanimate the room contained, and what traces of dissatisfaction and anxiety pervaded the features of those assembled there! What a home! How unlike the picture that the two sisters had imaged to themselves as the home of their husbands! Helen saw this, and felt it no less than Jane, as many reminiscences of air-built castles and cheerful anticipations crowded on her mind; but they presented themselves accompanied by remorse and self-reproach; and instead of allowing them to soften the growing spirit of hardness and recklessness that was stealing over her once frank and ingenuous temper, she dashed them ferociously from her mind, and laying to her heart that ill comfort—*ill comfort*, we mean, where our misfortunes are of our own seeking—"there are plenty others as badly off as we, and it is no use grieving over what can't be helped," she sunk her pride and her self-respect to the level of her fortunes, and made no further struggle to retrieve either.

In her prosperous days, Helen had found plenty of time to keep her house and furniture in order, to mend and make her husband's clothes, and to look well after her children too; but now, although the furniture was gone, and the house was bare, there seemed to have been no time to attend to the wants of husband or children either. Her pride in them and in herself was gone; Richard's decent wardrobe diminished by degrees, seldom arrested on its road to ruin by needle or thread; the children would scarcely have had clothes to cover them but for the kind care of their aunt; and, as it was, their unwashed faces and ragged heads, as they lay wallowing in the dirt before the door, instead of being sent to school, betokened no maternal tending, and showed too plainly the commencement of the first chapter in the records of their progress to destruction.

But had Richard no work? Yes, he had some, though not such good jobs or high wages as when he was a stout, hale, decent-looking man, and a steady workman. Still, there was enough earned to keep things together better than they were kept; but, alas! the vice, the cruel vice, the offspring and the cause of destitution, was twining its insidious snares around them, and precipitating their downward course. The craving, unsatisfied stomachs, the gnawing self-reproach, the despoiled cottage, the ill-clothed bodies, the comfortless present and the hopeless future, were working their usual effects, and conducting these victims of improvidence to their last stage of degradation and ruin—the gin shop and the public-house. This road to perdition, once entered upon, we need not say how fast it was travelled; down, down they went. A stone may rest secure for ever on the summit of a hill, but let some mischievous hand once urge it over the edge of the declivity, and how rapid is its descent!

At length, one morning the whole family disappeared, and Helen left word for her sister that Richard was going to look elsewhere for work. They left some small debts, which, as they were owing to very poor people, Jane and her husband paid, the cottage being found divested of every article that could be converted into money.

Jane shed many tears over her sister's departure, and the lamentable causes that had led to it. The poor children, too. What was to become of them? The fate of the unhappy family was as deplorable as these fears anticipated. Surrounded by a thousand temptations in London, to which they proceeded, and untrained to resist them, Dick went through various grades of vice, and was finally charged with an offence, and committed to jail. The father sunk and died, partly from distress of mind, and partly from the intemperate habits in which he had indulged. Helen was now desolate, with her daughter Jane, who, though guiltless of any error, shared the disgrace of the family, and could procure no means of earning a livelihood. Helpless, indeed, is poverty without character!

What was to be done? At last, Helen resolved that she would travel back to Fernfield with Jane, begging their way along the road, and if her sister would take charge of the girl, which she did not doubt, she would then return to London by herself, in order to earn a subsistence as she best could. So they started. Fortunately, the season was favourable, and the weather fine; and although they had often empty stomachs, and sometimes not wherewith to pay their lodging, yet the wholesome air, and the bright sky, and the green fields, contrasted so pleasantly with the dark alleys and wretched streets which they had long frequented, that their heavy hearts were cheered by the change; and many a time Helen had to hasten Jane, who was lingering behind, entranced with delight at recognising again the wild flowers she had gathered in her childhood.

Helen had determined not to see her sister, nor even to enter the town; she proposed getting somebody to guide Jane to the house, and then, without announcing her intention, to set off immediately on her return to London.

With this intention she lingered about the outskirts of the town till dusk, and then they drew nearer, and she looked about for somebody to whom she could intrust the girl. Jane, however, said that she wanted no guide. "I remember the house and the street as well as if I'd left it but yesterday," said she. "See, mother, there are the Fairley Meadows, and that's the way to the old mill, and that's the lane that leads to church; but there's a pretty house—I don't remember that house."

"No," answered Helen; "that house is new; it wasn't here in our time. But if you are sure you know your way, you shall go to your aunt's alone; that will be better than asking one to guide you."

"But, mother," said Jane, "suppose aunt and uncle shouldn't live here now; it's a long while ago; perhaps they've moved."

Helen thought this unlikely; but as she intended to depart as soon as her daughter left her, it was important to ascertain this point, lest the poor girl should find herself a friendless stranger in the place; so she inquired of a lad who was passing, with a spade on his shoulder, if David Cairns, the carpenter, and his wife, still lived there. The boy said he did not know them.

"They lived in Well Street," said Helen, "at number five."

"They don't live there now, then," said he, "for that's where mother lives, and I never heard her speak of them." In short, he knew nobody of the name of Cairns, except farmer Cairns, that he worked for; he lived in the new house hard by.

Hereupon a labourer came past, and was applied to for information. "If it's Mr Cairns you want," said he, looking hard at the two women, "you haven't far to go. That's his house, and he's one of the overseers of the poor, if that's what you're looking for."

"But the person I mean was a carpenter," said Helen.

"Well, it's the same," answered the man. "David Cairns, that married Jane Thomson. He was a carpenter once, but he's a farmer now, and an overseer; and that's his house;" and therewith the man passed on.

"Is Mrs Cairns alive?" asked Helen, with a trembling voice.

"Ay, to be sure she is," answered the lad she had first addressed. "Alive and life-like, and so's young master and missus."

Helen said no more, but seating herself on a stone, she gave way to her reflections—to her reflections? ay, and to her tears. Here was a bitter contrast—"Young master and missus!" She looked at her poor girl that stood beside her, and she thought of her boy in a jail, and of Richard, her husband, the love of her youth, dead; dead of poverty, neglect, bad air, bad habits, and starvation dead, a pauper, and buried by the parish! It was too grievous to be borne; she started to her feet. "Go, Jane," said she; "go to that house and ask for your aunt; tell her who you are, and tell her that your mother—your thoughtless, proud, wicked mother; for I was proud once, Jane, very proud, and I wouldn't listen to the friend that would have saved me—tell her that I have brought your brother to a jail, and that I have led you to the brink of destruction, and ask her to save you; go on your knees and ask it; I know she will; and tell her"——

"But, mother," said Jane, almost alarmed at her vehemence, "don't you come to aunt too?"

"By and by—to-morrow," sobbed Helen. "Not to-night; bid her not seek to see me to-night; good-by, Jane—good-by—be a good girl, and mind your aunt; and remember—no, no, don't remember—forget your wretched mother!"

"But to-morrow you'll be sure to come, mother?"

"To-morrow — yes, to-morrow — good-by till then," and throwing her arms wildly about her child, she gave her a long, last kiss, and then, directing Jane towards the house, she turned away herself, and hastened along the road to London. The next day she was expected at her sister's house, and when she came not, was eagerly inquired for; but after she parted with her daughter, no one had seen her; and what became of her it is needless to inquire. Jane was saved, and passed a life of innocence and peace with her good aunt. She often said, in after life, that she thought the memory of her infant home, and of the wild flowers she used to gather in the Fairley Meadows, had preserved her from absolute corruption. She lived in the midst of vice and dirt; nothing met her eyes but what was sordid and wretched; but she knew there were beautiful objects in the world; she never saw a flower-pot in a window, that she did not remember the home of her childhood, and feel a vague desire that she might some day behold it again.

"We have many blessings to be thankful for," said David Cairns one evening to his wife, as they sat cogitating on past events, "and not the least is being able to afford an asylum to our unfortunate niece, who has had a warning to be careful which she will not easily forget. Oh! but if young people could reflect for a moment on the misery they are likely to incur, not only for themselves, but their children, by rushing headlong into marriage without almost a shilling they could call their own. As for Richard and your sister, what else could they expect than what actually took place? They married with next to nothing. Richard might have saved money whilst he was single, or waited to marry till he had; but when he took his wife home, I know that their furniture was not all paid for; and then, when they had good wages and good health, they lived up to whatever he earned. Did they suppose the course of the world was to be altered for them, and that they were to be exempt from the ups and downs that every workman meets with? The minister teaches us that we must not live as if there were no future beyond this world; but it would be a good thing if he would sometimes remind us that there is a future *in* this world too; and that if we don't make a provision for it, we have little chance of being happy, and almost as little of being virtuous; for destitution is a sad corrupter, and I believe both Richard and Helen meant well, and might have done well too, if they could only have remembered that the sun does not shine every day in the year, and that as rain follows fair weather, so does evil fortune succeed to good."

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN INNS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Spectator* newspaper makes a serious complaint respecting the charges usually made at inns in England.

"On Monday last (he says) my niece and myself travelled to Portsmouth to embark the next day in a west of England steamer. We arrived about six in the evening, and put up at the inn where the coach stopped. We intimated our wish to take something in the shape of dinner, which we could have directly we were told a joint was then ready; and it was shortly put before us, with a pair of soles. Both of us being invalids, we made our dinner principally off the fish, and scarcely touched the joint; tea followed; and breakfast on the ensuing morning; the latter, with the addition of a not faultless egg (and of course put aside), and a modicum of some rusty bacon. We left the inn soon after nine, having been under the roof some fifteen hours, two-thirds of which were spent in our bed-rooms, and consequently we could not have given much trouble. Our inn bill amounted to L.1, 11s.—the items are as follow:—

Dinners,	L.0 10 0
Teas,	0 3 6
Candles, beds, &c.,	0 7 6
Breakfast and eggs,	0 5 0
Waiter,	0 1 6
Chambermaid,	0 1 6
Boots,	0 1 0
Porter,	0 1 0
	L.1 11 0

Now for the contrast. I select one of my bills last autumn, when my niece and myself visited Dieppe and Boulogne; the bills of the Belgian innkeepers are rather less:—

	s.	*d.*
Dinners, 3 francs each,	5	0
Coffee, ½ franc each,	0	10
Beds, 2 francs each,	3	4
Breakfast (including shrimps and eggs), 1½ francs each,	2	6
Servants (including waiter and chambermaid), 1 franc each day,	0	10
Boots and porter [optional]	0	5
	12	11

But I think I hear some of your readers exclaim, look at the quality of the articles supplied? Truly this ought to be done. I will put aside the questionable egg, and admit that the soles and beef were faultless. So much for my English landlord. Now for the French or Belgian innkeeper's bill of fare for dinner:—

Course 1st, Excellent soup.
Course 2d, Two or three different kinds of fish.
Course 3d, Beef, mutton, or veal; fowl or game.
Course 4th, Puddings, tarts, and different sweets, preserved fruits, &c.
Finale, an excellent dessert, worth all the money.

It is, of course, not possible for a continental innkeeper to furnish such a dinner as I have described for such a trifling sum to one or two customers. Truth, therefore, compels me to avow that my niece and myself, to enjoy the good cheer, were compelled to sit down at the same table with some twelve or fifteen ladies and gentlemen, all our equals, if not superiors in life—many of them foreigners, but the majority were English. You will pity our sad fate at not being enabled to dine in solitary dignity; yet, strange to say, we tolerated the society of each other so exceedingly well, that even the ladies lingered with us until it was time to dress for the soirée, or "danse"—the admission to which is one franc less to a family, and less still if you subscribe for a week."

All will agree with the writer of the foregoing observations, that the charges usually made at hotels in this country are monstrous, and quite unsuitable to the improved and cheap modes of locomotion by railways and steam-boats. From our own recollections, we should say that the expense incurred at a good continental inn is little more than what would require to be disbursed for servants at a hotel in England. On one occasion, not long ago, for the simple accommodation of tea, a night's lodging, and breakfast, in a hotel near Charing-Cross, we were charged, for two persons, L.1, 10s. 6d.—the actual value of the articles consumed being perhaps half-a-crown; out of the guinea and a half, the servants had 7s. 6d. We find it everywhere customary to charge from 3s. to 4s. for dinner, no matter although the meal consists of only a morsel of steak, or any similarly unexpensive trifle. There is, in short, no kind of moderation in the ordinary routine of inn charges in England; the whole seems to be little better than a system of plunder; and like all other invasions on property, it doubtless reacts upon itself, and prevents thousands from travelling who would otherwise do so. That innkeepers, with the heavy burdens of rents and taxes which they must sustain, could lower their charges to what are customary on the continent, is not to be expected. But, short of this, they might greatly reduce their exactions, and much to their own advantage. If they do not, they may rest assured that new kinds of accommodation will spring up to meet the exigencies of the times. We should recommend, for example, that in all large seats of population, where there are railway termini, inns should be attempted on the continental plan—a house with from 150 to 200 bedrooms, each neatly but unexpensively furnished; a large saloon, in which all the meals are spread, at one or separate tables, and the charges to be arranged on the modern and now well understood principle of *small profits on an extensive and nimble trade*. Capital, seeking for an outlet, might fall on less advantageous investments than an establishment of this nature.

PAPER-MONEY BORROWING.

THERE is too much truth in the following observations on the English bank paper borrowing; we copy from the *Britannia* newspaper:—

"There is one circumstance which has always preceded a season of distress, namely, a great issue of the paper circulation. Immediately before the panic of 1825, the Bank of England had lowered the rate of its discounts, and every other bank in the country probably followed its example. The country was thus flooded with imaginary wealth, and in six months after it was overwhelmed with almost universal bankruptcy. The facility of borrowing always creates rashness of speculation, and speculation founded on paper always ends in bankruptcy. Men borrow at will, and depend on chance for the power to pay. They use lightly what has lightly come; and the most trivial touch breaks the bubble.

This accounts for all the panics; but our more gradual distresses come from the same source. By an anomaly of the most singular kind, the law of England, while it transports a man for coining a sixpence in metal, allows him to coin millions in paper; nay, a man without a sixpence may forge millions of pounds, and possess himself of all that millions can give, provided that he can get his paper into circulation. But who will take it? Thousands and tens of thousands. The process is the simplest thing in the world, and has been practised hundreds of times. A bank is opened in a country town; an equipage, a handsome house, a carriage, all easily supplied on London credit, give the new firm an air of opulence. The surrounding dealers, in their difficulties, are supplied with paper, and they thus become its circulators. The neighbouring manufacturers are assisted in their casual pressures; and they, too, thus become its circulators. An estate in the vicinity is to be sold, it is purchased by the firm, and paid for in its paper. All this adds to its credit with the people. The farmer, the butcher, and the baker, all find themselves paid better as the banker distributes his paper more widely. Thus Adam Smith's definition of prosperity, "high prices, and those advancing," is realised in the country. Every one is growing rich. The gold mine has been discovered in the banker's till; and it flows all day without any check from his conscience.

The process now extends. A piece of waste land lies outside the town. A speculator takes it, covers it with a manufactory, mortgages the building to the bank, and pays its price to the architect in paper. A hundred or a thousand weavers are gathered; the peasantry are drained from the next villages; and cotton cloth is fabricated with the greatest possible rapidity. To insure a sale, the manufacturer must sell it at the lowest possible price; and to meet his expenses at that price, he must produce the largest possible quantity. The wheel of fortune goes round, and the danger of imminent ruin is forgotten in the noise of the whirl.

The transaction is now spread to every corner of the globe where men can give a commission for cotton. On a sudden a letter arrives to say, that a merchant in Australia has failed, or a storekeeper in Massachusetts has run away, or a shop of finery in Calcutta has been burned to the ground. The manufacturer is sensitive all round the terrestrial sphere; he has *tentacula* like the lobster in perpetual motion and perpetual sensibility. With the failure of his returns he is ruined. His mortgagees seize his manufactory; his workmen are flung loose on the world; and mischief and misery close the scene. But the discovery is soon made that the banker, too, is worth nothing. The creditors seize house, equipage, and land; the peasantry "run for gold;" and all is beggary and despair.

Yet what is all this but the exemplification of the common maxim, that "out of nothing nothing can come."

ADVENTURE AT CHAUD FONTAINE.

How annoying to be travelling in a country and ignorant of its language; how amusing to witness two beings, in other respects well-informed, well-educated, making forced grimaces to understand each other, without being able to guess at their mutual wants and wishes! During a flying visit to Belgium, Mr T—— and his lovely wife stopped a couple of days at Chaud Fontaine, near Liege, so pleasantly situated in the valley of the Vesdre, and resembling in several of its most agreeable features our Matlock, though upon a smaller scale. They took up their quarters at the Hotel des Bains. On retiring for the night, the gentleman either fancying he was not at sleeping pitch, or else not feeling himself all right, resolved to line his night-cap with a stiff glass of grog, and rang the bell for that purpose; up came the attic nymph. "Que veut, Monsieur?" "Oh, ah; why, bring me a glass of brandy and water." "Qu'est ce, que c'est, Monsieur? Je ne parle pas Anglais." "Why, Frank," said his wife, laughing, "where is the use of talking English to the girl? she doesn't understand a word of it; she's staring at you in amazement." "Well," quoth the husband, "I believe you; but what the deuce am I to do? What a bore, not to be able to make one's self understood; I'm determined to learn French as soon as I return home. Come, Bessy, my dear, you speak it better than I do; pray tell her what I want, and bid her look sharp." "So I will, but cannot for the life of me call to mind what is the word for brandy; let me see. Oh, Mamsell, portez one glass d'eau" (pointing to a glass, and the water on the dressing-table). "Oui, oui, Madame, une verre d'eau." "Yes, oui; et un petty poor de chose dans it." "Une verre d'eau, et quelque chose dedans!" exclaimed the puzzled abigail, apparently at her wit's end, when all at once a light seemed to break in upon her—"Ah, que je suis bete! je comprends a cette heure, c'est une vielleuse qu'on veut: je vais la chercher a l'instant," and out of the chamber she darted. "Now, Frank, what do you think of that?" said Mrs. T——, quite delighted with her profound knowledge of the French; don't you think I speak the language exceedingly well!" "Indeed you do, my love; I am astonished when and where you picked it all up." "Oh, don't be surprised at that; I have a natural talent for languages; and if I were to stay here a month, I should parley as well as the natives. But here comes the girl with your grog; don't let her come in; take it from her at the door." Accordingly the husband did as he was bid, took the glass, dismissed the maid with an approving nod, turned to his better half, who was just considering how two people were to sleep in such a narrow bed—"Here is my love to you Bessy." "Thank you, Frank; but pray leave a drop at the bottom." But oh, horrible! instead of a stiff glass of grog, it was a night light, for so the girl had understood the order. Poor Frank had nearly swallowed the whole, when he was stopped by the floating wick, and a most violent feeling of disgust. How shall I describe his loathing and his rage, or his wife's screams of laughter, which she could not repress, in spite of every effort, at her husband's ridiculous blunder? The poor fellow is now reconciled to the nasty joke, which, he says, was the fruit of his wife having a natural talent for learning languages.—*Times*.

THE SUBSCRIPTION FOR BURNS'S SISTER.

September 28, 1842.

THE appeal made to the public in behalf of this interesting person was mentioned in the Journal a few months ago. We have now the pleasure of stating that the sum collected for her is of such amount as to secure her comfort for life. The sums sent in have been as follows:—

LONDON.

Her Majesty, the Queen,		£50	0 0
Collected by the Hon. C. Augustus Murray, Buckingham Palace,		14	0 0
P. F. Tytler, Esq.,		1	0 0
A. Hastie, Esq., M. P.,		1	1 0
Collected by Mr Hastie—			
W. Jardine, Esq., M. P.,	£1 1 0		
J. Jardine, Esq.,	1 1 0		
J. Smith, Esq., Deanston,	1 1 0		
A. Steaker, Esq.,	1 1 0		
W. J. Stephenson, Esq.,	1 1 0		
J. Arnold, Esq.,	1 1 0		
Dr A. Stewart,	1 1 0		
R. Eglinton, Esq.,	1 1 0		
J. M'Clure, Esq.,	1 1 0		
O. W. Halket, Esq.,	1 1 0		
A Friend,	1 1 0		
Additional,	2 0 0		
		13	11 0
Thomas Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea,		1	0 0
Collected by Mr Carlyle—			
Mr Macready, for himself,	5 5 0		
—— his children,	4 15 6		
Mr Renyon,	2 0 0		
Mrs Gaskill,	1 0 0		
Mrs Reid,	1 0 0		
		14	0 6
T. Monkton Milnes, Esq., M. P.,		1	0 0
Collected by Mr Milnes—			
The Duchess of Sutherland,	5 0 0		
Lord Francis Egerton,	5 0 0		
Mr Aldam, M. P.,	1 0 0		
Mr Pusey, M. P.,	1 0 0		
Sir Thomas Acland, M. P.,	2 0 0		
Hon. Sidney Herbert,	1 0 0		
Mr Dickinson, M. P.,	1 0 0		
Hon. Dawson Damer, M. P.,	1 0 0		
		17	0 0
George Thomson, Esq., Kensington (formerly of Edinburgh),		3	3 0
Collected by Mr Thomson—			
Sir Charles Forbes, of Edinglassie, Bart.,	10 0 0		
George Arbuthnot, Esq. of Elderslie,	5 0 0		
Dr James Fisher, Upper Bedford Place,	1 0 0		
Miss Eccles, London,	0 5 0		
Lady Holland,	1 1 0		
Colonel Fox,	1 1 0		
Miss Fox,	1 1 0		
Marquis of Tavistock,	1 1 0		
Sir Robert Adair, Bart., G. C. B.,	1 1 0		
David Dundas, Esq.,	1 1 0		
John Allen, Esq.,	1 1 0		
		23	12 0
John Wilson, Esq., 41, Regent Square,		3	0 0
Collected by Mr Wilson,		12	0 0
B. W. Procter, Esq.,		10	10 0
Thomas Tegg, Esq.,		10	0 0
James Grant, Esq., Morning Advertiser Office,		1	1 0
John Platt, Esq., 3, St Andrew's Place, Regent's Park,		1	1 0
J. G. B.,		5	0 0
Rev. W. Bishop, Upton, near Reading, Berks,		2	0 0

LIVERPOOL.

Collected by John Welsh, Esq., 20, Maryland Street,	L.40 1 6		
Collected by John Taylor, Esq., 23, Upper Bedford Street,	27 15 0		
	67 16 6		
Deduct expenses,	18 6		
		66	18 0
Subscription at Sheffield, per John Fowler, Esq.,		4	0 0
C. B. Portmore, Esq., Solicitor, Derby,		5	0 0

EDINBURGH.

Hon. Lord Cunninghame,		L.1	0 0
Sir Charles S. Monteath, Bart.,		1	0 0
J. W. Mackenzie, Esq., W.S.,		1	1 0
W. Patrick, Esq., 32 Albany Street,		1	0 0
Messrs Chambers, 339, High Street,		4	0 0
(Small subscriptions),		7	6

GLASGOW.

Collected by James Macfarlane, Esq.,		L.3	17 0
(Some further sums are expected from Glasgow.)			

AYRSHIRE.

Claud Alexander, Esq., Ballochmyle,		L.2	0 0
Mrs Alexander, Ballochmyle,		2	0 0
Collected by Mrs Alexander—			
Lady Jane Hamilton,	L.1 0 0		
Mr Hamilton,	1 0 0		
Sir D. H. Blair, Bart.,	1 0 0		
Mrs Ritchie,	1 0 0		
Sir J. M. Brisbane, Bart.,	1 0 0		
Dr H. Blair,	1 0 0		
Sir William Miller, Bart.,	1 0 0		
Mrs Somerville,	1 0 0		
Mrs Allason Cunninghame,	1 0 0		
Hon. Mrs Cathcart,	1 0 0		
Smaller subscriptions,	6 0 6		
		16	0 6
William Gibson, Esq., Greenfield, Ayr,		1	0 0
Collected by Mr Gibson,	8 9 0		
Deduct expenses,	3 0 8		
		5	8 4

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

Remitted by a committee, composed of the following gentlemen:—John M'Lean, George Esson, William Mackay, Alexander Bain, Donald Murray, Alexander M'Leod, John Gibson, John M'Dougall, Esquires,		35	0 0

Being, in all, rather more than *three hundred and thirty pounds*.

We propose to add not one word of comment to the above list: positively and negatively, it will speak for itself. We cannot refrain, however, from transferring to this place a passage of the letter to Mrs Begg, which accompanied the contribution of our noble little band of warm-hearted countrymen settled at Halifax, N.S.:—"It cannot be otherwise than gratifying to you and your friends to learn, that the veneration felt for the memory of your departed brother has excited so general and warm a sympathy among Scotsmen, for the misfortunes with which you have been visited. These, under the decrees of a wise and benevolent Providence, fall often upon the good and the virtuous, and are sent for purposes which, as they cannot be comprehended, ought to be submitted to with patience and resignation. We have reason to believe that these have fallen upon you quite undeservedly, and it therefore gives us pleasure to lend our aid in alleviating them so far as the goods of fortune are concerned. Had your lamented brother lived longer to reap the fruits of his well-earned fame, his countrymen in this place would have been proud to repay the honours he has conferred upon them by some substantial mark of their favour. Such a return to him is now impossible; but they are glad to have the present opportunity of testifying their gratitude to his memory, and trusting that you may long live to enjoy contributions so frankly and voluntarily given, and the consciousness of being an object of public respect and sympathy.—We are," &c.

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MERITS.

In Erasmus's Apothegms of the Ancients is the following anecdote:—"A Lacedemonian, seeing Diogenes the Cynic naked, in a vehement cold morning, grasping a brazen statue round, asked him, 'If he was not cold?' Upon denying he was, 'Then,' said the Spartan, 'where is the great matter in it?'" The Lacedemonian was right. If Diogenes did not feel the cold, he suffered nothing from his exposure, and he therefore could not fairly be considered as exercising that fortitude and disregard of earthly ills which it was a peculiarity of his sect to pretend to. The probability is, that Diogenes, although there might not be perfect sincerity in his answer to the Lacedemonian, had either inherited from nature, or acquired from long residence in his well-known doorless mansion, a certain robustness or physical hardiness which made him less sensible to cold than the generality of men. Modern physiologists find this explanation for several other notable cases of endurance. The North American Indian, for example, who shows such contempt for the tortures inflicted on him by his enemies at the stake, is now understood to be mainly indebted for his apparent power of endurance to a nervous system originally grosser than that of the Pale Faces, and since made still more dull by his barbarous course of life. When we wonder at the calmness of one of these sufferers, as Mrs Hunter does in her beautiful poem, "The Death Song of an Indian Chief," we attribute to him an European constitution; we think how we ourselves should feel under such trying circumstances; and knowing that we should squall most piteously, we imagine Alknomook to be a hero because he bears all without allowing a groan or a whimper to escape him. But all this is a mistake. Alknomook probably does not feel one-tenth of what we should do, and—"Where, then, is the great matter in it?" It is precisely an analogous explanation which is given of the power of the Australian savages to bear heavy blows with a club upon the back of the head—to which, it seems, they submit by way of a trial of strength, and thus sustain, without injury, what would dash any Englishman's head to pieces. The Australian has simply a thicker and harder skull than the Englishman. When we consider these things, we are apt to challenge the philosophy of such moralisings as this of Byron—

> ——— "mute
> The camel bears the heaviest load,
> And the wolf dies in silence—not bestow'd
> In vain should such example be; if they,
> Things of ignoble and of savage mood,
> Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay
> May temper it to bear."

Granted that the patient sufferings of animals are affecting to look upon, and may well suggest ideas of resignation and fortitude; but if, in point of fact, the creatures here specified lack the mechanism or media of suffering, or possess a nervous system greatly less sensible to suffering than ours, their endurance must, on a rigid investigation, appear only a natural fact, and not a moral example. A poet would, of course, not inquire too curiously, but there is something to be done in the world besides poetising.

It is no very new remark, that merit is often claimed and often attributed where it is as little due as in the above instances. Men are every day seen, Diogenes-like, enduring, with an appearance of heroic fortitude, hardships and self-mortifications to which they are insensible. Possibly not a few saintly reputations have been built upon no better foundation than to voluntary exposures of this kind. There are skins less alive to the lash than others, and we can easily conceive of some pachydermatous St Francis, who could lay it well on with very little inconvenience to himself, while whole monasteries were looking on with admiration. Some stomachs, moreover, require much less food than others; and it is not impossible that some canonisations have been mainly owing to what Liebig might call an inferior oxygenability of constitution. There are instances of human beings, under some derangement of the system, living for weeks without food. How easy it would be for any such person to make himself out a paragon of the fasting virtue! Honest people, who have thick skins, or small powers of inhaling oxygen, make no fuss about the matter; but marvellers and cunning dogs look as big about it as possible, and leave odorous memories of many centuries' duration. We thoroughly believe that a great proportion of the cases of extraordinary negative virtue on record are explainable on this principle. The school of Diogenes, who affected a superiority to all the elegancies and amenities of life, were probably for the most part men who had no natural relish of or feeling for such things. Barbarians of the same kind are found in all civilised communities: there must have been such men in Greece also: there it was the fashion to make any peculiar notions the foundation of "a school." Hence, the haters of neat clothes and carpeted rooms, who, amongst us, are only regarded as detestable oddities, were exalted at Athens into the character of philosophers. There are also, in all countries, men of dogged imperturbable natures, who never cry out for any hurt or misfortune of their own, and are generally as remarkable for a want of feeling respecting the distresses and mishaps of their neighbours. Here, these men are generally shunned as disagreeable, or laughed at as odd: in Greece, they became the Stoical School, teaching that the perfection of virtue is to disregard all the evils of life! It is easy to trace a feature of natural character through various successive social appearances, modified only by the external pressure of the time. The Stoics reappear in the Anchorites of the fifth and sixth centuries. The tub of Diogenes becomes converted, in the middle ages, into an hermitage. Amongst us, many a worthy successor of that philosopher is known as the growling old gentleman, who lives by himself in the three pair of stairs back, and never allows a female to enter his door.

In these negative merits, there is often a double deception. Not only is there an indifference to the particular indulgence, for exemption from which the praise is given, but it is amply compensated by indulgences of a different kind, probably less liable to notice or to condemnation. It is well, of course, to be superior to any indulgence of a nocuous character, whether it be so absolutely, or in the way of excess, or too frequent repetition; let it be fully understood that all honour is due to every successful contest with such inclinations. But the merit of freedom from any particular error is rendered, to say the least of it, equivocal, if a great latitude be taken elsewhere, so as to leave, upon the whole, not less indulgence of one kind and another. I received my first impressions on this subject a good many years ago, in the course of acquaintance with a young person of my own age, who at first seemed superior to every foible whatever, and passed with me, of course, as a paragon of self-denial; until one evening, meeting him at supper, I found him eating and drinking so enormously, and that without becoming in the least affected by it, even to the limited extent of an increased cheerfulness, that it was easy to see that aliment was a moral infirmity which in him had swallowed up or precluded all others. Thus, also, some who are remarkably abstemious in respect of meat, are remarkably indulgent in respect of liquor; while others, who take little liquor, make up for it amply by additional dishes and extra helpings. Of the adherents of the tee-total cause itself, it is no scandal—it is only supposing the weakness of human nature—to say that some compensate for the banished crystal by the more frequent crockery. On this point we are tempted to introduce a very brief anecdote, which can do no harm to that good cause:—A distinguished advocate of the abstinence principle, who snuffed very largely, called one day upon a member of his own profession, with whom he was well acquainted, and who lived in a different town from himself, to press upon him the duty of his joining the society. He met a rather obdurate listener, but nevertheless persevered in his arguments for fully a quarter of an hour. At length, his friend said, "Why, now, it is very odd that, while you are preaching to me about the propriety of altogether abandoning liquor, you are every half minute taking a large pinch of snuff. Is there not as much of a bad indulgence in the one thing as the other?" The preacher was struck silent by the remark, the subject of which had never before occurred to his mind. But it is to be related, to his credit so far, that when he next called, about six months after, he had given up the use of snuff, thus proving his sincere anxiety to banish reprehensible indulgences in his own case. On this point, it may be not impertinently asked, if the gentleman "who never takes supper," and looks on while others do, with an air of affected superiority, really is entitled to take any credit to himself on this score, if he alone of all the company has dined late, or dined well. And to pass from a small thing to a great, it may be questioned if the well-off and comfortable are always quite right in their blame of the poor for certain indulgences notoriously attributed to them. Let us hear once again what Maggie Mucklebacket said on this subject to the Laird of Monkbarns, on his expressing a hope that the distilleries would never work again:—"Ay, ay—it's easy for your honour and the like o' you gentle folks to say sae, that hae stouth and routh, and fire and fending, and meat and claith, and sit dry and canny by the fireside; but an ye wanted fire, and meat, and dry claise, and were deeing o' cauld, and had a sair heart into the bargain, which is warst ava, wi' just tippence in your pouch, wadna ye be glad to buy a dram wi't, to be eilding and claise, and a supper, and heart's ease into the bargain, till the morn's morning?" 'Twere to be wished that the specified comforts were to be obtained otherwise than in this representative way, and Maggie's compeers should not be too ready to make use of this flattering apology, which certainly does not apply in that large proportion of instances where the dram has been the *cause* of that want of the fire, clothing, meat, and heart's ease, which it is also employed to supply. But there is not a little force in the views of the poly-petticoated philosopher, as far as the right of the comfortable to arrogate to themselves superior virtue is concerned, and considering simply the comfortable against the uncomfortable. A human being, in average conditions, requires a certain amount of comfort of some kind to make life pass tolerably. He may take it in various ways, but he must have it, or life becomes insupportable. Now, certainly, he who has all the comforts usually experienced in the houses of the middle and upper classes in this country, must be considered as independent of drams. Were he to take *these* besides, he would be a remarkable monster indeed. There is not the most distant shade of merit, circumstanced as he is, in abstaining from the vicious indulgences to which the comfortless are tempted. *Here*, however, lies the merit

of the more comfortable classes, and would that it could be impressed deeply on the hearts and minds of the poor!—their merit is in endeavouring to attain to, and sustain themselves in, the circumstances which tend to make man superior to low indulgences. In as far as any of the comfortable portion of the community can say, "I have wrought for this house, this good clothing, this fire, and this ease and peace of mind," he is clearly meritorious. The poorest can in some degree, by a right direction of their energies, and a prudential course of conduct, secure themselves in like manner from that comfortlessness which, when it does exist, forms the only shadow of a palliation which the case put by Maggie Mucklebacket admits of. Assuredly, where any have brought on the comfortlessness by their own imprudence, or by indulgences for which there was originally no apology of any kind, the beautifully humane sentence of Scott would only be a description of the punishment imposed by providence for the error, instead of an apology for the present indulgence.

There is also such a thing as merit attributed for things done by accident, or without the design which they ultimately seemed to have. Everybody has read in "Joe Miller" of the English sailor, who, falling from the top-mast upon deck, without hurting himself, instantly got up, and springing to the side of the vessel, called out to the crew of a Dutch vessel near by, one of whom had performed some wonderful feats in leaping, "Can any of you lubbers do anything like that?" This is the type of many cases which occur in life. Some one says a clever thing by chance; it is applauded, and he quietly pockets the praise, as if he had meant to say the thing. Some one is favoured by fortune in performing some feat, or transacting some piece of business very successfully; his friends praise him for his skill, his address, or his courage, and he coolly puts up with the imputation. Some years ago, this idea was made the basis of a series of papers in a popular magazine, in which a young man, who was an absolute coward, is represented as advancing rapidly in the army through the mere favour of a succession of events in which he *appeared* to have conducted himself with boldness and spirit. First he is carried by an unruly horse into the midst of the enemy at the head of a charge which is successful, and, coming off unhurt, is held as having shown a wonderful example of bravery—then, attacked in travelling by a robber, he, in a frenzy of terror, seizes the man's wrist convulsively, and calls to the coachman to drive on; the assailant is thus dragged on, a helpless prisoner, to quarters—and so forth. Such circumstances may well be presumed to occur much more frequently than the world is aware of, for concealment is essential to them. There is another class of merit-takers worthy of special notice, namely, those who are always prophesying how ill things will turn out, merely for the pleasure of damping the hopes or dashing the joy of their neighbours. When things turn out well, these forebodings are of course forgotten; when the case is otherwise, the seer is enabled to take some praise to himself. "I told you how it would be—I always said so"—&c. I wish some statist would give us a return of the number of persons of this kind who annually *disappear and are never more heard of.*

Need I say how true merit is to be distinguished from all these false kinds? by actual good designs and good doings, by genuine self-denying and self-devotion for good ends, and all under the prompting of a principle which does not limit its views to this nether sphere.

MORMONISM.

The sect of the Mormonites, or Latter-Day Saints, has of late years become familiar by these names in Great Britain. They derive their first and standing appellation from a work called the Book of Mormon, assumed by them to be the fruit of inspiration and revelation, and taken as the text-book and Bible of the sect. The Book of Mormon, published two or three times in North America, and once in Britain in 1841, had the following origin:—

Some twenty and odd years since, a young man named Joseph Smith, the founder, apostle, and prophet of the Mormonites, followed the profession of a *money-digger* in the United States. It is a common belief in some of the maritime districts of that republic, that large sums of money and masses of bullion were there buried in the earth by the buccaneers, as well as, more recently, by persons concerned in the Revolution. The pretence of discovering these treasures by incantations was an artifice to which needy and cunning men frequently resorted, and Joseph Smith, according to the best testimony, distinguished himself peculiarly in this line. While he was engaged in these and similar pursuits, he received, as his own story runs, several revelations from heaven, relative to the religious sects of the day. On the first occasion when he was thus favoured, he had gone into a grove, and there besought divine aid to show him which, of all the denominations of the Christian church then existing, he ought to reverence and follow as the true one. A bright light, he said, appeared above his head; he was received up into the midst of it; and he there saw two angelic personages, who told him that all his sins were forgiven, that the whole world was in error on religious points, and that the truth should be made known to him in due time. A second revelation of a similar description informed Smith that the American Indians were a remnant of the children of Israel, and that prophets and inspired men had once existed among them, by whom divine records had been deposited in a secure place, to save them from the hands of the wicked. A third communication, made on the morning of September 22, 1823, informed Smith that these relics were to be found in a cavern, on a large hill to the east of the mail-road from Palmyra, Wayne county, state of New York. Here, accordingly, Joseph made search, and, as he says, found a stone-chest containing plates like gold, about seven by eight inches in width and length, and not quite so thick as common tin. On these plates was graven the book or bible of Mormon, so called from the name given to the party supposed to have written and concealed it. Smith was not allowed to take away these golden plates until he had learned the Egyptian language, in which tongue, or a modern dialect of it, the graven book was composed. At length, in September 1827, Smith was deemed qualified to receive the golden plates, and he transcribed an English version of the characters, which was published in the year 1830. The work made a considerable impression on the poorer classes of the United States, and a sect was formed soon afterwards, calling themselves "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints." From their text-book, they were more familiarly called the "Mormonites."

The Book of Mormon, which is nearly of the same extent as the Old Testament, contains, properly speaking, two distinct stories or histories. The history of the Nephites, a portion of the tribe of Joseph, supposed to have emigrated from Jerusalem under a prophet named Nephi, and to have been miraculously led to America, occupies the first part of the work. The Nephites founded, says the story, the Indian race. Many years after their settlement, they are also stated to have discovered the records of the Jaredites, an extinct nation which came to America about the time of the building of Babel. The revelations of various prophets to these Jaredites and Nephites, and direct divine communications respecting "my servant Joseph Smith," the apostle of the present day, compose the staple matter of the Book of Mormon.

From beginning to end, this work is filled with evidences of forgery and imposture. The peculiar style of holy writ is borrowed throughout, and, as regards words and names, many separate languages are drawn upon, proving the assumed writer of early ages to have all the information of our day before him. The difficulty arising from the red colour of the Indian skin, so different from that of the Jews, is overcome by the arbitrary and easy medium of a miracle. Their colour is said to have been changed as a punishment for their sins. Things are spoken of, which, it is well known, were not invented till late times. For example, it is said by the prophet Nephi, in allusion to a mutiny that took place on his voyage to America, "And it came to pass, after they had loosed me, behold, I took the *compass*, and it did work whither I desired it." Besides antedating the discovery of the needle's polarity by several centuries, the writer here evidently misunderstands the use of the compass altogether. A Mormonite elder, being pressed on the subject of this blunder, pointed to the account of St Paul's voyage, which has this sentence in the English version: "We *fetched a compass*, and came to Rhegium." The misapprehension of this sentence, the first words of which mean merely, "We made a circuit," had obviously led to the blunder of the composer of the Book of Mormon. According to the Athenæum: "The history of the pretended Israelites is continued in the books of Enos, Jarom, Zeniff, &c., and through them all, we find one signal proof not merely of imposture, but of the ignorance of the impostor, repeated with singular pertinacity. Every successive prophet predicts to the Nephites the future coming of Christ; the writer has fallen into the vulgar error of mistaking an epithet for a name; the word 'Christ,' as all educated persons know, is not a name, but a Greek title of office, signifying 'The anointed,' being in fact a translation of the Hebrew word *Messiah*; it is true that in modern times, and by a corruption which is now become inveterate, the term is used by western Christians as if it were a proper name, or at least an untranslatable designation; but this is a modern error, and it has been avoided by most of the oriental churches. Now, the use of a Greek term, in an age when the Greek language was unformed, and by a people with whom it was impossible for Greeks to have intercourse, and, moreover, whose native language was of such peculiar construction as not to be susceptible of foreign admixture, is a mark of forgery so obvious and decisive, that it ought long since to have exposed the delusion. Unhappily, however, we are forced to conclude, from the pamphlets before us, that the American Methodists, who first undertook to expose the Mormonites, were scarcely less ignorant than themselves.

A second Nephi takes up the history at a period contemporary with the events recorded in the New Testament. It avers that our Lord exhibited himself to the Nephites after his resurrection, and the words attributed to him bear still more conclusive evidence of the ignorance of the impostors:—

'Behold I am Jesus Christ, the Son of God. I created the heavens and the earth, and all things that in them are.' And again, 'I am the light and the life of the world. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end.'

In addition to the former blunder respecting the name 'Christ,' we have the name 'Jesus' in its Greek form, and not, as the Hebrews would have called it, 'Joshua;' but we have, furthermore, the names of the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet given as a metaphorical description of continued existence to a nation that had never heard of the Greek language. It is quite clear that the writer mistook Alpha and Omega for some sacred and mystic sounds, to which particular sanctity was attached—a blunder by no means confined to the Mormonites—and wrote them down without perceiving that they were an evidence of forgery, so palpable as to be manifest to schoolboys."

The same authority which we have now quoted gives a hint of the probable origin of this whole imposture, for, as we shall show, Joseph Smith is a man scarcely capable of inventing or writing even the ravings of the Book of Mormon. A clergyman named Solomon Spaulding, had left his ministry, and entered into business in Cherry Vale, New York, where he failed, in the year 1809. The sepulchral mounds of North America were then exciting some interest, and it struck Spaulding that he might relieve himself from his distresses by composing a novel, connecting these mounds with the lost ten tribes of Israel, supposed by some to have peopled America. Intending to name his work "The Manuscript Found," he wrote it in the old style of the Hebrew compositions. In 1812, the work was taken to a printer named Lamdin, residing in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, but the author died ere any arrangement could be made for its publication. Lamdin also died in 1826. He had previously lent the manuscript to a person named Sidney Rigdon, and this person it seems to have been who, in connexion with his friend Joseph Smith, formed the idea of palming it on the world as a *new revelation*. The manuscript was well suited to their purposes, and of course they would make such changes as appeared requisite. That this was the true source of the Book of Mormon, is borne out by the testimony of the wife, brother, partner, and several friends of Spaulding, who had heard him read portions of the manuscript, and who recognised many of the names and incidents in the Book of Mormon to be the same with those occurring in Spaulding's novel. The difficulty of supposing paper of any kind to have been so long preserved, appears to have suggested the additional and characteristic device of the "plates of gold" to the money-digger, Mr Joseph Smith. Sidney Rigdon is now the "prophet's" secretary. He, by the way, and a few other persons, have alone been honoured with a sight of the said plates.

It might be deemed superfluous to say so much on this subject, were it not that the Mormon delusion has spread widely in North America, and even in Great Britain. Joseph Smith and his colleagues settled in 1831 on the Missouri, whence they were soon after expelled on account of their lawless conduct. They then went to Illinois, and founded a town or city, called Nauvoo, near the Mississippi, said now to contain 1700 able-bodied men, exclusive of women and children. To this place too many emigrants are directing their course even from Great Britain. What sort of people they will find in the persons of the prophet and his associates, appears very clearly from a little work by Mr Caswall, who visited the city of the Mormons in the present year (1842). The following is his picture of Joseph Smith:—

"I met Joseph Smith at a short distance from his dwelling, and was introduced to him. I had the honour of an interview with him who is a prophet, a seer, a merchant, a 'revelator,' a president, an elder, an editor, and the general of the 'Nauvoo legion.' He is a coarse plebeian person in aspect, and his countenance exhibits a curious mixture of the knave and the clown. His hands are large and fat, and on one of his fingers he wears a massive gold ring, upon which I saw an inscription. His dress was of coarse country manufacture, and his white hat was enveloped by a piece of black crape as a sign of mourning for his deceased brother, Don Carlos Smith, the late editor of the 'Times and Seasons.' His age is about thirty-five. I had not an opportunity of observing his eyes, as he appears deficient in that open straightforward look which characterises an honest man. He led the way to his house, accompanied by a host of elders, bishops, preachers, and common Mormons. On entering the house, chairs were provided for the prophet and myself, while the curious and gaping crowd remained standing. I handed a book to the prophet, and begged him to explain its contents. He asked me if I had any idea of its meaning. I replied, that I believed it to be a Greek Psalter, but that I should like to hear his opinion. 'No,' he said; 'it ain't Greek at all, except, perhaps, a few words. What ain't Greek is Egyptian, and what ain't Egyptian is Greek. This book is very valuable. It is a dictionary of Egyptian hieroglyphics.' Pointing to the capital letters at the commencement of each verse, he said, 'Them figures is Egyptian hieroglyphics, and them which follows is the interpretation of the hieroglyphics, written in the reformed Egyptian. Them characters is like the letters that was engraved on the golden plates.' Upon this the Mormons around began to congratulate me on the information I was receiving. 'There,' they said, 'we told you so—we told you that our prophet would give you satisfaction. None but our prophet can explain these mysteries.'" The error of taking a Greek Psalter for a specimen of Egyptian hieroglyphics, sufficiently proves the slender pretensions of Mr Joseph Smith to be a mystery-expounder.

In another part of the book, Mr Caswall relates a few personal anecdotes of this worthy, mentioned to him by credible witnesses; but they refer to such scenes of drunkenness and profanity, that we should not feel justified in transcribing them. Enough, we think, has been said to expose the character of a dangerous impostor, and to prevent individuals amongst our working population from expending their little all on the faith of such a man's promises. We have before us a letter from an unfortunate cotton-spinner of Lancashire, which shows how necessary such a caution is. The Mormon preachers in England had described Nauvoo to him as a land overflowing with milk and honey, and a place where the divine Being had commanded a temple to be built, that might be a refuge to all mankind. Joseph Smith, at least, had certainly commanded this, as the following very *unequivocal* passages from his writings will show:—"Verily, verily, I say unto you, let all my saints come from afar, and send ye swift messengers, yea, chosen messengers, and say unto them, 'Come ye with all your gold, and your silver, and your precious stones, and with all your antiquities; and all who have knowledge of antiquities that will come may come; and bring the box tree, and the fir-tree, and the pine-tree, together with all the precious trees of the earth; and with iron, and with copper, and with brass, and with zinc, and with all your precious things of the earth, and build a house to my name, for the Most High to dwell therein: for there is not a place found upon earth, that he may come and restore again that which was lost unto you, or which he hath taken away, even the fullness of the priesthood.'"

By such blasphemous and deceitful stuff as this, the poor cotton-spinner, like too many others, was induced to go to Nauvoo, where, like other victims of delusion, he was wretchedly used.

It is needless to carry our notice of this matter further. Every shadow of evidence yet obtained tends to prove Mormonism to be a gross imposture, and one unworthy of notice, save on account of the dangers which have here been described and exposed.

AN OMNIBUS ADVENTURE.

One day an elderly gentleman, named Cartwright, stepped into an omnibus at the west end of the town, in order to pay a visit to the Bank to receive his dividends. In the Strand, the vehicle stopped, and took up a lady and a little girl, who, having seated themselves exactly opposite to Mr Cartwright, afforded him full leisure and opportunity to survey them. The first thing he remarked of the lady was, that she was both young and pretty, and the next, that she bore in her countenance evident traces of sorrow and anxiety. The little girl was very pretty too, and, whatever her mother's cause of grief might be, was yet too young to share it, for she did not look more than four years old. Interested by their appearance, Mr Cartwright made one or two attempts to address the lady; but although she answered him politely, she seemed too much absorbed in her own reflections to be disposed for conversation. Some courtesies offered to the child met with a more willing reception. Before they reached the Bank, however, he lost sight of them; they descended and turned into a street that led off at right angles, whilst the heavy omnibus rumbled on to its destination.

Receiving one's dividends is a very pleasant occupation, especially to a comfortable Leicestershire farmer, who adds something to his principal every year, which was the case with Mr Cartwright, who was an extensive breeder of sheep in that county. He was a very good-natured kind-hearted man at all times; but in consequence of the soothing effect of his errand, when, having transacted his business, he buttoned up his pockets and stepped into the omnibus to return, he felt in a more than usually complacent mood, and very well disposed to chat with his companions. Accordingly, he entered into an amicable dispute regarding the badness of the times with a passenger who sat opposite, and whose errand into the city had probably been of a less agreeable kind, seeing that he professed his belief that a period of universal ruin was approaching. Mr. Cartwright took the cheerful side of the question; averring, that in all ages it had been the fashion to abuse the present and laud the past, but for his part he did not doubt that the times were as good as any that had preceded them, if not better.

Whilst our happily-disposed friend was engaged in this argument, the omnibus suddenly stopped at exactly the same spot where the lady and the little girl had descended from it, and when the door opened, he perceived that it was to take them up again. The lady made him a slight acknowledgment of recognition, the little girl smiled in his face, but on looking at the countenance of the former, he could not help concluding that her expedition had not terminated so agreeably as his own. There were traces of recently-shed tears, and the expression of grief he had first remarked seemed now almost deepened into despair. At this sight, Mr Cartwright left off praising the times, and set himself to think what could be the matter with his fair fellow-traveller. He wondered much if her trouble arose from want of money. She was genteelly dressed, and so was the child; but how often the outside is maintained at the expense of the inside, and with how many is personal appearance the last thing sacrificed! How frequently good clothes, the only remaining relics of better days, are accompanied by an empty pocket; and the decayed gentleman or gentlewoman, whose air and attire in the street would have repelled the suspicion of poverty, retires to a fireless hearth, and lies down with a supperless stomach!

"Perhaps," thought Mr Cartwright, "she has been into the city to ask the assistance of some rich relation, who has refused to aid her;" and the good man ardently wished he could discover if that was the case. "Who knows but one of these five-pound notes I have in my pocket might be of the most eminent service to her, and how well I could spare it!" But how was such a delicate mystery to be discovered? Had Mr Cartwright been alone with her, he would have made a bold effort to penetrate the cause of her affliction; but there were several other passengers in the vehicle, and it was therefore impossible to venture the slightest observation on her distress. All he could do was to renew his civilities to the child, whilst the unhappy mother sat with her head as much as possible averted from the company, every now and then lifting her handkerchief to her eyes to wipe away the starting tears as they began to steal over her cheek. "Poor thing!" sighed Mr Cartwright, as they descended from the omnibus exactly at the spot where they had first joined it, and he looked out to observe which way they went. They turned down a narrow street, which led towards the river, and as Mr Cartwright caught a glimpse of the water at its extremity, it rather augmented the pain he felt at losing sight of the interesting stranger without having been able to make any effort towards alleviating her distress. He remembered how often those dark waters had proved the last refuge of the destitute—the resting-place of the wretched who could find no other; and when he sat down to his comfortable dinner at his hotel, his thoughts involuntarily reverted to the young mother and her child, and he felt, if poverty were really the evil under which she was suffering, how happy he would have been to have seen them seated at his table, and partaking of the abundant repast provided for himself.

It was not only because he was really a benevolent and kind-hearted man that Mr Cartwright felt thus, but also because he stood more alone in the world than he liked. He had been married, but his wife had died childless; and he had neither brother nor sister, nor any relation alive, except his mother, a worthy old woman, who resided with him, but whom he reasonably expected to see fall before himself. Being rich, he did a great deal of good amongst the poor in his neighbourhood, and in his will he had made a benevolent disposal of his property; but he nevertheless often regretted that he had nobody to make happy with it, to whom he could be attached, and who could, in return, be attached to him; and thus, when distress presented itself before him in so interesting a form as that of the lady and her child, he could not help earnestly desiring to make further acquaintance with it. "Still, however," as he said, "there are many evils in the world besides poverty, and many for which I can do nothing; so I had better think no more about it." But he could not help thinking more about it; and for the few following days that he remained in town, when his business was over for the morning, he invariably found himself lounging along the Strand, and taking a turn, by the way, down the street that led to the river, in the vague hope of meeting the objects of his interest and curiosity. However, his wishes were not realised; he left London without seeing any more of them, and gradually the impression they had made faded from his mind.

Six months after this adventure, Mr Cartwright went to London again, and on precisely the same errand. He had before gone to receive his July dividends, now he went to receive his January dividends. He put up at the same hotel, and stepped into the same omnibus, at the same hour, for the purpose of being transported to the bank; but what was his surprise when the omnibus was hailed at the very same spot in the Strand, and the same lady and child got into it! "They are poor," said he to himself, at the first glance, for the difference of their attire betrayed their secret. Their dresses were not only shabby, but insufficient for the season; and the hollow cheeks of the mother, and the faded roses of the child, told a tale of suffering and want that could not be questioned. "Providence seems to throw them in my way," thought Mr Cartwright; "and this time it shall not be in vain." But the lady, apparently weighed down by her afflictions, never raised her eyes, and did not see him, or, if she did, did not recognise him; whilst his attempts to make friends with the child were less successful than on the former occasion. The young spirit was nipped by penury; and cold and want had already clouded the smooth brow, and dimmed the lustre of the laughing eyes. "I must not lose sight of them," thought Mr Cartwright, as they approached the place where they had before left the omnibus; so when the vehicle stopped to put them down, he descended also. They took the same road they had done on the former occasion, and he followed them, desiring to address them, but not knowing how to set about it; till after a little while they entered a door which appeared to lead into a counting-house, which point being ascertained, and a probable means of tracing them thus secured, Mr Cartwright hastened on to the bank, in order that he might transact his business and return in the omnibus as before, in the hope that they might do the same. They did so; and when they left the carriage in the Strand, he left it too, and once more followed them till they entered the door of a shabby-looking house, and disappeared without his having found resolution or opportunity to address them. After walking up and down the street a little while, considering what he should do, he advanced to the same door and knocked. "There is a lady and a little girl living here," said he to a dirty-looking woman, who answered his summons.

"Them as I let in just now?" said she.

"Yes, exactly," replied Mr Cartwright. "What is their name?"

"Sinclair," responded the woman.

"How long have they lived here?"

"Almost two years; but they're going away next week."

"Has the lady a husband?" inquired Mr Cartwright.

"I believe so, but I never saw him. I heard that he had turned out ill, and had left her."

"Do you know what her situation is? She does not appear to be in very good circumstances."

"Not she. That's the reason she's going away—she can't afford to pay for her lodging, and I can't afford to stand out of my money."

"Has she any friends?" asked Mr Cartwright.

"A few people used to call on her when first she came to live here," answered the woman; "but they have all dropped off, and you're the first person that has inquired for her for many a day. Do you know her?"

"I believe I do; and I'll thank you to let her know that a gentleman of the name of Cartwright wishes to speak to her. Perhaps she may not recollect me, but tell her I'll explain to her who I am, if she'll do me the honour to admit me."

After a short absence, the woman returned, and desired him to follow her; and having led him up two pair of stairs, ushered him into the presence of Mrs Sinclair. Everything in the room bespoke poverty, and the dresses which the mother and child had worn half an hour before had already been changed for something more homely and faded, clearly betokening that those which had struck him as being so shabby and insufficient, were, nevertheless, the best their reduced circumstances had left them.

"I must begin, madam," said Mr Cartwright, when the woman had closed the door, "by apologising for an intrusion which nothing could excuse but the motive that occasions it." To this exordium the lady bowed, and a faint blush suffused her cheek; whilst the little girl, who evidently recognised her fellow-traveller, crept to his side and laid her hand upon his knee, whereupon he lifted her up and asked her if she remembered him.

"Yes," said she. "You were in the omnibus."

"But did you ever see me before to-day?" inquired he.

"No," said the child.

"Ah! it is too long for you to remember; and probably even you, madam, may not recollect that six months ago we met under exactly the same circumstances as those of this morning."

"I fancied I had seen you before, sir," said Mrs Sinclair, "but I had quite forgotten where."

"Well, madam," continued Mr Cartwright, "that was not the case with me; I remembered the circumstance very well, and was extremely glad of the accident that gave me an opportunity of discovering your residence, which I often regretted I had neglected to do the first time we met."

"Do you know me, sir?" inquired Mrs Sinclair, surprised at this appearance of interest from a stranger.

"No, madam," replied Mr Cartwright. "I never saw you, to my knowledge, till we met in the omnibus last July. But as we may beat about the bush all day, and lose a great deal of time if I do not explain clearly the motive of my visit, I shall beg leave to come directly to the point, first apologising for the liberty I am going to take, and requesting a patient hearing."

Mrs Sinclair having bowed her acquiescence, Mr Cartwright hemmed two or three times to clear away the embarrassment he felt on entering upon so delicate a subject as the lady's distresses. He then proceeded to narrate how much he had been interested by the appearance of herself and of her child, and moved by the evident affliction under which she was labouring. "Whether it be true, madam," said he, "that we are occasionally drawn towards others by particular sympathies, I know not, but certain it is, that I was more than commonly affected by your unhappiness, and more than commonly anxious to contribute towards its relief, if it were in my power. But having no means of ascertaining your name, or anything respecting your situation, I was obliged to leave town without accomplishing my wishes; but the singular coincidence which has again brought us together, leads me to hope that I am destined on this occasion to be more fortunate."

As such instances of disinterested benevolence are not common, though we believe they are not quite so rare as the world supposes, Mrs Sinclair raised her eyes to the face of her visitor, as if she were seeking the key to his generosity. The open, honest, manly

countenance of the country gentleman was one that could well stand the test of scrutiny. "I mean nothing but what I say," continued he. "I am a plain man, and make straight to the object of my discourse. There are many afflictions for which human aid can do little, but there are others which it can alleviate, and one of these is, not being altogether well off—in short, *poverty*. If I am not wrong in supposing that pecuniary embarrassments form some part of your distress, pray, confide in me, and give me an opportunity of doing what will confer on myself the greatest satisfaction."

The tears started into Mrs Sinclair's eyes; she blushed, and turned pale, and hesitated. "However painful it may be, sir," she said, "it would be folly to attempt to deny that I am poor; everything you see around me attests the meagreness of my resources; and although I have other and great troubles, yet I will own that the most pressing at this moment *is* poverty. But what reason have I, sir, to hope that a stranger will afford me the assistance that my own connexions deny me? Why should I intrude my distresses on you? What claim have I on your benevolence?"

"Every claim, madam," replied Mr Cartwright; "at least so my feelings tell me; and of this I am certain, that your declining my assistance would give me more pain than, I think, you would be willing to inflict on a person who desires to serve you;" and in order to invite her confidence, he next proceeded to inform her who he was, and how he was situated; and, in return, she told him that she had married a young man who was a clerk in a public office, but that he had forfeited his situation through misconduct; that for sometime she had lost sight of him altogether, and that, with him, her means of subsistence had ceased, except what she had been able to earn by needlework, and a very small half yearly allowance which was paid her by a relation in the city. "It was on my way to receive that money," she said, "that I had the good fortune to meet you in the omnibus."

"And you do not know where your husband is?" said Mr Cartwright.

"No," replied she, "I do not; and I fear he has too much reason to keep out of sight. On the day I first met you, last July, I heard very afflicting intelligence with respect to him, when I went into the city;" a communication which recalled to Mr Cartwright the remarkable augmentation of grief he had observed in her countenance when she stepped into the omnibus the second time.

As space cannot be afforded here to detail the progress of the intimacy and confidence that grew up between Mr Cartwright and Mrs Sinclair, we must content ourselves with saying, that, having satisfied himself that she was well-worthy of the interest he was disposed to feel in her fortunes, he not only relieved her immediate distresses, but invited her and her child to accompany him into Leicestershire on a visit, intending to keep them there as long as it should be found agreeable to both parties. His mother, therefore, having been duly prepared for the arrival of these new inmates, the three started from London by the mail, and without accident reached Uphill, the comfortable residence of Mr Cartwright, where they met with a glad reception from his aged relative. The contrast between the luxury and abundance to which they were now introduced, and the privations their indigence had long imposed on them, were sensibly felt by the strangers, as they seated themselves at the well-served dinner table on the day of their arrival; whilst the benevolent host and hostess were intensely gratified by so favourable an opportunity of exercising their hospitality. Thus, in friendly discourse over the cheerful fire, and with much enjoyment to all parties, the first evening passed rapidly away, and at an early hour, being somewhat fatigued with their journey, the travellers retired to their beds.

It was not known to Mrs Sinclair; but the room to which she was conducted was the one that, before his journey to London, had been occupied by the master of the house. As it had a particularly warm and pleasant aspect, he had directed in his letter that it should be appropriated to the visitors, and another prepared for himself; and this was accordingly done. After returning thanks to providence for having raised them up such a friend in the hour of need, and having invoked blessings on their benefactor's house, the mother and her child stretched themselves to sleep in the good man's bed.

It was a sound sleep they fell into; the journey, the change of air, the well-appointed couch, and the peace of mind resulting from the change in their fortunes, naturally disposed them to rest, and Mrs Sinclair's anxious thoughts had reposed in deep slumber for some hours, when she was suddenly aroused by a sound as of something falling in the room, and, on opening her eyes, she beheld two men, one of whom was standing with his back towards her at an old bureau, the lid of which he had just let fall, whilst the other, who had a knife in his hand, was in the act of turning away from the bed, over which, a moment before, he had been bending. "Come along," said the latter, in a low hurried voice to his companion; "the old man's not here—we must look further—there's a woman and a child in the bed—come along, lest they should wake;" and he drew his companion away.

"Are you sure they're asleep?" asked the other.

"Quite sure," answered the first. "Quick!—come along." And they stole out of the room, softly closing the door behind them.

Mrs Sinclair looked at her child, who fortunately still slept soundly; then she slipped out of bed, and, gently opening the door, listened to discover which way the men were gone. She knew nothing of the house, neither where the servants slept, nor where her host or hostess slept, for she had seen nothing but the rooms below, and her own bed-chamber; but presently a slight creaking of a stair satisfied her that there were footsteps ascending to the floor above; so she crept after them. The thieves entered a room to the right; she approached the door, hesitating what to do, uncertain whether any one slept there, and afraid of uselessly sacrificing her own life if she discovered herself too soon; but in a moment more the voice of Mr Cartwright saying, "Who's there?" satisfied her there was no time to lose, and she pushed open the door. At the sound of this unexpected disturbance, both the men turned suddenly towards her, whilst Mr Cartwright jumped out of bed, and seized the one nearest to him by the arms. The other, on seeing this attack made upon his companion, lifted up his knife with the intention of plunging it into the breast of the man they came to murder, when Mrs Sinclair darted forwards, and seizing the robber by the arm, exclaimed, "Oh, James! for mercy's sake spare the friend and benefactor of your child!"

"Charlotte!" ejaculated the man, confounded at so unexpected a meeting; "what has brought you here?"

"We were starving, James," replied Mrs Sinclair, "I and your child, and the charity of this good man has saved us. Oh, spare him for our sakes, as well as for your own!"

"Come along, Bob!" said the man, whom the reader will by this time have discovered to be the unfortunate woman's husband; "this affair won't do;" and pushing his companion before him, he moved towards the door. There he stopped, and turning round to Mr Cartwright, who stood an amazed spectator of this scene, he said, "Sir, she has saved your life! Take care of her and the child."

"I will," said Mr Cartwright, with an earnest expression, and the robbers descended the stairs, and in a moment more left the house as they had entered it, with their hands unstained by blood, and without the booty they had been induced to come in search of, from knowing the object of Mr Cartwright's journey to London.

Mrs Sinclair never saw her unhappy husband again. Some time afterwards she learned from her relation in the city, that he had been convicted of a burglary, and was transported for life; but as his real name did not transpire, she was spared the infamy that would have recoiled upon herself and her child from the disclosure of his crimes. We need scarcely add that Mr Cartwright fulfilled his promise to the uttermost. Mrs Sinclair ended her days in peace and contentment at Uphill, which, at the death of Mr Cartwright, became the property of her daughter, who has been many years herself a happy wife and mother, having married a young clergyman of elegant accomplishments and exemplary piety.

SOME RECENT EXPERIMENTS IN MESMERISM.

THE Phrenological Journal for October presents, without any opinion of its own, some accounts of recent experiments in mesmerism, which seem capable of interesting a wider circle of readers. It appears that, towards the end of last year, mesmerists in England and America made the discovery, or believed themselves to have made the discovery, that, while a patient is in the sleep-walking state, or magnetic trance, it is possible for the practitioner to operate upon the various organs of the brain as these are distinguished in the system of Dr Gall—thus producing special mental manifestations according to the special organ which may be operated upon. We shall here endeavour to give a condensed view of the doings of these gentlemen, merely as something which may gratify immediate curiosity.

It was on the 7th of October that the first excitation of a cerebral organ in a magnetic patient was considered to have taken place. J. W. Gardiner, Esq., then having a female patient in the sleep-walking state, played a few notes on a small musical instrument, which caused her to wave her head from side to side in the time of the music. He then sounded the instrument without attention to harmony, when the patient was observed to shudder and appear distressed. Interrogated as to the cause of this, she said she was in pain; and, asked where the pain was, she placed a finger of each hand on the organ of Tune on one side of the head. C. B. Mansfield, Esq., practising at Cambridge, in December, upon a gentleman unusually susceptible of the magnetic influence, found that he could operate in like manner upon a special organ. The patient was taking his dinner, and indulging in a strain of comicality, to the great amusement of those around him, when Mr Mansfield touched the organ of the Ludicrous, with the intention of arresting his flow of humour; instantly his conversation became grave. Other organs are stated to have been acted upon in like manner. Another mesmerist, the friend of these gentlemen, had a patient, a young lady, who had been confined for eighteen months to bed. While she was in the magnetic trance, he applied his finger successively to various organs, and willed that they should be excited; in the majority of cases, the result immediately followed. "Thus," he says, "the finger applied to Imitation produced the most splendid mimicry it is possible to conceive. The words and gestures of friends were copied in the most exact manner. Anecdotes which had been forgotten by all the members of the family were repeated in a way that brought the circumstances instantaneously to their recollection, notwithstanding many years had elapsed." The excitation was banished in each case by a wave of the hand over the organ. "The organs," he adds, "remained active even after the patient had resumed her natural state. This was so marked, that the attendants have frequently requested me not to demagnetise the organ of Benevolence, because, when this was allowed to continue active, she was so much more kind and affectionate."

In December, similar experiments were for the first time made in America by Dr Buchanan of Louisville. Since then, they have been tried by others in different parts of the United States, particularly in New York and Philadelphia. The Journal gives an extract from a letter dated from the last mentioned city in May of this year, relating an experiment to which the writer was witness, and in which all the parties were of such character as yielded assurance of the most perfect good faith on their parts. A Mr N. being thrown into the somnambulistic state, the experimenter put his finger in succession on parts of the head of the former, corresponding with some of the phrenological organs. The same results as those above detailed followed. "It was not a little amusing," says the writer of the letter, "to see the lofty air of Self-Esteem and expression of contempt for others quickly succeeded by the deferential manner and language of Vanity, the endearing expressions and gestures of Love of Children, the animation of Adhesiveness, the rude boisterousness and preparation for fight of Combativeness, the mimic drawing of the bowie knife and reckless disregard of life of Destructiveness. In like manner were developed, and with great vivacity of expression and manner, the manifestations of the faculties of Tune, Colour, Order, Weight, Form, and Locality. Mr N., who is very fond of music, imitated various sounds as of the horn, and the movements of rapid and emphatic fingering of, and as if sweeping over, the piano-forte; and at last, so great was his delight, that he exhibited it by sundry odd gestures, one might say contortions, with accompanying vocal sounds. * * But most extraordinary was the simultaneous manifestation of two faculties of very different natures, such as Covetousness and Conscientiousness, or Combativeness and Conscientiousness. Under the impulse of Combativeness, he was raised on the ground, had, in idea, a dagger drawn, and threw himself into a most menacing attitude; when, on Conscientiousness being touched, his whole manner underwent a change; he drew his before extended and uplifted hand quickly to his breast, thrust away then rapidly his supposed weapon, and buttoned up quickly his coat. The gradual unfolding of the feeling of Acquisitiveness, from the moment when he first saw something in view—bags with strings twisted round them, and his knowledge then of their contents, with a desire of possession, up to an appeal to his companion, whom he supposed to be present, whether they could not without danger appropriate the money to their own use, was a natural and fine piece of acting, if we were to regard it in that light. So, also, was his quickly dropping the money, and his expressions of misgiving at the act when Conscientiousness was touched. * * Mr N. said that he remembered much that had transpired in his magnetic state. His manners and deportment are reserved, and he is quite diffident and averse to exhibition, and to practical jokes or rough mirth of any kind." The writer adds, that experiments have been performed upon thirteen persons at Philadelphia, and he instances the case of a young lady who was quite unacquainted with the presumed locality of the cerebral organs.

In the course of the spring and summer of the present year, various gentlemen in England have pursued this line of investigation. Mr Brookes of Birmingham has made several private exhibitions in London, the patient being a young female servant of his own, who is said to have been cured of epileptic fits and insanity by what is called a course of mesmerism. The Journal contains a letter of a correspondent giving an account of a series of exhibitions of this girl, to which he was witness. "She appeared," he says, "to be about twenty years of age, of a nervous and rather unhealthy appearance, and extremely modest and timid demeanour." Mr Brookes was morally certain that she knew nothing whatever of the system of Gall. It was the practice of this experimenter only to hold his fingers within about an inch of the head, instead of touching it. It was arranged, says the letter-writer, that the organs to be mesmerised should not be mentioned in hearing of the patient, but that he should write them on slips of paper, and hand these to Mr Brookes. It was also agreed that no leading questions should be put to the girl, but only these two, "How do you feel?" and "What are you thinking of?" At the exhibition now to be detailed, one other gentleman was present. The girl was, in about ten minutes, thrown into mesmeric sleep, or coma, from which she was brought by pattings and shakings into the state in which a con-

versation can be carried on, when there could be no doubt of her condition being peculiar, as the pupils of her eyes were expanded so as to occupy the whole space of the iris—a state in which, it may be remarked, there can be no vision.

"Wishing to witness the effect on the small convolutions of the knowing organs, I wrote down 'Form,' showed it to the other stranger, and handed it to Mr Brookes. He incidentally stated—as an answer to one objection, namely, that the mesmeriser's *willing* a particular manifestation, may, from what is known of mesmerism, produce it by mesmeric sympathy—that manifestations sometimes came out which he did not will, in consequence of a neighbouring organ being excited. This happened in the present mesmerisation of Form, for Size was put into activity. I placed myself so as to see, *with the strictest watchfulness*, all that Mr Brookes did, and to hear all that he said to his patient, or she answered to him. She sat, and he stood without in any way touching her. Mr Brookes's fingers were, for about a minute, held half an inch from Form, being very silently brought near. To the question, 'What are you thinking about?' she answered, 'I am in the Park; I see many people and pretty things. I see such a handsome face; but everything is big (Size excited). I am big myself; my hand is so large.' Here I wrote 'Weight,' feeling a peculiar interest to observe, from the manifestation, whether that much-disputed organ was rightly located and named. Mr Brookes's fingers shifted silently onwards over it, and almost instantly the patient of herself repeated, 'I am so big; and oh! so heavy.' She now showed considerable agitation and alarm, and seized hold of Mr B., saying, 'Oh, my weight will break the floor! I shall fall; I am falling!' The next organ, Colour, having been influenced without Mr B.'s intention, nosegays, or, as she called them, posies, appeared to her 'beautiful flowers, but so large and so heavy—oh, they will fall upon and crush me; they are so big and so heavy, they will hurt me; they are flying over me; a cat or a dog is flying over me, and will fall and hurt me!' Mr B. diminished the mesmeric influence by a rapid movement of his hand over the organs, as if brushing flies from the face; and Form, Size, Weight, and Colour, with Individuality, which seemed to have been mesmerised when Form and Size were approached, all at last acting together, became tranquil, and ceased to manifest themselves. As the patient had hitherto been in perfectly good humour, I wrote 'Destructiveness' for the next experiment. Mr B.'s fingers were for a minute or two held to the organ. A cross expression came over the patient's countenance. To the usual question, she answered, with considerable temper, 'Don't bother me; I could stamp my foot; I feel very angry,' showing at the same time the quick movements of anger, clenching the hands, &c. As a contrast, Benevolence was influenced, when the countenance relaxed into good humour and gentleness, and all the natural language of irritation was gone. 'How do you feel?' 'Very well; very happy; I would wish all to be happy.' Another contrast was suddenly tried in Self-Esteem; the change was striking. The expression assumed was proud and repulsive. To the question, 'What are you thinking of?' the answer was, 'Why do you speak to me? You insult me.' When asked how, she answered, 'Speaking to me insults me.' 'Explain yourself.' 'I won't explain; that would be making myself less than you. I am above you; I will not condescend to explain; it is not worth my while.' Naturally, the girl is remarkably humble and respectful to her master. Veneration was suddenly mesmerised, as if another note of the instrument had been struck—and she became silent, and no longer haughty in her expression and attitude. 'What are you thinking of?' was repeatedly asked before she answered, her manner being that of some absorbing meditation. At last she replied, 'I am thinking of another world.' 'Well,' said Mr B., 'no one is proud or conceited there.' 'No! God views us all alike. We should bow to him, but we don't.' Mr B., 'What made you fancy that you were above me? I suppose you think yourself as good as the queen?' Answer, 'The queen and the beggar are the same in the sight of God.' * * Tune was mesmerised as she was talking. For a considerable time no result followed; but at last the patient began to sing; we recognised one of Watt's hymns, with a hymn tune. The voice was musical and sweet, but subdued, as of one singing in sleep. She continued to sing much longer than we wished, and was with difficulty stopped. Alimentiveness was next called forth, and soon every feeling and thought was gone but this one. Mr Brookes afterwards told me that voracity had been a feature of the girl's insanity, and that, when excited, the organ always acted morbidly, and continued to act long after she waked. It did so on this occasion. It first showed itself by an angry inquiry—for its neighbour, Destructiveness, was roused by sympathy—'Why she did not get her dinner?' Mr B., 'Dinner! why, you have just had your breakfast.' 'I am very hungry—I have two stomachs.' Mr B., 'Will you have some potatoes?' 'Yes, yes! (earnestly) I could eat a whole peck, and more when that is done.' I suggested *beans and bacon*, which, without my knowledge, is, it seems, a very favourite food with Sarah. Instantly her demand for beans and bacon was vehement; other things were suggested, but nothing but beans and bacon was listened to." [On a subsequent occasion, when Alimentiveness was excited, the girl spontaneously called for beans and bacon, and, when awakened, so urgent did she continue to be for this dish, that Mr Brookes was obliged to procure it for her. "He resolved never to awaken beans and bacon again."] "This, the most troublesome organ yet tried, was for the time quieted by much waving over and blowing upon it. Imitation being then written down—Mr B., 'What are you thinking of?' Answer, 'My mother. If I were at home, she would give me beans and bacon—that tow would, mother' (imitating the provincial language of her mother). She then spoke like 'Tommy Addison' of her village, and next like the minister, when he preached. As she laughed when she did all this, we concluded that Wit or Laughter had been influenced at the same time with Imitation. Sarah was then awakened, looked bewildered, and then abashed; and said, when asked, that she had no recollection of anything that had passed during her mesmeric state."

Here, for the present, we leave this curious subject. To many, we are sensible, it must appear foolishness; but why to such persons should it not appear equally absurd to suppose that a small bit of opium will produce gorgeous dreams, or a supper of pork griskins the night-mare? The brain is undoubtedly the organ of the mind, and a most wonderful instrument it is. Its action appears to be connected with that subtle agent which takes the various names of galvanism, magnetism, &c., but is proved to be fundamentally one thing. Why, therefore, may it not be supposed liable to be operated upon in the way described? It is easy to meet such subjects with scepticism and scoffing; but a genuine lover of natural investigation, and one who is at the same time candid and honest, would be more likely to see in them traces of some important though unascertained natural laws, and disposed, for that reason, to give them the benefit of a careful inquiry.

GEIKIE'S ETCHINGS.

THE etchings of the late unfortunate Mr Geikie are at length issued in a complete form, along with the illustrative letter-press, and a biographical introduction by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart.* Geikie was a true child of genius, and to what height his industry would have carried him, if blessed with hearing and speaking, may be inferred from his wonderful efforts under the melancholy deprivation of these faculties. Geikie—we write more particularly for the information of southern readers—was a native of Edinburgh, his father being a respectable perfumer in that city, and he was born in Charles's Street (1795), in the midst of the suburban scene in which Sir Walter Scott spent the earliest years of his life. When nearly two years of age, a nervous fever destroyed his organs of hearing, and consequently he was doomed to the calamity of being ever afterwards deaf and dumb. Thrown thus very much on his own powers of amusement, a natural taste for drawing was eagerly practised. While yet a child, as his biographer informs us, his turn for this delightful recreation was manifested in "attempts to cut out in paper representations of the objects which came within his observation. He began also from his earliest youth to sketch figures with chalk on floors and walls, and from these attempts he gradually advanced to the employment of pencils and paper. Having once acquired the use of these implements, he made frequent sallies from the city into the outskirts, where, with the fullest enjoyment, he would fill his sketch-book with picturesque subjects of every description, animate as well as inanimate. Often has our informant accompanied him whilst on such rambles, and frequently has he stood beside the young artist, where, perched upon a wall, or some other elevated place out of reach of danger from wheeled vehicles, he would busy himself with his pencil in catching, with all that truth and accuracy so uniformly displayed by his sketches, those traits of feature and of character, with the union and combination of which his genius afterwards so luxuriantly recreated itself throughout his whole life. Observing that his bias was thus so unequivocally manifested, his father was desirous to give it every encouragement; and, accordingly, when Geikie was about the age of fourteen, he was sent to study under Mr Patrick Gibson, and in May of the year 1812, he was admitted into the drawing academy established by the Honourable the Commissioners of the Board of Trustees for the encouragement of Scottish Manufactures, a school which has been the nursery for so many artists who have done honour to Scotland, and through whose works the taste displayed in the industrial arts has been so much improved."

Being in time initiated in the mysteries of the pallet, Geikie became a painter by profession; but a radical deficiency as to colouring, and likewise as to taste, or more properly a want of any great perception of the truly elegant in art, and for which his physical disabilities sufficiently account, limited the scope of his pencil, and, following the bent of his broad humour, he addressed himself to the etching of pieces such as have now appeared. In thus following a line of art not unlike that pursued so successfully by Cruikshank, he was continually on the watch for characteristic subjects for his pencil. His main field was Edinburgh, and its environs; and there he was indefatigable in picking up all kinds of oddities. His execution was surprisingly rapid; "and, indeed," says his biographer, "so great was the facility and rapidity with which he used his crayon, that it was by no means an uncommon thing for him to catch the contour of odd figures, or of remarkable features, together with all the raciness of character which they exhibited, whilst he was walking by the side of the originals in the streets.

An anecdote regarding one individual, who makes a very conspicuous appearance among the characters to be found in his etchings, is worth relating, as an example of the difficulties he encountered, and the risks to which he was sometimes exposed in his attempts to gratify the ardent desire he had to collect the portraits of such people whom he saw in the street, whose figures, features, or general appearance, were of a description calculated to strike his humorous fancy. The man to whom we now allude, was a porter in the Grassmarket, somewhat pot-bellied, and with that projection and hang of the nether lip, and elevation of nose, that gives to the human countenance a certain air of vulgar importance. In this subject it seemed to say, 'though I'm a porter, I'm no fool.' Geikie had made various attempts to get sufficiently near this man to sketch his figure and physiognomy. Day after day he haunted his intended victim, without obtaining the least chance of him. At length, however, he thought he had caught a favourable opportunity. But he had hardly taken out his sketch-book from his pocket, and sharpened his pencil, when the porter perceiving him, and suspecting his intention, immediately moved away, and plunged into the crowded market. Like a young Highland sportsman, who wishes to get a shot at an old fox, who may have dodged into cover, Geikie, with his pencil and paper in hand, prowled about, now worming his way through the crowd after his prey, and now stealing around the outskirts of it, watching for a glimpse of him. The porter all this time was on his guard, and took especial care to keep behind some knot of farmers or corn-dealers, so as to defy the attempts of his young persecutor, until at last when the market began to thin, and his hopes of defeating the foul intention against him ebbed away with the lessening crowd, he lost all patience, and abused and threatened his tormentor with great fury both of words and of action. The first were of course lost upon the poor deaf lad, although there was no mistaking the meaning shake of the porter's mutton fist. But as this only threw his subject into a more tempting attitude, the artist's fervour for his art rendered him utterly regardless of consequences, and he proceeded to the exercise of his pencil with the utmost enthusiasm. This so enraged the porter, that, roaring like an infuriated bull, he rushed at him to give him immediate chastisement, and before Geikie had time to apply the point of the pencil to the paper, he was obliged to fly to save his bones from being beaten to mummy. Though well built for carrying weight, the porter was of a mould that rendered him anything but fit for racing; and as Geikie had by much the heels of him, he stopped every now and then as he fled, like a Parthian, up the Grassmarket, to have a shot behind him with his pencil at his pursuer, who was puffing, and blowing, and labouring after him. But this only the more excited the fury of the porter, and made him strain every nerve to catch him, so that not only could Geikie make no use of the drawing implements which he carried in his hand, but the porpus in pursuit of him so pressed upon him, that he in his turn was compelled to look out for some place into which he could escape for temporary shelter. Fortunately an open stair, common to the doors of all the various inhabitants who occupied its respective flats, most opportunely presented itself. Into this he rushed, and the porter conceiving that he had retreated into some of the dwellings it contained, halted in the street opposite to it, and putting his arms behind him, under the tails of his coat, he stood panting and heaving till he recovered his breath, with a full resolution of waiting till his enemy should venture forth from that which he believed might be merely a temporary place of concealment in the house of some acquaintance. Now was the time for Geikie, and he was not the man to lose it. Fortunately there was a window in the first flat of the common stair, through which he had a most perfect view of his subject, though its dirt-begrimmed panes of glass completely concealed his own figure from view. With a few touches of his powerful crayon, he very quickly made the man his own property. This was all very well, but how was he to escape from the porter, who still continued to stand doggedly, like a sentry on his post, surveying all the windows of the huge tenement long after Geikie would have most willingly seen him relieved from it. There was no alternative for the poor artist but to remain a prisoner in the common stair until the porter should give up his watch, and this he did not do for some hours, until his patience being at last exhausted, or some job occurring to his mind that called him away, he slowly and unwillingly retired, grumbling as he we went, cursing the object of his wrath, and vowing vengeance, and then, Geikie stealing forth from his hiding-place, hurried homewards as fast as he could run, and without once looking over his shoulder."

The career of this ingenious and amiable being was soon to be brought to a close. Failing to make known

* Edinburgh: J. Stewart. 1842.

an ailment which affected him till it was too late, he sunk under the disease, and died August 1, 1837, at the age of forty-one.

The series of this unfortunate artist's productions has extended to fifteen numbers, each containing several etchings along with characteristically written illustrations from the pens of various of our northern luminaries; and a more interesting work could not well be pointed out to the lovers of humour and patrons of artistic merit.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S TOUR AMONG SCOTCH FARMERS.

THE method of conducting agricultural operations in the Lothians, or counties of Haddington, Edinburgh, and Linlithgow, is allowed, we believe, to be the best in Scotland, and has long served as a model for the farmers of other districts. Whether the Lothian husbandry is superior to that of Norfolk and a few other highly improved quarters of England, we are unable to say, but it is gratifying to know that English agriculturists are beginning to visit the shores of the Frith of Forth, in order to acquaint themselves practically with the mode of farming there so successfully pursued. The latest account we have seen of an English farmer's tour of inspection, is one written by Mr Robert Hyde Greg, an intelligent agriculturist of Hertfordshire, and communicated by him in a letter to the editor of the Manchester Guardian. Both that Scotsmen may know what a stranger thinks of their proceedings, and that Englishmen may have an idea of how our farmers conduct their affairs, we beg to make the following extract from Mr Greg's letter:—

"It would be uninteresting to the general reader, were I even competent to do it, which I am not, to enter minutely into details; those capable of understanding them should visit the country; and whether they do so on a tour of profit or amusement, they will be most amply repaid.

The general conviction which remains upon my mind is this, that with a system equal to that of the Lothians, established throughout England, landlords might receive double rents, farmers be rich and prosperous, and the country be rendered for two generations independent of foreign supplies, notwithstanding an abolition of all protective duties. I am confident the agricultural produce of England, Wales, and the west of Scotland, might be doubled, and that of Lancashire and Cheshire be tripled, and this without any material addition to the agricultural population.

The Lothian farms consist each of from 200 to 500 Scotch acres, the Scotch acre being one-fourth larger than the English statute acre; and I shall limit my remarks to the current acre of the Lothians, not knowing whether it is, or is not, the common measure of Scotland. Some few farms are rather smaller, chiefly those a few miles from Edinburgh, upon which it is not necessary to keep stock for the purpose of manure, and some few are larger, where stock are fattened for market; but a farm of 300 to 500 acres is, by common consent, the utmost which one farmer is thought capable of managing himself, just as a concern of 500 looms is considered, in this country, enough for the personal superintendence of one man.

The farm-buildings are small, compact, and situated near the centre of the farm, and have always a steam-engine of six to eight horse-power for thrashing and other purposes. The corn is put up in stacks in a stack-yard, near the thrashing-machine; the stacks being of such a size as that one may furnish a day's work for the thrashing-machine. At the entrance of the farm-yard is the dwelling of the greeve, or bailiff; for every farmer keeps a bailiff, who superintends everything on the farm, and is cognisant of everything that goes in or out of the farm-buildings.

A fact which struck me much was, that the greeve received only *one shilling a-week* more than the ploughman. The explanation given me is equally remarkable, that every man on the farm has knowledge enough for the situation of greeve, but that every man has not the qualifications which fit him for the management of other men, or perhaps is not sufficiently trustworthy for so responsible a situation. That the requisite knowledge for conducting a farm of 500 acres may be had for 12s. a-week (the wages of a ploughman), and that 1s. extra will command the extra qualifications for a bailiff, speak eloquently what education has done for the peasantry of this part of Scotland. I found the greeves universally clever, acute, and sensible, and their minds open to what was passing in the world beyond the limits of their own farm or immediate neighbourhood.

The farmer's dwelling-house is generally a little in front of the farm-buildings, a neat, comfortable house, with kitchen and flower-garden attached.

The farmers themselves are men of much superior education, manners, and style of living to the possibly equally wealthy ones of the farming counties of England—even Lincolnshire and Norfolk—where the farms are of about equal extent with those of the Lothians. As a class, they would compare more with master manufacturers of Lancashire—so keen and pushing. Few of them are without a handsome phaeton for the use of the female members of their family; they are all of most hospitable habits; and I was informed that, excepting for a month at seed time, and the same at harvest, they have company at home or dine out at least three times a-week. One feature throughout the Lothian farms may be remarked —*a great uniformity in the quality of the crops.* Not as elsewhere, here a good farmer and there a bad one; here a failing crop, there a middling one; and here, again, a finer one; but nearly all the same, showing that farming is there reduced to a science, leaving nothing uncertain but the seasons, and which, affecting all nearly alike, do not materially affect the uniformity I speak of.

The present season has been remarkably favourable in the Lothians, as a whole, though somewhat too dry. The wheat would average about five quarters to the acre; and in the seventy or eighty acres on the same farm, it would sometimes be difficult to point out a square yard which carried more or fewer ears than the rest of the field. The farms are divided into fields of from twenty to fifty acres each; the hedges are clipt low and thin, and the ditches covered in, so as to occupy as little space as possible. There are no trees in the hedge-rows, and few furrows in the land, all being laid down flat; and thus, between one thing and another, the entire area of the farm is made productive, and the expense of fences and gates is reduced to a minimum.

Another thing worth noting is, that permanent grass, either as meadow or pasture, is unknown, or nearly so; the only hay, or pasture, is derived from artificial grass, sown in the regular rotation of crop, and which remains two years down, and is then ploughed up and followed by oats. The crops of artificial grass were extremely heavy. I counted in one field of sixteen acres no less than 234 sheep, from 150 to 200 of which had been on the land since the 1st of April. On another farm, a field of the same size had on it 20 cows; and in both, the feed, chiefly white clover, was abundant, and of the finest quality.

The rent of the Lothian farms is from L.3, 10s. to L.7 per acre; and these high rents the farmers not only pay, *but thrive upon;* indeed, a more thriving set of men I never met with. They are enabled to pay these rents, and thrive, partly *by the heavy crops arising from skilful cultivation*, and partly by *economy of management* in every department. Actual wages, however, are as high as in England, namely, 10s. to 11s. a-week for a common labourer, 12s. for a ploughman, and 9d. a-day for women—ten hours to the day. As to the great amount of produce, it must be remembered that *all the land is under the plough.* Five quarters of wheat are reckoned a good average, but some fields turn out *six* to the acre. Ten or eleven quarters of oats, eight to ten tons of potatoes, and twenty-six to thirty tons of turnips, are reckoned good fair crops. Economy of management is shown in many ways:—

1. In the position and quality of farm-buildings, in having no land lying idle or unproductive, and in the use of machines and horses, instead of manual labour, wherever circumstances admit of it.

2. By confining attention to as few points as possible. Thus, instead of buying stock to feed off the grass during the two years the land is seeded down, it is let off to stock-feeders or butchers, at generally about L.6 the acre per annum, and the farmer's attention and capital is thereby saved from distraction and division. They contract, in like manner, to supply turnips, or both stalls and turnips, &c., for the winter, at so much the ton for turnips, or at so much the head to the stock-feeder; and so the stock-feeder, in his turn, becomes limited to his own peculiar branch of business. The dairyman, in the same way, hires the fields in grass by the year, or for the summer, and contracts for his turnips during winter; thus attending to nothing but his cows, which, by-the-by, he scrupulously milks *three times a-day* for at least half the year. In a similar spirit, also, instead of getting up his potatoes himself, and *with a fork*, as is done with us, the Lothian farmer sells his crop of potatoes at L.14 to L.20 per acre, according to the crop and state of markets, *to a dealer.* The farmer then *turns up the potatoes with the plough;* the dealer appears with a hundred women and children, and sacks and scales; and the whole crop is transferred from the field to the market, or shipped for London, in one-tenth the time, and at one-tenth the expense, which would be required in England.

3. Economy in the use and keep of horses.—Such an abuse as *three horses to a plough*, except to the subsoil plough, is unknown. The universal complement for 100 acres I found to be two pair of horses, two ploughmen, and one labourer; the number of women and children varying with the particular crop, perhaps six or eight during the season.

In this small allowance of horses, it must be remembered that the whole 100 acres are arable, there being no permanent pasture. The winter-keep of the horses is a mixture of half-chopped straw, or chopped anything, and *half-steamed* turnips or potatoes; and this feed is found not only much cheaper than hay and oats, but the horses are kept in better condition, and enjoy better health. No horses could look in finer condition than they did, without exception.

All the Lothian farms are held on nineteen years' leases, and the rents wholly, or partly, corn rents, rising and falling with the yearly fluctuations of the price of corn. The tendency of the corn rent I conceive to be to throw fluctuations in the value of a farm—that arising from an alteration of corn-laws, for example—upon the landlord, instead of the tenant.

Without a long lease, the farmers would not lay out their capital in the free manner they now do; and with a long lease, they feel independent of their landlords, more as if they were the actual proprietors, and altogether hold themselves higher, and with good reason, than the most wealthy of our English farmers. In consequence of this independence, and part ownership, as it were, of their farms, men of much superior rank, education, and capital, engage in the business of farming, than is the case in England, or, indeed, *than ever will be the case in England*, under existing circumstances.

The foundation of all improvements in the Scotch farming is the system of *thorough draining;* and so essential is this considered, that most of the land is deemed unworthy of being farmed at all until it has undergone this operation. Thorough draining is a series of drains, of tiles or broken stones, made at regular distances, from fifteen to thirty feet or more apart, according to the nature of the soil, over the whole field. This may be called the new system of draining, as opposed to the old one of cutting a few deep drains where springs actually show themselves, and which mode of draining is now, I believe, entirely abandoned by the best farmers. For minute directions on this and other branches of the subject, I refer to the book of Professor Low on Scotch husbandry, which is considered the best authority. I will merely remark, that it is advisable, in every case, to lay the drains in the old furrows, not across them; and the drains themselves should be from sixteen to eighteen inches deep. When made with stones, the top of the drain may be brought nearer the surface than is safe with tiles, and also when the land is for permanent grass, than when intended for arable; but I believe the tops, even of stone drains on grass lands, should be at least twelve inches below the surface of the ground, and that tile drains, in arable land, should not approach the surface nearer than eighteen or twenty inches.

The sums spending at present in Scotland upon thorough draining are immense. It will be seen, in the following notes of the farms I visited, that one farmer had laid out L.1800 in thorough draining alone, during the two first years of his lease. I will now put down a few extracts from my notes of the farms I visited, and shall call them by different numbers, that the actual farms may not be recognised:—

No. 1. Meadow land in small holdings—where the common sewers of the town discharge—one or two miles from Edinburgh, the grass constantly cut and taken into town for cows and horses; rent L.15 per acre.

No. 2. At two miles from town, with ample supply of town manure; potatoes and turnips carried daily into Edinburgh for sale; rent L.7 per acre.

No 3. Farm 340 acres; old lease of ten years lately expired; old rent L.1700, or L.5 per acre. The farmer took off L.18,000 to L.20,000, and has just bought a handsome estate in the neighbourhood, which he is improving. This farm is re-let, on a new lease for ten years, at a rent of L.2000, or L.6 per acre.

No 4. 250 acres, at three miles from Edinburgh; rent L.1000 to L.1200. Thrashing machine, with dressers and finishers, on most approved principle, made by Carlow, of Lenny Port, Corstorphine, Edinburgh; cost L.85, exclusive of geering; steam-engine, six horses' power, complete, for L.120, of Edinburgh manufacture. Last year, the crop of wheat on this farm reached six quarters to the acre, and the whole was sold at 80s. per quarter. Contracts with blacksmith at L.3 per annum, for each pair of horses, including shoeing, geer, plough and cart repairs, but no renewal. Laid by last year L.700, besides living.

Nos. 5 and 6. In one hand, or at least under one management. Last year and this together, has spent L.1800 in draining alone; this done with broken stones, which seem generally preferred; is not only cheaper, but more durable than tiles. When tiles are used, always put *flats* or *pans* for them to rest on. Draining here varies from 18 to 60 feet between drains.

For seeding down 1 bushel of rye grass, 8 lb. red clover, 4 lb. white, 4 lb. yellow, or trefoil—all per acre. If intended to lie down three years, or indeed two, reverses the quantities of red and white clover. Lets his grass, and contracts for sale of his turnips with a dairyman.

No. 7. 500 acres; rent L.1750; seven miles from Edinburgh. Too far from town to benefit, like the other farms, and a stiffer quality of land; grows less potatoes and turnips, but very fine beans, and obliged to keep stock. General stock for fatting, three year old, Angus breed; but some cross of the Caithness cow and short-horn bull, quite fat at two years old. Best manure, half rape, half dung; only good when used with dung; buys whole cargoes of rape. The gentleman who farms this, and his two brothers, pay together L.4500 rent.

[Nos. 8 and 9 may be passed over as of less importance.]

No. 10. A farm, or, we should call it, an estate, of 600 acres, lately purchased for L.70,000, without a single attraction of any kind but to a farmer. The proprietor has just laid out about L.5000 pounds in a new steading, or farm buildings, compact and complete, containing stalls for twenty-five horses, eight horse steam-engine, and every possible convenience for carrying on so large a concern. It contains numerous pens for stock-feeders, the farm to supply them with turnips for winter and grass for summer; but it is not intended, I was given to understand, to meddle with stock themselves, without necessity, following out the plan of attending only to one branch of business.

The general course of cropping in the Lothians seems to be, wheat, after summer fallow, or not; turnips, or potatoes; barley; seeds, down for one, two, or three years, as circumstances vary; oats. When further from town manure, and land stiffer, a crop of beans and pease is taken. In the East Lothians we saw comparatively few potatoes, whilst in the West Lothians it appears to be the grand crop.

The best approximation I could come to, as to the division of the gross proceeds of a farm, gives—rent 33, expenses 47, and profit and interest 20 per cent.; total, 100 per cent.

I have thus endeavoured to give, in a somewhat unconnected way, the result of my observations on the Lothian farming, where high rents, high profits, and a well-paid and contented peasantry, are all seen combined in a pleasing union. There is as wide a difference between the system existing there, and in these parts of England, as between that pursued in the small detached spinning-mills of thirty years ago, and what is now practised in the first-rate factories.

It is an interesting question, but one I am not going to enter upon, how this improved system of cultivation can be introduced into England, particularly into our own and the neighbouring counties? Where are the landlords ready to grant a nineteen years' lease? Where the farmers of sufficient intelligence and capital to manage successfully 500 acres, and willing and able to lay out L.1000 to L.1800 in draining alone, during the two first years of their lease? Where the ploughmen educated enough to convert into bailiffs, on such farms, for an extra shilling a-week?

I am inclined to think the superior and more practical education of the Scotch has been at the bottom of the

improved state of things. Education has given the knowledge which has enabled them to apply their capital with success, and to extract from the landowner the long lease which enables them to invest their capital with safety, as well as success."

THE RECLUSE IN THE COUNTRY.

[A paper under the above title appeared in a deceased provincial periodical about twenty years ago. Lighting upon it by chance, we have been so much pleased with its placid old-gentlemanly tone and quaint pleasant semi-pastoral style, as to deem it worthy of being disinterred from its original situation. It is here presented in an abridged form.]

It has been my favoured fortune to spend the greater part of my life in the country. I succeeded in my youth, by the death of my uncle, to a small but beautiful estate, upon which, throughout life, I have with little intermission continued to reside. It is situated in the west of Scotland, in one of those intermediate ranges of country, possessing few of the uniform and less inviting features of an agricultural district, but delightfully diversified by those picturesque undulations of hill and plain, which mark the near approach to the more grand and majestic scenes of the Highlands. In its general features, it partakes much of a pastoral air; and when I wander, in a calm summer evening, amidst that singularly rich and varied scenery which it displays, either carelessly tracing the picturesque windings of one of its clear and swift streams, or reclined upon some wooded bank, beneath a dark and grateful shade, while I look out upon the windings of the water, which, far in the distance, streaks the richly-wooded valley with its silver gleam, while the sun is seen in splendour, slowly sinking behind the majestic mountains of the west—I say I feel disposed to doubt if any of your pastoral writers, in all their fablings of Tempe and Arcadia, have ever conceived a scene more rich and delightful to the eye, or more soothing and grateful to the heart.

The family mansion in which I reside is one of very old erection, to which, as the wants or caprice of its successive owners have led them, a variety of additions have been made. Its site is delightfully romantic and beautiful, upon the summit of a somewhat steep and rugged eminence; and I confess, when I see my old fabric with its numerous and variously-disposed turrets—its broad and massive winding-stair in front—its tall and irregular chimneys, which shoot aloft into the air—its venerable windows, looking out in every variety of size and antiquity of shape, while several majestic trees, vigorous and luxuriant in their age, tower above the whole, with their far out-spreading and over-arching branches, I often think my old mansion a more picturesquely beautiful object, and that it harmonises more fittingly and impressively with the scene, than many of our more elegant and fairly-proportioned fabrics.

Like all true lovers of the country, I delight in gardening. My garden is spread out upon the irregular and sloping bank in front of my house. It looks towards the south, and the entrance towards it is by an old arched gateway, overgrown with briar and honeysuckle, which salute you as you enter with the rich diffusion of their sweets. I have been anxious that my garden should, at the same time, partake somewhat of the nature of an orchard. My fruit-trees are not disposed in corresponding rows and succession, but fancifully thrown into groups, and occasionally mingled with some rich and graceful forest trees. At the foot of the bank runs a rapid and clear rivulet, which still flows copiously, even amid the heats of summer. Its margin is thickly wooded, and here and there I have introduced an apple or plum-tree, or several tall flowering shrubs, whose blossoms give additional beauty and animation to the more sober livery of the other forest-trees. When fatigued with my garden labours, I often retire from the noon-tide heat to the dark and grateful shade of this grove. There I hear the murmurs of the stream, hid by the luxuriant foliage around me, or through some remote opening seen stealing softly and swiftly along, like the report of a noble action, which its doer seeks not to reveal. Here, while the progress and varying appearance of every plant and tree interest me in a way which you cannot perhaps easily conceive, I derive health and recreation from those occupations which the changing seasons and nearly every month in the year present; and when the time advances for gathering in the produce of my orchard, while I shake my trees, and am pelted by a shower of my own Ledingtons or Pippins, and see my adventurous little boy perched high upon a branch, and stretching his hand to some apple desirable in his eye, and my daughters gathering the fruit as it drops, while my servants convey it in sacks and baskets to the garner, I feel some of those emotions of delicious and tranquil satisfaction which Rousseau, the most eloquent of moderns, has described in such glowing colours as experiencing himself when engaged in a similar occupation.

But the amusement in which, of all others, I take most delight, is that of angling, and especially that of fly-fishing, in which, you must know, I regard myself nearly as dexterous as old Isaac Walton, or his sporting friends, R. Roe, or "honest" Nat, who angled till he was ninety-five. The river is distant several miles, and can only be reached by threading the fields, and traversing a long range of wild heath. Having selected a day which promised to suit the sport, I set off, accompanied by my little boy, with the first dawn of the morning, while the dew lies heavy upon the grass, and the clouds yet hang in one dark unseparated mass in the heavens. By the time we have reached the extremity of the heath, the fleecy vapours are seen slowly rolling up the sides of the mountains; we hear the rushing of the stream, as we descend the rugged pass which leads to it; while the sun is seen slowly breaking through the clouds of the east, going forth in that march which animates and gladdens all nature. Having, as quickly as my impatience will allow me, fitted my rod, chosen a pair of flies—perhaps the "green-tail" or "yellow-watchit"—to suit the aspect of the day, and slipped on my wading-shoes, I give my line one or two careless throws, to free it from its folds, and make it fall sweetly and softly in the stream; and having folded back the sleeve of my coat from my wrist, I then put my best skill and dexterity into play. Were I here, sir, to describe to you the keen abiding pleasure I feel while thus engaged in this most peaceful and delightful of all sports, your readers, I fear, would either not understand me, or regard my expressions as hyperbolical. I am then seen, my basket swung beneath my left arm, slowly wading and descending the stream, and feeling, whilst the water beats against my limbs, a delicious and refreshing coolness. I am seen often crossing to opposite sides of the river, that I may more dexterously throw my line into the wished-for places; not, perhaps, into the stronger and more rapid parts of the stream, but into the dark whirls and eddies, occasioned by some projecting bank or stone, or into that side of a pool which is overspread by a deeper shade. I have often, in such a solitude, yielding to my excursive and wandering thoughts, delighted to figure to myself, in the olden time, the accomplished Sir Henry Wotton, the elegant Cotton, and the venerable Walton, the darling friend of those great and pious men whom he so impressively perpetuates, finding in this peaceful sport a healthful and refreshing relaxation from their laborious studies, or more harassing pursuits.

When I have amused myself sufficiently—by which time, like all very keen anglers, the sun is generally declining in the west—I unscrew my rod, and deposit my hooks and lines in my pocket-book till another day. I then draw off my wading shoes, slip on a pair of soft warm lamb-wool stockings, and having thrown my basket (filled with fine trouts, from which the tails of some of the largest may be seen protruding) across my shoulders, my son and I proceed slowly homewards. As we approach the termination of our journey, we are generally met by my wife and daughters, who have become impatient for our return, by whom I am always relieved of my rod and basket; while my wife, insisting I look tired, makes me take hold of her arm; and as we proceed homewards, my young traveller having shaken off his fatigue, is recounting with much animation and satisfaction to his sisters the wonders he has seen.

But there is another recreation more refined and elegant than either of these I have already detailed, and which, by its magic influence, has contributed to smooth and compose the troubles and anxieties of a long life. I allude to music, of which I am a passionate admirer, and in the practice of which, in my younger days, I used to be esteemed somewhat of an eminent proficient. This I have zealously and fondly encouraged among my children, as of all the arts perhaps the purest and most enchanting; as that which, while it vividly awakens, most richly and adequately satisfies the excursive longings of imagination, and which binds most closely and intimately in its willing bands the domestic circle. I speak here of music in its highest and truest acceptation; such as those who have best appreciated its astonishing capacities, and whose noblest and most felicitous exertions have increased the delightful range of its sway, have raised it to.

My eldest daughter plays the piano-forte with a clear and distinct articulation, and a rapidity of execution and steadiness of time which, with little study, carry her through, with considerable power, the most excellent productions of the most valuable of the ancient and modern composers. My second girl, after much friendly altercation and zealous persuasion, I must allow, with my wife, I have myself taught the violin, from which she now draws, I can assure you, a very rich and mellow tone, and displays a very graceful and flowing bow-hand.

Your female readers may perhaps smile here at the vulgarity of my taste. I can, however, assure such delicately sensitive readers, that this instrument was frequent in the fair hands of the ladies in my younger years; and I still recollect the animation and fascinating movements of elegance and grace which they displayed in the use of it, forming a singular contrast to that stiff unvarying formality of manner which is unfortunately inseparable from the seated position of our piano-forte performers. I may, however, ingenuously confess, that, in teaching my daughter the violin, I was perhaps unconsciously influenced by the recollection of having heard, in my earlier youth, a beautiful black-eyed girl, full of unconstrained and artless vivacity, play upon this instrument some airs and movements of Vivaldi, with an expression I have never forgotten; while her dark hair waved in rich and clustering ringlets on her bosom, and the motion of her white and delicately-formed arm displayed the most perfect beauty and gracefulness. When I look on my daughter, and listen to her while she plays, the memory of this delightful vision of my youth often tenderly and forcibly impresses me. The instrument upon which I perform is the violoncello; and, like an old Maestro di Capella, while I play the fundamental bass, I have a scientific and delightful pleasure in watching the march and progress of the changing harmony, the gradual development, and final rich embellishment of the subject, and that delicious concinnity and graceful proportion of parts, which is happily and wonderfully preserved amidst all the delicate intricacies of invention and skilfully adjusted contrivance.

In this way we are enabled to play, in concert, many of the best productions of Abel, Wagenseil, Bocherini; and among those more modern, Woelfe, Clementi, Haydn, and Mozart, and a whole host of others. When I meet among my collection of music some piece which strikes me as peculiarly excellent, but composed for other instruments, I often beguile the tedium of a winter day by remodelling its parts, to suit the more limited musical forces of our family circle. Or, while I stroll in my garden, or mend my tackle, or proceed slowly to the trouting-stream, I devise little airs and mottivos, which, under a fictitious name, often become favourites in some of the neighbouring families.

My literary pursuits are now more limited than they once were; and with respect to these, my taste, I fear, will appear to some of your readers nearly as antiquated as in music. As I do not read to become either an antiquary, a linguist, or a politician, and being free from the calls of peculiar and exclusive study, which a learned profession demands, my literary avocations, you may presume, are neither very deep nor very various. At an early period in life, I was, however, much devoted to an extensive range of literary study and pursuit, and my ardour and avidity carried me through the most esteemed productions in the European languages. Since then, however, this insatiate passion for excursive reading has gradually grown weaker within me; and, except the heroic romances of the Italians, the "Oberon" or "Idris" of Wieland, or some of his numerous novels, or the "Idylls" of Gesner, I now seldom, in reading, depart from the field of our own language. For I am now old enough to be convinced of the folly of exploring, with a never-tiring curiosity, the literary territory of other countries, for what, to him who can diligently seek, may be found in equal richness, beauty, and power, among the highly-gifted authors of our own land. I am fond, enthusiastically fond, of poetry; not indeed of that ostentatiously splendid and elevated kind which seeks to command admiration, but rather of that which affects and wins upon me irresistibly by its unobtrusive and touching simplicity; of that of which our early dramatists exhibit such impressive examples, and of which I find a mine which never satiates, in the smaller pieces of Greene, of Withers, and innumerable detached passages of Old Daniel and Michael Drayton. Of that poetry which more exclusively describes the fair and diversified scenes of nature, I have ever been a constant and devoted lover. I do not so much mean that which is solely descriptive, in which the author is the sole prolocutor, as that which assumes dramatic form, and in which nature, lovely and inviting in herself, acquires a more interesting locality, and additional beauty and animation from those personages who move and act amidst her varied and contrasted scenes.

In reading such pieces, I feel at once impressively that there is indeed a poetry which has its seat deeper in our nature, and touches, with a more irresistible hand, the chords of our affections, than much which in these times has sprung up amongst us. My daughters sometimes on this point gently attempt to shake my scepticism, by citing some passages from our living poets; but as they have never yet heard the empty and dogmatical lispings of any of your famed blue-stockings, I easily bring them back to a proper feeling of nature and poetry, by repeating some passage from Drayton or Spenser, striking, yet natural, and impressively simple in its conception; rich and copious, and significant in that stream of living language which pictures forth with vividness and power those scenes they so much love, and of which they so truly feel the awakening influence.

By such a course of delightful study, I guard (as it seems to me) against that coldness and aridity of mind so apt to steal upon age; and, aided by the nature of my amusements, communicate to my fancy somewhat of the buoyancy, and richness, and elasticity of youth. These great productions, in the delightfully vigorous tone they impart to the mind, may be likened to those rich and fragrant essences which communicate, without exhaustion, to whatever approaches them, a balmy and delicious odour; or to the soft and refreshing dews which ascend from a full and gentle river, and which, amidst the parching heats of summer, diffuse beauty and luxuriant bloom along its banks. But I now hasten to draw this long, and, I fear, tedious communication, to a close. You may perceive that I feel too impressively the grandeur of nature to be forgetful of that humble and devout homage which is due from all to its Great Author. I have carefully inculcated on my children sound and just religious principles, and have endeavoured to inspire them with an ardent piety, constant and abiding in the heart, humble, yet which, in its humility, does not seek to lower or trample upon the glorious capacities of our nature.

During the summer months, I am almost constantly in the open air, when the weather permits, to which I chiefly ascribe the equable and vigorous health I have throughout life enjoyed. I am seldom at a loss

for objects to occupy my attention; and as I am willing to find satisfaction in very humble occupations, I may be seen at one time, perhaps, leading my horse or my daughters' ponies to the pasture, or to drink at the stream; at another, sauntering carelessly along with a Dutch hoe in my hand, and perhaps rooting from my gravel-walks a thistle or bindweed, or giving to the bordering turf a sharper and a neater edge. At other times, I may be seen thrusting a bush into a broken fence, or angling for small trout to be used as pike baits on the morrow; or, it may be, that my bees have cast, and the whole household are assembled beneath some lofty elm or ash upon which they have settled; then I may be seen swelling the rude clanging chorus which is to lure them from their height. In short, if my occupations are innocent, I by no means allow myself to be staggered by their seeming vulgarity or insignificance; the pure and sparkling water which springs from an obscure fountain is still grateful and delicious to my taste.

Thus does my life steal softly away, like a stream whose smooth waters glide imperceptibly by; and the sports and avocations which delighted my youth still cheer and solace my age. Most of my friends have long since departed, some of them after tempestuous and disastrous struggles; yet the going down of my sun is glowing, yet peaceful and tranquil, and I perceive the shadows slowly deepening without emotion or disquiet. I shall yield up life amidst those dear and tender accompaniments for which thousands, in the abiding passion of their nature, have fondly languished and sighed in vain. I shall drop this mortal career where first I took it up—amidst those delicious scenes which knew my early infancy; I shall die in the very arms, so to speak, which nurtured me; and my last gentle struggles shall be hushed and composed by those who have spread a hallowed and serene joy around my sequestered life, and who—shall I speak the last fond wish of humanity?—shall long associate me with the wildly-beautiful scenes among which I now wander, and drop a tender and pious tear to my memory.

ABOUT PICTURES AND PAINTERS.

THE "Art-Union," a London monthly journal of the fine arts, to which we have not referred for some time, continues to be managed with the same activity as at the outset, and every number offers a pleasing variety of notices on subjects of taste. The paper, as may be supposed, is a zealous advocate for the encouragement of the home trade in picture-painting, in preference to importing indiscriminate supplies from continental countries. In the number for October, the editor presents us with the following statistics of the import system:—

"In the 'Art-Union' for July 1839, we published a statement of the number of pictures imported into Great Britain during the years from 1833 to 1838, both inclusive. They were received from Italy, Holland, Belgium, and Germany, and averaged about 8000 annually in number. We have now procured an account of the number of pictures imported into the United Kingdom, and the amount of duty paid thereon, during the four years ending 5th January 1842. It is as follows:—

	Number.	Duty.
Year ended 5th January 1839, ..	9,620 ..	L.3844
.. .. 1840, ..	11,641 ..	3299
.. .. 1841, ..	11,920 ..	3628
.. .. 1842, ..	13,108 ..	3681

It will thus be seen that the increase has been enormous: only think of 13,108 'veritable' Titians, Berghems, Rembrandts, &c. &c., being put into circulation throughout Great Britain within the past year, eight of which are probably of value, but 13,100 of which are, no doubt, miserable and trashy copies. It is really wonderful how and where these things are disposed of; and it is not a little humiliating to find the evil anything but diminishing. To these 13,108 'old masters' (for very few of them profess to be modern), we must add the number of *genuine* pictures manufactured in this country and sold to foolish buyers. We have heard a variety of illustrative anecdotes of the modes in which such works are produced; and some 'artists' have been named to us who ought to be ashamed of lending themselves to such base and scandalous impositions. This evil, under the existing law, has no remedy; but really the makers of forgeries should be known and exposed—the profession should cast them out utterly. To copy old pictures, knowing they are to be passed off as genuine, is bad, very bad; but to make copies of modern works for a like purpose, is infinitely worse. Yet every day this is done, and there is no sort of punishment either for the forger or the vender."

Nothing, as the editor appears to imagine, is so well calculated to encourage native painters, as the support of associations to purchase pictures by lot, but he, at the same time, is not blind to the practices now common among a certain class of painters, of charging sums for their works far beyond their fair value. This is a growing evil. On a late occasion, as we are told, L.3700 was subscribed to buy pictures at an exhibition in Dublin; and, says the editor, "Mr Blacker (the secretary) could easily point out pictures valued at L.50, for which no person in his senses would give L.5; and he knows, also, that in many cases the sums *asked* were not the sums *given*. Mr Blacker asserts that the exhibition was the best that has been opened in Dublin: our only answer need be, 'bad is the best.' The Art-Union (of Dublin) did—we say it without the fear of contradiction—purchase many wretched productions, because they were compelled to expend a large proportion of their funds in the gallery, and had previously bought all the pictures that were good."

If the evil of extravagant prices be growing, so is the cure. The import of pictures from the continent in the way of trade is likely ere long to affect the home market; but a more effectual check will be found in the gradual demission of members, who are already beginning to tire of venturing money on articles in very many instances double or triple the price they would bring at open sale, if they sold at all for anything, and thus improperly fostering a class of mediocre painters, whom the public can never have the means to support. Another way in which things will be brought to their level, is the growing encouragement of foreign associations, for which there are now regular agencies in this country. We consider this to be a pleasing trait of international union—a step in universal civilisation. The editor of the paper before us has some judicious remarks on this topic:—

"The project for drawing closer the connexion between the lovers of art in this country and in Germany, progresses more favourably than our most sanguine hopes could have anticipated. Already, a very large number of subscribers have entered their names on the lists of the societies of Dusseldorf, Berlin, and Dresden: those lists are rapidly augmenting. The experiment has been completely successful, and the result cannot be otherwise than satisfactory and serviceable to the artists and amateurs of the arts in Great Britain. First, it will increase the intimacy between the kingdoms, that must be pregnant with good to all; next, it will familiarise us with those higher qualities of art in which the Germans are universally admitted to excel, and which are perhaps best exhibited by their engravings; and next, it will inevitably lead to an acquaintance with the 'style' of the German school, by introducing collections of its best productions into England. The time is auspicious for the attempt; the British artist has been at length called upon by the nation to aim at loftier objects than those with which he has been hitherto generally content; our beneficial intercourse with Germany is becoming daily more frequent and useful; and we have learned to know and appreciate the vast sources of enjoyment and information they possess, with the most ready means of rendering them available. We have examined the prints that have been already issued by the several societies, and those that are in progress for the members of 1842. They are all of them of rare excellence and value; each is fully worth the amount of the subscription, setting aside the chances of prizes; there is not one that is not calculated to improve the taste and elevate the mind, for the selections have been made exclusively from pictures not only painted by the best artists, but painted with the grand and lofty purpose of conveying a high moral lesson by the arts. As we have said, great good must follow the introduction among us of the works of the master-minds of Germany; and sure we are, there are thousands in this country who only require a knowledge of the advantage within their reach to avail themselves of it."

"UNDER TRUSTEES."

TUNE.—*The Jolly Young Waterman.*

O HAVE you ne'er heard of a worthy Scotch gentleman,
Laird of that ilk, and the chief of his name,
Who not many years since, attaining majority,
Heir to some thousands of acres became?
He lived so well, and he spent so merrily,
The people all came to his house so readily,
And he made all things in it so much as you please,
And he made all things in it so much as you please,
That this gentleman soon was put under trustees.

O never till then had our worthy Scotch gentleman
Lived for a day as his taste did incline,
There never were wanting some plaguy good fellows
To rattle his pheasants and tipple his wine.
He kept a pack, which the county delighted in,
He gave charming balls, and the ladies invited in;
O he never knew what was a moment of ease,
O he never knew what was a moment of ease,
Till snug he had placed himself under trustees.

Being now in plain truth a Distressed Agriculturist,
No one expects him to play the great man;
He is sure of whatever he needs in this world,
For creditors wish him to live while he can.
Rents may fall, but that doesn't trouble him;
Banks may break, but that cannot hobble him;
At the cares of this sad life he coolly may sneeze,
At the cares of this sad life he coolly may sneeze,
Who only will put himself under trustees!

Subscriptions come round for election-committees,
New churches, infirmaries, soup for the poor,
Our worthy Scotch gentleman gives his best wishes,
But of course the collectors ne'er darken his door.
He never is called to look a paper in,
To get up a cup to huntsman or whipper-in;
O who would be *fashing* with matters like these,
O who would be *fashing* with matters like these,
A gentleman known to be under trustees?

When any good neighbour, hard up for the wherewithal,
Looks for some friend who is likely to lend,
Our worthy Scotch gentleman never need care at all—
He's not the man who the matter can mend.
In short, all others have something crossing them,
On beds of trouble are always tossing them;
But only the Income-Tax truly can tease,
But only the Income-Tax truly can tease,
A gentleman snugly put under trustees.

July 1842. R. C.

CLEANSING THE SKIN.

In order to enjoy good health, it is as necessary to cleanse the skin of every part of the body as the hands and face. If you once begin to make a rule to wash the whole body at least once a-week, either by bathing or otherwise, in cold water, the vigour and hilarity of feeling you will experience will amply repay you for the labour. Try it a few weeks—it will cost next to nothing.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

QUICK POSTAGE!

THE ridiculous manner in which the postage of letters is conducted is daily becoming more manifest. Take the following:—On a late occasion, we arrived at a seaport on the west coast of Scotland at 5 o'clock in the evening, and, desirous of letting friends in Edinburgh know of our arrival, we asked when the post would leave the town in that direction. "Not till to-morrow forenoon," was the answer. "When would a letter reach Edinburgh?" we asked. "Your letter would reach Glasgow in about two hours after posting; it would lie in the post-office there till half-past 9 at night; it would arrive in Edinburgh at 2 or 3 in the morning; and it would be delivered at 8 in the morning." "Is there any other means of forwarding a letter?" I inquired. "Oh, yes, there are plenty railway trains; you can send it by one of them." I followed the hint; made up a small parcel with an old newspaper, and thus despatched my letter on its travels. The packet reached Edinburgh next day at 2 o'clock afternoon, or 18 hours earlier than it would have been delivered if it had been intrusted to the post. Cases of this kind are universal. From being the quickest, the post has become in very many instances the slowest organ of transmission. But this intolerable grievance cannot last. The post-office authorities must either make an effort to increase the number of transmissions between large seats of population favoured by railways, or the monopoly of the post be abandoned to private enterprise.

We again express a hope that the newspaper press will agitate this important question.

A PLEASANT STORY.

SCOTLAND furnishes many instances of persons, by care and attention, rising from comparative obscurity to stations of high rank and consideration. The following interesting narrative details one of these instances of successful merit, and is calculated to promote good conduct in all:—

When Mr Grigor Grant first entered the excise, he was stationed in Grantown of Strathspey. He, being then unmarried, took private lodgings for himself, and engaged a young boy, named John Grant, in order to attend him in the capacity of servant. Mr Grant got very fond of young John, and used him more like a child of his own than a servant. Mr Grant being derived from a respectable family, got a liberal education; and being of an affable and kind disposition, he began to teach his favourite the first branches of education. The boy having a quick capacity to learn, soon became a tolerably good scholar. He one day informed his benefactor that he never expected to get such a kind and indulgent master; but having arrived near the years of maturity (being at the time seventeen years of age), said that he was anxious to go to Edinburgh, and that if he got a situation there, good and well, but if not, that he intended to enter his majesty's service. At parting, Mr Grant acted towards the lad in a liberal manner. Upon his arrival in Edinburgh, he implemented what he intended, as he enlisted in an English regiment. A short time thereafter, the German war commenced, when the said regiment was ordered to the seat of war. John Grant being an active young soldier, and well disciplined, was the first of his regiment, while the British were engaged in the taking of a garrison, to mount one of the scaling-ladders. In consequence of his being so valiant and active, his colonel appointed him sergeant; and having conducted himself so well in the discharge of his duty, his good conduct afterwards procured for him promotion to the rank of ensign. Mr Grant, about sixteen years thereafter, had occasion to go to Aberdeen, where there happened to be an English regiment stationed at the time; and as the duties of his situation at Strathspey, &c., had not led him to see a military band, he was anxious to see a regiment at drill, and he therefore attended for that purpose, along with a good many other spectators. When the regiment formed line, the colonel took his post, and looking at the great number of spectators, he stepped forward with his sword in his hand, and tipping Mr Grant on the shoulder, and beckoning him aside from the crowd, asked if he was not Mr Grant, officer of excise? He replied that he was the very person. The colonel then asked him if he knew who he was? Mr Grant said that he did not. The colonel then said he was happy to inform him that he was John Grant, his old servant, but now colonel of the regiment before them; and that if he had not been kind to him when in his service, he would not have made so free with him. After mutual interchanges of affection and esteem, the colonel invited Mr Grant to dine at mess in the evening with him and the other officers of the regiment. "Roast Beef" shortly afterwards having beat, a good many of the officers entered the mess-room and took their seats; but Mr Grant waited the arrival of the colonel, who took hold of him by the arm and led him into the mess-room, the whole of the officers standing at the time, when the colonel took the chair, placing his old preceptor on his right hand. Mr Grant used to state that it was one of the happiest days he ever enjoyed. But all rank and honour are uncertain; Colonel Grant and his regiment were ordered soon after to foreign service, when, alas! in a short time thereafter he was killed fighting for his king and country, to the great sorrow of his early benefactor, and the loss of his highly honoured country.—*Elgin Courant.*

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BOOK-STALLS.

BOOK-STALLS were the cheap literature of a former age. Their business was with a humble kind of new publications, and the worn-out of the old. Ben Jonson—who was probably a haunter of them, since it is told of him that, when a working bricklayer, he used to be seen with a trowel in one hand and a book in the other—says, in his Underwoods—

> "It is a rhyming age, and verses swarme
> At every *stall*."

Ballads and other poems, in single sheets, or half-sheets, together with a great variety of homely prose productions of similar form, were then hung up at stalls to attract the attention of passers by; and many compositions thus introduced to the world have been gathered by our literary antiquaries, our Percies, Evanses, and Ritsons, and transfused into grave-looking volumes for the admiration of learned and polite readers. Time out of mind, these humble marts of literature have been the resort of the curious youth, the struggling scholar, and the pains-taking book-collector. Lackington, who, from a poor shoemaker, rose to be a wealthy bookseller, tells in his whimsical memoirs of the following adventure:—While residing in a suburb of London, he had been sent by his wife with a few shillings which formed their all, to buy a leg of mutton for the next day's dinner. On his way to the butcher's shop, some book, presenting very attractive food for the mind, caught his attention at a book-stall, and so won his admiration, that, before he could reason on the contrary charms of the mutton, he had made a purchase of it. Reaching home, he encountered his wife's disappointment with the assurance that, if he had bought the mutton it must soon have vanished, while here was a book which would for many a day cheer their winter evenings. Charles Lamb tells a somewhat similar story of his purchase of a folio Beaumont and Fletcher at a book-stall. He had marked it longingly, but was delayed by want of funds. While these were gathering, he almost daily passed the place to see if the book was still there, fearful lest it should be gone. At length, late one Saturday night, having mustered the sum wanted—thirteen shillings—off he set to the shop, never dreaming that it had any chance of being shut. Finding the shutters closed, and the man gone to bed, he was not to be baulked of his prey, but presently commenced a rattling at the door sufficient to have wakened the seven sleepers. The bookseller came in the greatest alarm half-dressed, and grumblingly took thirteen white shillings in exchange for the twin dramatists, whom Charles immediately carried home in the highest rapture.

Stall-readers—a class of porers who don't buy—are as old as the days of Milton, who alludes to them, and probably much older. To poor lovers of learning, young and old, the book-stall was—to use a just phrase of the Quarterly Review—as a table spread in the wilderness. He who pens these lines never can forget his delighted surprise, on coming, during his book-devouring boyhood, to live in a large city, when he found that there were tablefuls of volumes laid out in the streets, which he—a boy—without one coin in his pocket—might go and peruse whenever and for as long as he chose. Nor is he anxious to conceal that, when pursuing classical studies with rather an imperfect store of materials, he has several times in a day gone to one of these really public libraries to consult an English-Latin dictionary necessary for some voluntary tasks in the way of Latin versifying. It is recorded of Miss Benger, authoress of the "Life of Mary Queen of Scots," and many other meritorious productions, that in early life, when resident in Wiltshire, being very poor, and at the same time athirst for reading, she used to peruse the open pages of books in the windows of a book-shop, which she visited daily in the hope of finding another page turned over. Probably not a few of those who shine in the world of letters could tell a similar tale. And, doubtless, even in these days of cheap literature, there are many thoughtful self-educating youths who are more or less indebted every day of their lives to the bits of broken intellectual meat, which they snatch with a fearful joy, and with what they think a sufficient respect for the eighth commandment, at the tables of the old bookseller. When we think of this, a beautiful remark of a recent writer is recalled to us—"The love of knowledge," he says, "is in itself the attainment of knowledge. Poverty or toil discourages it in vain. It supplies the scarcity of time by the concentration of attention, and replaces comfort by self-denial."

An early habit of frequenting book-stalls is never quite overcome, even after one has long become a purchaser in higher fields of literature. Leigh Hunt pleasantly confesses to this weakness, if such it be—"We still find ourselves halting," says he, "at the humblest book-stall, as we used to do when fresh from school. In vain have we got cold feet at it, shivering, wind-beaten sides, and black-fingered gloves. The dusty old siren still delays us, charming with immortal beauty inside her homely attire, and singing songs of old poets. We still find ourselves diving into the sixpenny or threepenny box in spite of eternal disappointment, and running over whole windows of books, which we saw but three days before, for the twentieth time, and of which we could repeat by heart a good third of the titles. Nothing disconcerts us but absolute dirt, or an ill-tempered looking woman. What delights us is to see a plentiful sprinkle of old poetry, little Elzevir classics, Ariostos full of loving comment, and a woman getting gradually better and better dressed, her afternoon ribbons matching with her pleasant face, and a chubby urchin in her arms."

We have ourselves precisely the same habits. Nothing delights us more than to overhaul the fourpenny box, reading a chapter gratuitously in this book and a chapter in that, and anon slyly glancing over the shoulders of the poor scholars at our elbow to see what class of books most interest them. Occasionally, when we have opened some very attractive old book, we have stood reading for hours at the stall, lost in a brown study and worldly forgetfulness, and should probably have read on to the end of the last chapter, had not the vender of published wisdom offered, in a satirically polite way, to bring us out a chair. "Take a chair, sir; you must be tired." We protest, however, that we never study thus gratuitously except through sheer thoughtlessness about buying—a perfect inadvertence to the business of trade and profit. On some pressing occasions, to be sure, we have gone instinctively to the book-stall to settle, perhaps, a question in geography, orthography, or etymology, or to endeavour to recover the lost line of a song by a free consultation with the books so conveniently reposing there. We often have to lament that these repositories are hardly ever furnished with the Court Guide and Street Directory, two very handy books of reference.

It affords us much pleasure to watch from day to day the growth and development of the little old book-stall, till it has gradually attained the dimensions and honourable title of a book-*shop*—a very warehouse, stored so full of books that no Dominie Sampson can behold their numbers without exclaiming, "Prodigious!" When the book-stall has reached this large growth, the threepenny box, the old tea-boards, and the knife-boards, which did duty as book-shelves, all vanish mysteriously, and Jack Shepherd and Dick Turpin are no longer seen hanging by cords over the doorway. The tarnished and broken bindings have been repaired, there is less paste and fewer labels visible, and the printed catalogues are given gratis to every book-ish-looking person that approaches within two yards of the counter, which is now no longer a plain window-shutter covered with green baize, but a spruce genuine *bona fide* counter of solid deal, ingeniously painted so as to resemble the finest mahogany. The catalogues soon prove more attractive than the blotted manuscript list of books which Dick, the four shillings a-week assistant, used to write out in the less flourishing days of the book-stall. We have known some few unpretending book-stalls to sport catalogues, but these rarely exceeded two or three pages, and (by way of launching for once an unnecessary remark) in no instance ever attained a size equal to that published last year by Mr H. G. Bohn, which consisted of two thousand one hundred pages, was five inches thick, and contained the titles of above three hundred thousand volumes. It has been said, that a bookseller is nothing without his catalogue. It is his individual being; it is that which distinguishes him from others of his fraternity; it is therein that his taste and learning are displayed; it is therein that he writes down "his fancies chaste and noble;" it is his literary confession of faith, and he will be honoured accordingly. The publication of his catalogue is a great event in his life; he then plays the Mæcenas, the patron not indeed of living, but of dead men; he opens to us a new world of pleasant thoughts, and introduces to us choice spirits of departed ages, who have been "to dumb forgetfulness a prey"—and he knows it—he feels that he does so. Young aspirants after knowledge are apt to envy the bookseller, and not unfrequently are heard to declare that, if they were he, they would read from morning till night. They never reflect that the books are not the bookseller's library, but simply the wares of his trade, and which he seldom cares about further than as to what sums of money they will fetch in the market. Like pastry-cooks, booksellers rarely taste their own goods. We have known it happen, that the poor lads engaged to mind the bookseller's stall would, when tired with too much watching, and soured by slackness of trade, take up a book to pass away the monotonous hour, but the boy's master would inveigh against this as a treasonable dereliction of duty, and give him distinctly to understand, that he was never to read beyond the title-page; and that, if ever caught writing sonnets instead of labels, woe betide him and his four shillings a-week.

The grand recommendation of the book-stall is the cheapness of the goods. It must, indeed, be a very dashing book-stall that dares to require more than half-a-guinea for any book, however valuable. Hence, by little and little, threepence to-day and threepence to-morrow, a poor scholar may pick up at these places some excellent old books; so that by the end of the year he shall see with pleasure a nice comfortable library in one corner of his room, the whole the result of a judicious and praiseworthy mode of expending the little sum he could spare out of his small means. Even when he has read all his little library through, and may be unable to add more to its contents, he may console himself with the words of John Kenyon—

> "Oh! sweet 'twill be, or hope would so believe,
> When close round life its fading tints of eve,
> To turn again our earlier volumes o'er,
> And love them then, because we've loved before

And inly bless the waning hour that brings
A will to lean once more on simple things.
If this be weakness, welcome life's decline;
If this be second childhood, be it mine."

It is to be remarked, however, that when a desirable book is lighted upon at a book-stall, its purchase ought never to be delayed, not even for a single minute. Mutton and beef may be bought any day while sheep and oxen continue; but the old book may be scarce, and hundreds of professed book-collectors are continually prowling about, ready to pounce upon and bear off every rare old book they can find, whether in the fourpenny box or on the half-crown shelf. They will almost seize it out of your hand, and it is in vain that you offer them a shilling more for the coveted article —your offer only makes them hug the prize all the closer. If you would secure the book that takes your fancy, you must imitate the example of Tristram Shandy's father, when he saw at the book-stall the rare work by Bruscambille, entitled, *Pensées Facecieuses et les Bon Mots*. "'There are not three Bruscambilles in Christendom,' said the stall-man, 'except what are chained up in the libraries of the curious.' My father *flung down the money as quick as lightning*, took Bruscambille into his bosom, hied home from Piccadilly to Coleman Street with it as he would have hied home with a treasure, and never once took his hand off Bruscambille all the way."

Oldbuck, it must be confessed, took a different plan. "These little Elzevirs," said he to Lovel, "are the memoranda and trophies of many a walk by night and morning through the Cowgate, the Canongate, the Bow, St Mary's Wynd—wherever, in fine, there were to be found brokers and trokers, those miscellaneous dealers in things rare and curious. How often have I stood haggling upon a halfpenny, lest, by a too ready acquiescence in the dealer's first price, he should be led to suspect the value I set upon the article!—how have I trembled, lest some passing stranger should chop in between me and the prize, and regarded each poor student of divinity that stopped to turn over the books at the stall, as a rival amateur, or prowling bookseller in disguise!" This caution, we humbly opine, was needless, and must be set down to the penurious character of the laird of Monkbarns. We much more admire the practice of his hero of book-collectors, "thrice happy Snuffy Davy," who, he says, "had the scent of a sleuth-hound, and the *snap of a bull-dog*." The remainder of the antiquary's speech is, however, what every book-hunter must sympathise in—"And then, Mr Lovel, the sly satisfaction with which one pays the consideration and pockets the article, affecting a cold indifference, while the hand is trembling with pleasure! Then to dazzle the eyes of our wealthier and emulous rivals by showing them such a treasure as this—(displaying a little black-smoked book about the size of a primer)—to enjoy their surprise and envy, shrouding, meanwhile, under a veil of mysterious consciousness, our own superior knowledge and dexterity—these, my young friend, these are the white moments of life that repay the toils, the pains, and sedulous attention, which our profession, above all others, so peculiarly demands!"

The good fortune of Snuffy Davy, who secured at a book-stall for twopence a copy of Caxton's Boke of Chess, for which royalty itself ultimately gave a hundred and seventy pounds, is perhaps a remarkable case; but it is of a class of incidents by no means rare. A person conversant with the rarity and pecuniary value of books, may often make lucky purchases at the book-stalls. When the library of Mr Bindley, chairman of the Board of Stamps, was brought to the hammer, several rare books, which he had picked up at the stalls for a few shillings, were sold for more than the same number of pounds. Thus, Herbert's "Dick and Robin, with songs and other old tracts (1641)," which cost him only two shillings, was bought by Mr Heber for ten pounds; a volume, containing Patrick Hannay's "Nightingale, and other poems, with portraits of the author, and of Anne of Denmark, by Crispin de Pass (1622)," bought by Mr Bindley for six shillings, was sold for thirty-five pounds fourteen shillings. Five of Robert Greene's productions, which altogether cost Mr Bindley only seven shillings and ninepence, were sold for forty-one pounds fourteen shillings. A friend informs us that he has frequently made excellent bargains at the book-stalls, and after reading them through, resold them at a good profit to first-rate booksellers and collectors. One of the most remarkable of these purchases was a copy, in its perfectly original state, stitched and unbound, of George Chapman's rare comedy, entitled "Monsieur d'Olive," and published in London in 1606. When read through and done with, it was disposed of to an eminent bookseller in Piccadilly for sixty times the sum it had cost its last possessor; and, from the remarkable state it was in, there can be little doubt that it would have obtained two hundred times its stall price of threepence had it been sent to a first-class book auction. At the sale of the library of Isaac Reed, the Shakspearian commentator, a copy of this comedy sold for thirty-six shillings; and Mr Thorpe has known it sell for sixty shillings.

Though the very old books are the *game* most followed by the professed stall-hunter, anxious to rescue rarities from perdition, the second-hand modern books are the chief attraction of the multitude who tarry about the stall. For ourselves, we declare with Prior—

"Some folks in ancient books delight,
Though most prefer what moderns write;
But we should be extremely loath
Not to be found expert in both."

While many works are peculiar to this or that book-stall, it is noticeable that some hundred similar works are common to all book-stalls. A vast number of odd volumes are also sure to be met with at these places; and we have known more than one person who has obtained his living by going about the town in search of odd volumes to complete imperfect sets of valuable works. Volumes that have strayed away from their brethren always sell very cheap; and he who wants a good and long-lasting treat of nice quiet reading, at the lowest terms, cannot do better than purchase, for the *nonce*, a bulky odd volume of some old-fashioned periodical, such as the Gentleman's Magazine, the European Magazine, the Macaroni Magazine, or of the one which was quaintly entitled the Magazine of Magazines. One of these, of fifty years old or thereabout, carries us pleasantly back to the youthful days of our fathers, and gives us a glimpse of the world as they saw it. In the life of William Hutton, we read that the first books he ever purchased were three volumes of the Gentleman's Magazine.

Deeply as we feel interested in the instruction of the people, by means of new publications written according to the intellectual wants, the moral tone, and social feeling of the day, we cannot but wish well to the old book-stalls that so effectually adapt themselves to the pockets of the people. The celebrated Boerhaave used to take off his hat whenever he approached an elder-tree, in reverence to its medicinal virtues; we feel inclined to imitate him whenever we approach an old book-stall, sanctified by the presence of the glorious works of Milton, Shakspeare, Bunyan, Burton, Newton, Franklin, and of many other men whose minds are left among us, though their bodies are dead and gone

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

ANIMALS CHARACTERISTIC OF THE DIFFERENT QUARTERS OF THE GLOBE.

When we think of the multitude of living creatures scattered over the earth, we are apt, in the first instance, to come to the conclusion, that they are distributed promiscuously and at random, or, at most, that they are influenced only by the degree of temperature, and the natural productions depending on that temperature, as being more or less fitted to afford a supply of suitable food. But further reflection immediately shows us that such an opinion is altogether untenable. We perceive animals, and groups of animals, confined to particular localities, from which they never wander, although numerous other places might, to all appearance, afford them precisely the same physical conditions under which they exist. Examples of this nature so constantly force themselves on our attention, that we soon find it impossible to escape the conviction, that the geographical distribution of animals must have been regulated by certain laws, and made to depend on certain conditions, of which, in most cases, it is impossible for us to form any adequate conception.

The most influential agent effecting this distribution, and the one whose operation we can best understand, is that already alluded to, namely, temperature. Where this attains its maximum, animals occur in the greatest profusion, and of the largest size; and from thence, through the sub-tropical, temperate, and colder zones, they undergo a progressive degradation, both in regard to numbers and dimensions, till they approach the regions in the vicinity of the poles, where life ceases to exist. A certain degree of heat, and the conditions of various kinds which accompany it, are necessary to the well-being of certain animals, and these animals, as might be expected, only occur where these are to be found. We thus, in a general way, find the proximate cause of animals of a particular organisation and constitution being distributed in different latitudes, never exchanging their relative position, nor in any remarkable degree becoming intermingled with each other. But no such explanation will, in general, apply to their distribution along a given zone of longitude. In different parts of such a zone, and in circumstances to all appearance similar, we find groups of different animals having the limits of their range eastward and westward, as distinctly defined as it is to the north and south. We can readily perceive why this should be the case, when particular localities, from their special nature, character of the surface, productions, &c., are only adapted to the maintenance of animals of a particular kind; in such instances, in order to exist at all, or at least with comfort, animals must be local. The subterranean lakes of Carniola, for example, present a very peculiar locality, and it is not surprising that their remarkable inhabitant, the Proteus, should be confined to them. The vegetation of saline marshes is fitted for the support only of particular tribes; such is likewise the case with certain volcanic countries; and it is easy to imagine many other circumstances which necessarily prescribe definite limits to numerous kinds of animals. But others are found to be very local where no such causes can be supposed to operate; while not a few, on the other hand, are so widely extended, that they may almost be said to make the circuit of the globe. The occurrence of high mountain ranges, of seas, lakes, and rivers, of sandy deserts, marshes, &c., has necessarily great influence on the distribution of animals; but even when due allowance has been made for the modifying agency of all these great physical features of the globe, much will still remain for which we shall in vain endeavour to find an explanation.

It is not to be expected that we shall ever be able to solve the question which has sometimes exercised the ingenuity of naturalists, whether animals were originally dispersed over the earth from a single point, or from numerous and widely-distant centres of creation; the last supposition seems best to accord with actual appearances. But without any reference to the causes of their distribution, or the modes in which it has been effected, it is a matter of great interest to observe the facts as they are now presented to us, to notice what localities are occupied by particular species, and what diversities in this respect prevail in different countries. An extensive and accurate record of facts of this nature would afford materials wherewith to construct a zoological map of the earth's surface. Every extensive tract is found to be characterised by the prevalence of particular animal forms; and these, considered collectively, constitute its zoological aspect or character. It is not, of course, to be expected that zoological regions should in general correspond to the artificial divisions into which the earth's surface has been partitioned; but it at times happens that the physical features which have determined the one determine also the other, and thus they occasionally become coincident, or nearly so. But however this may be, taking the great divisions of the globe as they are at present established, we shall find that each possesses numerous animals peculiar to itself; in other words, that it has a zoological character distinct from all the rest. This we shall now endeavour to point out as briefly as possible, taking the great divisions in question in the following order: Africa, Asia, Europe, North and South America; to which may be added what has been called (by a kind of Hibernicism) the *fifth quarter* of the globe, New Holland. The great islands of the Indian Archipelago and Madagascar are likewise of sufficient importance, in the light we are now to consider them, to require respectively a brief notice.

Of all the great divisions of the globe, Africa is among the best characterised by its animal productions. This we might in some measure expect beforehand, from the peculiar nature of the country in many other respects. Owing to its great width, and the almost unbroken regularity of its sea-coast, the influence of the surrounding ocean is comparatively little felt. It is pervaded by very few large rivers, and almost, as a necessary consequence, there is an equal paucity of inland lakes; while the mountain ranges are comparatively few, and seldom of sufficient elevation to disturb the prevailing character of the climate. From this there result a degree of dryness in the atmosphere, and a boundless extent of waste and torrid sand, of which we find no similar examples elsewhere. In many parts of this continent it can never be said to rain, and the only refreshment which the thirsty earth receives is from the dews of heaven. This excessive dryness constitutes the most marked peculiarity of the climate of Africa, and it necessarily exercises a notable influence on its natural productions, whether vegetable or animal. But in a continent of such vast extent, great diversity of climate, surface, and vegetation, cannot fail to occur; and while, on the one hand, we find far extending tracts, incapable of affording sustenance from their parched and burning surface to other forms of animal life than scorpions, lizards, serpents, and other cold-blooded reptiles, almost capable, as has been fabled of their associate the salamander, of enduring the heat of a fire; there occur, on the other, luxuriant oases, so grateful to the eye, as contrasted with the surrounding sterility, that it is scarcely to be wondered at that the ancients regarded them as the site of the garden of the Hesperides—extensive forests, umbrageous and well-watered valleys, affording fit haunts for the elephant, buffalo, and rhinoceros.

By far the most remarkable of African animals, and in some respects the most remarkable in existence, are the giraffe, hippopotamus, and ostrich. The two former are altogether peculiar to this continent, and the last may almost be said to be so, the only other place where it occurs being the adjoining deserts of Arabia. Although arranged in our zoological systems near the deer and antelopes, the giraffe has but little affinity to either, standing out conspicuously and alone as one of the most extraordinary animals in existence. Although gradually retiring before the advance of colonization, there is reason to believe that it is by no means rare in the interior, troops of thirty or forty being occasionally met with by the adventurous sportsmen who approach its haunts. Some recent naturalists are disposed to believe in the existence of two species, one in the north, the other in the more southern regions of Africa; but there seems little to countenance this notion. The huge and unwieldy hippopotamus, which has no counterpart in any other quarter of the globe, frequents the rivers of the central and southern parts of the continent. The ostrich is pretty generally distributed over Africa, whence, no doubt, straggling individuals have found their way into Arabia.

Although elephants, rhinoceroses, buffaloes, and crocodiles, are common to Africa with other quarters of the globe, it must be understood that the African animals are specifically distinct from all others; that is, they differ from those of other countries, nearly in the same degree as the horse does from the ass; they

are, therefore, perfectly distinctive of this continent as *species*. The elephant is much less docile than that of Asia, being scarcely ever subjugated so as to become a beast of draught or burden, and it is readily known by its inferior size, and the enormous dimensions of its ears, which are so large, that, when separated from the animal, they are sometimes used by the natives as a kind of sledge. The disposition of the largest African buffalo (for there are several kinds) is fierce and savage, compared with that of the domesticated species of Asia and southern Europe. Three species of rhinoceros are ascertained to inhabit Africa, and we are informed by Dr Smith, to whom the recent discovery of the third (the Ketloa rhinoceros) is owing, that the natives believe in the existence of five sorts of these animals, which they accordingly distinguish by separate names. Africa is therefore the metropolis, or most abundant and characteristic locality, of these massive and formidable quadrupeds. Only one crocodile, properly so called, occurs in the Old World, and that is the famous reptile of the African rivers, at whose approach

> Old Nilus sighs through all his cane-crown'd shores,
> And swarthy Memphis trembles and adores.

It can scarcely yet be said to be entirely divested of the reverence in which it was formerly held; for the modern Egyptians frequently suspend a stuffed crocodile over their doors as a kind of guardian genius.

It is impossible to contemplate the peculiar features of African zoology, without being speedily struck with the remarkable preponderance of the antelope tribe, and the numerous kinds of equine or solid-hoofed animals approaching to the asinine type of form. Upwards of seventy antelopes are now known, and the larger proportion of these inhabit Africa. We can here mention only two or three of the more remarkable. One of the best known belongs to the section containing the gazelles; it is the spring-bok of the Cape colonists. When the springs and rivulets of its native plains are dried up, this small and elegant species sometimes descends upon the cultivated lands in innumerable herds—twenty or thirty thousand occasionally appearing within view at once—and devastates the crops, again retiring with the first fall of rain. The bubalus of the ancients is about the size of a stag, and more heavily formed than the others. Similar to it is the *harte-beeste* of the colonists, which has somewhat of the appearance of a small cow, inhabits the more sterile districts, and is capable of being domesticated. The klip-springer, or rock-springer, has brittle hair of a greenish-yellow colour, and the hoofs do not incline forward, but are placed perpendicularly on a line with the leg. The algazel, a large species of the northern regions, is often sculptured on the monuments of Egypt and Nubia, and is thought to be the oryx of the ancients. The impoof, which is the elk of the colonists, attains the size of the largest horse, with strong straight horns, surrounded by a spiral ridge. Three species of gnu-antelopes are found in southern Africa, the largest and best known of which is a very remarkable animal, having a tail not unlike that of a horse, a beautifully flowing mane, a hanging dewlap, horns approximating and enlarged at the base, then curved downwards, and afterwards turned up at the points. Both sexes are provided with horns. One species of African antelope (*A. nigra*) is remarkable for its colour, which, in the male, is almost wholly black; and others for their diminutive size, the group named *Neotragus* containing several species of extremely delicate structure, some of them not a foot in height at the shoulder.

Horses and asses, including under the latter name all equine animals with a naked tail tufted at the tip, and long ears, are characteristic of Asia; only one other tribe of solid-hoofed animals is known, named the hippotigrine, or zebra group, and that is separated from all the others by being geographically confined to southern Africa, rarely extending beyond the equator. The most recent investigation of their characters determines the number of species to be five, and they are all more or less conspicuously marked with the transverse parallel bands, giving them that peculiar aspect which is attempted to be expressed by the term *hippotiger*, or tiger-horse. They are often found associated with the ostrich, whose company they are supposed to seek, owing to the keener vision of the bird giving earlier intimation of approaching danger; and this assemblage, with a few troops of slim and elegant antelopes, bounding over a plain which they scarcely seem to touch, and whose uniformity of level is but little interrupted by the stunted herbage and straggling tufts of succulent plants, placed there as if to concentrate the scanty humidity, combine to form a scene which is perfectly unique, and of which the geographical position can never be mistaken.

The African deserts would be quite impassable without the aid of the camel and dromedary, and these have been from time immemorial the most useful and laborious servants of the inhabitants, to whose comfort, nay in some cases, to whose very existence, they may be said to be indispensable. But although the occurrence of these animals forms a very striking and distinctive feature in the zoology of this continent, as compared with Europe and America, it is one which it shares in common with Asia. The same thing may be said of the larger and more remarkable feline animals—the lion, panther, leopard, and chetah, or hunting leopard, all of which are likewise Asiatic. But it seems to be here that the lion finds its more congenial and appropriate home. Disregarding the dense covering of the jungle—the proper abode of the more insidious tiger and panther—the king of beasts delights in an open country,* with occasional tufts of wood to afford him temporary shade or shelter as the occasion may require; a kind of locality in which this continent abounds. He here attains his most magnificent proportions, and occurs in greater plenty than elsewhere, exhibiting also several well marked varieties. Those who maintain that the African differs specifically from the Asiatic lion, would probably change their opinion on examining all the intermediate gradations to be seen in the living specimens now in this country. There can be little doubt that the simple Linnæan characteristic—"tail with a tuft at the extremity"—is still as applicable as ever, and designates a single species, the noblest and most powerful of his race.

Africa is the metropolitan station of the hyænas. All the three species known are African, and two of them, the spotted and woolly hyæna, are exclusively so. The more common striped hyæna extends into Syria, Persia, and other parts of the Asiatic continent. Of sanguinary disposition, disgusting habits, and not very amiable aspect, hyænas are commonly regarded with aversion; but it is perhaps not generally known that they are frequently tamed, in which condition they sometimes show strong attachment to those who use them kindly, and are actually employed in the capacity of watch-dogs both in Asia and Africa. Allied to the hyænas in structure, and strikingly resembling them in form, are the wild dog of the Cape (*Lycaon picta*), a tall gaunt figure, with large ears, and a tail like that of a wolf, which hunts in packs; and Laland's proteles, which inhabits caverns, whence it issues to attack sheep and lambs, having the singular propensity of eating off their tails; a preference no doubt owing to that appendage in the African sheep being furnished with a massive fatty protuberance.

Of the more strictly canine animals, Africa possesses several different kinds of jackal; but although the well known lion's provider, as it is called, occurs here, it is more characteristic of Asia. The interior also produces a race of foxes remarkable for the size of their ears; these form the genus *Megalotis*, and one of the species is the zerda or fennec of Bruce. The mangouste, so celebrated among the ancients by the name of *ichneumon*, has the form of a marten, and is larger than our domestic cat; like the latter, it is easily domesticated, and pursues mice, reptiles, &c. In its wild state, it chiefly hunts for the eggs of the crocodile, and thus destroys many of these animals, by an easier and incomparably safer process than entering the mouth of the gigantic reptile, as it was formerly fabled to do. The wild boar is unknown in Africa, but it is represented by the wart-hogs, which are like it in general form, but have a singularly large skull, and tusks, to use Cuvier's expression, of frightful magnitude; and these, with a large mammiform protuberance on each cheek, give them a very hideous aspect. One occurs in the north, another in the south of the continent. Many regions of Africa are infested in an extraordinary degree by ants, which in some places almost usurp the soil. They are kept in some measure in check by a peculiar animal called the ant-eater, or Cape orycterope, which inhabits burrows, and feeds on these insects. By the Dutch colonists, who occasionally use it for food, this animal is styled the *ground hog*. It is assisted in its useful operations by the pangolins, or scaly lizards, as they are commonly called, which, instead of hair, are covered with imbricated scales, the edges of which they present to an assailant, rolling the body into a ball like our hedgehog. Various kinds of very remarkable gnawing quadrupeds are found in the vicinity of the Cape of Good Hope, of which we can merely mention the otomyd, jerboa, jumping hare, and bathyergue.

A zoological feature of Africa, of too conspicuous a nature to pass unnoticed, even in the most cursory glance, is presented by the occurrence of various singular species of quadrumanous, or monkey-like animals, in particular the chimpanzee, which of all living creatures most nearly approximates to man.† It is peculiar to Africa, chiefly found in Guinea and Congo, lives in troops, and if the reports of travellers can be relied on, sometimes attains a size equal, if not superior, to that of a man. Baboons, properly so called, or dog-faced monkeys, are also confined to this continent, with a single exception, and that also is of African origin. The mandrill baboon (*Simia maimon* and *Marmon* of Linnæus) is a most hideous and extraordinary animal, nearly of the size of a man, of a most sensual and ferocious disposition, and held in great dread by the natives of Guinea, where it principally occurs. Its food and habits are quite in accordance with its revolting aspect, the former consisting chiefly of scorpions, which it obtains by traversing the ground on all fours, and lifting up the stones with its hands. Before swallowing the choice morsel, the creature extracts the sting with great dexterity. The smaller kinds of monkeys peculiar to Africa are very numerous, constituting entire generic groups, very rich in species.

* According to Mr Blyth, the feline species which affect the open country, as the lion and leopard, have the pupil of the eye contracting to a point; whereas in those which inhabit forests, as the tiger and domestic cat, the pupil closes in a vertical line, permitting thus, when least dilated, of a full range of vision in the direction in which these animals chiefly watch for prey.

† The resemblance of this race of animals to man is intimated in some of the names assigned to them wherever they are known. Ourang-outang is a Malay word, literally meaning *rational being*, or man, *of the woods*. The familiar name monkey is obviously a dimirutive of *man*. Some baboons are named *mandrills*.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

On many accounts the history of Sir Walter Raleigh is an interesting one to his countrymen. His name is indelibly associated with our national literature; he forms a prominent link in the early connecting annals of the old and new worlds; and his personal adventures in youth, manhood, and age, are invested with the strong charm arising from stirring adventure, and from sufferings endured with manful patience.

Walter Raleigh was a younger son of a family of Devonshire, of the inferior class of landed gentry. He was born in 1552, at Hayes, in the parish of East Badley, and after some domestic tutorage, was sent to Oriel College, Oxford, where his ready talents and aptitude for instruction appeared so remarkably, that Lord Bacon has deemed them worthy of notice. At the age of seventeen, however, he quitted his academical career for a more active one, joining a "gallant company" of one hundred gentlemen volunteers, who, with permission of Queen Elizabeth, went over to France to assist the oppressed Huguenots, or Protestants. There is every reason to believe that Raleigh here fought in person in the great battles of Jarnac and Moncontour, under Condé and Coligni; but we know not much of these his first warlike adventures, and his participation in the French civil war is chiefly noticeable as giving an indication of that liberal spirit and hatred of oppression which marked his later years. He spent about six years in France, and no doubt there added to his previously-acquired learning and knowledge those social and courtly accomplishments which charmed the discriminative eye of Elizabeth not long afterwards. Before he came in her way, however, he had seen further service both by sea and land. In 1578, he again enlisted himself under the banners of Protestantism, serving with the Dutch against Spain, under Sir John Norris. His step-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, withdrew him from this adventure in the following year, and induced him to join in an expedition to the El Dorado of the age, the American hemisphere. It failed; and again Raleigh turned his thoughts to military success. At the close of 1579, the rebellion of several chieftains of Ireland had called for an increased levy of men for that country. The subject of our memoir had so far proved his abilities as to receive a company; and subsequent exertions procured him the governments, successively, of Munster and Cork. History ascribes to this period of his life many acts of daring courage, of chivalrous generosity, and of prudence far beyond his years.

When young Raleigh first presented himself fairly at the court of Elizabeth, that queen was surrounded by men whose personal merits and accomplishments rendered the avenue to royal favour difficult of access. The wise and faithful Burleigh, the haughty and intriguing Leicester, and the all-accomplished Sidney, then stood full in the eye of the queen, with many others whose talents and deserts ranked only second to theirs. But even among such men Raleigh was not long in making himself prominent. His dexterous use of a little accident is always related as the first step made by him in the graces of the queen. Elizabeth was passing on foot from the royal barge to the palace, and, reaching a spot where the ground was miry, hesitated for a moment to advance. Raleigh was in her train, a humble member of the group of youthful aspirants for future offices and honours. His quick eye caught the momentary hesitation of the sovereign, and with admirable presence of mind he stept forward to her aid. Loosening his richly-embroidered cloak from his shoulders, he cast it on the ground before her, with an air of profound respect, yet with grace and gallantry. Elizabeth was just the party to be charmed by such an act, especially when the doer was a young man of noble figure and mien, from whom admiration of the woman came not less naturally and agreeably than devotion to the queen. She immediately sent for Raleigh, and took him into her service.

Raleigh was first employed by Elizabeth to accompany the Duke of Anjou to the Netherlands, after she had resolved against a marriage with that prince. In 1583, we find Raleigh again actively engaged in prosecuting schemes for colonising North America. The first expedition failed, but he got a new and extensive patent in 1584, and the captains sent out by him discovered Virginia, which they so named in honour of the queen. Though unsuccessful in forming a colony, Raleigh's messengers effected important ends at various times. They brought home the potato, and it was first planted on an estate in Ireland, given to Raleigh for his services. They also brought home the tobacco plant, which he was the means of bringing into use. In addition to his Irish estate, the queen knighted Raleigh, and made him seneschal of Cornwall and Exeter, as well as warden of the Stanneries, and licenser of the wine-retailers of Britain. He was also chosen captain of the queen's guard, and knight of the shire for Devon. All these benefits and honours show the estimation into which he had risen. The queen admired, trusted, and consulted him.

In the year 1588, the great Spanish Armada advanced against Britain, and Raleigh was actively em-

ployed both by land and sea. On the memorable 27th of July, Sir Walter joined the squadron of England in a ship of his own, and was forward in conducting the victorious attack of that day. Elizabeth rewarded him with an augmentation of his patent on wines. Soon afterwards, the active knight joined in the attempt to re-seat the expelled king of Portugal on his throne. For his share in this enterprise, Raleigh once more gained the thanks of his sovereign. He paid a visit at this time to Ireland, and there saw Edmund Spenser, the great favourite of those muses whose smiles Raleigh himself had already courted with no mean success. By the banks of the romantic Mulla, these two men of genius met and united sympathies. Both have left records of their meeting, and of their high admiration for one another. Raleigh's sonnet on Spenser is among the finest in our language, and may be given here as a specimen of his poetical powers :—

"Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
Within that temple where the vestal flame
Was wont to burn, and passing by that way
To see this buried dust of living fame,
Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept;
All suddenly I saw the Fairy Queen;
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept,
And from thenceforth those Graces were not seen;
For they this queen attended, in whose stead
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse;
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did pierce;
Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grieve,
And curst th' access of that celestial thiefe."

Spenser, on the other hand, remembering Raleigh's passion for maritime adventure, calls him "The Shepherd of the Ocean," and, in memory of his powers of verse, gives him the title of "The Summer's Nightingale."

When Raleigh returned to England, he introduced Spenser to the queen, as the poet gratefully acknowledges. He also used his influence in other commendable ways; as, for example, in saving the life of Mr John Udall, a poor clergyman, who had incurred the sentence of capital punishment. His scheming and ambitious mind led him to exert himself constantly to further the interests of himself and friends. It is said that Elizabeth somewhat pettishly said to him once, "When, Sir Walter, will you cease to be a beggar?" "When your gracious majesty ceases to be a benefactor," answered he pointedly. The requests could not be very improper ones, in allusion to which Sir Walter dared to make such a reply to Queen Elizabeth.

A new naval enterprise was undertaken in 1592 by the Shepherd of the Ocean; namely, an adventure against Panama. Raleigh was admiral, and he hoped to seize the whole Spanish plate-fleet. By accident, the plate-fleet escaped, but nevertheless large ships were taken, one valued, with its freight, at L.500,000. These were not unworthy rewards; but Sir Walter, when he landed from his cruise, found an unexpected misfortune awaiting him. He had become attached to Elizabeth Throgmorton, one of the queen's maids of honour, and her majesty, having discovered the circumstance, cast him, in consequence, into the Tower. There Raleigh thought it necessary to act the part of a despairing lover; and by sundry poetical flatteries of the royal person, he was fortunate in gaining his liberty.

Reinstated in part in the graces of the queen, and again a member of the parliament, Raleigh turned his active mind ere long to a new attempt of colonisation. He had been told wonderful stories of the wealth of Guiana, and he fitted out an expedition for that region, taking the command in person. Excepting that he took possession of it in his sovereign's name, and facilitated the progress of geographical discovery by his account of the river Orinoco, Raleigh gained little by this enterprise, though his courage and conduct were never before more strikingly evinced. Again, in 1596, Raleigh was on the broad seas, being honoured with a command in the expedition against Cadiz under Essex, and a leader of the van in the splendid victory which the English there obtained. In 1597, he was rear-admiral under Essex, in the expedition for the seizure of the Spanish West-India fleet, and, eager for glory, made a successful attack on Fayal, in the absence of his superior. Though Raleigh justified himself fully, this affair widened the already existing breach betwixt him and Essex, who were rivals for royal favour, and also contended, on no unequal terms, for popular applause. Though of lesser rank, Raleigh's personal accomplishments were such as to give him an advantage even over the gallant Essex. At those tournaments of which the queen was so fond, the former had no equal, and, at will, could bear off the tilting prizes given by the sovereign. After his return from the expedition of 1597, till the fall of Essex and death of the queen, Raleigh, in addition to his share in these royal amusements, occupied himself with his duties in parliament, and became also the founder of the Mermaid Club, around the board of which congregated such men as Shakspeare, Jonson, Fletcher, Beaumont, and Carew. Sir Walter, indeed, was perhaps in every way the most generally admired and prominent man in England of that day.

When Elizabeth died in 1603, Sir Walter Raleigh had touched the summit of all his greatness, and his star began to decline. He was left the main competitor for power with Cecil; and that minister, a man of consummate address, gained the favour of James I., while, unluckily, a prejudice was instilled into the royal mind against Raleigh. In the very first year of the new reign, Sir Walter, after being stripped of several of his offices, was accused of a conspiracy to place Arabella Stewart on the throne. The very existence of such a plot was an entire fiction, invented for the purpose of ruining Raleigh. He was tried, and it was at his trial that a strange scene, often alluded to, passed between the accused and the Attorney-General, Sir Edward Coke, a man of splendid powers, but violent temper and strong prejudices. To all the unjustifiable taunts of this personage Raleigh bore himself most nobly. By a constrained jury, the accused was found guilty, and was confined in the Tower, for the time escaping the scaffold, to which he was condemned and ultimately destined. At first, indeed, he had no hopes of life, and, with the block before his eyes, wrote a most beautiful letter to his wife, from which we take a few sentences :—"You shall now receive, my dear wife, my last words, in these my last lines. My love I send you, that you may keep it when I am dead; and my counsel, that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not, by my will, present you with sorrows, dear Bess—let them go into the grave with me, and be buried in the dust. And, seeing it is not the will of God that ever I shall see you more in this life, bear it patiently, and with a heart like thyself.

First, I send you all the thanks which my heart can conceive, or my words can express, for your many travails and cares taken for me; which, though they have not taken effect as you wished, yet my debt to you is not the less. But pay it I never shall in this world. Secondly, I beseech you, for the love you bear me living, do not hide yourself many days after my death; but by your travail seek to help your miserable fortunes, and the right of your poor child. Thy mournings cannot avail me—I am but dust."

For twelve years Sir Walter Raleigh lay in prison, never certain for one hour that the next would not see him perish by a violent death. But he gave not way to despondent inactivity. He made this period the most famous of his stirring life, composing, during it, his great "History of the World," a work of wonderful learning, genius, and industry. Other essays upon useful subjects were composed by him; and the mean prince who kept him so unjustly in durance, and in such a species of durance as wasted the prisoner's health, did not scruple to profit the while by his toils and talents. Prince Henry, the promising and short-lived son of James, was the attached friend of Raleigh, and, in allusion to him, is reported to have exclaimed indignantly, "Sure, no prince but my father would keep such a bird in such a cage." James acted still more vilely towards Raleigh, in permitting the favourite, Somerset, to seize the prisoner's estate of Sherborne, upon the ground of a legal quibble. Lady Raleigh, who showed an unmatched constancy to her husband in his misfortunes, went on her knees to the king on this occasion, to petition for the preservation of her children's inheritance, but without avail.

At length, when all appeals for justice had passed for ten years unheeded, Raleigh obtained his release in 1615, by a bribe to the uncles of the new favourite, Buckingham. Other considerations, and those of a like paltry nature, had partly influenced King James. Sir Walter had renewed his schemes upon Guiana, and promised him the fifth part of the bullion to be imported thence. Upon this undertaking, the active Raleigh set his whole remaining fortunes, as on a die. All the means that he, his wife, and his friends could accumulate, were embarked in this great undertaking; and by the month of March 1617, a fleet of fourteen sail, well equipped, with Raleigh himself as commander, were ready to cross the Atlantic. But heavy impediments stood in the way of the indefatigable adventurer. Though Guiana was an English colony, the jealousy of Spain was roused by the news of this great enterprise. In council and in battle, they had again and again cowered under the master-genius of Raleigh; and Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador in England, made the most urgent remonstrances against the expedition, falsely representing it as a piratical scheme against the colonies of Spain. James had sanctioned it, and did not withdraw his sanction; but, with a degree of baseness almost unexampled, he placed in the hands of the Spaniards the most minute and private details of Raleigh's proposed proceedings, thereby enabling them to baffle them wholly.

Ignorant of these matters, the unfortunate knight set forth, and reached the Orinoco. His own health sunk under fatigue and the climate, but he sent a party to take possession of the spot where he believed a valuable mine to be. Alas! the party found all the passes occupied by watchful Spaniards, and after a severe engagement, in which many of the Spaniards were killed, the adventurers were forced to return. When Raleigh heard of the engagement, knowing what Spain would make of it, he declared himself a "ruined man." Other distresses followed thick upon the first; his son fell in battle, fighting bravely; and, with his force lamentably thinned, Sir Walter was forced to turn his course again to England. Respecting his son, he writes affectingly to his wife—"I was loath to write, because I know not how to comfort you; and God knows I never knew what sorrow meant till now. All that I can say to you is, that you must obey the will and providence of God, and remember that the queen's majesty bare the loss of Prince Henry with a magnanimous heart, and the Lady Harrington of her only son. Comfort your heart, dearest Bess. I shall sorrow for us both. And I shall sorrow the less, because I have not long to sorrow, because not long to live."

On his return to England, the contest with the Spaniards proved, as he had feared, fatal to him, or at least gave a plea for his death. He had never received a formal pardon, believing it to be implied in the new patent granted by the king for his voyage. He was therefore condemned to die, on the score of the former conviction. Manfully he stood forward to vindicate himself, but all in vain. On the 29th of October 1618, in the 66th year of his age, he died by the axe on the scaffold. His demeanour in his last moments was calm and noble. He felt the edge of the axe, and said to the sheriff, "This is a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases." To the people he declared his innocence in a short speech, and then, after a fervent prayer, exclaimed, "Now I am going to my God!"

Sir Walter Raleigh certainly possessed one of the greatest intellects of which our nation can boast. His capabilities were almost universal. He was eminent in all things. Scraps only of his poetry have been preserved, but they show his fancy to have been as brilliant as his judgment was sound. His "History of the World," and a collection of miscellaneous essays, form the bulk of his extant writings.

A TRAVELLING REMINISCENCE.

BY MISS PARDOE.

To the reflective and observant traveller, every variation of costume, feeling, and habit, in the different lands through which he passes, is a distinct study; and although many customs to which he has not been previously habituated may at the first glance appear to be both absurd and indefensible, it is more than probable that, on carefully examining the subject, he will discover equal discrepancies in his own former impressions. Nothing is more common than for a stranger, on his advent in a foreign city, to see a smile upon every lip, induced by some detail of his manner or costume, which to its inhabitants conveys singularity, and even ridicule; and it is by no means improbable that, should he remain long among them, he would see reason to adopt their opinion, and to discard prejudices upon which he had previously prided himself.

In almost every relation of life, we find it infinitely more easy to condemn certain things, than either to give a valid reason for our dissent, or to supply a remedy; and this is peculiarly the case as regards foreign countries. Allowances must be made for the conventionalisms of every distinct people and state of society, or existence among them becomes not only irksome, but absolutely painful; nor should the fact ever be forgotten, that what is refined courtesy in one nation may be rank incivility in another. Singular scenes frequently grow out of these local differences of feeling and action; some of them, doubtless, unpleasant enough at the moment, but still so irresistibly ludicrous, that even the sufferer cannot choose but laugh at his own disaster; and perhaps I shall not better illustrate my position, than by narrating a provokingly absurd incident which happened to myself during my residence at Constantinople in 1836.

We had embarked at Marseilles, in the November of the previous year, having taken our passage in a large Austrian merchant-brig, manned by Venetian sailors. Our voyage lasted forty-six days, during which weary period we only twice made land; first at Syra, and subsequently at Troy. On the first night after our embarkation, we were overtaken by a severe gale, which swept our decks of everything save the guns (of which we carried four), the long boat, which was firmly stowed amid-ships, the masts, and the main-sail. It caught us so suddenly, that the crew were totally unprepared, and every moveable object upon deck went overboard within ten minutes after it commenced. Italian sailors are proverbially both slovenly and procrastinating; and thus, satisfied with getting the passengers' luggage and property on board, every article was flung or stowed aside wherever it could be put most out of the way for the moment; while casks of water, and sides of beef, and even coops of poultry, were left almost unsecured, until daylight on the morrow should render their arrangement a matter of greater facility and convenience. Such being the case on deck, it will readily be believed that matters were not much better in the cabin. Such a scene of confusion I assuredly never witnessed; and although my own packages contributed not a little towards the misery, I felt all the horror of being obliged to clamber over boxes, hampers, and portmanteaux, in order to arrive at my little state-room. Had I known *how* the inconvenience was to have terminated, however, I should have been quite satisfied to put up with things as they were.

About midnight, a heavy sea struck the brig, which split the bulwarks seven feet from the stern, carried away the small boat, and forcing its way through the skylight, poured two feet of water into the cabin; the shock at the same time hurling from the locker to the floor all the multifarious objects which had been piled pyramidically to the roof. Had the adventure been less disagreeable, or the position less dangerous, it would have been impossible not to have felt amusement at the extraordinary and heterogeneous collection which was absorbed by, or floating on, the briny flood by which we were so suddenly overwhelmed.

Cases of millinery, hampers of wine and brandy, bottles of various sauces, anchovies, and pickles, the whole of which were broken as they came in contact with trunks and packing-cases; dried fish, which gradually became soaked; porter, eggs, and various other descriptions of sea-provisions—all combined to create a stench so nauseous, that it was with the greatest difficulty that we could support it.

Among the other floating luxuries was a case of millinery, which had been packed for me in Paris, and which was formed of basket-work. In this precious case were contained all my bonnets—articles of which I had already learned the inconvenience at sea, and which I had replaced by a cloth travelling-cap—the only description of head-covering that I possessed which was not carefully enclosed in the wicker-case. My female readers will at once appreciate the extent of my misfortune. I was about to land in the metropolis of a country where ladies substituted muslin for silk, buckram, and feathers, and where it was consequently far from likely that I should be able to supply myself with anything sufficiently *wise-like* to make a creditable appearance, instead of the spoilt articles in question. I had no alternative on our arrival but to land bonnetless; and the first use which I made of a Constantinopolitan acquaintance, who met me with offers of service, was to engage her to discover if, by some lucky chance, the unfortunate hiatus in my wardrobe could by any possibility be filled up. In 1836, the Frank quarter of Pera boasted but one milliner, an Italian, who supplied the ladies of the different embassies with finery, which she procured from Vienna. How these affairs may now be arranged, I cannot even guess; for recent travellers have, on their return from Turkey, occasionally put forth statements in which I cannot at all recognise the country and the people as *I* knew them. It will perhaps be sufficient for me to state, in order to prove the difficulty of indulging in matters of personal vanity, and the sensation created by European novelties consequent thereupon, that, during our stay in the capital, a French hair-dresser established himself, who exhibited in his window a couple of the wax busts, which are at home the usual ornaments of the shops of these traders; and which so excited the wonder and admiration of the natives, that the street in which he lived was rendered impassable by the dense crowd that collected to gaze upon them, until it was found necessary to disperse them by the aid of the police; and their fame having reached the Reis Effendi (minister of foreign affairs), he rode to the house of the astonished and frightened Frenchman, in order to convince himself whether they were indeed the miracles of art and beauty which he had been taught to believe; when he was so enchanted with the waxen wonders, that he offered a large sum of money for them, being anxious to present them to the Sultan his master as ornaments for his summer palace. This incident will, I think, go far to prove that my dilemma was no common one; and I was comparatively glad to learn, through my agent, that La Signora was daily awaiting a case from Vienna which was to contain three bonnets for the Austrian ambassadress; and that, on condition of my paying whatever price she might see fit to put upon it, the accommodating modiste would oblige me with one of the three. At that period I was not acquainted with the amiable Baroness S——, and consequently felt no compunction in depriving her of some portion of her excess, in order to supply my own necessity. I therefore acceded at once to the terms proposed; and in the middle of January, when the earth was covered with snow, I became the happy possessor of a bonnet of sky-blue satin, decorated with French flowers as parti-coloured as the rainbow, for which I had given in exchange sundry coins, whose value amounted to between five and six guineas English.

It will be readily imagined that this piece of unseasonable finery was the alpha and omega of my care; and it will not therefore be matter of surprise, that when, on the second occasion of its appearance, I went over to Constantinople from our residence at Pera, to visit the wife and daughter of the Pasha of Scodra, with whom I was to sojourn for a couple of days, I requested that the Greek lady who acted as my interpreter, would intreat of our hostess to give strict orders to the slave who took charge of our wardrobe to be extremely careful of my bonnet, as it was the only one that I possessed, and would be replaced with great difficulty. This was courteously acceded to my wishes, and a promise given by the attendant that all due attention should be paid to all that belonged to me. I accordingly troubled myself no farther on the subject; nor, amid the novelty of the scene, did I again waste a thought upon the subject, until we ultimately prepared to depart; when, in reply to my request for my walking-dress, the slave who had been my principal attendant during my visit knelt before me, holding out upon her spread palms a flat something covered over with a gold embroidered napkin. At first I did not apprehend the extent of my misfortune, and throwing aside the elegant drapery by which my less costly habiliments had been shrouded, I took possession of the shawl that lay beneath it; but my consternation may be imagined when, on withdrawing it from its resting-place, I discovered beneath its folds my unfortunate and ill-used bonnet, which, like its companion the shawl, had been duly folded and put under a press, where neither dust nor insect could intrude to injure it!

The predicament was most mortifying, and for some seconds I stood gazing in stupid horror at the wreck before me; but the absurdity of the thing was so monstrous, that in spite of the dilemma to which I was reduced, a sense of the ridiculous overpowered every other feeling, and I laughed as heartily as though I had not been myself the victim of the jest.

It was a case in which clearly no one was to blame. The simple-minded slave understood nothing about bonnets; and in fact neither she nor her mistress seemed to the last to comprehend that any injury had been done; or that the misused fabric of satin and flowers was one whit less graceful or less becoming, when I had pulled and squeezed it into the nearest approach to a head-dress of which it was still susceptible, than it was when I first presented myself in the harem. Every portion of their own costume might be folded, pressed, and packed at pleasure, and they were consequently not prepared to expect that mine was less accommodating. The destruction of any article of dress by a domestic, where its nature and capabilities were understood, would have been an affront to the guest who suffered; but in this case the error was one of ignorance; and this incident, simple as it was, may serve as an example and a proof that difficulties will arise, and annoyances occur, to every traveller, of which those who cause them are as virtually innocent as though they had not been actors in the little drama.

Let the travelling English bear this fact in mind; and both their temper and their digestion will be improved by the reflection. It is just possible that those among whom they sojourn may discover as many discrepancies in their own mood and manner as they have discovered on their side; while it will not be wholly profitless for them also to remember that they have *sought* the annoyances of which they complain; while the unconscious offenders are the victims of passive, or perhaps indignant, endurance of an evil which has been forced upon them.

JOKES ON THE COTTON FOLK.

Of all people in the world, the cotton folk of Lancashire have been made the subject of a novel! The idea will strike all other persons as most extraordinary: what! heroes and heroines, and all the other characters of fiction, from the cool villain to the crazed oddity, found amongst the unromantic brick chimneys in and around Manchester. In the people themselves, the idea will probably awake feelings much akin to those of the inhabitants of Cincinnati on receiving the earliest copies of Mrs Trollope's work on America. Even in the Exchange on a Tuesday, we should not wonder if one were to hear occasional remarks on this plaguy new novel filling up pauses in the discourse on yarns and twists. After all, the notion is not so absurd as may at first sight appear. Manufacturers and their work-people have feelings and passions as well as other human beings, and that very opposition to the romantic in which they live might be interpreted as an advantage, in as far as it was likely to afford scenes and events of a fresh and unhackneyed character. However this may be, a novel *has been* written on the cotton districts, the principal characters of which are manufacturers and the members of their families, and the scenes of which, with few exceptions, lie in the immediate neighbourhood of Manchester.*

There will probably be different opinions as to the general truth of the impression which is given by this work respecting the class whom it professes to delineate. It will be said to be over-drawn—to be true only in part, or of a section of the class, and so forth; and probably some of these objections may be sound, for how can any such delineations be universally true? But the characters and some of the descriptive scenes may be true, nevertheless, to certain originals, or sections of the class, which the writer has had opportunities of observing; and as such let them be taken. It is by no means certain that partial pictures of this kind are calculated for nothing but to offend the mass. The poignant remarks of Johnson on the Scotch are now acknowledged to have contributed much to the improvement of their domestic habits, and already the satire of Mrs Trollope and other European observers is beginning to effect some most desirable reforms on the other side of the Atlantic.

Mrs Stone describes the wealthy manufacturers of Manchester and its neighbourhood, as for the most part men sprung from a humble origin, and who have grown rich and luxurious, without greatly changing their original manners and style of thought and feeling. But not only is this true of individuals: the whole county was recently poor and thinly peopled; it has been suddenly enriched, and filled with a dense population through the efficacy of industry, while there was no corresponding growth of any of those elements which tend to refine and cultivate—a leisurely and scholarly class—nor any attraction for such elements coming in from without. If, then, wealth and splendour are to be found in this district, with little admixture of that intellectuality and taste which often grace much humbler scenes, it is little to be wondered at, however much one might wish it were otherwise. The most conspicuous result of wealth without refinement seems to be a disposition to competition in the shows of life—splendid furniture, equipages, and entertainments. The wife of a cotton-man rests content with what she has, and the style in which she has for some time lived, until, some luckless day, she finds that a neighbour has got some fine piece of plate which she wants, some better kind of carriage or horses, or had her drawing-room newly furnished in a superior style; and then she knows no peace till she has been made in all respects equal. Strange as it may seem, this new-sprung population is more split into grades and castes than any aristocratic community in the country. Men who sell calico in whole pieces, form a sect who will have no social intercourse with men who "cut the piece." To the struggle for eminence which consequently takes place, Mrs Stone ascribes "the out-Heroding-Herod in dress, in equipage, in entertainments, in luxury, in expense and extravagance of every kind, which so often makes the cotton-man, despite of fifty redeeming qualities, the butt and ridicule of those, from home, with whom he may chance to associate. 'He is a cotton-man,' seems to be a sufficient explanation for anything that may appear absurdly ostentatious or extravagant; and it is a common bye-word in the mouths of many who are themselves totally deficient both in the shrewdness to plan, and the unwearied energetic assiduity to realise, the undertakings which make the cotton manufacturer what he is." The ostentation is only relieved by a hearty hospitality which accompanies it. We shall here quote a characteristic scene from the novel:—"The drawing-room in which Mrs Langshawe received her visitors was as splendid as money could make it. The furniture and decorations were, however, all good—the best of their kind; but there was an *elaboration* in the style, and a profuseness in the ornaments, that savoured more of a heavy purse than a cultivated taste. The walls were hung with silk damask, finished off by massive gold cornices and mouldings, or draped round the magnificent mirrors, extending almost from the ceiling to the ground, which reflected the forms of a fair bevy of ladies, whose garments were not, certainly, their least noticeable appendage. The couches, the ottomans, the bosses, the buhl time-piece, the profusion of ornamental trifles that glittered around, the choice exotics in the recesses, the elegant china ornaments, and the magnificent cut-glass chandelier which sparkled like diamonds in ten thousand different hues, and gleaming in the mirrors, gave the idea of a fairy-land vista opening on every side—these, each in itself fit for the mansion of a nobleman, were yet clustered and crowded incongruously. They were, however, not merely collected, but, comparatively speaking, naturalised in the house of this low-born and uneducated cotton manufacturer.

The dining-room was equally expensive and luxurious, though somewhat more sombre in its adornments. But the dinner—ye gods!

The table was profusely decorated with plate, magnificent and modern; and literally groaned under the weight of all those eatables that 'man's gurmandise can feed.' The richest of soups and the most luxurious of fish were followed by a course of more substantial food; which in its turn gave way to a succession of such elaborate collections of eatables, as most surely were never congregated on any but a 'cotton-man's table.' And then, the manner of discussing it! Most earnestly did the good company do homage to the treat. There was no elegant trifling with plates and forks, no sentimental withdrawal from the vulgar and everyday habit of eating: the dinner was actually and elaborately devoured. Little was spoken during its progress, except on the merits of the various dishes and the intricacies of the culinary preparations. The good hostess entered with great animation into the mysteries of her *cuisine*, and exchanged sundry remarks with a well-dressed and rather saturnine-visaged gentleman on her left hand, on the propriety of this sauce having a grain more cayenne, or that ragout a thought less seasoning. Never had dinner more justice done to it. The company evidently met to eat; and eat they did.

There was, it may be supposed, none of that quietude of manner which in really highly-bred company places visitors, even of inferior rank, so completely at their ease, when their wants are supplied they know not how, and their feeling of strangeness is banished—how—they never think to inquire; still less was there that caricature of high breeding assumed by the 'doubtfully distinguished,' when a frigidity, that chills the very blood to an icicle, is substituted for aristocratic ease, a meagre table for a 'genteel' display, and a cold indifference to your wants as a proof of fashionable *nonchalance*. The courtesies of Mr and Mrs Langshawe's table were of a different order. Most actively, most unweariedly, did they exert themselves in specific attentions to each individual, at the somewhat crowded table. Dish after dish was recommended and pressed on each; voices rose to a somewhat lofty pitch in the earnestness of hospitable intreaty; and once a momentary sensation was caused by the sudden and by no means gentle descent of Mrs Langshawe's clenched fist on the table, as her most obvious and ready method of obtaining the attention of her busily-occupied partner to the wants of a lady near her. The sensation seemed but instantaneous; per-

* The title is—"William Langshawe, the Cotton Lord." By Mrs Stone, author of "The Art of Needlework." 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1842.

haps the circumstance was not of unusual occurrence. Never was hospitality more genuine; never was enjoyment more real."

As a matter of course, wealth and mercantile success form in such a district the grand bases for the estimation of human character. "Money covers a multitude of sins—of ignorance," says our novelist, who, while acknowledging that there are men of cultivated minds and refined manners in Manchester, adds, that such characteristics are the subject of something like a prejudice on 'Change, as if they were thought unfavourable to the success of their possessor in life. We have certainly heard intelligent inhabitants of Manchester speak of such a prejudice existing, though we cannot say to what extent it may be understood to exist. A mercantile man, we have been told, was expressing his fears one day of how the state of the market might permanently affect his affairs, and added, with the greatest seriousness, "well, if the worst come to the worst, I have at least the consolation of thinking, that I have always paid sufficient attention to business. No one can say that I have trifled away my time in *reading*, or any such foolish amusement." Mrs Stone introduces a few anecdotes, which she declares to be matter of fact, illustrative of the strange union between opulence and ignorance. We give one:—

"'Do you know,' said a gentleman, high in the *official* as well as in the private social circle of the town, to a bookseller, 'do you know a writer named Tom Moore?'

'Oh yes.'

'What has he written?'

'Oh, many things; 'Lalla Rookh,' 'Hebrew Melodies, and'——

'Oh, very well; when he writes anything in English, send it me.'

And another, seeing a book lettered 'Vicar of Wakefield.'

'The Vicar o' Wakefield—who's he? Oh (answering his own question), some writer on church rates, I suppose.'"

Our novelist draws, and we believe justly, a considerable distinction between the leading manufacturers of Manchester and those who dwell in the outlying districts of the county, and in some other rural portions of the Factory Province. These, being much less subject to improving influences of all kinds, are regarded, even in Manchester, as a class of semi-barbarians. Mrs Stone sketches one of them as a man of vast wealth and local authority, but not in the least degree more refined in language, manners, and style of living, than when he was a humble rustic weaver:—

"'I'm reeght glad to see thee, Mr Langshawe, that I am; you'll e'en tak me as ye find me; we've known each other these forty year, and the world's gone well wi' us both—thanks to luck and our own wit.'

So saying, Mr Balshawe ushered his unexpected visitor through the passages of a large and elegant house, and finally enthroned him in an armed chair in the kitchen—his own accustomed domicile when guests were absent.

'Now stir yoursel', Maggy—come; don't let the grass grow under your feet! If I'd done so, you'd ne'er hae had this fine house about ye. Come, mistress, stir yourself, will you? look sharp—be slippery!'

And Mrs Balshawe did stir herself. With the quiet celerity of one well accustomed to the work, she laid a cloth with other etceteras on the table, and turning up the sleeves of her gown, did rather more than superintend the progress of a steak which a servant was cooking. This operation achieved, she removed it to the table, placed chairs for her husband and his guest, and, as her wont was on ordinary occasions, prepared herself to wait upon them. This she did with great quietude and good humour; she looked meek and gentle, and it was quite evident that the leading principle, to which she had been for a lifetime habituated, was, that man was the nobler animal of the two; and if that was the case five-and-twenty years before, when her husband stepped from his little clay-paved loom-shop into the small apartment which was 'parlour and bedroom and all,' how much more must it be the case now, when he 'was monarch of all he surveyed' in his elegant and capacious mansion, or in the magnificent factory and thickly-populated hamlet which nearly adjoined it! So she continued her attendance without remark, the husband expecting it as a matter of course, and his friend not seeming to think the circumstance remarkable enough to elicit any notice, though varying from his own domestic economy.

'That'll do,' said Mr Balshawe, as his wife placed water, glasses, a flask of brandy, and pipes, on the table—that'll do. Now, make thysel' scarce; go to roost, and, I say, Mag, mind the parlour's ready in good time i' the mornin'; and stir your chalks, woman, and make those lazy husseys do it too. I mean to have some old cronies to dinner to-morrow; and mind, I'll have no slammacking and shirking o' work, but a right good dinner, well got. There—be off.'"

This, in the great cotton lord of a district, may be thought a wild fiction; but that there are such persons and such things we cannot doubt. Three or four years ago, we heard of a precisely similar incident. A wine merchant, travelling on business, chanced to be taken to the house of one of these provincial potentates, where he formed one of a company who were entertained in the most magnificent style. The kind-hearted host, learning the occupation of his accidental guest, requested him to call next day, when it was not impossible that he might give him an order. The wine merchant called accordingly, and to his great surprise, was conducted by his host down stairs, and introduced to a seat beside the kitchen fire. "Why, you see," said the master of the establishment, "my missis and I are plain folks, and though we sometimes give a dinner up stairs, we loikes best when we are by oursel's, just to do as we did langsyne, and so here we are." Of the above Mrs Balshawe we are told—"She gave a dance now and then, when her really beautiful mansion shone in all its splendour; and ostentatious carriages, attended by servants in glittering liveries, deposited their over-dressed burdens at her portal. Then was the good lady busy and bustling; then did rich and luxurious condiments pass round, and costly wines vanish like smoke; and then, after a few hours, the wearied ladies and their wine-soaked escorts departed; the entertaining rooms received the necessary purifications, the mistress heartily helping her maids in the accustomed task; the silken hangings were carefully folded and laid by; the luxurious ottomans were ensconced in their brown Holland covers; the glittering gewgaws were placed in a snug chest; and the smart albums were carefully enfolded in paper; and the meek mistress and her purse-proud lord resumed their accustomed posts in the kitchen."

Mr Langshawe was induced to stay to dine with a company which his friend Balshawe had invited, and this introduces us to a scene of coarse bacchanalianism which, we would hope, is characteristic of but a limited section of even the provincial cotton-men.

"The dinner was luxurious; the wines the finest and most costly that money could procure, and no inferior ones were introduced. Mr Langshawe was not afraid of a bottle or two of wine; but at a latish hour, feeling that he had had enough, he rose with the view of quietly effecting his retreat. His host caught a glimpse of his receding figure, and rushed after him, calling on his friends for assistance. This was speedily obtained; the culprit was brought back *vi et armis*, and pushed down into his chair. The servant was ordered to close the shutters and curtains against the intruding beams of daylight, fresh decanters were put on the table, and plentiful refreshments placed within reach; and the waiter, having done all this with the air of one not unaccustomed to the task, was told to 'make himself scarce.' The master of the feast locked the door, and put the key in his pocket; returning to the table, he filled a bumper, and requiring all to honour his toast, immediately gave out the elegant sentiment—[with which we should be ashamed to pollute these pages.]

Then commenced the peculiar luxuries of a manufacturing gentleman of the *out-districts*. Boxes of cigars had been placed upon the table; pipes and tobacco were in readiness for those who preferred the unsophisticated herb; and costly claret, drunk, not from a miserable wine-glass, but from goblets, kept clear the throats of these thorough-going sons of profligacy. The night passed gloriously; riotous songs and unequivocal jests sweetened the wine, or rather the tobacco; for flavour, of course, the wine had none, to men whose throats were as so many chimneys; and if their free libations to Bacchus did kindle 'a row' and a fight at this end of the table, or induced a sudden secession from chair to floor among some of the weaker-organed, the skirmish and the fall were alike unheeded. Of the combatants, it was but for the weaker 'to give in;' and for the man who couldn't drink all night, but must needs tumble from his chair, why, it was by universal acclaim decreed that he had better lie there. Nor did the gradually-increasing bustle beyond the still-locked door, which told that Mrs Balshawe and her assistants were up and busy in their preparation for another day's business, stop the coarse and vociferous hilarity. Coffee and ale, anchovies, deviled goose, and red herrings, were called in; palled palates were forced into sickly activity again, and the carousal was renewed for the day.

Towards morning, some of the younger profligates, the consequences of whose absence from 'the mill' or 'the warehouse' during the day began to glimmer upon their consciences with a potency above that of the wine, quietly stole away. The elders followed; by nine o' clock the house was empty, and Peter was called to carry to his bed—there, in all probability, to lie for a fortnight—the *hospitable* purveyor of this banquet, who for some hours had sat on his chair, to all appearance awake, but silent, helpless, motionless, save in an occasional heavy waving of the head, a disgusting picture of brutal excess."*

Social life is full of anomalies, and it is a remarkable one, that, in Manchester and its neighbourhood, where intellectual pleasures are, generally speaking, few and faint, music is cultivated to an extent unexampled in England. Vocal harmony is almost an universal accomplishment, and the concerts occasionally given by amateur performers are of surprising excellence. Nor are there wanting students of science, though these chiefly belong to the professional classes, or patrons of the fine arts, or even cultivators of polite literature. Mrs Stone causes one of her characters to describe, in himself (rather awkward management on her part), a manufacturer of cultivated mind. "I have," says Mr Ainsley, "a considerable fortune, acquired, as you know, in the trade of the times; but hand-in-hand with riches have I striven to gain those habitudes, tastes, and acquirements, which alone can make riches respectable. Night after night, for weary hours after a day of toil, have I laboured as intently at mental acquirements as during the daylight hours I have at the business of the counting-house. Whilst Mr Langshawe and others of my compeers closed the day by a social meeting at a tavern, or by a domestic debauch, I took a slender and simple meal, not for economy's sake, but to keep my head cool and my intellects clear for that object on which I had set my heart. Sir, it made my blood boil to hear the sneers and the ridicule cast on the 'cotton lords.' I did not see why trade was inconsistent with gentlemanly habits and refined manners, and I was determined to prove in my own person that it was not. I determined to be a *merchant-prince*—and I am. I do not forget that for many things I am indebted to a career more fortunate than I had any right to calculate on; but I also remember with unmingled satisfaction, how much is the result of my own unwearying exertions. Now, the few real gentry who inhabit our environs, and the few aristocratic travellers who visit the town, are not victimised at my dinner-table, or wearied in my drawing-room. But how little do any of them suppose that the man who can discourse of a Titian or Correggio—not indeed in the jargon of a connoisseur, but with taste and judgment—who can lead his own domestic orchestra correctly in a concerted piece, or stand without wincing if a French satirist or an Italian poet be glanced at—how little do they think that the man who does this could not, at twenty years old, write an English sentence grammatically, and has acquired his hard-earned accomplishments entirely in the intervals of a laborious business!"

It might be asked, are such attainments utterly inconsistent with the lives of manufacturers in general? Our novelist states "the opinion of many well qualified to judge," that they are so with "success in the Manchester trade." To this we are loath to subscribe; for if men have time for gay and luxurious entertainments, may it not be presumed that they could have time also to improve an originally defective education, if they chose? We more fear that the difficulty lies in the want of will, and the defect of means to awaken superior tastes. Where is the leaven which would be required to leaven so great a mass? Where are the influences, whether purely moral, or merely matter of earthly feeling, to counteract the tendency to deify Mammon? Even an ambition to be as the great of rank are, would do something to check the money spirit, and lead to greater refinement; but the objects which inspire such a feeling are much wanting in these regions of the mine, the workshop, and the railway. Nor is Manchester alone in this respect. It is more or less a feature to be deplored in all our great mercantile cities, that mental cultivation lags sadly behind the march of wealth, so that in the domestic circle of many a man realising thousands per annum, more homely manners and untutored minds are to be found than in the homes of the denizens of other cities, where, perhaps, not so many hundreds are gained. There is generally in all the enjoyments of life in such scenes a *materiality* which is not to be seen elsewhere. Even the usually present redeeming trait of hospitality seems to partake of this character, and often looks like an effort to make up by some substantial expenditure for the conscious want of something more delicate, and which would be more enjoyed. It may, indeed, be said to be, in the main, benevolence acting upon the presumption which universally prevails, that all things are to be estimated by money.

Perhaps the best hope of a corrective to all this is in the improved education which is in the course of being everywhere introduced. The first wealthy men of particular families are hopeless cases; but the second generation acquires better ideas, and more high bearing, and in time, that concentration of many of the best original and acquired gifts proper to human nature, an English gentleman, is produced. It must be remembered, that the rise of a wealthy class in the districts here more particularly under notice, is but an event of yesterday; who can tell what the to-morrow of their history will bring forth!

* If it be thought this picture is overdrawn, I can only reply, that it was sketched to me by a gentleman who was accidentally a guest at one of these degrading revelries.—*Author.*

THE "GREAT BRITAIN," STEAM VESSEL.

[From the *Times*.]

Some few particulars respecting this immense iron steamship, the largest vessel in the world, now building by the Great Western Steam-Ship Company at Bristol, and which will be ready for sea in the early part of the next year, cannot fail to be interesting at this period, when the questions of transatlantic steam-navigation and of our communications with India form prominent subjects of discussion. The Great Western steam-vessel commenced running between Bristol and New York in the spring of 1838, and has continued her voyages ever since, often, too, under the most adverse circumstances, with a speed and regularity unequalled. The Great Western Company, in order to maintain the high ground which they had attained, and taking advantage of the improvements made known by scientific research, resolved to build an iron steam-ship of such vast dimensions and power, as should as much surpass the Great Western as that vessel had itself surpassed everything previously afloat. Taking advantage of their experience of the peculiar excellencies or defects in the Great Western and other steam-ships then in existence, and with the power of adopting every improvement that skill or vigilance could suggest, the directors proceeded to build a vessel with which nothing

yet seen upon the waters of the world can be compared, and which is destined to prove experiments as novel and of as great public interest as the first opening of the transatlantic steam-navigation. As the huge ship proceeded on her stocks, various names were assigned to her, among which, in allusion to her immense size, that of "The Mammoth" became the favourite. After mature consideration, however, she was named "The Great Britain," a name appropriately emblematic of British skill and British greatness. She has been variously described at various periods, but now that she is all but completed, I have obtained the following description of her, which may be relied on as being accurate:—

The Great Britain is built entirely of iron, with the exception of the flooring of her decks, and the flooring and ornamental parts of her cabin. She is 324 feet in length aloft, or upwards of 100 feet longer than our largest line-of-battle ship. Her extreme breadth is 51 feet, and the depth of her hold 32 feet. She is registered 3200 tons, so that her bulk far exceeds that of any two steamers in the world. She has four decks, the lowest of which is of iron, and appropriated for the reception of the cargo. The upper deck, with the exception of a small break in the forecastle, is completely flush from stem to stern, without building or elevation of any kind, so that, besides the masts and funnel, there will be nothing above deck to offer resistance to a head wind. The two intermediate decks are appropriated exclusively to the use of passengers and the equipage of the ship, and consist of four grand saloons, forming, together, a length of dining room of 350 feet, two large ladies' cabins or family rooms, and 180 state rooms, each containing two spacious sleeping berths; so that, besides the portion appropriated to the crew, steward's department, &c., the immense number of 360 pessengers can be accommodated, each with a separate bed, without requiring a single sofa to be made up in any of the saloons. The principal saloon is 100 feet long by 32 feet wide, and 8 feet 3 inches high. Besides the vast space appropriated to the passengers, crew, &c., and that occupied by the engines, boilers, &c., she has sufficient room for the stowage of 1000 tons of coals, and 1200 tons of measurement goods. There are three boilers, capable of containing 200 tons of water, which will be heated by 24 fires; and she has four engines, each of 250 horse-power, making in all 1000 horse-power. Some idea may be formed of her vastness, when I state that 1400 tons of iron have been used in her construction. The most novel feature about the Great Britain is her mode of propulsion, which is by the newly improved screw-propeller, patented by Mr Smith of London (with improvements made upon it), and applied by that gentleman with complete success to the Archimedes. With a view to ascertaining the powers of the screw, as compared with paddles, the Archimedes was hired for some months by the Great Western Company, and a series of experiments made with screws of various size and form; and it being found that fully an equal velocity, with an equality of power, could be obtained as with paddles, conferring a great advantage under adverse circumstances, particularly in strong head-winds, the machinery at the same time being infinitely more simple, and at no time an incumbrance to the vessel, it was resolved not to use the paddles in the Great Britain, but to adopt the screw, with the improvements which had been made in the course of the various experiments with the Archimedes. The screw with which she will be fitted will be 16 feet in diameter, and placed under the stern, between the stern-post and the run of the ship, in which situation it will be quite out of the way of injury. It is calculated that this substitution of the screw-propeller for the paddles will relieve the Great Britain of 100 tons of top weight, and admit of the boilers and engines being adjusted in that part of the ship which is best suited to receive them, and where they best act as permanent ballast. The Great Britain will be fitted with six masts, on five of which a single fore and aft sail only will be carried, the mainmast alone being rigged with yards and topmast. These masts will be low, as compared with the size of the vessel, although the mainmast will be 95 feet long; and the quantity of canvass, though inconsiderable to what she would carry as a full-rugged ship, will still be as much as would cover three-quarters of an acre of ground. Her decorations are intended to be in the first style of nautical embellishment. It remains only to speak of the speed and qualifications which may be looked for in this large ship, and the services she may be expected to accomplish. It is difficult to ascertain the precise limits of the speed which she is calculated to perform at sea. Probably the expectations of the directors are greater on this point than they choose to confess, until an actual trial; but something considerably exceeding that of any sea-going steam-ship at present afloat may be looked for. The rate at which the oriental steam-vessels accomplish their voyages does not average more than eight miles an hour; the Atlantic steamers about nine; and the most rapid sea voyage yet accomplished has not exceeded an average of ten miles an hour. It is estimated that the Great Britain will accomplish from ten to sixteen miles an hour, according to the nature of the weather and the sea; and no doubt is entertained but that her average will be at least twelve to thirteen miles per hour; taking the lowest of these rates, there would be an amazing increase over the greatest triumphs of steam navigation hitherto heard of. Let us consider some of the advantages which might accrue to this country by the success of the Great Britain. Our overland mail is now received by us by the favour alone of jealous neighbours in Europe and of semi-barbarians in Africa. By these means alone is our overland correspondence, and our passengers to and from India, transmitted in about thirty-five days, at a great expense and inconvenience, in various transhipments and intermediate land carriage, subject to many annoyances and anxieties; our Indian correspondence liable to be intercepted, and all communication cut off, for at least a month, at any moment that either of these powers to which we have alluded might choose to do so. Who, then, can properly estimate the value of our being able to secure, in defiance of the world, the same expedition by our old and rightful track round the Cape of Good Hope? And by the Great Britain this may be done, for she would be able to deliver despatches and upwards of 1000 troops, if necessary, at any point between the banks of the Indus and the mouth of the Ganges, in from 35 to 40 days. Allowing her consumption of coal to be 55 tons per day, to secure an average of 12 miles an hour, she could, by dispensing with goods, carry 40 days' stock of coals without occupying the least portion of the space appropriated to the officers, crew, and passengers of the ship, or adding one iota to her regular lading and draught of water; in which time, by following out the calculation, she would have run a distance of 12,000 miles; besides, should the patent fuel be found to answer, she would be able to carry upwards of sixty days' stock. In the Indian seas, too, it must be remembered, there are advantages not to be found in the North Atlantic, in which nothing is more common than for a vessel to have head to wind during the whole outward passage to America, and consequently the steamer traversing it has often to battle with the elements the entire way. In the tropics, on the contrary, the presence of the trade-winds enables the commander to calculate with certainty on performing a very large portion of his voyage at the very maximum of speed. When it is considered that, after making a liberal allowance from these calculations, this steamer is so constructed as to sail with great rapidity, having a fair wind, there being no paddles to drag along, and no hindrance from the screw, there is no saying what length of voyage she might not accomplish with great expedition without a relay of fuel; and, it must be granted, the experiment is of vast importance in a national point of view.

"THE VOICE OF JACOB."

Such is the title of a somewhat remarkable periodical which has just fallen under our notice.* It purports to be the only published organ of the opinions and proceedings of the British Jews, and to have been commenced (in the form of small fortnightly sheets), rather more than twelve months ago, the date of the first number being "Rosh Hashanah, A.M. 5602," or, according to our reckoning, 16th September, 1841. Confined in its circulation to its own proper people, it can be little known to the public at large; we may therefore be permitted to say a few words respecting its character and contents.

"The Voice of Jacob" is apparently the first periodical attempted by the Jews in England, and its appearance may be said to mark a distinct era in the history of that highly interesting people. Oppressed, scoffed at, and plundered by our barbarous forefathers, the Jews have quietly pursued their unostentatious career, outlived the age of gross prejudice, and at length, in the year 1841, have established a press in defence of their rights and opinions, and as a record of their educational and religious proceedings. The periodical they have set up does not seem to be in the slightest degree political, but is conducted, as we should suppose, on the model of the "*Zeitung des Judenthums*," and the "*Zion*" of Germany, or the "*Archives des Israëlites*" of France, papers devoted to matters connected with the proceedings of Jewish institutions in continental Europe. To those who consider that whatever may be the future destiny reserved for the Hebrews, they will best be prepared for its enjoyment by mental cultivation, the appearance of this Jewish periodical in England, like all other tokens of advancement, will be received with anything but dissatisfaction; and it cannot be doubted that the very discussions it will originate must be attended with beneficial results.

Turning to the contents of the work, we perceive that notices of institutions, specially devoted to the instruction of Jews, are of frequent occurrence. The Jews, we are told, are now alive to the necessity of education in its most extended sense—they are resolved to be behind none in general intelligence. Among other seminaries, they have commenced

INFANT SCHOOLS.

One of these useful institutions was opened on the 14th September, 1841, in Houndsditch, London, with 120 children, who had undergone a preliminary training from Mr Wilderspin. The president of the institution, Francis Goldsmid, Esq., made an eloquent appeal to the audience assembled on the occasion, concluding in the following terms:—"There could not be a doubt as to the utility of such an institution. Some years ago, indeed, people believed that education was ineffectual before the age of five or six years. But they could at that age educate the feelings and the heart, and they could not begin too young to do so. There was not a feeling of the infant that could not be turned to good or evil. There was an education which taught the child when he quarrelled to kiss and be friends, and not to cherish enmity. Let them take, for example, the feeling of fear. Let them suppose that from the fear of darkness, as was perhaps natural when encouraged by threats of ghosts, a feeling of superstition would naturally be produced, which the after man would strive incessantly and vainly to get rid of. But if the groundlessness of such fears were explained, the infant would soon answer, as an infant did answer, who had been trained in the school at Edinburgh. The child was passing through a church at night, and was asked if it was not afraid. The child said, "Afraid of what? I go to the infant school." *

In a subsequent number, we are informed that the establishment of the infant school had begun to make the elder sisters, and in some instances the mothers of the children, ashamed of their comparative ignorance. The result was an evening school for pupils of advanced age, and 280 were already on the books.

JEWISH GENEROSITY.

The following anecdote, quoted from a Hamburgh paper, runs pleasingly counter to the popular idea concerning the cupidity of the Jews:—"Herr Solomon Heine, the rich Israelite banker of our town, who has so often distinguished himself by his patriotism and beneficence, has just afforded an additional proof of liberality, which deserves to be generally published. The Lutheran church of the parish in which M. Heine resides being in a very tottering condition, and the Lutheran parishioners not possessing, or not being able to contribute, the necessary funds to secure its thorough repair, it was resolved that a collection should be made throughout the parish, without religious distinction. The deputation intrusted with the task of making the collection presented themselves first at M. Heine's with the list, which was still a 'virgin page.' 'Gentlemen,' said the banker, 'I shall contribute to the repairs of your church with the utmost pleasure; but I can by no means accept the honour you offer me of inscribing my name at the head of the list. Go to Herr von Bauer, the richest of your own parishioners, and intreat him to head the subscription; whatever he gives, I shall give the same.' The deputation followed this counsel, and Herr von Bauer, perceiving that the requisite sum was 30,000 current marks (about L.2000), subscribed with splendid liberality for half that amount. The deputation having again presented themselves before Herr Heine, that gentleman immediately handed them an order upon his cashier for a like sum, thus completing at once the entire subscription, and exonerating the poorer parishioners from the necessity of a single farthing of outlay."

CIVILISATION IN THE EAST.

Of the advances making in the civilisation of the Jews in the East, we have a few stray notices that will be considered interesting. Take the following:—"A very interesting work, by Herr Joseph Schwarz, is about to be published at Jerusalem. It is to appear in three parts: the two first of which are written in Hebrew. The third part is in German, and contains a series of articles on the East, in its physical, political, and historical relations. The work is to be printed in the newly-established printing-office at Jerusalem."—21*st of Nisan*, 5602 (1*st April*, 1842.)

"We have before us a new edition of a ritual, printed only last year at Jerusalem. Seldom has any circumstance excited in us so many joyful sensations as that of the publication, at so recent a date, of a Hebrew book in Jerusalem. Printing has, at all times, been the forerunner of improvement; the swallow which indicates the mental spring. Where printing is, there is an encouragement for reading; there are new ideas excited, there is life, there is progress. However indifferent the Jew may be to the signs of life among his brethren in other quarters, such signs, manifested at Jerusalem, must always awaken his deepest interest."—15*th of Ab*, 5602 (22*d July*, 1842.)

Sir Moses Montefiore and other gentlemen, in their mission to the East on behalf of the oppressed Jews, were instrumental in establishing a school in Cairo for Hebrew children, which is said to be productive of much good. According to the report before us—"The children have been redeemed from a state of the most revolting degradation; considerable progress has been made in elementary instruction; the good will and zealous co-operation of all parties have been conciliated, and the spirit of toleration firmly established. One gratifying evidence of these latter results the committee had before them, in the wish expressed by many parents, not Jews, that their children might be permitted to share the benefits given in these schools. A day was devoted to the examination of the pupils in the Hebrew tongue, this latter examination being conducted by all the members of the Jewish committee, and attended by all the distinguished Jews in the country. It is impossible to read of a scene like this, in one of the great cities of Egypt, amongst a population who were the other day the butchers and victims of an ancient and execrable superstition, without a feeling of high gratification, a sense of deep thankfulness, to the wisdom and benevolence which, out of that humble and disgusting persecution, have thus contrived to extract a sure blessing and an abiding good."

With respect to the Jews of Damascus, the following occurs in a letter from an English traveller to Sir Moses Montefiore, 5th June, 1842:—"In the houses of the Jews of Damascus there is an appearance of well-doing, and in their persons and manners there is an air of good breeding and cleanliness which pleased

* Volume I. for 1841-2. Steill, Paternoster Row. London.

* We have heard it frequently alleged against the lower classes of Jews, that the taste for cleanliness is less perfect amongst them than amongst their neighbours. Whether such be true, we have no means of judging; but there can be no harm in our recommending very great care in this respect, so as to put all reproach on so paltry a matter completely out of the question. Their children should be sent to school scrupulously clean, with hair cropped, and as neat in apparel as circumstances will admit.

me much. I have heard from their own mouths the details of their horrible sufferings, but now, thank God, they enjoy much respect and consideration, and are happy. The three brothers Harrari, who are under British protection, have, at the instigation of our worthy and intelligent consul, Mr Wood, emancipated the slaves who were in their possession, and are doing their best to cause the other Jews of Damascus to do the same act. I think they will succeed." The editor warmly adds, in reference to the generous interference of Britain to rescue the unfortunate Damascene Jews from Mahommedan oppression—"The semblance of slavery is henceforth sought to be set aside in the whole Jewish community; but more than that—the principle is introduced, the example is promulgated in the Ottoman empire itself, where there *is* slavery indeed; and who shall say that this action and reaction of generous impulses shall not, in some future day, be found to have achieved a prouder triumph for British interests, the interests of humanity, than did the planting of her flag on the ruins of Acre? Inscrutable are the ways of providence; we can almost forgive Ratti Menton's quiet return to France, when we can thus regard the martyrdom of our brethren, associated as it has been with the emancipation of mind from the prejudices of fanaticism, and of person from the thrall of cupidity."

ANECDOTE OF AN OLD RABBI.

We close our extracts with the following characteristic anecdote of an old rabbi:—"Towards the middle of the last century, there lived at Prague, in Bohemia, the famous Rabbi Sarach Eidlitz, a man of deep intellect and profound conception, celebrated not only for his learning in the sacred Scriptures, the Talmud and its commentaries, but also known to have devoted a portion of his genius to mathematical pursuits, as his work (Art of Reckoning) has testified. According to the custom of the place, and the time in which he lived, he devoted himself exclusively to solitary study, or the gratuitous instruction of others; whilst his wife (from a small shop which she kept) earned the scanty means of an humble subsistence.

Eidlitz, although aware of the abundant resources which his deep learning might open to him, yet declined receiving any remuneration for his services, as not consistent with the dictum of the sage—'Whoso misuses the crown will be cut off.'

In the course of time, the circumstances of the learned man became still more reduced, so much so, that he was obliged to deprive himself of many of the comforts and frequently of some of the necessaries of life. Notwithstanding the privations he endured, he resolutely concealed his state of poverty, lest its being known might be considered as a tacit claim for relief. About this time, he one day received a visit from an old friend, Rabbi Israel Frankel, principal of the congregation of Prague, when, in the midst of confidential and familiar converse, Eidlitz disclosed to his friend his real position. Soon after, when they again met, Frankel, in the most delicate manner, offered Eidlitz a sum of money, which he most steadfastly refused to accept. Then, said Frankel, 'Thou knowest that God hath blessed me with wealth, but that, in consequence of my temporal position, I am prevented from acquiring the portion in the world to come due to the study of the law; if thou persist in refusing to accept this trifle, I shall say that it is envy that prompteth thee to refuse, lest I should, by my act, purchase such claim to a portion in the life to come.' These remarks had the desired effect, for they induced Eidlitz to accept the gift in consideration for the feelings of his friend. Time passed on; the friends saw each other frequently, and, as it might be imagined, the subject was never recurred to. After some years, Eidlitz was taken ill and died. Frankel, as a point of duty, went to the house of the deceased to take an inventory of his effects, a task, which in this case was thought to be a mere matter of form, as it was known that Eidlitz died in a state of poverty. In the study of his deceased friend, Frankel found a chest, in which were deposited manuscripts, and such other things as were esteemed of value by the late possessor. So sacred did Eidlitz hold the contents of this chest, that the key was never (during his lifetime) allowed out of his possession. Frankel, on searching this closet, discovered a packet, hard and round; upon its being drawn forth, it was found to be a sealed bag, containing a considerable amount of money; to this bag was attached a label, upon which were written these words, '*Deposited with me by my friend Rabbi Israel Frankel.*'"

FRENCH INVENTIONS.

The French are certainly the most inventive people on earth, but it seldom happens that they bring their schemes to successful maturity. Amongst the extraordinary things recently announced, was a substitute for gas, called liquid hydrogen, which was to cost only half as dear for an equal portion of light. A company was formed before the merits of the discovery could be tested, and now the shareholders find that the cost of their liquid is twice that of coal gas. The company, therefore, is all but dissolved. Another association, however, has been formed for the same object, and it is announced that the liquid, in this case, will be two-thirds cheaper than gas. This will probably end also in smoke, although it is probable that we shall see very little in the way of light. Two years ago a man announced that he had discovered the means of fixing the electric light, of any size, within the circumference of three feet, and gravely proposed to light Paris at night by about half a dozen artificial suns. Wild as the scheme was, he found a few moneyed persons to back him in some expensive experiments, and it is still pretended that he will succeed; so that Paris, with half a dozen large electrical machines, will no longer stand in need of candles, oil, lamps, or gas. This is almost as grand an affair as that of the Venetian, some years ago, who pretended that he had discovered the means of absorbing the sun's rays during the day, and bottling them up for use at night. There is another wild scheme on the *tapis*, for which attempts are making to get up a company. Charcoal having become excessively dear, it is proposed to collect all the vegetable refuse of the capital, and to carbonise the liqueous portion, so as to produce charcoal. The projectors calculate that this refuse is more than sufficient for the supply of the whole of the charcoal required for the capital, and the cost of which amounts to no less a sum than twelve millions of francs annually. That charcoal can be produced from refuse, such as potato-peel, cabbage-stalks, &c., there is no doubt; for M. Raspail, the eminent chemist, who has been employed by the projectors, has obtained some very good specimens; but the wiseacres have, in their estimates, overlooked one important fact. They propose to obtain their materials from the *chiffoniers*, who twice a-day go through the streets of Paris, raking, in all the heaps of refuse in the streets, for rags, old paper, and bones. They are to put into their baskets the refuse required by the company. This they can do, but it would require ten loads to each *chiffonier* for every one he has now to carry; and the expense of carriage would amount to much more than the worth of the article. The artificial charcoal will therefore also end in smoke.—*London paper.*

MOLLY AND RICHARD'S DIALOGUE.

In a part of Pembrokeshire, chiefly along the coasts, inhabited by the descendants of Flemish settlers, and sometimes called "Little England beyond Wales," a peculiar dialect is spoken, seemingly allied to the Lowland Scotch, and what prevails in the north-eastern English counties. As a specimen of this form of speech, we present the following dialogue, which has been written and forwarded to us by an ingenious correspondent, whose good sense shines through the rude versification of the piece:—

SCENE—*A Cottage.*

Richard Warlow standing watching the rain, which is falling in torrents; his wife Molly, with her children, are near the fire preparing supper.

MOLLY.

I tell thee what, Richard—'tis better for thee,
To be stayin at hame with the young uns an me,
Than be gwayin[1] about, a preachin an talkin,
Fur thou knawest as much as the dead in their coffin,
How to mayke thim things right that thou sayest be wrong,
Should'st thee claver[2] an talk all the livin day long;
D'ya think them great folks with their heads full av larnin,
Can't kip[3] them an us from all trouble an harmin?

RICHARD.

Thairsilves thay will kip, thares no doubt av it, Molly,
An leave us to starve: so they can be jolly,[4]
They'll say we're well fid on trelawny[5] an salt,
An if we complains, why, 'tis we be in fault;
They will give us the heft[6] of the burden to bear,
Whilst thair awn lathy[7] shoulders be free from a share.

MOLLY.

If some was more like 'um in some things, 't were better;
Let each pay his debts, an ware is the debtor?
D'ya nind[8] that new cottage so heighty[9] an cleane?
Not a neater or nicer once ivar was sin,
An now a 's[10] as unkid[11] as unkid can be;
There poor Peggy sits lone, like an owl on a tree,
For her children be stivlin[12] an starvin to death,
Whilst thair feythar be wasting his time an his breath.

RICHARD.

Thare's somethin like reasin in what ya do saay,
But then if ya'd heard Billy Williams to-daay,
As cute as a lawyer, a tould us the waay,
If we would but jouin[13] to mayke maisters to pay
A nation good price for the work that we do,
Thay'd look dern[14] for a bit, but main rathe[15] thay'd come to;
"For," says he, "can they live without 'sistance from you?
'Tis kift[16] they would be at the spaide or the pleugh—
An no bread can be gat, without using av these,
An if thay would live, thay must pay an they please;
Then we should have plenty av all that we wanted,
Our children be fid, an no fear of bein cranted."[17]

MOLLY.

Why, Richard, thou'rt leesing thy sinces, yindeed,
To be listnin to him, an the trash a can plead!
Did a ivar do anything good in his life,
For hisself, or his childarn, or poor sickly wife?
Who afore she knawed hin, was as hearty a crawtur
As ivar broke bread, an the lovinest daughter;
The people used stop to see Sall an her feythar
A gwayin to church so happy togather;
The auld man so shouk,[18] so tidy, an clean;
An a smarter than Sally whare could thare be sin?
'Twas a black day for both when Billy com'd back,
With his ramassin[19] stories, so glib with his clack,
That nawthin the naighbours could say, her 'ld persuade,
That a still was the same, and not changed a grinch[20] shade,
Since when a was called the curst[21] fidlar Bill,
When his poor widow'd mother his wild ways did kill;
But she knaw'd it too soon: why, from morning to night,
He is erqing[22] av her, she has nivar no quiat,
With his quarlin[23] at hame, bullyraggin[24] his neighbours:
And now a would turn honest men from thair labours!
If I could come at him, I'ld "call him to rags;"
T'othar day a was sayin, so "conk[25] in his brags,"
That he could do more with his fiddle an fife
Than ten parson an more with thair prayers all thair life;
An thou, that wast always so tindar to me,
As good an as quiat as man ivar could be,
To be 'ticed by a scrimigin,[26] white lizzard fellaw.[27]

RICHARD.

Blady,[28] Molly, thou'lt beat him in talkin quiat hollaw;
An but that I promised, I'ld sure to be thare,
I would seat myself down in this snug yasy chair:
Why, sure it is raining as hilding[29] as ivar!

MOLLY.

An thou can'st be trapsin three miles in such weathar,
An leave this snug fire! come, doff thy best jeckit,
An taste my good porridge, with someat to deck it,
That'ill sarve us for sowl[30] for many a day—
'Tis a prisan our Jinny had given in pay
For windin some yern that was snaffled[31] so bad,
That missis was sayin no one could be had
With pashance to clear it; but Jinny bein by,
She axed her to leave[32] her just have it to try:
She's a clivar young maid, an takes after thee,
Thou wast ivar a deal longer-headed than me;
She favors[33] thee, too, in the turn av the eye;
D'ye mind 'twas thy eyes I first fancied thee by?

RICHARD, *looking out—*

Well, Molly, I thinks twinna[34] scarvy[35] to-night,
I shall leave Billy Williams to fight his awn fight,
An if I had ta'en, as they calls it, the chair,
I'ld have bin "like a sow in a saddle up thare."
Yis, yis. I do say it is always much better
To think, an ya'll come to the rights of the matter.

MOLLY.

Ay, I knaw'd when ya'ld think "all by leasures"[36] a bit,
Ya'ld sartanly give the right nail the right hit;
Thare's many will bend like a lizzah[37] young bough,
An but few will, like thee, be true throu an throu;
Thay'll awhile keep to right, then be timpted to leave it,
An go crawling in mud like a young cutty-evat;[38]
But thou art the saame as thou ivar hast bin,
An I wouldna change thee to be mayde a true queen.

J. E. E.

1 Going. 2 Dispute. 3 Keep. 4 Joyous, jovial. 5 Barley-meal boiled in water. 6 Weight. 7 Strong. 8 Remember. 9 Pleasant, cheerful. 10 It is. 11 Miserable, woebegone. 12 Perishing from cold. 13 Join. 14 Sulky. 15 Early. 16 Awkward. 17 Stunted. 18 Hale, hearty. 19 Wandering. 20 The least part of anything. 21 Mischievous. 22 Continually finding fault. 23 Quarrelling. 24 Insulting abusively. 25 Pert, impudent. 26 Vagabondising. 27 White livered. 28 By our lady. 29 Pouring heavily. 30 Anything eaten with bread or potatoes—as butter, meat, &c. 31 Entangled. 32 Allow. 33 Resembles. 34 It will not. 35 Clear, applied to the weather only, as "the scarving shower," &c. 36 Slowly. 37 Lissom. 38 Cutty, small; cutty-evat, a small lizard.

THE SPECTATOR ON SPECIFICS AND PATENT MEDICINES.

Patent or secret remedies are absurd; the government ought neither to countenance nor to tolerate them; it should not levy halfpence on quack pill-boxes as it does; but, rather than thus indirectly encourage empiricism, it ought, with a parental care for the good of the public and the aggrandisement of the poor, to re-impose a small sum upon salt. A capital pamphlet, by a "Member of the College of Physicians," published in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and entitled, "The Present Ill State of the Practice of Physic in this Nation truly represented, and some remedies thereof humbly proposed to the two Houses of Parliament," exposes the absurdity of specifics in very pithy and quaint language: but it is to be feared that human intellectual progression is slower than sanguine people would wish, for tons of specifics are yet sold in the nation. This old pamphleteer settled the question concerning specifics about a century and a half ago, when he said—"The bill-quacks give out that they can cure all diseases by one or two medicines, or have a certain remedy for some particular disease. That the first pretence is absurd and vain, every man of sense will acknowledge; and that the second is dangerous, I will demonstrate. Supposing they are masters of a good medicine for some one disease (which it is odds they are not), yet it is left to every man's judgment that makes use of it whether he have that disease; and how easy and frequent is it for men to mistake? But suppose he has that very disease for which the medicine is proper, yet how seldom is a disease alone, or how seldom accompanied with just the same symptoms? not to mention the age, the sex, the variety of causes, the late invasion or long standing of the distemper; all which circumstances it is impossible that one medicine should be suited to. I will instance one disease and one medicine that cures it specifically. The disease is an ague, which can hardly be mistaken, and the medicine the Jesuits' bark, which seems to be no edge-tool; and I may affirm, there is not any other disease that has so peculiar and certain a remedy. And yet all that have agues, one and another, take this medicine in the same manner; and I daresay it will kill as many as it cures. Perhaps, indeed, they shall not die presently, nor of the ague for which it is given, but of other diseases that it either introduces or increases. How many asthmatical persons has it suffocated? how many intermitting (as well as remitting) fevers has it made continual and even malignant? how many desperate cholics, some ending in palsies, have I known caused by it? with many other grievous distempers, and all for want of due preparation before, a right method in, and proper treatment after, the use of it. Of this scandalous sort of practices, therefore, I shall take no further notice, believe ing they can have no patron, no advocate, among wise men." As there are no specifics for one disease, or for all diseases, there would be no hardship in suppressing secret medicines, and in making it necessary that the ingredients of all nostrums should be made known upon demand. If a chemist discover a new mode of manufacturing a salt, or any other valuable commodity, let him by all means have the advantages which discoverers in any branch of art or manufactures are entitled to by patent—that is a totally different affair; but let us not only not have a government-office for labelling empirical nostrums, but let the law prevent the propagation of compounds as good for this or for that, or for all diseases, as one of the most flagrant kinds of the illicit practice of medicine.

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A WORD ON OBEDIENCE TO THE LAW.

THE objects of the laws are limited to the enforcement or restraint of certain specified actions; but public opinion exercises a wider jurisdiction. It takes notice of every imaginable wrong that may arise, and is a kind of imperial court, open on all sides, and to which every one has access. But whether redress is sought from the law, or from general sympathy, it is essential, in the first place, that the applicant himself should not be an offender, that he should come into court with clean hands, and not have provoked, by his own misdoings, the injury of which he complains. It is also essential to justice that it be sought peaceably, not with tumult or outrage. The ancients used to say of Jove, that when, in disputes, he took his thunder, it was a sure sign that he was in the wrong; and it is not less certain that the suite of an individual is prejudiced by force and clamour. Amidst noise and violence, indeed, it is obvious there can be no equitable adjudication, no investigation of the merits; neither accusation nor defence can be duly heard. Hence, the first step on a trial in an English court, is the old proclamation of *Oyez!*—that is, "hear ye"—be silent, peaceable, and attentive. Peace and order are plainly so necessary to the settlement of controversies, that we invariably find the spectators on all sides, whatever may be their prepossessions, readily lend their aid to secure this indispensable preliminary to just decision.

The predominance of this feeling has been strikingly evinced during the late protracted struggle between the work-people and their employers. While the danger of violence was impending, there was no disposition in any party to discuss the merits of the dispute. Differences of opinion might exist as to the points at issue, but the necessity of postponing the discussion of these to the more urgent duty of maintaining the general peace, was obvious to all. Upon the utility of this at least there could be no hesitation, either among magistrates, public writers, or intelligent individuals. Whatever might be the pretension of the conflicting parties, neither must be permitted to commit a manifest outrage on its opponent. The general industry, order, and security must not be subverted or endangered at the arbitrary will of any separate interest or class, however great or multitudinous.

The law is supreme, and to that all must defer. Judges and juries have been instituted; courts of session, of assize, and circuits, have been fixed, to hear and determine all wrongs, and no one must be allowed to judge his own cause, or redress his own injury. The more civilisation advances, the more manifest the duty becomes of a universal submission to legal authority. Private wars, duels, assassinations, incendiarisms, malicious injuries to property, and retaliatory outrages of every kind, are the barbarisms of a past age, the remnants of an imperfect judicial system, or of a crude social organisation. Until lately, it was thought that certain minor offences might be safely left to individual discretion and correction; that, for example, stealing a pocket-handkerchief, robbing an orchard, or wantonly breaking a window, might be summarily and adequately punished by a box on the ear, or a flogging from the injured party; but experience evinced the inconvenience of this sort of wild justice, as well as of the stocks, the pillory, the ducking-stool, the pump, and the horse-pond, and the advantages that would ensue by bringing even juvenile delinquents before the regular tribunals. It tended to augment nominally the annual number of offenders, but its general expediency is founded on these obvious and apparently satisfactory considerations: First, that men immediately after, and while smarting under the excitement, of an injury, are in a very unfit state to apportion or inflict the punishment; and, secondly, that this kind of self-redress, from its natural tendency to unfairness or undue severity, fomented ill-blood and quarrels among neighbours, perhaps engendering feelings of revenge and retaliation. Whereas, by bringing the offence before an established court, the apple of discord is at once abstracted, and the punishment, whatever it may be, is acquiesced in as that of a temperate and unbiassed judge.

Our American neighbours, spite of their occasional deviations into Lynch law, are generally impressed with the supremacy of legal authority. A late tourist mentions an instance of ready obedience to its mandates, by one of a class not exemplary for peaceable demeanour. It was the arrest of a "navigator," or labourer on canals and railways, for debt. The constable approached, and laying hold of him, said, "I take him in the name of the state." The fellow-workmen of the unfortunate defaulter looked at him for some time, and then one of them said, drily—"I guess you must go with the constable." Subsequently, Mr Ferrall heard a disturbance in a tavern at New York, and wishing to see the process of capturing refractory citizens, went in. The constable, unsupported by any of his brethren, merely placed his hands on the shoulders of the combatants, when they separated, fell into the ranks, and walked off with this humble instrument of power like a flock of sheep. All this, it is well known, is not the result of any mean or recreant spirit in the people, nor of blind obedience to the terror imposed by arbitrary rule; but is more likely the offspring of deliberate reason, of a conviction that all are benefited by maintaining respect for the laws that protect and govern all, and that no single person or class can with propriety set up their own self-will or imagined interests, in defiance of those public ordinances which are the expressed will and embodied interests of the entire community.

Feeling deeply interested in the welfare of the operative orders, and having been always ready, to the best of our ability and judgment, to give publicity to suggestions likely to accelerate their elevation, it will be with reluctance that we arrive at any conclusions to their disadvantage, or give currency to any sentiments in this journal likely to place them under a disparaging aspect. Trying, however, the progress of the late commotions by those simple elements of justice and of common right that we have endeavoured to explain, we cannot conceal our impression, that serious errors have been committed from inadvertence, misguidance, or want of useful information. It would be out of place here to discuss the economical questions involved; but, even granting that the views on these questions entertained by the authors of the tumults are right, for which there is not the authority of a single writer of reputation, there still would remain a dreadful error with regard to proceedings. In all instances, the movements have been originated by parcels of the working classes only, the men of one place or factory, or a portion of them, often, we believe, by a very small number, though the discontent, it may be admitted, was probably more general. Now, these persons would have a perfect right to discontinue labour if they choose, and even to use all proper means to induce others to discontinue labour too; but they have no right to *force* others to discontinue their labour. Here it is that their great mistake lies, and it is one which no sophistry can extenuate. It may be true that, while others work, their object cannot be accomplished; but that forms no justification. By interfering with the right of others to work, and to work at what rate they choose, they strike at the root of one of the first rights of man. It is a violation of natural right which no state could tolerate and live. Against such a movement—against the attempt to substitute the dominion of force for the dominion of reason—the reign of terror for the reign of law—society must ever be arrayed, and if arrayed, all opposition to its decrees must ever be speedily and inevitably crushed.

For these unreasonable assumptions, we can only account by ascribing them to the cause already hinted at, namely, an inattention to, or, perhaps, in some an ignorance of, the principles and laws sanctioned and instituted for the common benefit. Of principles we may have already said enough, and next, probably, we shall render a useful service by giving a short and simple exposition of the laws made for the general peace and security. These laws we shall find, for the most part, wisely framed, not for the good of masters only, but of workmen: in short, of every body; securing liberty to all, tyranny to none; allowing every person as much freedom as is compatible with the exercise of the same freedom by his neighbour; and permitting no one, with impunity, to be injured by fear, restraint, or intimidation, in purse, person, or reputation.

The most important, and generally interesting, are the laws for individual security, especially those for protecting from *bodily harm*. Merely to threaten or menace with personal injury, through fear of which a man's business is interrupted, is an offence for which legal compensation may be obtained. To constitute an assault, it is not necessary there should be violence; barely to offer it is enough, if coupled with the ability and intention to inflict it. For example, to hold up the fist in a menacing manner, to strike with a cane or stick, though the assailant miss his aim, or throw a bottle, glass, or knife, with intent to injure, are all assaults.

If there be an actual striking or beating, it forms a more aggravated case, which the English law terms a *battery*. But this beating may be very slight, hardly any at all; barely touching the person of another in a rude and angry manner is battery. So watchful is the law against corporal injuries, that every man's person is held inviolate; and no one, without lawful excuse, has a right to meddle with it in the slightest degree.

Change of place, or right of locomotion, is an immunity not less vigilantly protected. To constitute a wrongful detention of the person, it is not necessary to lock a man up in a prison, or bolt the door on him in a room, warehouse, or private apartment; the forcibly detaining a person in the street, though it be only by the collar of his coat or button-hole, is enough to make a false imprisonment.

Personal injuries become aggravated in character if committed with atrocious intentions, or with dangerous weapons. Thus, maliciously to shoot at, or in any manner attempt to discharge any kind of loaded arms, or to stab, cut, or wound any person, with intent to maim, disfigure, or disable such person, or do some other grievous bodily harm, subjects the offender to transportation for life, or not less than fifteen years, or to imprisonment for three years. This law (I. Vict. c. 85, sec. 4), as now expressed, was intended to meet those exhibitions of ruffianly vengeance which, some years past, were unhappily frequent in the northern counties. The same punishment extends to the gross outrage of sending an explosive mixture in a letter by post, through which any person is burnt, maimed, or otherwise grievously injured.

Assaults reach the highest pitch of criminality when coupled with the intention to rob, to murder, or violate the person. Theft, which is privily carrying off, with a fraudulent intent, the property of another, without the owner's consent, does not amount to robbery, unless accompanied with violence. Actual violence to the person, however, or even the exciting of fear in the mind, is not always necessary to constitute a robbery. For if a man, with a sword or pistol, demand and obtain the money of another without touching his person, it is robbery; though there is no consciousness of fear in the party robbed, only an expectation that violence will be resorted to, if the robber be refused or resisted. It is, doubtless, robbery for a mob to enter a house, shop, or warehouse, demanding bread or provisions, provided they are surrendered to them from fear (if they be refused) of violence to the person, property, or habitation. The value of the article taken is immaterial; a penny, as much as a pound, forcibly extorted, makes a robbery.

Security of the person and of the public peace form the chief elements of the social state. The laws, therefore, for the maintenance of general tranquillity, will next claim a brief notice; and, as under the head of assaults, we shall commence with the lesser offences.

Merely to challenge to fight, either by word or letter, or be the bearer of such challenge, is an indictable offence, punishable with fine and imprisonment. If two or more persons actually fight in any public place (in a private place it is only an assault), then they are guilty of an affray. Affrays may be suppressed by private persons; but a constable may break open doors to suppress an affray, and apprehend the affrayers. We thus perceive that the grand object of the law is to compel all parties whatsoever to refrain from the self-redress of wrongs, *to keep the peace;* and that this peace will be as much broken by two persons beating each other, or attempting to injure each other, by mutual consent, as by one person attacking another without his consent. Hence, duelling, though done with the consent or challenge of both parties, is a breaking of the peace, and may be prevented by peace-officers; while the duellists, and all parties immediately concerned in fomenting and abetting the quarrel, are liable in severe punishment.

When breaches of the peace are of a more serious kind, they are denominated an *unlawful assembly, rout,* or *riot.* An unlawful assembly is, when three or more persons meet with a confederated purpose to do some act against the peace with force or violence, or to the manifest terror of the people.* It is not necessary they should execute, or advance towards the execution of the act for which they have met; it is sufficient, if they meet with the intent of violating the peace, or in a manner tending to cause alarm in beholders, to render the assembly unlawful.

If, after meeting, they move towards the execution of such act, whether they execute it or not, then the unlawful assembly becomes a *rout.* Or, according to Hawkins, if the act be executed, a *riot.*

Mere numbers only, if numerous enough to excite general terror, is sufficient to make an unlawful assembly; the legal climax being, that numbers constitute force, force terror, and terror illegality.

If an unlawful assembly amount to *twelve persons,* or more, then the offence is greatly aggravated; and the riot act prescribes a summary and sharp process for dispersing and apprehending the offenders. This process consists in any sheriff, justice, mayor, bailiff, or other head officer, coming among the rioters, or as near to them as he safely can, and with a loud voice enjoining silence, while he reads, or causes to be read, the following proclamation:—

"Our sovereign lady, the queen, chargeth and commandeth all persons, being assembled, immediately to disperse themselves, and peaceably to depart to their habitations, or to their lawful business, upon the pains contained in the act made in the first year of king George, for preventing tumults and riotous assemblies.—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"

Continuing together one hour after being so commanded to disperse, subjects the offenders to transportation for life, or fifteen years, or imprisonment for three years. Trying, by force, to hinder the reading of the proclamation, subjects to a like punishment; and persons, knowing of such hindrance, and not dispersing, are equally criminal. If a riotous assemblage actually begin to destroy any building, mine, or machinery, then the punishment is transportation for a term of not less than seven years.†

It has been recently asserted by high authority,‡ and the fact cannot be too extensively known, that it is not requisite for a person to be aiding or assisting in a riot or tumultuous meeting to make him an accomplice in its acts. Voluntarily lending the sanction of his presence to an unlawful mob makes him guilty of participating in all the crimes it may commit; and from which criminal participation he can only defend himself by proving that his presence was accidental, or an unavoidable entanglement in the crowd. Women are equally liable with men. A private person, without warrant or magisterial sanction, may endeavour to suppress a riot; he may disperse those assembled, and prevent others who are coming up from joining the rest. If the riot be general and dangerous, he may even arm himself against the evil doers, to preserve the peace.*

On these laws we shall offer no commentary. Our purpose has only been to make them known, so that no person, without being aware of the danger he incurs, may be innocently involved in their punishments. That such penal consequences may be avoided, it will be the object of another article to establish, first, by showing that discussion and publicity do, in the existing state of society, mostly effect the meliorations which mere physical force did formerly; and next, by proving, from some singular examples of the last fifty years, both the futility and hurtfulness of any class seeking the redress of grievances by violence.

* Burns' Justice of the Peace, vol. v., p. 18, 25th edit.

† Till a very recent alteration of the law, this crime was punishable with death. Although transportation is mercifully substituted in this and many other cases of punishment of crime, it should not be imagined that this mitigated infliction will fall lightly on the heads of offenders. There are some loose notions on the subject of transportation, doubtless arising from the past laxity of the infliction, that seem to require correction. Transportation is now to all intents and purposes *equivalent to going into slavery.* The felon condemned to be transported loses, for the time, his civil rights. Torn from his family, his home, and his country, he is placed at the disposal of the crown and its functionaries; can be put to any kind of labour, however repugnant to his feelings; dressed in the most degrading apparel; chained like a wild beast, if refractory; and, on the commission of any new and grave offence, while in this state of servitude, he is liable to a punishment so summary and severe as to make death almost preferable. It might almost be said that no man in his senses would voluntarily expose himself to the risk of so terrible an infliction as that of transportation, even for the limited period of seven years.

‡ Chief Justice Denman, York Assizes, Sept. 2, 1842.

* Chief-Justice Tindal, Bristol Commission, Jan. 2, 1832.

THE LANCASHIRE WAKES.

WAKES are merry-makings which occur annually in various parts of rural England, sometimes on Sunday, sometimes on one or several of the ordinary days of the week, and are much like fairs in Scotland, excepting that no business is transacted at them. Originally, they were religious festivals, appropriate in each case to the eve of the *day* of that saint to whom the parish church was dedicated; but they have long lost all trace of their pristine character, excepting their occurrence on the same day as in ancient times. The vulgar revels by which they are marked give occasion to the assembling of vast numbers of people from the country round—who may, on the morning of any particular wake, be seen pouring to its scene, on foot, and in all sorts of humble vehicles. In Lancashire, wakes flourish in full vigour, and the nature of the amusements may in part be judged of by the following bills of fare, copied from advertisements posted on the walls, and referring to places within a few miles of Manchester:—

"Failsworth and Newton Wakes.—The public are respectfully informed, that the above wakes will commence on Sunday the 21st of August 1842, and continue the three following days at the Thomas Chatterton's Bull's Head, Failsworth, where they will meet with a choice selection of wines, spirits, home-brewed ale, porter, &c. N.B.—Teetotallers will be supplied with the above with the strictest secrecy. On Sunday, the original Lancashire bell-ringers will be in attendance, and will ring a variety of English, Irish, and Scotch airs, changes, &c. On Monday, the sports will commence with a game at cricket, by boys under eighteen years of age, for a new Guernsey and a straw hat." And so on with sack races, matches at eating hasty-pudding, apple-diving, &c., during the other days, the whole to conclude with a ball.

The next bill, which we copy entire, is headed by an invitation to tippling in doggrel verse:—

> "My beer-butts are full of Sherry-strong beer,
> And my cellars are stored with very good cheer;
> My servants are nimble to wait on you all,
> With meat, drink, or music, whenever you call.

Bradford wakes will commence at the Steam-Engine Tavern, on Monday, October 18, 1841, when the morning will be ushered in with the joyous sport of a donkey race for a new bridle; the best of heats; and no ass will be allowed to enter the lists unless he be a strong, staunch, steady, sound, stout, safe, serviceable, smart, sprightly, spirited, sure-footed, spunky, well-skinned, well-shaped, and of superlative symmetry—to start at eleven o'clock. A quoiting match for a prime leg of mutton; best of twelve quoits, at nineteen yards' distance. A foot race for a new stuff hat; the best of either colliers, printers, rich men, poor men, ploughmen, or cads to run. In the interval, between the above sports, will be a race by ladies, for a new gown. A sack race for one pound of best tobacco. Bumble Puppy for a purse and sweepstakes; no person, except the bowler, to stand within half a yard of the table. Grinning through a horse collar for ale. Treacle-loaf eating for various rewards. Smoking matches, apple-dumpling eating, wheelbarrow races, and a succession of other gambols and sports of the old English school. To conclude each night with a select band of music; country-dancing, quadrilling, and drinking hot punch and ale. By order, *Done Sprightly,* mayor of Bradford."

At Greenside, in Droylsden, four miles east from Manchester, a custom prevails, which those who practise it affirm they brought from Ashton-under-Lyne some twenty-eight years since. During the wakes, two persons fantastically habited, the one as a male, the other as a female (both are men), appear in the village on horseback engaged in spinning. As they spin, they conduct a rustic dialogue in limping verse, and gather contributions from the spectators.

DIALOGUE RECITED AT GREENSIDE WAKES.

"'Tis Greenside Wakes, we're come to the town
To show you some sport of great renown;
And if my old wife will let me begin,
I'll show you how fast and how well I can spin.
Tread the wheel, tread the wheel, dan, don, dell O."

"Thou brags of thyself, but I don't think it's true,
For I will uphold thy faults are not a few;
For when thou hast done, and spun very hard,
Of this I'm well sure, thy work is ill mar'd.
Tread the wheel, tread the wheel, dan, don, dell O."

"Thou'rt a saucy old jade, and pray hold thy tongue,
Or I shall be thumping thee ere it be long;
And if that I do, I shall make thee to rue,
For I can have many a one as good as you.
Tread the wheel, tread the wheel, dan, don, dell O."

"What is it to me who you can have?
I shall not be long ere I am laid in my grave;
And when I am dead you may find if you can
One that'll spin as hard as I've done.
Tread the wheel, tread the wheel, dan, don, dell O."

"Come, come, my dear wife, here endeth my song,
I hope it has pleased this numerous throng;
But if it has missed, you need not to fear,
We'll do our endeavour to please them next year.
Tread the wheel, tread the wheel, dan, don, dell O."

The most picturesque observance at wakes is the rush-cart with its noisy retinue. The practice of gathering rushes, and conveying them in rustic pomp through the village, had a religious origin. In earlier times, the churches being as destitute of wood or stone floors as they were of pews, it was usual to strew them with rushes; and the providing of these, in the decline of the year, was regarded as a sacred duty. They were gathered by the inhabitants, and taken with much ceremony to the church, where they were kept and used. The occasion has passed away, but the custom remains. The publicans find the rush-bearing too profitable a thing to allow of its becoming extinct; and in this, as in most other popular amusements in Lancashire, they are the moving cause of the ceremony, and the love of beer seems the sole inducement of the actors. In order to spend an evening or two in the gratification of the lowest appetites, they degrade themselves into buffoons, and toil up and down the street or village till compelled to stop from mere exhaustion. We lately witnessed one of these exhibitions. A landlord had provided the cart and rushes, in return for which the party were all to make his house their quarters till the end of the festivities. Two men had been appointed by him as masters of the ceremonies, who hired a band of musicians, provided banners, &c., paying all and receiving all, and finally accounting to the landlord, whose servants they were. In the procession, these two men led the way, dressed in plain clothes, with the exception of their hats, which were decorated with blue ribbons; each carried a small mahogany box to receive contributions. Next came two men bearing a large banner, which, from its devices, appeared to belong to some club. Three men followed, each carrying an elegant ornamental frame-work made up of coloured paper, ribbons, and flowers. Then came the band, consisting of eighteen performers, dressed in a military garb. After the band were the morris-dancers, no less than twenty in number, who looked at a distance like so many moveable masses formed of ribbons, flowers, and coloured papers. During the time they spent in dancing, one grotesque-looking mortal remained almost motionless, who, in answer to our inquiries, informed us that, from time immemorial, he had borne the office of fool, that he did business on his own account, and should commence his performances when the others had finished theirs. If we may judge from the sound and appearance of his two ample pockets, his folly is better repaid than the wisdom of most of his fellows. His cap was of the true cut, and bore the usual bells. Round his waist was a crimson silk scarf, from which hung two large tassels of the same material. A broad blue ribbon passed over his breast, having a large medal suspended from it. One leg of his trousers was of a bright pink colour, the other yellow. The sleeves of his jacket were slashed scarlet and green. In his hand he bore the skeleton of an immense umbrella. The cart followed, newly painted for the occasion a bright scarlet, and drawn by four very fine horses, with blue nets over them, and white nets on their ears, glittering with their brass ornaments and bright ribbons. Two drivers, one on each side, dexterously handled and slashed their whips, which were bedecked with white bows. On the top of each horse's head was a tastily-framed ornament, about two feet high, jingling with brass bells. The rushes are piled in the cart in a very peculiar manner, and have a beautiful appearance. They are framed into something like a sugar-loaf, cut down the middle, and having its two flat sides turned outwards. On the top were seated three men holding banners. The side of the rushes in front of the cart is hung with white drapery, presenting, suspended, all manner of little valuables, collected and borrowed for the occasion, such as silver spoons, plated cups, brazen candlesticks, &c. The back part of the rushes was decorated with the letters V. R., beautifully formed of dahlias and African marigolds. The lofty and heavy mass of rushes was kept in its place by six men, three on each side, holding and supporting it with ropes. In some instances rival trains of rush-bearers come into conflict, and confusion and bruises are the consequence. The day is spent in parading wherever there is a hope of levying contributions on folly or good nature, and at night the drinking and revelry which continued through the day are consummated in intoxication.

The wake of the parish of Manchester was put down by a local order in 1579, and allowed quietly to pass into disuse; but in the neighbouring parish of Eccles, the observance has, under the influence of gentlemen in the vicinity, been converted into horse-racing and a fair, though the place retained, longer than most others, the peculiar attributes of the wakes of former days. The church of Eccles is dedicated to the Virgin Mary, at or near whose festival—namely, on the first Sunday in September, and the three following days—the wakes are celebrated.

Gyst-ale, or guising, was a custom which once prevailed in Eccles, consisting in processions and revelry at the end of the season for marling and manuring the land. Those who took part in those festivities were gaily and grotesquely dressed, and were accustomed to display all the finery and valuables they could command for the occasion. With their neighbours of Barton, the guisers of Eccles were wont to maintain a species of rustic emulation, which almost became a feud. On one occasion, it appears that the parade connected with the silly contest cost Barton £644, and Eccles £1881, which sums were gratuitously contributed by persons of substance in the neighbourhood.

In proceeding to Eccles to view what is still called the wakes, we passed by the old May-pole at Pendleton, which now wears a dreary and unpicturesque aspect, stripped, as it is, of all its honours, and rising, like a solitary, sad, and blighted monument of the past. Our course lay in a direction west from Manchester, for Eccles, the object of our visit, lies between that town and Liverpool, and is the first place which you pass on the railway which runs between these two cities. Taking the road to the left, some small distance from Pendleton Pole and Church, we passed through a turnpike, having caught an extensive view of a flat but eminently rich country, and entered on a well-made road, adorned on both sides by the grounds and mansions of some of the wealthiest manufacturers and gentry. On our left we saw Bride Hill, the seat of Sir Thomas Potter, the first mayor of Manchester, whose luxuriant and well-stocked fields show that their owner has not lost, in the press of business, the agricultural tastes which his early breeding led him to form, and which, indeed, the discerning observer can still discover traces of alike in his general manner and in his conversation. On our right lay Claremont, the elegant residence of Sir Benjamin Heywood, whose name is permanently linked with the history of Manchester, as one of its wisest, most steady, and most consistent benefactors. Passing other mansions, we came to a part of the road which would have been entirely devoid of interest, but for one or two cottages, that owe their attractions to the trees and flowers which grow in their front; caught a sight of the tower of Eccles church, and soon found ourselves at the end of our ride. The village is little more than a long double row of houses, and possesses few objects worthy of notice. "Eccles cakes," indeed, seem to be a favourite dainty. We had seen these tempting compounds of flour, treacle, lard, and currants, displayed in many places, and were now made conscious that we had reached the spot whence they took their origin and name. In the manufacture of the article, rivalry appeared to have gone beyond the bounds of propriety; for we read, emblazoned on the front of a shop on the left hand, "The old established Eccles cake-maker *removed from the opposite side;*" while a sign threw out its fierce defiance, standing over against the other, and affirming itself to be "The old established Eccles cake maker *never removed.*" Leaving the antagonists to settle for themselves their rival claims, and rejoicing to learn that there was business for both, we found the place encumbered with carriages of all descriptions, and crowded with persons of every age and many conditions in life. The public houses were full, and in these, according to the Lancashire custom, women sat mingled with the men, performing their full share in smoking and brawling, if not in drinking. Songs, in which the vulgarity of the sentiment was equalled by the harsh dissonance of the voices, were heard on every side. One of these ditties, squeaked by a limping ballad-monger, which I had the curiosity to purchase, was entitled "The Humours of Eccles Wakes," and ran as follows:—

In August last being holiday time,
And being myself a young lad in my prime,
To see Eccles wakes it was my intent,
So I dressed in my best and away I went.
Chorus twice.—With Ned and a few men,
And Robin the plough-man,
And Sally, and Alley, and Mall.

Each lad took his lass as we passed along,
And when we came there it was wonderful throng;
There were some crying "Eccles," some "Banbury Cakes,"
For the lasses and lads that attended the wakes.
Chorus.—So Ned treated Sally,
And Bob treated Alley,
And *I* bought a Banb'ry for Mall.

Yon fine dressy work-folk from Manchester town,
They strutted as if the whole wakes were their own;
Putters-out, warpers, yea cutters and all,
Dress'd like masters and dames, jeer'd both me and my Mall.
Chorus.—I ne'er saw their fellows,
They spread their umbrellas
Ere rain from the elements fall.

The Bellart ere long tied the bull to the stake,
The dogs were set at him some pastime to make;
He jostled about, gave a terrible roar,
Tossed the dogs in the air, and the folk tumbled o'er.
Chorus.—Such squeaking and squalling,
Such pulling and hauling,
I ne'er in my life saw before.

Mrs Race* in the dirt spoiled her mousseline gown,
Mrs Warpingwell had her new petticoat torn;
Their spouses, poor creatures, in quitting the mob,
Had their coats torn to spensers, robb'd Stitch of a job.
Chorus.—Rent aprons and shawls,
Which they got in their falls,
Made many poor wenches to sob.

But stop, my good folks, the fun ended not here,
For a Banbury merchant attending the rear,
Crying, "Buy now, or toss," which the bull chanced to spy,
Gave his basket a *toss*, for he chose not to *buy*.
Chorus.—I thought to the wakes
There were coming with cakes
Confectioners down from the sky.

Next followed the race for a leathern prize;
Tits enter'd the field amid bustle and noise;
"Now, Bobbin!" "Now, Short!" "Now, Ball!" was the cry,
But Bobbin beat Short, and Ball pass'd them both by.
Chorus.—Disputing who'd won,
Soon to fighting they run,
And the winner came off with black eyes.

When racing and fighting were all at an end,
To an alehouse each went with his sweetheart or friend;
Some went to Shaw's, others Phillips's chose,
But me and my Mall to the Hare and Hounds goes.
Chorus.—With music and cakes
For to keep up the wakes,
Among wenches and fine country beaux.

According to the song, there were, on the present occasion, not a few "dressy work-folk from Manchester," but the majority were from the neighbouring villages and hamlets, many of the girls with white frocks, blue stockings, and clogs; while the young men were, for the most part, in velveteen jackets and scarlet waistcoats, adorned with pearl buttons and other elegancies to match.

Horse-racing appeared to be a prime element in the amusements of the day; and on the course we found a somewhat superior order of persons on foot and horseback, engaged as onlookers or in betting on favourite horses. Gambling, indeed, may be said to be the grand business of the Eccles Wakes. The means for indulging in games of chance prevailed in every quarter. Those who had but a penny to lose might lose that penny, and those who had the command of hundreds were encountered by corresponding temptations. Booths for the monied gamblers were on a large scale, with every expedient for secrecy, and every precaution against detection. It is almost needless to add, that much money must have been lost and won, to the injury, in either case, of those who yielded to the temptation. The amusements in other parts of the wakes were such as require no description, and it is enough to know that they were all such as ministered to the gross tastes of an uneducated population. On quitting the scene, I could not help lamenting that the providing for popular amusements should lie almost exclusively with publicans, itinerant players, and generally with those who live on the vices and degrading pleasures of the people. Until harmless recreations be regularly provided for by the respectable classes, and a better example be set, the wakes, with all their vitiating tendencies, as a matter of course, will continue.

STORY OF A SOLDIER.

In travelling some years ago in the south of France, it chanced that I was one day compelled to leave the diligence in which I had just started to return from Montpellier towards Paris. My health had been for some time unsettled, and the journey was undertaken somewhat rashly, particularly as neither friend nor personal attendant was with me at the time. The consequence was a stoppage to my travel. I had borne up for a time at the cost of much suffering, but was forced, when about thirty miles on my way, to take advantage of my arrival at a small neat-looking village, and make a halt. The cabaret before which I landed was very clean and promising in its appearance, and I flattered myself that, if necessitated to stay a few days, all would be right and comfortable in such quarters. But I was disappointed in my expectation of getting these quarters. The only two beds in the house fit for an invalid were taken up by strangers.

"What is to be done, then, good hostess?" said I; "here I must remain, sleep where I may." "I know not what to do, sir," was the reply; "though it *is* possible that one of the strangers may give up his bed to you." "I should not like to be troublesome; but"—— The hostess interrupted me by calling to an elderly man who sat on a bench at the door in conversation with another person. "Jaques," cried she, "come hither. Here is a gentleman wishes to have a bed. We have no spare one; can Bertha put him up?" The individual to whom these words were addressed was a fine hale-looking man, about fifty or so. He had that uprightness of deportment which at once marks the veteran of war. "I doubt not but Bertha can give him quarters for a night or two, if he wishes it," said Jaques in a cheerful tone; and he looks ill, too; but Bertha will take care of him, I promise him, if he can get her to take him in charge." "Well, well; show the gentleman the way to your cottage," returned the hostess; "but Jaques, don't *promise* too much. You are not famous for keeping promises!" "*Ma foi*, nor are you!" retorted Jaques; and the pair showed their teeth at once in a peculiarly broad and hearty laugh. "You will find everything comfortable, sir, with Jaques and his dame," said the hostess, when she had brought her merriment to a close. And so I was handed over at once to my new friend, nothing reluctant, I must say; for I liked his countenance, and was even better pleased at the thought of lodging in a cottage than in a cabaret, however neat and cleanly.

I did find everything comfortable in the cottage of Jaques. His wife, a tidy, round-faced, pretty matron, well nigh ten years younger than himself to appearance, made me welcome with a degree of ready warmth which highly gratified me. She seemed just the very person for an invalid to quarter himself with; and so I found it to be. But enough of myself—to my story.

In passing occasionally between the cabaret and the cottage of Jaques during the few days of my residence there, I had an opportunity of hearing the hostess and Jaques repeat their significant banter, once or twice, regarding *promise-keeping*. It seemed to be a standing joke between them of a venerable age. This excited my curiosity; and I one day asked Monsieur Jaques if it meant anything particular which it was proper to tell me. "Oh, yes; proper enough to be told," said Jaques with a laugh; "but it is a long story, and I fear would weary your honour." "No fear of that," said I; "I am an untirable story-seeker." Thus encouraged, Jaques related to me his history.

"I was drawn for the conscription," said he, "in my nineteenth year. That was no very advanced age, sir; yet, before that time, I had contrived to imagine myself in love, and to make all sorts of weighty vows of fidelity to a pretty little cousin of my own, who had then just reached her fifteenth year. Well, I was drawn for the wars, as I said; and, though man enough to be a soldier, I was child enough to cry, with great earnestness and sincerity, when I came to part with my pretty cousin Marie. We had no help for it, however, so we promised to be faithful as never two were before, and we separated.

The emperor—(continued Jacques, touching his hat as if his living master had been before him to receive the salute)—the emperor was at that time fighting all the world, and beating all the world, and I followed him for many a long day, without ever seeing home, and without ever hearing a word from home that could be depended on. Through all Italy and Germany I followed the heels of my master, liking the occupation very well after I had once got accustomed to it. The thing that kept us comfortable, sir, was, that we never had any fears of being beaten while the emperor was with us. But though not beaten, one can be wounded; and so it was with me sometime before the emperor entered Berlin. I did not go into hospital, however, but preferred going about with my comrades, concealing my hurt, though I suffered much; but in Potsdam all this sort of work came to an end. I was quartered in the town; and when the emperor moved on and entered Berlin, I was unable to follow. My wound—it was in the arm, sir—became so bad that I could not move; but I had fallen into good hands.

The house in which I was lodged certainly promised little to appearance. It was the humble home of a poor woman, who, as the widow of a Prussian sergeant, received a small pension, upon which she and her daughter subsisted. The widow was aged and feeble; and when I was laid on a sick-bed in the house, poor Bertha had two couches to attend. But she was born to do kindnesses; she was the best of nurses. You have had a little experience of that, sir?" continued Jaques, interrupting his story to address me. I nodded assent, and he went on. "I had not precisely forgot Marie by this time, sir, though constant employment and absence had certainly done something to banish her from my thoughts. She might have been dead long since, too, for aught I knew. Hence it was, that there was little to stand out against the impression that Bertha's good looks and kind nursing were calculated to make upon me. However, I never told her that I loved her, though I believe she saw it. Nor did she ever tell me, in her pretty broken French, that she loved me; but I confess that I thought she did. But all this came to a crisis. I recovered the use of my arm, and was obliged to move on to Berlin. With tears in our eyes, Bertha and I parted by the side of her poor sick mother's couch; and with some convalescent companions who had been left at Potsdam with me, I mounted a baggage-waggon for Berlin.

We had yet some of our companions left at Potsdam in a bad state. That circumstance had an important effect as regarded me. Three or four days after I had reached Berlin, one of these invalids came up with us, and soon after sought me out. 'I have a token for you,' and he gave me a lock of hair, which I soon saw to be Bertha's. 'A girl came and gave me this for you,' continued my comrade, 'and bade me tell you that her mother was dead.' This information produced a strong effect upon me. Bertha was now alone in the world; she had no one to protect or care for her; her mother's pension would cease; what would become of her? These questions, which I asked at myself, threw me into a state of inexpressible agitation; and finally, to be brief, sir, I mounted my horse (for I had been early transferred from a foot to a dragoon regiment), and contrived to make my way back to Potsdam. I say contrived; for, had my purpose been known, I should have been prevented most assuredly. But I did make my way to Potsdam;

* Race—a term in fustian cutting.

and when I returned, it was with Bertha, my wife, as I had made her, behind me.

I had been too long away on this occasion for my absence to have passed unnoticed. In fact, I was immediately seized and thrown into confinement as an intending or actual deserter. What, then, did my poor Bertha do, sir? She had the courage to go to the Little Corporal himself; she found access to him; she threw herself at his feet, and told all that I had done—out of gratitude, she said, for her care of me. And *he* (continued Jaques, again touching his hat at the mention of his hero's name)—he, who had then on his hands the affairs of empires, he condescended to listen to her—to hear the whole story of his poor soldier. He sent her away without a positive answer; and though he spoke in a kindly way, poor Bertha was dreadfully frightened. But on that same evening the emperor's own surgeon came to examine my arm, and next day I received my discharge, with a pension.

In the hurry and excitement of my feelings throughout this entire business, I had entirely forgot poor Marie; but as I returned slowly towards my native village with Bertha, you may be sure that I thought of little else, and began to look on myself as something of a rascal. I daresay Bertha then feared that she had got a sulky bargain of me; for many a time and oft she questioned me about my low spirits. At length we got home—to this village, sir. I stopped at an inn; nobody knew me. There was a question on my tongue which I wished, but found it difficult, to utter. I did not wish that Marie might be dead, but I heartily prayed that she might be married. Alas! when I asked the question, of a villager, the answerer not only told me that 'she was still unmarried,' but, seeing me to be a soldier, added, that 'she was engaged to her cousin, a soldier who had been long at the wars.' As there existed a necessity, however, for coming to explanations, I left Bertha at the inn, and, covered by the shades, moved, with rather slow steps, towards the home where I expected to find my mother, my brother, and my sisters. I found them all safe and well, and with them none else but Marie. Everybody welcomed and embraced me, Marie among the rest. 'Ah!' thought I, as I returned her embrace, 'poor thing, she loves me yet, and little knows what a rascal I have been! But out it must come.' So I asked her, with a stammering voice, if she remembered our engagement. Marie answered 'Yes,' in a low tone, and covered her face with her hands. My brother Michael, too, said, rather tartly—'Oh, we remember that childish engagement.' I made no answer, but went on, in a very stuttering way, to tell how much I had been obliged by one, when far from home; and finally, I got out that I was—married! Marie had never taken her hands from her face while I spoke; and imagining that she was going to give way to an awful explosion of grief, I was about to close my confession with some penitent and consoling words, when suddenly the hands were removed, and a face more full of smiles than tears was disclosed to me. 'Oh! Jaques, tell me, are you really married?' 'Yes', said I, amazedly, thinking she must be going into hysterics. 'Oh! you dear Jaques! you dear Jaques!' cried she, while at the same time my brother Michael came up to me, and, with most extraordinary warmth, shook me again and again by the hand. 'We have been both alike,' exclaimed Marie; 'but we thought you dead.' It proved, indeed, to be the case that Marie, as she grew in years, had forgotten her childish attachment, and that my brother Michael and she loved each other with something of a real and serious love; but they would not marry till they heard some tidings about me. My arrival, a married man, solved the difficulty to their great delight. 'Go, bring Bertha to us,' cried Marie; 'I am dying to embrace her!' I was not long in bringing Bertha to her friends.

My brother Michael is landlord of the little inn over the way, sir, and you may guess who his wife is, and why we rally each other about *broken promises*. Now you have my story." Jaques was a happy man.

PRECAUTIONS IN THE "DUSTY TRADES."

THE following highly useful observations on the best means of preserving the health of operatives employed in what are termed the "dusty trades," occur in the late Report on the sanatory condition of the labouring population, and are well worthy of attention.

In some of the "dusty trades," the excessive amount of premature mortality is so great as to justify interference, defensively, as against the charges which, from the neglect of sanatory measures, fall neither upon the employer nor upon the consumer, who directly benefit by the produce of the industry, but upon rate-payers, to whom the manufactory itself may be a nuisance. In the instance of such trades, personal cleanliness is so far requisite as to justify an additional rate of insurance where it is neglected. Yet the regulations preventive of disease are by no means onerous, either in their cost or their interference with the processes. Some of the noxious manufactures, and especially those in lead, have been the subject of examination by the "Conseil de Salubrite" of Paris, and the preventive rules they prescribed were as follows:—1. The establishment of a good ventilation in the workshops or manufactories. 2. Exacting from the workpeople close attention to personal cleanliness, obliging them to wash the hands and face before dining and before leaving the workshop; forbidding them taking any of their meals in the workshop, and, by reasoning and information, directing their attention to the dangers by which they are surrounded. 3. Employing the practicable means for conducting the processes so as to raise the least dust possible. 4. Boarding off the mills and sieves, so as to prevent the escape of the smaller particles. 5. Requiring of the workmen engaged in the processes where there is lead dust, or any other injurious dust suspended in the air, that they cover the nose and mouth with a handkerchief slightly moistened. 6. Subjecting the workshop to occasional medical inspection, in order to prevent the intensity of any maladies that break out; and with that view to examine the workmen from time to time, to detect any symptoms of disease, and to oblige the workmen attacked to abstain from work until the medical officer declares that they may resume it without inconvenience. 7. Obliging workmen to wear frocks or blouses, which they should leave in the workshop when they quit work; and these blouses should, from time to time, be washed. 8. Sending away from the workshop every workman who gives himself up to debauchery or drunkenness. 9. Endeavouring to get the workmen (that is, workers in lead) to form the habit of drinking every day, on leaving the workshop, a little hydro-sulphureted water, to neutralise the effects of the lead that may have been taken into the stomach. All these regulations, with the medical attendance for the purpose of prevention, would be greatly below any charge of insurance to the individual workman for procuring medical attendance and remedies when thrown out of work by sickness. In some of the trades, scattered instances of attention to cleanliness and measures of prevention are found—for example, amongst the journeymen painters. In answer to a question put by Dr Mitchell to Mr Tomlins, the clerk to the Painters' Company, whether painters suffer so much as formerly from the disease to which they are peculiarly liable, the clerk says:—"Not so much as formerly. This has been ascertained by a charity administered at Painters' Hall to men labouring under sickness. Formerly, they would throw their clothes on their beds, and go to their meals without washing their hands. A large proportion of the journeymen now carry a working-dress to their job with them, and when they quit work at night, they exchange and put on clean clothes which are free from paint. This applies more particularly to the westward of Temple-bar. One master painter of my acquaintance, Mr Thornton of Doctors'-commons, keeps a pail of solution of potash in his shop, in which the men wash their hands, and which takes off every particle of paint; and it is worthy of remark, that only two men in twenty years have been afflicted with paralysis in his employ. This is taken from fifteen men constantly employed on an average for seven years."

DICKENS'S NOTES ON AMERICA.*

WHEN Mr Charles Dickens—the immortal Boz—announced his design of visiting the United States, it was universally anticipated that he would produce a work more graphically descriptive of the American people, their manners, and habits, than any writer, however able, who had perambulated the world beyond the Atlantic. Public expectation has had but a brief period to wait. Boz visited the states in the spring and summer of the present year, and while the leaves of autumn are rustling in the breeze, his book has appeared to the delight of all eyes. And what kind of a book is it? is the general inquiry. We fear that, as in other cases in which expectation is too tightly bent, there will be some disappointment. Boz says nothing of his own personal intercourse with society; simply describing the main features of his excursion, he reveals no secrets of private life, pampers no prejudices, emits no sarcasm, and, to use his own words, dedicates his production to those, who, while giving him a friendly welcome, "left his judgment free, and who, loving their country, can bear the truth when it is told good-humouredly and in a kind spirit." There is a straightforward manliness in these sentiments, which all must admire; and not more so than the manner in which the writer acts up to them. He esteems the Americans for many excellent qualities, but he also lays bare the odious features in some parts of their policy, and just the more poignantly from the perfect sense of justice and propriety with which he is evidently guided. It would be impossible, we think, for any man, unwarped by the grossest prepossessions, to take offence at one word he utters. Our pages are limited, and we have little hope of being able to do justice to the force or beauty of Mr Dickens's "notes," excursive as many of them are, but we shall do our best to offer a few random passages to those readers whom circumstances may have prevented from seeing the volumes themselves.

Mr Dickens chose an unpropitious season for his voyage, the month of January, when boisterous weather and all the agonies of sea-sickness might reasonably have been expected. As it chanced, the ocean was in a rather worse humour than usual, and the scene, accordingly, on board the Britannia steam-packet was, as we are told, a happy mixture of the horrible and the ludicrous. Dickens is quite at home in the description, however much he was abroad while on the turbulent bosom of the deep. Hear him:—

"It is the third morning. I am awakened out of my sleep by a dismal shriek from my wife, who demands to know whether there is any danger. I rouse myself, and look out of bed. The water-jug is plunging and leaping like a lively dolphin; all the smaller articles are afloat, except my shoes, which are stranded on a carpet-bag, high and dry, like a couple of coal-barges. Suddenly I see them spring into the air, and behold the looking-glass, which is nailed to the wall, sticking fast upon the ceiling. At the same time the door entirely disappears, and a new one is opened in the floor. Then I begin to comprehend that the state-room is standing on its head.

Before it is possible to make any arrangement at all compatible with this novel state of things, the ship rights. Before one can say, 'Thank Heaven!' she wrongs again. Before one can cry she *is* wrong, she seems to have started forward, and to be a creature actively running of its own accord, with broken knees and failing legs, through every variety of hole and pitfall, and stumbling constantly. Before one can so much as wonder, she takes a high leap into the air. Before she has well done that, she takes a deep dive into the water. Before she has gained the surface, she throws a summerset. The instant she is on her legs, she rushes backward. And so she goes on staggering, heaving, wrestling, leaping, diving, jumping, pitching, throbbing, rolling, and rocking: and going through all these movements, sometimes by turns, and sometimes all together, until one feels disposed to roar for mercy. A steward passes. 'Steward!' 'Sir!' 'What *is* the matter?—what *do* you call this?' 'Rather a heavy sea on, sir, and a head-wind.' A head-wind! Imagine a human face upon the vessel's prow, with fifteen thousand Sampsons in one bent upon driving her back, and hitting her exactly between the eyes whenever she attempts to advance an inch. Imagine the ship herself, with every pulse and artery of her huge body swollen and bursting under this maltreatment, sworn to go on or die. Imagine the wind howling, the sea roaring, the rain beating; all in furious array against her. Picture the sky both dark and wild, and the clouds, in fearful sympathy with the waves, making another ocean in the air. Add to all this the clattering on deck and down below; the tread of hurried feet, the loud hoarse shouts of seamen, the gurgling in and out of water through the scuppers, with, every now and then, the striking of a heavy sea upon the planks above, with the deep, dead, heavy sound of thunder heard within a vault—and there is the head-wind of that January morning."

While such was the state of matters out of doors, the occurrences within were equally heterogeneous; but they can only be glanced at, "such as the breaking of glass and crockery, the tumbling down of stewards, the gambols overhead of loose casks and truant dozens of porter, and the very remarkable and far from exhilarating sounds raised in their state-rooms [cribs little larger than coffins] by the seventy passengers who were too ill to get up to breakfast." To vary the delights of the voyage, one evening, about sunset, when above ten days out, a storm comes on in fearfully increasing fury, except during a lull of an hour a little before midnight:—"There was something in the unnatural repose of that hour, and in the after-gathering of the storm, so inconceivably awful and tremendous, that its bursting into full violence was almost a relief. The labouring of the ship in the troubled sea on this night I shall never forget. 'Will it ever be worse than this?' was a question I had often heard asked, when everything was sliding and bumping about, and when it certainly did seem difficult to comprehend the possibility of anything afloat being more disturbed, without toppling over and going down. But what the agitation of a steam-vessel is, on a bad winter's night in the wild Atlantic, it is impossible for the most vivid imagination to conceive. To say that she is flung down on her side in the waves, with her masts dipping into them, and that, springing up again, she rolls over on the other side, until a heavy sea strikes her with the noise of a hundred great guns, and hurls her back—that she stops, and staggers, and shivers, as though stunned; and then, with a violent throbbing at her heart, darts onward like a monster goaded into madness, to be beaten down, and battered, and crushed, and leaped on by the angry sea—that thunder, lightning, hail, and rain, and wind, are all in fierce contention for the mastery—that every plank has its groan, every nail its shriek, and every drop of water in the great ocean its howling voice—is nothing. To say that all is grand, and all appalling and horrible in the last degree, is nothing. Words cannot express it; thoughts cannot convey it. Only a dream can call it up again, in all its fury, rage, and passion."

Fortunately no serious damage is sustained, and the well-managed vessel at last glides smoothly into Halifax harbour, with colours gaily flying—"the sun shining as on a brilliant April day in England; the land stretched out on either side, streaked with light patches of snow; white wooden houses, people at their doors, telegraphs working, flags hoisted, wharfs appearing, ships, quays crowded with people, distant noises, shouts, men and boys running down steep places towards the pier, all more bright and gay and fresh to our unused eyes than words can paint them. We came to a wharf, paved with uplifted faces; got alongside, and were made fast, after some shouting and straining of cables; darted, a score of us, along the gangway, almost as soon as it was thrust out to meet us, and before it had reached the ship—and leaped upon the firm glad earth again!"

Proceeding shortly to Boston, Dickens finds much to admire in the handsome appearance and social arrangements of the capital of Massachusetts. The politeness of the custom-house authorities is the first novelty that attracts attention:—"In all the public establishments of America, the utmost courtesy prevails. Most of our departments are susceptible of

* American Notes for General Circulation. By Charles Dickens. 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1842.

considerable improvement in this respect; but the custom-house, above all others, would do well to take example from the United States, and render itself somewhat less odious and offensive to foreigners. The servile rapacity of the French officials is sufficiently contemptible; but there is a surly boorish incivility about our men, alike disgusting to all persons who fall into their hands, and discreditable to the nation that keeps such ill-conditioned curs snarling about its gates." All travellers arriving in England will concur in the justice of these remarks.

Mammon, as is well known, is the object of worship in America, as Title is in this country, and it afforded Mr Dickens no small pleasure to find how much the worst features of pure money-getting habits and associations may be softened by the quiet influence of literature and intellectual refinement. Acted upon by the "gentlemen of learning and varied attainments," of the university of Cambridge, at the distance of a few miles from Boston, the general tone of society is greatly relieved from that which would be incidental to a purely commercial population. Our traveller's "notes" on this condition of things testify to the goodness of his heart and soundness of his understanding. The American universities, he observes, whatever be their defects, "disseminate no prejudices, rear no bigots, dig up the buried ashes of no old superstitions, never interpose between the people and their improvement, exclude no man because of his religious opinions; above all, in their whole course of study and instruction, recognise a world, and a broad one too, lying beyond the college walls." With respect to the university above mentioned, it was pleasing to "note at every turn the humanising tastes and desires it has engendered, the affectionate friendships to which it has given rise, the amount of vanity and prejudice it has dispelled. The golden calf they worship at Boston is a pigmy compared with the giant effigies set up in other parts of that vast counting-house which lies beyond the Atlantic; and the almighty dollar sinks into something comparatively insignificant, amidst a whole Pantheon of better gods. Above all, I sincerely believe that the public institutions and charities of this capital of Massachusetts are as nearly perfect as the most considerate wisdom, benevolence, and humanity can make them. I never in my life was more affected by the contemplation of happiness, under circumstances of privation and bereavement, than in my visits to these establishments."

Mr Dickens admires the prevalent practice in America, of supporting institutions wholly or partially by the state, which thus does for the people that which private endowments accomplish in England; but on this point there may be some controversy, and we pass from it to his definitions of the cause of such splendid charitable institutions as England is alone able to boast of. The worrying of rich old relatives, he says, is at the bottom of it. "Some immensely rich old gentleman or lady, surrounded by needy relatives, makes, upon a low average, a will a-week. The old gentleman or lady, never very remarkable in the best of times for good temper, is full of aches and pains from head to foot; full of fancies and caprices; full of spleen, distrust, suspicion, and dislike. To cancel old wills, and invent new ones, is at last the sole business of such a testator's existence; and relations and friends (some of whom have been bred up distinctly to inherit a large share of the property, and have been from their cradles specially disqualified from devoting themselves to any useful pursuit on that account) are so often and so unexpectedly and summarily cut off, and re-instated, and cut off again, that the whole family, down to the remotest cousin, is kept in a perpetual fever. At length it becomes plain that the old lady or gentleman has not long to live; and the plainer this becomes, the more clearly the old lady or gentleman perceives that everybody is in a conspiracy against their poor old dying relative; wherefore the old lady or gentleman makes another last will—positively the last this time—conceals the same in a china tea-pot, and expires next day. Then it turns out, that the whole of the real and personal estate is divided between half-a-dozen charities; and that the dead and gone testator has in pure spite helped to do a great deal of good, at the cost of an immense amount of evil passion and misery."

This is in Boz's best style, but is more clever than profound. The worrying may do something towards the charitable bequest; a far deeper principle, however, operates, we verily believe, in ninety-nine cases in the hundred. We allude to the love of posthumous fame. To die worth half a million, and leave it all to erect an everlasting monument to the name of Higgins, is a glory cheaply purchased with a lifetime of toil, anxiety, and possibly the most dire privation.

Getting in due time to New York, the traveller finds the city as hot as an oven. "Warm weather! The sun strikes upon our heads at this open window, as though its rays were concentrated through a burning-glass; but the day is in its zenith, and the season an unusual one. Was there ever such a sunny street as this Broadway! The pavement stones are polished with the tread of feet until they shine again; the red bricks of the houses might be yet in the dry hot kilns; and the roofs of those omnibuses look as though, if water were poured on them, they would hiss and smoke, and smell like half-quenched fires. No stint of omnibuses here! Half a dozen have gone by within as many minutes. Plenty of hackney cabs and coaches too; gigs, phaetons, large-wheeled tilburies, and private carriages—rather of a clumsy make, and not very different from the public vehicles, but built for the heavy roads beyond the city pavement. Negro coachmen and white, in straw hats, black hats, white hats, glazed caps, fur caps; in coats of drab, black, brown, green, blue, nankeen, striped jean, and linen; and there, in that one instance (look while it passes, or it will be too late), in suits of livery. Some southern republican that, who puts his blacks in uniform, and swells with Sultan pomp and power. Yonder, where that phaeton with the well-clipped pair of greys has stopped—standing at their heads now—is a Yorkshire groom, who has not been very long in these parts, and looks sorrowfully round for a companion pair of top-boots, which he may traverse the city half a year without meeting. Heaven save the ladies, how they dress! We have seen more colours in these ten minutes than we should have seen elsewhere in as many days. What various parasols!—what rainbow silks and satins! what pinking of thin stockings, and pinching of thin shoes, and fluttering of ribbons and silk tassels, and display of rich cloaks with gaudy hoods and linings! The young gentlemen are fond, you see, of turning down their shirt-collars, and cultivating their whiskers, especially under the chin; but they cannot approach the ladies in their dress or bearing, being, to say the truth, humanity of quite another sort."

With descriptions of visits to asylums of various kinds, prisons, and other establishments in New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, the writer gets to the end of his first volume, and there we, for the present, leave him.

JOSEPHINE SZYRMA.

THE virtues of private life have seldom any record beyond that which is left in the respect and affection of friends and relatives. Many of the most estimable, and perhaps the most valuable, women, have acquired no wider fame. Content to fulfil their duties humbly, though ardently, their difficulties, their struggles, their devotedness, and their usefulness, have been known to few. Their unobtrusive virtues, however venerated in their own circle, have made no claim upon public attention, and thus the world has little acquaintance with their simple but instructive biography.

The subject of the present memoir was a native of Poland, and distinguished for her earnest and faithful devotion to the duties of life amidst severe trials and reverses of fortune. Her patient endurance and active fortitude never appear to have forsaken her; nor did her own privations ever render her indifferent to the calamities of others, or chill her benevolent exertions in the behalf of her fellow-sufferers. The political condition of Poland, struggling for independence and deliverance, involved all ranks and conditions in the troubles attendant upon foreign tyranny and internal discord. Many women, whose habits inclined them to the privacy of domestic life, were forced by the circumstances of the times into public scenes of action. It was Josephine's lot to be so placed, and her short history proves that a woman may be a patriot, yet in no way forfeit feminine character, or sacrifice the duties of a wife and mother.

Josephine's maiden name was Dziergowski: she was born in 1804, in the palatinate of Rowa, in Masovia. Her family was noble, but, like many others in Poland, had been impoverished by the invaders of their country, who, when unsuccessful, never failed to leave ruin and devastation behind them. Josephine was sent at seven years old to one of the first ladies' schools in Warsaw, where she pursued the usual studies (under an improved system of education) in science, history, and art; and, besides a complete knowledge of her native tongue, she acquired the German and French languages, speaking and writing them fluently and correctly. She gained the affections of her companions, and retained their regard in after years, when these early friendships were cemented by still stronger ties. Josephine's education commenced in 1812, when Napoleon's army marched to Russia, and the Poles anticipated the probable restoration of their ancient monarchy. One portion of Poland was, in 1815, erected into a kingdom, and obtained a constitution. Although these political arrangements fell far short of the nation's hopes, yet there was enough of promise in the events of the period to excite the imaginations of the young and ardent. Emotions, common to the nation, were shared by the young in their schools and seminaries, added strength to friendship, and inspired with enthusiasm and devotion both individual sentiment and public feeling.

Josephine left school in her sixteenth year, and became an inmate in the family of Prince Czartoryski's physician. She was six or seven years older than the doctor's two daughters, and stood rather in the relation of their sister than of their governess; they all studied together under the parent's direction. At Siemiaura, the principal seat of the family of Czartoryski, Josephine was frequently a guest: she may be said there to have made her entrance into the world. The court of the prince was the resort of natives and foreigners of birth and distinction: he was himself distinguished for his literary attainments, as well as for his patriotism, hospitality, and splendour. The estate was of great extent, comprising towns and villages. The princess was very attentive to the wants of her poor neighbours, and sought to place herself on easy and familiar terms with them. The eldest son, Prince Adam, since an exile, was president of the national government during the Polish insurrection in 1830. Josephine was conversant with the history of her country; and the intercourse she now enjoyed with persons whose character she had studied from its pages, and whose patriotic virtues she had learned to adore, made a strong impression upon her mind. The sight of the venerable prince, over whose grey head nearly a century had passed, surrounded by the noble, the learned, and the devoted, the example of the Princess Isabella and her daughters, the circle of Polish matrons, who on festive occasions assembled with their families at Siemiaura, produced a favourable effect upon Josephine, and assisted in forming her character and confirming her patriotism. She obtained an insight into the human heart, its affections and impulses; she acquired a strong sense of propriety of conduct, and a power of so regulating her demeanour, that, without any dereliction of principle, she could steer her course amidst conflicting parties and interests, yet neither give offence nor provoke displeasure.

On the death of the prince in 1823, his court—the last left to Poland—dispersed. Josephine retired with the family, amongst whom she had hitherto resided, to their estate in Podlachia. There she received an offer of marriage. At this conjuncture, the most important of a woman's life, Josephine was spared the sweets and pangs which usually attend upon the course of love. The person who asked her hand had not exchanged ten words with her before he made his proposals, and she accepted his offer, for the sole reason, that he possessed the esteem of all who knew him. M. Szyrma had just returned from a tour in Germany, France, and England. Literature was his profession: he had obtained academical honours in the university of Warsaw, and was then a candidate for the vacant chair of moral philosophy, which he succeeded in obtaining. His moral and patriotic qualities decided Josephine to accept him for her husband; respect for these rather than love influenced her choice. Josephine Szyrma had now completed her twenty-first year. She was of the middle size, well proportioned, and graceful. Her demeanour was dignified, and she was distinguished by the peculiar expression of benignity with which she bowed; her eyes beamed with intelligence and benignity; in her own country, such eyes were called "eyes of wisdom;" her features were characterised by modest decision, tinged with thoughtfulness.

A newly-married couple are always subjects for speculation. On their arrival at Warsaw, resemblances and differences between the bride and bridegroom were sought and found; their tempers, characters, ages, &c., were discussed; the conclusions drawn were in their favour; and it was decided they possessed a remarkable similarity in the most important points, and even that they resembled each other in person. The promotion of so young a man to the chair of moral philosophy had excited some envy amongst a few individuals; but the feeling was dissipated by a remark made by one of the professors, that the young philosopher, in choosing such a wife, had surpassed Socrates himself in wisdom. It was good-humouredly determined that, for the future, the philosophy of the other professors should be tested by their discernment in avoiding a Xantippe.

Madame Szyrma possessed the *tact* of appearing with singular propriety under all circumstances—dignified in the assemblies of the great, interesting to the learned, and pleasing to all: she was also known as the active housewife and the indulgent mistress. She trained her domestics to her service. The culinary art in Poland is far from simple; and some patience is needed in dressing the various dishes and delicacies of the table, as well as in giving instructions for their preparation. On one occasion, at the commencement of Josephine's duties as the mistress of a household, a refractory cook objected, that her mistress was too young to understand the management of a house better than she did: this reply reaching the ears of M. Szyrma, he discharged the servant as a necessary mark of respect to his young wife. The woman refused to quit the house; nor would she leave a mistress to whom she was really attached, until removed by the police. Madame Szyrma, however, blamed her husband for an exhibition of aristocratic feeling and manner, which, she said, he had brought with him from England, jestingly adding, "for this cause she could not love him." After training her domestics to useful and regular habits, she usually interested herself in seeing them well married, and never ceased to take an interest in their welfare and happiness. Their attachment to her was unfailing; and in one instance a servant voluntarily quitted her husband to accompany her former mistress when leaving her country as an exile. Madame Szyrma, however grateful, could not conceal from the woman that this proof of attachment was at variance with her duty.

The beginning of married life is full of importance. Madame Szyrma possessed the qualities most favourable to a happy commencement. She had seen enough of the world to give her a relish for the seclusion necessary to her husband's occupations, yet she could still adorn and enjoy society. Having had the opportunity to look upon the present as it is, and upon the past as history represents it, her judgment was of a practical kind, and her sentiments possessed a masculine strength, tempered by feminine delicacy. Accus-

tomed to serious reading and severe study, her mind was never occupied by trifles. The time that remained from household duties she employed in assisting her husband in his literary pursuits, acting as his amanuensis, or correcting the printed proofs of his works: her literary taste gave a high value to her opinion. She was always occupied, and was never plagued by ennui: those who knew her best never saw her *yawn*.

The nature of her husband's duties as a public functionary, however honourable, caused him considerable embarrassment. He was responsible to a foreign and despotic government, whose views were diametrically opposed to those which he was bound to adopt, as a conscientious teacher, for the promotion of science, and for the good of his country. The suspicions of the government were never at rest; secret agents attended to report upon his lectures. A register was kept of all passages supposed to contain treasonable or offensive sentiments, and this was forwarded to St Petersburg for inspection. Other popular professors were subjected to the same jealous vigilance. This watchfulness and distrust rendered the performance of his public functions highly painful and dangerous to M. Szyrma. His wife shared in his anxieties and difficulties, and her participation was their best alleviation. In such a case, if action were a virtue, caution was no less a duty; clamour and complaint would have been a betrayal; silent perseverance was the safest, indeed the only means of securing the advantages which truth and patriotism desired to attain. In such a juncture, the discretion of the wife was as necessary as the steadfast and guarded ability of the husband. When all civic virtue was condemned to silence in public, it could only spring up and ripen at the domestic hearth. In this political conjuncture, the women of Poland performed an important part. Madame Szyrma was amongst the most distinguished. At Warsaw, she came in contact with women who, like herself, were distinguished for their amiable dispositions, their refinement, and patriotism. They met weekly at each other's houses, when music, conversation, and reading, formed their principal amusements, and served as an agreeable relaxation to their husbands and relatives after their daily studies and business. These domestic meetings were varied by excursions and pic-nic parties into the beautiful environs of the Polish capital. The ladies had the entire direction of the arrangements; for a system of espionage prevailed so universally in Warsaw, that neither servants nor even members of the same family could be trusted. These social meetings were necessarily exclusive; none but persons of known character and patriotism were permitted to join them; they soon became celebrated, and a good deal of ill feeling existed amongst those who were excluded.

Madame Szyrma's parties were held every Monday. On that day, November 29, 1830, as some of the elders of the party were sitting down to their game of whist, and the ladies, seated around a table engaged in needlework, were listening to Las Casas' work on Napoleon's Russian campaign, news was coming from the theatre that the revolution had broken out. The shock occasioned by this sudden and unexpected intelligence may be imagined. All hurried away; some of the gentlemen accompanying the ladies home, while others flew to arms. The night passed. In the morning, not a Russian was to be seen in Warsaw; but they were banded near its walls, with the Grand Duke Constantine at their head, ready to attack the town at a moment's notice.

On the following day, at three o'clock, a deputation from M. Szyrma's pupils at the university waited upon him, to request him to organise them into a military body, and to take the command. Madame Szyrma, as a patriot, wept for joy at the honour thus conferred upon her husband; but when she considered the dangerous service the trust imposed upon him, and looked upon her infant children, she wept as a wife and mother. She had a presentiment that troubles and anxieties were henceforth to be her lot. Her husband accepted the proposal made to him. The activity and good conduct of the corps, which was composed of the sons of the first families in Poland, and distinguished by the title of the guard of honour, soon acquired influence and power throughout the country. Josephine knew that offices of trust were confided to her husband, that he was enabled to save life and property, to keep order, and that he could even extend protection to the families of the Russians. She had seen him preside at national festivals, respected by the citizens; his services publicly acknowledged by the diet; borne home in triumph upon the shoulders of his regiment—honours she could only welcome with her tears. What the reverse of the picture? When executing a mission intrusted to him by the government, her husband had been imprisoned for a month in a Prussian dungeon, whence he expected to be delivered up to Russia. Rescued from this danger, she had to endure suspense as to the issue of the battles fought near Warsaw, the agony of repeated farewells, every one of which might be the last; the joy of seeing him return in safety—these, and similar alternations of happiness and misery, hope and fear, could not be supported without injury to her health, and much mental endurance.

In countries like England, where there is no experience of war, where it is only known in the shape of temporary and partial popular tumult, women can scarcely conceive the noble feelings excited among their sex by a struggle for independence such as that which now animated the Poles. We do not mean to say that the women took up arms in defence of freedom, although there are instances of a few who joined the ranks; the young Countess Platen, for example, placed herself at the head of a small body of her own vassals. With some exceptions, the women still pursued their domestic duties, though these were changed by the state of the times. Their usual social meetings were now thrown open to all; knitting and embroidery were laid aside for the preparation of lint and bandages for the wounded, flags for lances, and other trappings of war. The customary morning calls were exchanged for visits to hospitals, attending on the wounded, the sick of cholera, and performing the last offices for the dying. This Christian charity was extended equally to the Russians. Many private houses were used as hospitals, where Russians and Poles were lodged together; but the latter became irritated that equal attention was bestowed on their enemies, and they were separated. To this charitable sisterhood Madame Szyrma belonged; she escaped infection and disease, but many of its members fell victims to their zeal and devotion.

It often happened that the women who thus assembled had husbands, brothers, and fathers in the field; and that, amidst their employments, they eagerly expected news from the armies, which were so near, that at times the thunder of the cannon was audible. On other occasions, when the scene of action was remote, they listened to appeals to the provinces, to accounts in the newspapers, to some new patriotic poem, song, or march. Children, as soon as they could speak, were taught by their mothers and nurses to repeat these patriotic hymns. On one occasion, M. Suchodolski, a celebrated patriot poet, one of Colonel Szyrma's guard, having come from the army to Warsaw, dined with his colonel. During dinner, Madame Szyrma's youngest daughter lisped forth, unasked, in her childish accents, a stanza of the poet's most popular hymn. M. Suchodolski was so touched by hearing his verses thus uttered, and by finding they had fixed themselves in the memory of so young a child, that he could not conceal his tears. Humble as the tribute was, it was the last he received; for he fell in the next encounter with the enemy. His friends remember him in the camp, surrounded in the evening by the soldiers listening, with enthusiasm, to his patriotic songs.

The events of a war, which had so much influence upon Madame Szyrma's fate, belong to history. Colonel Szyrma was marching to the relief of Warsaw, when the news reached him of a capitulation after two days' siege. He was distant two days' march from the city. The soldiers shed tears on learning the disastrous intelligence; retreated, and soon afterwards dispersed. Colonel Szyrma made his way alone through Hungary and Austria to Munich, waited there for letters from his wife, and proceeded through Paris to London. Alarmed by the license of the Russians, and the atrocities they committed on Warsaw, the kidnapping of Polish children for the purpose of sending them to Russia, Madame Szyrma retired under a feigned name to her father and brothers in the country, there to await until a passport could be procured. This would probably have never been obtained, as no egress from Poland was permitted, but for the intercession of one of the Russian generals, Count Kiasimiski, whose life her husband had saved during the revolution, when threatened by the incensed citizens of Warsaw. The passport was for England, and extended to one year only; but Madame Szyrma, on quitting Poland, determined never to return, except as her husband's companion. Her journey through Prussia was cheered by the sympathy which the cause of Poland had excited, and by her own situation as a wife and mother, leaving her paternal home to follow her husband, and share with him the hardships of exile. From Hamburgh she crossed to England, and, after a stormy passage, landed at the custom-house, 27th November 1833. Here she was welcomed by her husband, who had been three days awaiting her arrival. Of the feelings of the husband and wife at their first meeting, after a period of such mutual anxiety, nothing requires to be said.

Madame Szyrma's residence in London was not one of pleasure, or even of comfort; but she was more than content, for she was with her husband, and could educate her children. Colonel Szyrma acted as secretary to the Association of the Friends of Poland, so distinguished for its efforts in behalf of the Polish refugees, and its advocacy of the Polish cause. His wife was compelled to witness the misery and destitution of her countrymen. She did what she could to alleviate individual suffering, frequently denying herself little comforts, from the feeling that others enjoyed still less. Her acquaintance with several English families enabled her to obey the impulse of her generous nature. She succeeded in forming a society of Englishwomen for the relief of her countrymen, she herself undertaking the most difficult part; all who needed assistance first applied to her, and she had to determine between comparative claims when all could not be satisfied. The society supplied the refugees with clothing, the sick and infirm with medicine and better diet; it encouraged industry among them, by buying articles of their manufacture, and reselling them at a bazaar established for the purpose, the profits being given to the Poles. The superintendence of the whole of the business, keeping the accounts, and especially the difficult task of distribution, and satisfying the demands of necessity, fell upon Madame Szyrma. The fatigue exceeded her physical strength; yet for three years, indeed until her death, she patiently performed an office which she felt to be incumbent upon her as a sacred duty.

On the 2d of January 1837, having become visibly feeble, she attended for the last time a meeting of the Ladies' Society, called to audit her accounts for the preceding year. At its conclusion, she said to her husband with great satisfaction, "Now the business of last year is done and closed, how happy I am." She lingered until the 22d, neglecting none of her daily duties, domestic or official. It was her habit to enter in an account-book every article purchased, and daily to cast up the amount. On referring to that book, three years after her death, her husband found the sum total, dated Saturday, the 22d January, written in her own hand, evidently trembling under the effects of fever. On the morning of the 24th she expired. It seemed as if on that Saturday she omitted none of her most trifling duties, and that the occupations of that week completed a life of labour. On that day her husband received letters and intelligence respecting her friends and family in Poland: she listened to them with delight, as if they recalled to her mind all who were dear to her, while the scenes and events of her youth, and all loved and happy memories, seemed to pass in review before her. Her countenance reflected the sentiments of her mind, and even a glow of health appeared to return to her cheek, and to promise that she had passed the crisis of her disorder. "How healthful you look, dear Josephine," said her husband, exulting in renewed hope; "I never saw you so beautiful." But this beauty, alas! was already that of heaven. During the night she became speechless, and at seven in the morning she breathed her last. She died of consumption, accelerated by influenza.

Her husband and children sorrowed as those only can mourn who lose such a wife and mother. Her exiled countrymen deeply felt her loss, while her English friends manifested their sense of her virtues by many private and public tributes to her memory. She was buried at Kensal Green cemetery, according to the rights of the Catholic church: a monument, erected by Englishwomen, marks the spot where her remains repose.

Madame Szyrma was the mother of four children; two daughters only survive her. She educated them herself, and particularly delighted in instructing them in history. She was patient, mild, and persevering; never excited to anger, and never having recourse to punishment. In her manners and conversation she was eminently natural—making no display of sentiment, or of what she thought, felt, and did. All her actions proceeded from a strong sense of duty, never from the desire of distinction. Her natural and acquired gifts sufficed for every emergency of her life; they were solid and applicable to all occasions; and instead of failing in time of need, as the pretensions of vanity must necessarily do, her various talents were inexhaustible in their exercise, and universal in their application.

Madame Szyrma kept a private journal, in which she entered the principal events of her life, and some of her opinions and sentiments. The last words she wrote therein are characteristic of her firmness, her submission, and right-mindedness:—"Whatever hardships and injustice may have fallen to my share, in the purity of my thought and conscience, I have my reward."

MR AND MRS HALL'S ACCOUNT OF IMPROVEMENTS IN DONEGAL.

To all who take an interest in the progress of improvement in Ireland, the following particulars will be acceptable. Mr and Mrs Hall, in the course of a tour last year in Ulster, for the purpose of collecting materials for their very beautiful work, "Ireland, its Scenery, and Character,"* visited a district of the maritime county of Ulster, which, as they inform their readers, is now undergoing a very remarkable change in its social and physical condition.

Leaving the northern and western quarters of Donegal, so rich in all that can delight the antiquary, the naturalist, and lover of grand and picturesque scenery, they proceeded in a direction towards the town of Stranorlar and the border town of Strabane. "Our object in visiting Stranorlar," they go on to narrate, "was to examine certain improvements effected upon a wild tract of mountain land, by which, we had been informed, many hundred acres had been so reclaimed, as to furnish comfortable farms for several tenants. It was also our purpose to inspect the schools connected with the estate of which the now fertile meadows form a part. We were not disappointed. We drove over well-made roads, where a few years ago bridle-paths only existed, by the side of a broad and most rapid river—which unhappily is still suffered to run waste and idle; and after ascending some miles, reached the mountain top, where we had ample evidence of the vast good that may be achieved by skill, judgment, and perseverance. The district is called Glenfin, and the estate to which we more immediately refer, Cloghan.

It is about twenty years since Sir Charles Style inherited his estates. He found the part that was situated in Donegal in a deplorable condition. Illicit distillation was then at its height, and Glenfin was one

* Part xxiv. London: J. How, Fleet Street.

continued distillery, over-run with all the demoralisation and misery which accompanies the trade. He at once determined to leave his native country, England, and to establish himself upon his Irish property. It contained about 16,000 acres, of which about 2000 were arable, and the remaining 14,000 mountain waste. He gave new leases to his tenants, made war upon the distillers, and in a short time completely eradicated them. He built the house, and formed a domain on a portion of the wildest bog; had a bridge built across the river Finn, and several roads made through the property; and after fourteen or fifteen years' residence and active exertion, the state of his health compelled him to leave Ireland; but instead of abandoning his tenants to their own resources and misery, as absentee proprietors too frequently do, he selected a substitute, to whom he gave *unlimited* powers to act for him, with ample means for continuing his improvements. He divided the rents of the estate into two equal portions, leaving one half to bear the charges of management, charities, taxes, &c. This arrangement left to the agent, to be applied to the improvement of the property, about L.300 a-year, after deducting all the fixed charges.

Captain John Pitt Kennedy settled, as his agent in Glenfin, in the autumn of 1837. The leases given by Sir Charles Style were to expire in November 1838. During the continuance of these leases, the tenants had divided and sub-divided the small portions of arable land into Rundale, a state of things which paralyses all improvement. It consists not in merely sub-dividing the farm into a given number of small detached farms, but every quality of land is sub-divided, so that a holding of four or five acres was frequently to be found scattered into fifteen or twenty different lots at considerable distances from each other, and interlaced with the similar lots of other occupiers, precluding all possibility of enclosing the holdings. He found the tenants congregated in villages which, from the incessant and unavoidable trespass of the cattle on each other's lands, were the seats of incessant warfare; many of the villages and townlands being without any means of ingress or egress by road.

His first step was to take up the possession of all the farms, and to re-divide the estate into compact holdings, giving to the original tenants as nearly as possible an equivalent, in their new farms, for the arable land they previously held. Observing that when such a claim came below the quantity by which a family could support itself, instead of receiving a similar small lot of arable, the claimant was placed on a waste-land farm, of improvable land, and dimensions suited to his capability — averaging twenty statute acres; and he besides received some compensation from those amongst whom his former small arable lots may have been divided. The effect of this measure was at once to multiply by about five the average extent of every man's field of exertion, which previously had been so limited, as not to afford employment for one-third of their time; and that in a country where there was but little opportunity of obtaining day labour.

The number of new mountain farms thus tenanted has been 160. Their occupiers are to hold rent-free for the first three, four, five, six, or seven years, according to the quality of the land, and are afterwards to pay a small, and gradually increasing rent, commencing at one shilling per statute acre, till it reaches about ten shillings an acre on the average. The oldest settlements are now of four years' standing; their progress we witnessed. The agent is well satisfied when they improve at the rate of an acre per farm each year, and many have exceeded this rate, notwithstanding the three last unfavourable seasons. This year promises to make up all losses. The richest crops are now growing on these new mountain farms.

The first operation of both the old and new land farmers consisted in enclosing their holdings, and in building cottages in the centre of each. To the building Captain Kennedy contributes a stipulated rate of assistance on the part of the proprietor. We should premise, that previously to fixing the limits of farms on the new division of the lands, he laid out general lines of road through the estate, and then laid off the farms with reference to these communications, the construction of which has been gradually going on from the commencement, at the entire cost of the proprietor, and at the rate of about five miles yearly. The cost of these roads varies from about twenty to sixty pounds per statute mile, according to the nature of the districts through which they pass; the average cost is about twenty-five pounds per mile. The extent made, up to this moment, amounts to about twenty miles; and the employment they afford, as well as every other outlay for labour that admits of it, is strictly reserved for the summer idle season of the year, when the stores of the poorer class become exhausted, and they are most in want of assistance. It is not sufficient, under the peculiar circumstances of Ireland, merely to effect objects useful in themselves. In order to obtain the maximum result, they must be effected in the right way, and at the right time. This consideration involves an analysis of the habits of the poor. They are, we may say, exclusively agriculturists. They imagine that their duties, as such, are limited to the spring sowing and the harvesting of their crops. The judicious preparation of his land for receiving the ordinary operations of tillage, do not enter into the calculation of the small Irish farmer. And during the winter season, which ought to be passed in draining and deepening his soil, irrigating his land, collecting manure, &c., he lays himself up in absolute idleness. His Lilliputian farm thus produces but a Lilliputian crop, not equal to one-third of its natural capability. His provisions become exhausted about May. Unable to get day labour to support his family through the summer, which is likewise a season when he thinks his farm has no claim upon him, he borrows at usurious interest for their support, and for the following year brings an additional burden upon his shoulders, already too heavily laden for his strength. Having thus commenced his downfall, he adds on, debt over debt, by the same process, each successive year, until he is obliged to sell his interest in the land, and turn out a pauper. Those proprietors who would use their influence or their means to improve their tenants, should consider well those circumstances. They should reserve the whole of their expenditure on all general labours that will admit of it for the 'loan quarter,' as it is aptly termed, and thereby prevent the poor man getting into debt. All government and county works should be regulated upon the same principle. And again, the winter idle season, which, if properly looked to, may be termed the *remedial* period of the year, should likewise receive the attention it deserves, by taking every means to call forth the energies of the farmer, so that in each successive year he may bring an additional portion of his land into a more prolific state than it was previously. The method proposed by Captain Kennedy to avert the evils of the 'loan quarter,' is to reserve all possible expenditure in labour for that season. The plan he has found most effectual in bringing out the poor farmer to make the indispensable improvements required on his farm during the winter remedial season, is by the instrumentality of a loan fund; from which no one can receive a grant unless he shall have qualified by completing a given quantity of draining, trenching, or other requisite work on his farm—to have been previously laid out, and its completion certified for, by the agricultural teacher of the district. The loans, for this reason, are for the most part made in the winter. The application of a loan, when granted, is likewise looked to. It must be for some reproductive object—as lime, improved farm implements, the purchase of a cow, &c., but not for food or clothing.

No fines are levied in this fund. No rate of interest is taken beyond what the ordinary law allows. During five years that it has been in operation, the 'decrees' have not exceeded seven in number, and no loss has yet been sustained. When the defaulters exceed a certain proportion of the borrowers, the issues cease until the number is reduced within that limit, and the names of the defaulters are made public. The system is working well. The people are gradually supplying themselves, by the aid thus afforded, with carts, improved farm implements, additional live stock, lime, &c.; and they are gradually losing their dormouse qualities, and facing the winter's blast for the permanent improvement of their lands. During the last winter, about a hundred tenants were to be seen constructing on their farms thorough-drains, which they had never before thought of; but without which, from the nature of the soil and humidity of the climate, harvesting a crop was by no means a necessary consequence of sowing the seed. It is not unreasonable to anticipate, that a very advantageous change must follow a continued system, thus adding to the productive time of the farmer about five months in each year, which were hitherto, we may say, lost to him; yet the change does not stop here. The intensity of his exertion, whilst employed, is gradually increased by the system of classified remuneration given to labourers at the public works—the man who performs the most labour receiving a commensurate reward; and already the fruits of this classified remuneration have been most prolific. Add, also, the effect of the agricultural teacher periodically visiting each man's farm, and advising with him on all his projects, besides the repeated practical lessons he is receiving, as often as he passes the model farm in connexion with the agricultural school.

Thus we have at once three elements of improvement at work in every man throughout the estate; first, a vast increase of his *productive* time; secondly, a vast increase of his productive energies during that time; and, thirdly, a vast increase of his skill and judgment in directing those energies.

We have very frequently received gratification by visiting the comfortable villages and cottages where the inhabitants are auspiciously located, and under kind and judicious management; such are rapidly on the increase; and, year after year, we have been happy to observe the active progress of improvement. Yet we had been unprepared, amid the mountain fastnesses of Donegal, to see the number of prosperous and pleasant dwellings that are to be met with throughout Glenfin.

Looking down from one of the hills, over folding valleys and leaping torrents, it was impossible, knowing the nature of the country, and the nature of the people, not to feel deeply anxious to ascertain how such admirable roads, intersecting the bogs and traversing the high lands, had been so quickly constructed; and how, in the midst of bog, such well-built homes and productive gardens had metamorphosed the 'cottier' into the small farmer—respecting the laws, and respected by his superiors. The wild beauty of the scene was enhanced by the moral beauty of improvement — cottages perfected, and in progress, dotted the landscape; the cry of the wild plover was mingled with the wild song of industrious labour. In one dwelling, which we entered by chance, we found a woman habited in the dress of the district busily employed at her wheel, which, though she turned with her bare foot, was in a neat room, lighted by a window that *opened and shut*, decently furnished—more than decently furnished, for a 'jack-towel' actually hung on a roller behind the door, and the newly-made stairs leading to the loft were covered in the centre by a narrow strip of coarse carpeting. The young woman shook hands with us both—a ceremony never omitted by these mountain peasants, when a stranger or an acquaintance enters their house.

We passed more than once over those roads, formed across what was once considered an irreclaimable bog, to a height from which we could command an extensive view of Glenfin and its interesting vicinity. How delightful was the reflection, that but for what had been done for the civilisation of the country, and the improvement of the land, the people who now are, and in a few years will be a still more valuable tenantry, would have either increased the starving population, or been emigrants to a foreign country.

Now they are prosperous, industrious, and happy. Where the foxes of the earth made holes, their cottages are built; land, over which the screaming eagle flapped its wings, echoes with the hum of cheerful voices. Children, ignorant of all book-knowledge, and wandering, like Indians, over the hills and valleys, are gathered in the profitable union of a happy school, and taught the independence produced by steady and well-directed labour. Land reclaimed without an outlay, which frequently Irish landlords cannot afford; members of a population of almost paupers converted into cultivators, improving the value of the proprietors' land, and their own condition at the same time; while the agricultural school, established with such fair success, promises that a race of better farmers shall spring up to guide the earth in bringing forth its fruits in due season."

TEMPERANCE COFFEE-HOUSES.

THIS class of coffee-houses, as may be readily supposed, owe their existence to what is called the "temperance movement;" and, though not in every respect what they ought to be, have done much good. They are not now confined to large cities, but may be found in almost every town of any note, increasing the stock of simple pleasures, and aiding in the diffusion of general information amongst the people; for no coffee-house can be kept up for any length of time without newspapers, magazines, or reviews—which form, indeed, a leading feature in their economy. During the intervals of business, and at the close of the day, they are much frequented by commercial men, to whom they afford the means of agreeable relaxation.

But it is matter of some regret that such establishments do not, in general, possess those conveniences, and that amount, or at least appearance, of respectability, which belong, as if by prescription, to an English inn, the comforts of which have been sung by more than one of our poets. In this, as in many things else, appearance goes a great length, and should accordingly meet with due attention. A house, for instance, may be unimpeachable in every quality, but if situated within a close or alley, approached by a common stair, or possessed of any other mark of inferiority, it is not to be supposed that it will be patronised by those accustomed to the better class of hotels; and, least of all, if lady travellers be in the case. We remember once going considerably out of our way to seek accommodation at a "well advertised" temperance hotel in a provincial town in England, but the spectacle of a drab washing the lobby at mid-day, with other appearances of a mean order, led us to turn away at once without putting our foot within the threshold. This we give as a hint to persons proposing to establish temperance hotels. If they expect to take a high standing, they must look a little more to exterior appearances, as well as to all the usual internal qualities of a good inn.

Glasgow, we understand, is making an effort in these respects, though no house, as far as we are aware, comes yet up to what we point out as desirable—that is, a large temperance hotel to compete with the other leading establishments. As to those houses already in operation, however, there is nothing to find fault with, as far as they go; whether as coffee-houses or inns, they deserve to be spoken of with respect; and from the slight examination we were able to give, they seemed not only reasonable in their charges, but superior in accommodation to any we had previously seen. With Mr ——'s temperance hotel in Jamaica Street, we were particularly well-pleased. It is frequented by the higher class of travellers, and possesses, besides a convenient reading-room, twelve bed-rooms, neatly but not expensively furnished; the charge for a single night's lodging being 1s., with 2d. extra for the servant. Other charges were proportionably low. Mrs ——'s coffee-house, in Argyle Street, is also of a superior description, but the charges are somewhat higher. Mr ——'s temperance hotel, Melville Place, Trongate, was the first established in Glasgow on total abstinence principles. It is very tastefully fitted up, kept remarkably clean, and possesses bed-rooms elegantly furnished. The reading-room is well sup-

plied with the periodicals of the day, and, we understand, much resorted to by the citizens.

Regarding these establishments as well fitted to contribute to the comfort of the traveller, and at the same time to elevate the tone of social life, we wish them every possible success.

ELECTRICAL PROGRESSION.

"INTELLECT" makes but slow progress in its "march," compared with the onward movement of electricity. We speak not of its physical movement, for, time out of mind, a flash of lightning has run second only to thought; but of its advances into the social system, and its increasing usefulness in the arts of life. The daily multiplying appliances of this subtile mysterious principle forbid us to question its power to accomplish all things. Electric influence is extending its dominion in regions where, some years since, the most outstretched imagination would not have conceived the possibility of its entering. The engraver finds the utmost ingenuity of his art surpassed; the plater beholds the solvent gold and silver reappear, and, at the touch of this invisible agent, spread themselves over all the intricacies of the chiselled metal with matchless uniformity and precision; saucepans and kettles actually grow in the blue copper solution, to set at nought the brazier's art; the fabric-printer throws down his wooden blocks in despair on seeing the most involved patterns, traced in varieties of colours, impressed at once and in the twinkling of an eye by the touch of a wire; the antiquary starts on discerning his rarest relics reproduced so exactly, that no skill can distinguish the copy from the original; even the giant steam, with his lightning speed, is left far behind by the lightning itself, and groans the announcement, that steam has had its day. To those who have witnessed the inroads of the electric fluid into all the affairs of life, it comes within the range of imagination to conceive that even the functions of *government* may be, at no distant day, performed "with punctuality and despatch" by its all-pervading influence. The lightning-telegraph already threatens to destroy at one fell swoop the whole corps of representative sovereigns and deputy-governors. What need of ambassadors at foreign courts, when communications can be made directly and instantaneously between the sovereigns or ministers of distant nations? Of what use will be colonial governors, where intelligence of passing events is communicated, and all necessary instructions transmitted, across the Atlantic ere an ordinary courier can ride from Whitehall to Windsor? Great advances have been made in the perfecting of this important governmental apparatus since we last noticed its progress; and if it but proceed on the road of improvement during the next twelve months at as rapid a pace as during the past year, the picture now sketched by imagination will be painted in vivid colours on the canvass of accomplished facts.

In the course of experiments instituted by Messrs Wright and Bain for the improvement of their electrical telegraph, they discovered that the electric circuit of a galvanic battery is as effectually completed through a large body of water as through an insulated wire. They have applied this curious discovery so effectually, as to be now able to dispense with two of the wires heretofore thought necessary for the action of their printing-telegraph; and they are thus enabled to print all communications, either verbal or symbolical, at any distance, by the use of a single wire. We understand they are now in treaty with the government to construct a telegraph on this principle between the Admiralty and Portsmouth. One insulated wire would be laid down between the two points, to connect the galvanic battery of the outport with the printing apparatus of the Admiralty, and the return current would be sent through the earth in lieu of using a second wire to complete the circuit. Should the moisture in the ground not prove sufficient to conduct the electricity, the inventors propose to transmit the return current by water; making it pass down the Thames to the German Ocean, and thence along the Channel to Portsmouth; this roundabout voyage to be performed instantaneously. By thus simplifying, and consequently greatly reducing the cost of the electrical printing-telegraph, the inventors have gone far towards rendering it generally available; another step in advance will dispense with all metallic connexion whatever. The atmosphere and the ocean may then be all-sufficient media for the communication of thought, literally to realise the poet's vision—

"And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole."—*Spectator.*

[To the above may very properly be added the following, likewise a newspaper paragraph of recent date:—"A German journal gives the following account of what it designates as one of those wonders in which electrical chemistry is so fertile: 'A pupil of Berzelius, who was occupying himself in Sweden with galvanic gilding, having used in his apparatus the skin of a sheep, on which there was some of the wool remaining, perceived that it became partially covered with the gold. Struck with the incident, he followed up the idea it suggested, and in time produced an entire golden fleece, preserving the wool in its original and natural state as to texture and flexibility. Living in a village, the young *savant* showed the wonderful production to his neighbours; but the fanatical and ignorant peasants, regarding him as a practiser of the black art, attacked his laboratory, broke all his utensils to pieces, and compelled him to fly with his fleece to Upsal, where he was received with kindness and consideration by the members of the university, who, by a subscription, not only supplied him with the means of subsistence, but established a new laboratory for him, and aided him in applying his new discovery to the manufacture of woollen cloth. We may therefore expect to have shortly cloths of gold, silver, and platina, which will entirely supersede our present gold lace and embroidery.'"]

THE WEE RAGGIT LASSIE.

[From a late number of the *Gaberlunzie's Wallet.*]

WEE, genty, timid, bashfu' wean,
Tott, totting through the street thy lane,
Like sunny keeks through cluds o' rain;
Thy face sae fair
Peeps sweetly through thy clustering train
O' raven hair.

Thy wee bit neck and bosom bare,
Though tussled by the cauld raw air,
Are pearly pure, and lily fair,
As snaw flakes fa'in;
An' thy wee cheeks glow like a pair
O' roses blawin'.

Thy form light as a fairy fay—
Thy facy sweet as flowery May—
Thine ee, like dawn o' infant day,
Waukin' the east,
Till light an' lustre sparkle gay
In every breast.

Tho' sma' thy mak, an' scrimp thy cleeding,
Tho' bleak thy hame, an' puir thy feeding,
Tho' scant thy lair, an' laigh thy breeding,
Still we can see
Sweet beauty a' the graces leading
Captive to thee.

Yet beauty's e'en a doubtfu' gift,
Wi' mickle show, but little thrift;
W' it the rich may mak a shift
To lead the fashion,
While humble beauty's cast adrift
On human passion.

O, man! why wilt thou seek thy bane,
An' barter happiness for pain:
Why cast on beauty's flower a stain
That gars it wither;
I trow the heart gets little gain
That breaks anither.

Alack! puir wean, thy fate I fear,
Thy morning sky's e'en cauld an' drear;
Dark poortith hovers in the rear,
Wi' boding scowl,
An' how can sic as thou win clear
O' faes sae foul.

Auld beldame Fortune, would I kenned her!
I wadna, wee thing, let thee wander
Wi' thy sma' limbs, sae slim an' slender,
Expos'd an' bare,
And thy wee feet, sae jimp an' tender,
A' dinlin' sair.

Hail, holy Nature, thou whase power
Hast gi'en her beauty for her dower,
O tend wi' care this tender flower
That springs frae thee,
And rear her safe in Virtue's bower,
Aneath thine ee!

THE FLOATING ISLAND IN DERWENT LAKE, NEAR KESWICK.

THIS most extraordinary phenomenon is situate not far from Lodore, at the south-east extremity of the lake, and a little more than 150 yards from the land, where the depth of the water does not exceed six feet in a mean state of the lake.

During the last forty years, it has appeared thirteen times. In the year 1808, from July 20 to the beginning of October in the same year; in 1813, from the 7th of September to the end of October following; in 1815, from August 5 to the end of the month; in 1819, from August 14 to the end of the same month; in 1824, from June 21 to the end of September; in 1825, it was above the water from the 9th to the 23d of September; and from the 11th July to the end of September in 1826. "The circumstance of its appearing in three successive years," says Mr Otley, "may be attributed to the extraordinary warmth of the season." It made its appearance again on the 10th of June, 1831, and remained uncovered until the 25th of September. In 1834 and 1835, it was visible for a few weeks in August and September. In 1837, it appeared in July and August. It appeared again on the 19th July, 1841, and remained till the end of August. And it made its appearance in the latter end of last or the beginning of the present month (September), but it is not yet quite so large as on some of the former occasions of its appearance.

We will not undertake to investigate the great number of hypotheses which have been advanced relative to the cause of this singular phenomenon, nor examine into any of the arguments which have been adduced, but will merely give the opinion of Mr Otley, who is well-versed in the geological and meteorological properties of the lake district, who is resident at Keswick, and who, for the last thirty years, has watched with much attention the operations of it. Mr Otley says—"That it generally rises after an interval of a few days, and after a continuance of fine weather. Its figure and dimensions are variable; it has sometimes contained about half an acre of ground, at other times only a few perches; but extending in a gradual slope under water, a much greater portion is raised from the bottom than reaches the surface of the lake. Several large rents or cracks may be seen in the earth above the place, which appear to have been occasioned by its stretching to reach the surface. It never rises far above the level of the lake, but having once attained the surface, it for a time fluctuates with the rise and fall of the water, after which it sinks gradually. When at rest in the bottom of the lake, it has the same appearance as the neighbouring parts, being covered with the same vegetation, consisting principally of *literella lacustris* and *lobelia dorimanno*, interspersed with *isoetes lacustris*, and other plants common in this and all the neighbouring lakes. After remaining some time above the water, its verdure is much improved. For a few inches in depth, it is composed of clayey or earthy matter, apparently deposited by the water, in which the growing plants have fixed their roots; the rest is a congeries of decayed vegetable matter, forming a stratum of loose peat earth, about six feet in thickness, which rises from a bed of very fine soft clay. A considerable quantity of air is contained in the body of the island, and may be dislodged by probing the earth with a pole. This air was found by Dr Dalton to consist of equal parts of carbureted hydrogen and azotic gases, with a little carbonic acid."

Mr Otley further adds—"That one material circumstance has, however, generally escaped observation; namely, that the air to which the rising of this island has been attributed is not collected in a body underneath it, but interspersed through the whole mass. And the most probable conclusion seems to be, that the air or gas is generated in the body of the island by decomposition of the vegetable matter of which it is formed; and this gas being produced most copiously, as well as being more rarefied in hot weather, the earth at length becomes so much extended therewith as to render the mass of less weight than an equal bulk of water. The water, then, insinuating itself between the substratum of clay and the peat earth forming the island, bears it to the surface, where it continues for a time, till, partly by the escape of the gas, partly by its absorption, and partly by its condensation consequent on a decrease of heat, the volume is reduced, and the earth gradually sinks to its former level, where it remains till a sufficient accumulation of gas again renders it buoyant. But as the vegetable matter of which the island is principally composed appears to have been amassed at a remote period, when the lake was of less depth than at present, receiving very little addition from the decay of plants recently grown upon the spot, it is reasonable to suppose that the process of furnishing the gas cannot from the same materials be continued *ad infinitum*; but that there must be a time when it shall have arrived at its maximum, after which the eruptions will become less extensive or less frequent."
—*Glasgow Herald.*

SIR RICHARD JEBB.

This physician was very rough and harsh in manner. He said to a patient, to whom he had been very rude—"*Sir, it is* MY *way.*" "Then," replied the patient, pointing to the door, "I beg you will make *that* YOUR *way.*" Sir Richard was not very nice in his mode of expression, and would frequently astonish a patient with a volley of oaths. Nothing used to make him swear more than the eternal question—"What may I eat?" "Pray, Sir Richard, may I eat a muffin?" "Yes, madam, the *best thing* you can take." "Oh dear, I am glad of that. But, Sir Richard, you told me the other day that it was the *worst* thing I could eat!" "What would be proper for me to eat to-day?" says another lady. "Boiled turnips." "Boiled turnips! you forget, Sir Richard, I told you I could not bear boiled turnips." "Then, madam, you must have a very vitiated appetite." Sir Richard being called to see a patient, who fancied himself very ill, told him ingenuously what he thought, and declined prescribing, thinking it unnecessary. "Now you are here," said the patient, "I shall be obliged to you, Sir Richard, if you will tell me how I must live, what I may eat, and what not." "My directions as to that point," replied Sir Richard, "will be few and simple. You must not eat the poker, shovel, or tongs, for they are hard of digestion; nor the bellows, because they are windy; but anything else you please!"—*Flowers of Anecdote.*

HYDROPHOBIA.

My predecessors, Messrs Blaine and Youatt, as well as myself, have been bitten by rabid dogs, and we are still alive; and we have operated on some hundreds of human beings who have been bitten by rabid animals, and in no case has there been loss of life. The preventive is as follows:—The person bitten should, as soon as possible, thoroughly wash and cleanse the bitten part; not suck the poison from the wound, as is too commonly done—for inoculation may take place by an abrasion on the lip. If the wound be superficial and ragged, let the edges be removed with a pair of scissors, and then apply freely to every part the nitrate of silver, commonly called lunar caustic, and which may be had in any druggist's shop. If the wound be a punctured one, as in some cases it is, from the tusk of the animal going deep into the flesh, the stick of caustic must be carefully pointed, that it may reach the bottom; if necessary, the wound should be enlarged, care being taken in the use of the knife, or the poison may be carried by it over the fresh surface. The nitrate of silver destroys the surface of the wound, and neutralises the poison, which comes away with the destroyed surface without the absorbents acting upon it; and if freely applied to the part affected, the patient may feel himself perfectly safe. I do not recommend the application of a poultice after the operation, but let the wound be exposed to the atmosphere, and should any inflammation ensue, it may be relieved by dressings of olive oil. Believing that some lives may be saved, I communicate this information through your valuable columns.—*Extract from a letter of Dr Ainslie, Middlesex Hospital, in the Standard.*

COMMERCIAL STRUGGLES.

In truth, it is wonderful to behold—and not the less wonderful because little known, and therefore a thing little esteemed—how fiercely and successfully men of high commercial fame battle with difficulties as they beset them. The politician, the soldier, the sailor, each has his loud acclaim for coolness and freedom of demeanour in time of danger; but few remark, and nobody condescends to tell, how the mind of a tradesman battles with and subdues mere fleshly fears when that which he holds dearest on earth, his credit and his name, are in jeopardy, and the terrors of "stoppage" compass him about. In truth, that is no mean intellect which, on a crowded exchange, in the face of rivals, of those great ones whom he has met as equals, and those men to whom a glance of recognition has been an acceptable favour, can cover with a face of cheerfulness a bosom of sorrows, and carry high the head when the last planks of the ship are about to part.—*The Cotton Lord.*

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TEMPER.

PERHAPS of all the lesser ills of life, and which make up a pretty large amount of misery, few are so truly vexatious and distressing as those which proceed from the infirmities of *temper*. Thrice blessed are ye who may dispute the assertion, for your inexperience must be a blissful ignorance; but they who know the hideous aspect of the "domestic demon" will admit its truth. Not that it is easy to define precisely where just indignation is merged in mere anger, or where this sinks to the still more ignoble feeling which we recognise as "ill temper;" though, if we do anatomise the vile thing, we shall be obliged to confess that it is the triumph of the worst feelings of our nature over all the higher attributes; triumphs perhaps occasional and rare at first, but, by their exercise, very likely to become frequent or perpetual, for a bad temper is one of the many demons which you must resist, if you would have them flee from you.

Newton Grey was an only child, the only son of a widow, and, perhaps, if ever excuses should be made for such ill-training, some might be offered for the bereaved mother, whose over-indulgence of the sole remnant of her flock strengthened those errors which might have been in childhood uprooted. His education was in a great measure a home one, and Mrs Grey's acquaintance were for the most part of that mole-like and unobservant class (of whom, if the world entirely consisted, we should surely go back in a little while to primitive barbarism) who never discovered anything particular about Master Newton, though perhaps they would have acknowledged, if asked the question, that he was rather a disagreeable boy than otherwise. A public, or even large school, would have been the making of him, for in either he would have found his level; but, as it was, the "disagreeable" boy grew rapidly into the handsome, intelligent (as far as books could make him so), *but* ill-tempered young man. It must not, however, be supposed that he went about the world like a porcupine with his quills erect—very far from it: he had caught the tone of good society—if not the feeling which that tone is intended to represent—and to the stranger there was even suavity in his manners. The creature was harmless while all went smoothly, but stroke him the wrong way, and you would be glad to draw your hand back. It was remarkable, that though rather popular in society than otherwise, he had not formed any of those warm enthusiastic friendships which are so natural with the young, and which, though possibly in their very elements "sweet, not lasting," may yet be considered as an earnest of those aspirations after the good and the true, which bespeak at least a belief in their existence. Had Newton Grey been questioned on the subject, he would probably have told how often he had already been deceived, or how changeable people were. The truth was, that as soon as acquaintance merged into intimacy, he invariably (to keep up the metaphor) showed his quills, and the fresh warm hearts of his associates as instinctively drew back from a closer contact.

Among his young acquaintances, however, was one who either had for him a more sincere regard than the others, or for some motive not at the time known or suspected, did show unusual forbearance under Newton's petty but annoying outbreaks of temper. It is certain that George Hamilton, though only a year or two his senior, had penetrated the character of Newton Grey, and discovered some of the good qualities which he really possessed, despite his besetting fault. But more did he do than show forbearance, for, in a moment of confidence, he ventured to remonstrate with him on the painful subject. He cast his thoughts into the mould of gentle, even affectionate words, but he learned that hour a lesson of worldly wisdom, which, though he was too truthful and noble always to act upon, he never forgot; the lesson, that with inferior minds, to tell them of their faults, is most unpardonably to offend.

"Perhaps, sir," said Newton Grey, after a slight pause in the conversation to which we have alluded, "perhaps, sir, you will favour me with some other instance of my violence, or, as I think you phrased it, 'display of anger disproportioned to the cause.'"

"My dear fellow, I believe occasional violence of temper, however unjustifiable, to be even a less fault than that which I am urging you to correct. There is a Turkish proverb to the effect, 'Why beat the Stamboul puppy because the dog at Bagdad bit you?' and I think it applies to you. For instance, was it dignified, or even gentlemanlike, because you were disappointed of the curious prints I know you had promised to take with you, to disappoint the party at the manor house last Wednesday—a party made up chiefly in honour of your coming of age—without even sending an apology, until after they had waited dinner for you as long as in courtesy to the other guests they could do?"

"It was so provoking, when the fellow had promised that they should be cleaned, and a portfolio made expressly for them by that morning; it put me in such a rage."

"Exactly so. And because the printseller broke his word, you forfeited yours, and had to answer for poor Mrs Percival's soup being cold, her turbot spoiled, and an uneven number of guests being at her table—a thing her precise husband very much dislikes; not to mention that young Bolton had ridden eighteen miles to meet you, and talk over your childish acquaintance, or that my merry cousin Rose had no one to take second in her favourite duets."

"I was in such a rage" ——

"And are now," returned George.

"Nonsense. I never was calmer," stammered the other between his set teeth.

"Well, well, the truth was, you did not know Rose would be there, or I daresay you would have gone. It would *then* have been your pleasure to do so; but having no particular inducement, except the selfish gratification of being envied as the possessor of those rare engravings—after all, a ten minutes' interlude in the five hours you would have spent there; when deprived of that, you cared nothing about annoying, more or less, half-a-dozen other persons. This is what I call *temper*."

"And so, I daresay, you explained it to Miss Hamilton," exclaimed Newton, dashing to the floor a pile of books which stood at his elbow, merely to relieve his feelings. "Fortunately *I* was not called upon for an explanation; but when your mother entered the room, it was very evident that she had been recently in tears; and though she delivered your message, I doubt not, quite correctly, the real state of the case was, I believe, suspected by all. I even heard Rose defend you"—(a pause, but no word from Newton Grey)—"though a young lady, who is now on a visit to Mrs Percival, joined in the conversation, taking the very opposite side of the argument, and so sensibly and eloquently did she express herself, that I fear, poor girl, she must have spoken from personal experience. I really do believe," continued young Hamilton, after a moment's hesitation, "that good sense is the most valuable quality a woman can possess." Perhaps he might have added, "or a man either."

At all events, the absence of "good sense" in Newton Grey was strongly evinced by the fact of his being indignant beyond expression at the "liberty" his friend had taken with him—a liberty which only a very true friend could have ventured upon. Of course he struggled as much as possible to conceal his wrath, for to have given full vent to his feelings, would have confirmed all George Hamilton had asserted; but the latter was never forgiven, and in a few months their intimacy dwindled to a mere bowing acquaintance.

Perhaps the reader may suspect that George Hamilton was more than commonly pleased with the young lady who had spoken so eloquently on the subject of temper; and it was so. The world said he had very much admired his cousin Rose, and that her engagement to Newton Grey had been a great disappointment to him; if so, he was by this time reconciled to his fate; but such sentiments might account for the strong interest he took in the disposition of him on whom her happiness rested. For Ellen Saville, however, his affections soon assumed a much warmer character, for they were based on the most solid foundation. Without any striking beauty to attract, without more than a very moderate competence to lure, and without one particle of art to ensnare, she was one of those persons who, in frivolous society, too often meet with positive neglect. But the conversation which had made so strong an impression on George Hamilton convinced him that, however unobtrusive her manners, she observed, reasoned, judged, and felt; and a very few interviews convinced him he had found the one whose companionship through life would never weary. It might be two months after that eventful dinner-party that young Hamilton paid a visit to his relatives, and entered the drawing-room where, at the moment, Rose was alone. His manner was unusually animated, and his face radiant with pleasure.

"Give me joy, Rose," he exclaimed; "I am the happiest man in the world."

"You have passed your examination, and are admitted, I suppose?" (George was studying for the law.)

"Oh, no; that's a trifle in store for next spring," rejoined he; and then, with a voice almost faltering with emotion, he continued—"I have proposed and am accepted."

"By whom?" asked Rose, wonderingly.

"By whom?—why, by the only woman I ever did, could, or can love, Ellen Saville—*my* Ellen now. Of course she will wish you to be bride's-maid; but, alas! you'll not be needed till next summer; and I am afraid you will be married first, and *she* will have to be 'second to her friend.'"

"*Afraid*, George, that I should be married first! Perhaps you had better ask Newton to postpone our marriage because you, too, are in love," said Rose with a laugh. "I see you are over head and ears; and, remember, I do not expect one word of sense from you for the next twelve months. That is giving you ten months' courtship and a double honeymoon before the recovery of your senses."

"Though I know you are half in jest, Rose, yet you do me injustice. Since you are to marry Newton Grey, I shall be happy, as speedily as you please, to congratulate you on your nuptials, though I am sorry to say he has almost cut me three times since I saw you. However, let it pass, and forgive me if I ever pained you by the truths I some time since endeavoured to impress upon your mind. I shall be but too rejoiced if experience proves that I was in error. Believe me, my dear girl, I had only your happiness in view when I pointed out his one infirmity, which, I doubt not, you will speedily remove."

The engagement to her cousin naturally promoted

an increased degree of intimacy between Rose and Ellen, but to the deep regret of the former, she perceived that the growing regard which she acknowledged for Ellen was a perpetual source of irritation to Newton Grey. It was this circumstance, too evident to escape observation, which first startled the light-hearted girl with the fear that there might be some truth in the reports she had heard of his ungoverned temper. Hitherto, her young life had passed in the sunshine of affection and prosperity, without a cloud to cast its shadow and dull the flow of her naturally joyous spirits. So bright and happy had her life been, that she seemed scarcely to have had time to think deeply or judge of life correctly. Returning fully the love that Newton really bore her, their engagement sanctioned and approved by both families, and in fortune his equal, it seemed that the "course of their true love" was to falsify the proverb, and "run smoothly." Now, however, poor Rose saw the cloud upon the horizon, and felt that it was growing darker and more threatening every hour of her existence. Many feelings contended in her mind. On the one hand, she felt that she already owed to Newton so much of the deference of a wife, as should induce her to yield to his wishes in the choice of her associates; but, on the other hand, she could not blind herself to the fact, that the husband would be very likely to prove an absolute tyrant, since the lover, without one plausible reason, exerted a degree of influence, which verged very nearly on authority, to withdraw her from the society of a relative with whom she had been on sisterly terms since infancy, and from a friend whose companionship was becoming every day more dear to her, and whose advice and friendship she knew to be most precious. Naturally of a truthful disposition, she shrunk from the thought of deceiving him, and yet had not the courage to meet those bursts of anger—not, it is true, precisely directed against herself—with which he usually received all mention of their names; and yet her heart told her that he had no right to demand from her that she should act with unkindness and ingratitude. The natural result of this indecision was, that she learned to temporise. Without promising to give up their society, or definitely intending to do so, she avoided all conversation likely to lead to the dangerous subject. But, alas! when one topic is in this manner shunned or interdicted, it involves so many petty concealments, that the sweet solace of confidence is perfectly destroyed.

Keenly did Rose Hamilton feel this truth; and so perceptibly were her spirits depressed by it, that as the day appointed for her marriage drew near, the friends most anxious for her welfare began to fear she had repented of her choice. Extreme hilarity might have seemed unsuitable for the occasion, but there is a quiet sort of trusting happiness which is very unlikely to be mistaken for regret. In part, however, they were mistaken, for she had loved with all the faith and fervour of a womanly heart, and she had the womanly weakness to cling to the object of her choice, notwithstanding she had learned to see his faults.

How trifling an event often guides us to the most important steps in our life, and how thankful we ought to be, when, distracted by indecision, an accident induces us to turn the scale—wisely! The wedding day was fixed—the wedding guests invited. It was a bright autumnal morning, and Rose had promised that she would take her last ride with Newton Grey as Rose Hamilton. She had named twelve o'clock as the hour she would be in readiness, but an early visit from Ellen Saville induced her to send a message to Newton, whose home was not half a mile distant, to beg he would call for her at two o'clock instead. Although it was not formally so named, she *felt* it was a farewell visit from her friend, whose "good sense" had acquitted poor Rose of all blame in one or two recent slights which had been passed upon her. Each was sorrowful, and each felt that there was a subject on which they had not yet spoken without reserve. Rose Hamilton had not *dared* to invite Ellen to be present at her marriage, and yet her heart prompted her to offer an apology for this seeming neglect. She began some set phrases; but nature was too powerful, and she burst into tears. Ellen was silent, though the briny drops sparkled in her own eyes, and the kiss she imprinted on Rose's cheek was very eloquent. They sat for a few minutes clasped hand in hand, but that gush of feeling had broken the ice of reserve, and they soon spoke freely. Rose's secret sorrow was revealed, if that could be called secret which her friend had long suspected.

Not one unkind or intemperate word escaped poor Rose's lips; not one word that could be construed into regret at her engagement, or hesitation at her approaching marriage; but she confessed how sensible she was of Newton's faults of temper, and of the forbearance that would be necessary on her part; she lamented, in touching language, the strange aversion he had taken to her cousin and Ellen, even while she spoke of her hope, that by and by she should be able to renew their former intimacy. This led naturally to the conjecture, how far the influence of "a wife" might control her wayward husband, and Rose confessed she had already learned the bitter lesson, that to avoid outbreaks of passion, she must conceal from him such passing events as she thought likely to annoy him. This was the greatest trial to her open candid nature; and to feel that the unlimited confidence for which she yearned must be for ever restrained, was a perpetual care to her. In short, she had discovered, that to Newton Grey belonged the one marked characteristic of ill-tempered people; namely, he never owned himself in the wrong, and would never listen to reason, when reason was opposed to his own view of the case.

Something of all this, though spoken in sorrow, not in anger, and interrupted more than once by tears, was Rose's confession to her friend; though, when Newton Grey, pale with passion, entered the room, how much or how little he had overheard, neither of them ever knew. The truth was, that he had left home to keep his appointment with Rose, before her messenger, who had probably loitered on his way, arrived, and had entered by the garden-gate, as he frequently did, unannounced. He had proceeded to the next drawing-room, where Rose usually sat, and which was only separated by folding doors from that in which she and her friend were conversing. It is probable that, with all his faults, he would not have condescended to play the eaves'-dropper longer than the few moments during which his quickly kindled indignation might irresistibly have detained him; indeed, the abrupt manner in which he broke in upon their conference, was a sufficient proof that he was no intentional listener.

"I fear, ladies, I am an intruder," he exclaimed, in a voice of suppressed rage, in which there was also a tone of irony; "but as I seem the subject of your discourse, I may have some right to the benefit of your remarks."

They were all standing, and Rose laid her hand imploringly on his arm. Though the contact was but momentary, she felt that he trembled with passion, and hissing forth, rather than uttering, the one word "annoyance," he raised his own arm hastily to throw back the proffered hand. Let it not be supposed for a moment that he intended to strike or hurt her; he would not *then*, in early life, have raised his hand against a woman, far less against the woman he really loved, even in his wildest anger: but Rose, almost fainting with apprehension already, and thrown back with some force by his arm, caught her foot in the fringe of a footstool, and fell with violence to the ground. Calmed in some measure by such an accident, he raised her almost with tenderness; but Ellen Saville afterwards remembered that Rose appeared to shrink, as if instinctively, from his touch. The noise of her fall quickly brought servants to the room; and as it was soon discovered that her ankle was injured, a surgeon was immediately sent for. It proved to be only a very violent sprain, which, however, confined her to the sofa for several weeks.

The one misfortune of Rose's life was, that from infancy she had been motherless, otherwise she might have required less severe schooling than that which had at last taught her the precarious tenure on which happiness in a union with Newton Grey was likely to rest. But the accident to her ankle delayed the marriage, and this necessary delay gave her time for reflection and decision. A shudder *had* passed through her frame when Newton Grey lifted her from the ground, for at that moment came the conviction, that *now* his temper was, and henceforth would be, to her, as well as the rest of the world, ungoverned; but she was a loving girl, and not without pain could she even listen to the judicious arguments of her father and friends, who, taking advantage of the impression on her mind which his violence had already made, wisely strengthened it, by pointing out the inevitable misery which would result from such a marriage, and imploring her, while there was yet time, to dissolve the engagement.

It was after one of these distressing conversations that Rose Hamilton, with more determination than had been expected from her, promised that, whatever the struggle might be, she would give up all thoughts of becoming his wife.

"But it must be done at once, dear father," she exclaimed; "and—and—do not leave me; Newton is coming in an hour, and your presence will give me courage. The distress of mind I have endured, and the pain I have suffered, have made me weak and nervous, and I dare not trust myself alone with him; but, indeed—indeed, dear father, I am happier now that I have decided." Yet she burst into tears as she spoke.

It was a trying interview which decided the fate of each, and one for which Newton Grey was totally unprepared. For a while his best friends believed that its consequences would prove to him a lesson for life; and so crushed was he for a time by Rose's decision, that there really did appear some prospect of amendment. But who can tell what an ill-tempered person may do? Instead of repenting of his misconduct, he shortly went abroad, and in three months he returned with—a wife!

Yes, a wife is easily obtained, provided people are not too particular. The heart of Newton Grey had been more truly wounded by the final rejection of Rose than the world was inclined to believe, for a bad-tempered man is not necessarily an unfeeling one. He had determined on a tour through part of France and Germany, solely with the hope that a change of scene would work beneficially on his mind, though certainly not with the idea of finding any one to supplant Rose in his affections. A marriage so hasty as that of Newton Grey must necessarily be the mere drawing in a lottery; for though he was engaged a little more than "a week," he had not known the lady two months when he made her his wife. It is possible that he took some pains to curb his temper in her presence, previously to their marriage; but, like a fiery steed too tightly held, it appeared afterwards, when the reins were loosened, beyond all control. Neither had he strong affection to act as a check, for to his own heart he confessed that he had married entirely from pique. Still, he *intended* to prove a good husband: but the proverb concerning good intentions is somewhat trite. The lady was one of those commonplace, characterless mortals, whose destiny entirely depends on the hands into which they fall. She had just so much ability and good principle as might, in a union with a man possessing good sense and decision, have been raised above the general standard; but she was lamentably deficient in the firmness and sterling qualities which could alone have influenced the infirmity, or counteracted the evil effects of her husband's temper. They returned to England, and only a few months were necessary to proclaim to the world that they were a miserable couple. When the world makes a discovery of this kind, it is a proof that matters have arrived at a sad pitch; for the bonds of propriety must be often strained and warped by private disagreement before they burst asunder, and reveal to a stranger's eye the source of disunion. Oh, the wretchedness of that home-made infelicity of which *temper* is the cause! A wretchedness more insidious in its approaches, and really more disastrous in its ravages, than those great calamities which (provided they are unstained, unbegotten by guilt) enlist virtuous sympathy, and have a dignity which supports. But temper is a secret and treacherous foe, which comes on you when least prepared, and by repeated petty stings, wears away happiness even as the perpetual dropping of water wears away a stone. And, what is the worst, it has a *corrupting* power; for experience shows that a really good temper, exposed to the constant irritation of a decidedly bad one, loses, in the course of time, its own amiability.

What, then, must have been the influence of Newton Grey's temper on the character of his weak, half-educated wife? She had been inclined to look up to her husband as a superior being; but there is something so truly undignified in bursts of anger about trifling matters, that neither man nor woman in whom they are discovered can be really respected. When esteem passed away, love—a love based only on the sandy foundation of externals—soon crumbled away also. Then, instead of mere outbreaks on his side, came downright quarrels, in which *her* temper, also, had full play. Reproaches, recriminations, deception followed, weaving an inextricable web of discord. Disgraced by frequent separations, and re-united ostensibly for the sake only of two children which had been born to them, years passed on. The heart of youth, to which belong such bright hopes and lofty aspirations, rotted away in the vile atmosphere of discord and discontent; and middle life, which should bring more solid satisfaction, did not even open to the husband and wife a vista of future happiness.

As the children of Newton Grey grew up, there is little wonder that they became a source of trouble to their parents rather than a blessing. Treated only with capricious fits of fondness, and reproved not in proportion to their deserts, but according to the prevailing mood of either parent, they never even understood the holy trustfulness of filial affection; yet, accustomed as they were to strife, they felt its horrors. Pitiable are the mortals to whom "home" has not a sweet sound, to whom it has not associations of calm and freedom; the son and daughter of Newton Grey were of that sad number. As they grew up, each year strengthened their ardent desire to be free from the galling yoke to which they had been subjected. Happily, they were as yet too young to be infected by their household demon of ill-temper, but their fresh hearts were almost crushed by it. Although Mr Grey's estates were entailed, so that his son must ultimately succeed to them, it was the anxious wish of that son to study for a profession, and distinguish himself in it; but the father would listen to no intreaties on the subject, and instead of at least speaking reasonably and kindly about it, the young man was only met by the insane ravings of passion. His home was more intolerable than ever: is there any wonder that he left it?

Poor Rose (she had been named after her father's

early love), bereft of her brother, was more wretched than ever; though people did say she knew his plans, and from time to time the progress of his fortunes. Poor girl, if her pale cheek and tearful eyes were any criterion, they could not have been very promising. But a new page was opening on her existence; the great era of a woman's life—love—was approaching. Before she was twenty, her heart had found its mate. It is true that he on whom she had fixed her affections was one to whom her parents would never have given her, for he was poor, and belonged also to a family they disliked. In the earlier stages of the intimacy, the attachment might easily have been checked, but they had neglected to win in childhood their daughter's confidence, and they did not meet with it now. And even when at last the fiat went forth that the lovers were to part, she might have obeyed, had the stern mandate been couched in terms of kindness, had she respected and loved her parents, had her home been happy. But tones of anger, and the upbraiding of passion, contrasted dangerously for their influence with the soft whisperings of affection. She, too, left the paternal roof, and as the wife of him her father disapproved, was an outcast from it. And now *the parent's hearth was lonely*. Such marriages, even when there are the fairest excuses for them, always bring their own punishment; and perhaps our readers will consider four years of privation and penury, which chased away the bloom of life, sufficient retribution for the fault of Rose Grey.

The scene is shifted, though still we are telling of lovers and a bridal. Brightly the sun is shining, and merrily the bells are ringing. The mansion where the wedding guests are assembled is not half so stately as that of Newton Grey, but what happy beings it contains! A daughter of George Hamilton weds one who is not only her heart's own choice, but the approved of her parents, the already beloved of her family. Look at her fair smooth brow and truthful eye; she knows discord and deceit only by name; can she carry into another family aught but blessings and peace? And trustingly does the bridegroom feel that he is blessed beyond the common lot of men. He cannot even regret the drops that fall from her dear eyes, nor are his own quite dry, while she lingers for another and another farewell kiss; and he listens to the father's emphatic blessing on the child "to whom he had never cause to say one harsh word." He could not wish, he would not ask, her to quit without emotion the *home* endeared to her by the holiest and happiest associations, the home which had fostered the rare flower he was taking away—a home where he fondly pictured her, but with a matron's dignity, as henceforth the most welcome guest.

But Ellen did not leave her parents alone. Two other fair daughters, and two noble-hearted sons, remained to gladden their hearth with their presence. On this joyful occasion, there was present, amongst other friends, a middle-aged lady, who appeared to be the trusted friend of all, and who left a costly jewel upon the bride's finger, as she tore herself from home. That lady was Rose Hamilton. To her friends it seemed unaccountable—and we do not pretend to clear up the mystery—that with her fair face, her true heart, and considerable fortune, she had never married; but so it was; and though she had lost something of the high spirits for which in early life she had been remarkable, she was considered one of the most estimable and agreeable people in the world.

It was to her that, a few minutes after the bride and bridegroom had departed, a letter was delivered, the perusal of which drew tears from her eyes, far different in their source from those which had just sprung from such joyful emotions. It was a hurried epistle from the daughter of Newton Grey to *her benefactress;* for Rose Hamilton had lately discovered Rose Grey in poverty and sickness, and had, by kindly sympathy and generous bounty, relieved her misery. It was a letter imploring Miss Hamilton's presence in the house of mourning, whither the writer had been summoned at her father's dying request. Without waiting to return home, but attired in the gala dress she had assumed in compliment to her dear cousin, Rose Hamilton departed immediately, using for her journey, which was only one of a few miles, one of the carriages that had conveyed the bridal party from church. What strange contrasts does life present! And surely scenes so opposite as those in which Rose Hamilton that day participated would have affected minds far less susceptible of receiving impressions than her gentle nature had ever been!

Yes, Newton Grey was dying; and before his once beloved Rose reached the house, his erring spirit had fled. In a fit of ignoble anger at some trivial domestic annoyance, he had ruptured a blood vessel, and though the best medical advice was immediately summoned, it proved unavailing. Speechless almost from the moment of his seizure, he yet lingered for a few hours, during which time, it would seem that his heart relented towards his offending daughter, for he, with some difficulty, expressed his desire that she should be sent for. None ever knew the particulars of that agonizing interview; but it is very probable that the discarded daughter told *who* had been her greatest and truest friend, and it was very natural that, in the grief and bewilderment of such a shock, she should seek the counsel and presence of Miss Hamilton. Mrs Grey, although long since something more than indifferent to her husband, seemed stunned by the blow which changed so materially her position; but her own temper had become so infected by his, and her mind so frittered away by frequent and degrading contentions, that she was utterly incapable of directing and advising, as was at once her right and duty. Still, her daughter had to bear with an irritability and petulance more like the conduct of an imbecile child than anything else, but which, however distressing and annoying, were, from their inconsistency and the weakness of her character, otherwise powerless. Of course the absent heir appeared, wiser perhaps for the world's rough usage; but if so, it had been a bitter schooling, and his wisdom dearly purchased.

And now let us pause for a moment. It had been the lot of Newton Grey to have a warm and steadfast friend, but in passion he had cast him off; he had been blessed with the love of a true-hearted and high-minded woman, but he lost his promised bride from the same cause; from pique he had married one in no respect likely to make him happy, and after leading for years a life of discord, he was deserted by his children at the very period their society would have most contributed to his comfort; and on his deathbed he could make no dearer reparation for their sufferings, than bestowing on them their just inheritance. Yea, premature death was but the last and crowning evil in a catalogue of miseries which proceeded from BAD TEMPER!

THE BOWER-BIRD OF AUSTRALIA.

IT has been often observed, that all the productions of Australia have a strange, and what may almost be called an eccentric, character. The plants, the animals, and the fishes, have all something peculiar about them, which distinguishes them from similar objects in the Old World; and it now appears that some of the birds, though not so remarkable in their forms, are at least quite as distinct in their habits. One in particular, called the Bower-Bird (*Ptilonorynchus Holosericeus*), appears to have pursuits of its own, and apparently to take trouble, and display taste, in the construction of a bower, destined only as a place of recreation. The following extracts from Mr Gould's splendid work, "The Birds of Australia,"* will give some idea of the habits of this singular animal:—

"Although this species has been long known to ornithologists, and is familiar to the colonists of New South Wales, its habits, which in many respects are most extraordinary, have hitherto escaped attention; or, if not entirely so, have never been brought before the scientific world. It is, therefore, a source of high gratification to myself to be the first to place them on record.

One point to which I more particularly allude—a point of no ordinary interest both to the naturalist and the general admirer of nature—is the formation of a bower-like structure by this bird, for the purpose of a playing-ground, or hall of assembly, a circumstance in its economy which adds another to the many anomalies connected with the Fauna of Australia.

The localities favourable to the habits of the Satin Bower-bird, are the luxuriant and thickly-foliaged brushes, stretching along the coast from Port Philip to Moreton Bay, the cedar brushes of the Liverpool range, and most of the gullies of the great mountain-chain separating the colony from the interior. So far as is at present known, it is restricted to New South Wales; certainly it is not found so far to the westward as South Australia; and I am not aware of its having been seen on the north coast; but its range in that direction can only be determined by future research.

It is a stationary species, but appears to range from one part of a district to another, either for the purpose of varying the nature, or of obtaining a more abundant supply, of food. Judging from the contents of the stomachs of the many specimens I dissected, it would seem that it is altogether granivorous and frugivorous; or, if not exclusively so, that insects form but a small portion of its diet. Independently of numerous berry-bearing plants and shrubs, the brushes it inhabits are studded with enormous fig-trees, some of them towering to the height of two hundred feet. Among the lofty branches of these giants of the forest, the Satin Bower-bird, and several species of pigeons, find in the small wild fig, with which the branches are loaded, an abundant supply of a favourite food. This species also commits considerable depredation on any ripening corn near the localities it frequents. It appears to have particular times in the day for feeding; and when thus engaged among the low shrub-like trees, I have approached within a few feet without creating alarm; but at other times I have found this bird extremely shy and watchful, especially the old males, which not unfrequently perch on the topmost branch or dead limb of the loftiest tree in the forest, whence they can survey all around, and watch the movements of the females and young in the brush below. In the autumn, they associate in small flocks, and may often be seen on the ground near the sides of rivers, particularly when the brush descends in a steep bank to the water's edge.

The extraordinary bower-like structure, alluded to above, first came under my notice at Sidney, to the museum of which place an example had been presented by Mr Charles Coxen, as the work of the Satin Bower-bird. I at once determined to leave no means untried for ascertaining every particular relating to this peculiar feature in the bird's economy; and, on visiting the cedar brushes of the Liverpool range, I discovered several of these bowers, or playing places. They are usually placed under the shelter of the branches of some overhanging tree in the most retired part of the forest, and differ considerably in size. The base consists of an extensive and rather convex platform of sticks, firmly interwoven, on the centre of which the bower itself is built; this, like the platform on which it is placed, and with which it is interwoven, is formed of sticks and twigs, but of a more slender and flexible description. The tips of the twigs being so arranged as to curve inwards, and nearly meet at the top; in the interior of the bower, the materials are so placed that the forks of the twigs are always presented outwards, by which arrangement not the slightest obstruction is offered to the passage of the birds. The interest of this curious bower is much enhanced by the manner in which it is decorated at and near the entrance with the most gaily-coloured articles that can be collected, such as the blue tail-feathers of the Rose-hill and Pennantian parrots, bleached bones, the shells of snails, &c.; some of the feathers are stuck in amongst the twigs; while others, with the bones and shells, are strewed about near the entrances. The propensity of these birds to pick up and fly off with any attractive object is so well known to the natives, that they always search the runs for any small missing article, as the bowl of a pipe, &c., that may have been accidentally dropped in the brush. I myself found at the entrance of one of them a small neatly-worked stone tomahawk, of an inch and a half in length, together with some slips of blue cotton rags, which the birds had doubtless picked up at a deserted encampment of the natives.

For what purpose these curious bowers are made, is not yet, perhaps, fully understood; they are certainly not used as a nest, but as a place of resort for many individuals of both sexes, which, when there assembled, run through and around the bower in a sportive and playful manner, and that so frequently, that it is seldom entirely deserted.

The proceedings of these birds have not been sufficiently watched to render it certain whether the runs are frequented throughout the whole year or not; but it is highly probable that they are merely resorted to as a rendezvous, or playing-ground, at the pairing time, and during the period of incubation. It was at this season, as I judged from the state of the plumage, and from the internal indications of those I dissected, that I visited these localities. The bowers, I found, had been recently renewed; it was, however, evident, from the appearance of a portion of the accumulated mass of sticks, &c., that the same spot had been used as a place of resort for many years. Mr Charles Coxen informed me, that, after having destroyed one of these bowers, and secreted himself, he had the satisfaction of seeing it partially re-constructed; the birds engaged in this task, he added, were females. With much care and trouble, I succeeded in bringing to England two fine specimens of these bowers, one of which I presented to the British Museum, and the other to the collection at Leyden, where they may be seen by all those who take an interest in the subject."

Another species, called the spotted bower-bird (*Chlamydera maculata*), appears to have nearly the same habits:—"In many of its actions, and in the greater part of its economy, much similarity exists between this species and the Satin Bower-bird, particularly in the curious habit of constructing an artificial bower, or playing-ground. I was so far fortunate as to discover several of these bowers during my journey to the interior, the finest of which I succeeded in bringing to England, and it is now in the British Museum. The situations of these runs, or bowers, are much varied; I found them both on the plains studded with myalls (*Acacia pendula*) and other small trees, and in the brushes clothing the lower hills. They are considerably longer and more avenue-like than those of the Satin Bower-bird, being in many instances three feet in length. They are outwardly built of twigs, and beautifully lined with tall grasses, so disposed, that their heads nearly meet; the decorations are very profuse, and consist of bivalve shells, crania of small mammalia, and other bones. Evident and beautiful indications of design are manifest throughout the whole of the bower and decorations formed by this species, particularly in the manner in which the stones are placed within the bower, apparently to keep the grasses with which it is lined fixed firmly in their places. These stones diverge from the mouth of the run on each side, so as to form little paths; while the immense collection of decorative materials, bones, shells, &c., are placed in a heap before the entrance of the avenue, this arrangement being the same at both ends. In some of the larger bowers, which had evidently been resorted to for many years, I have seen nearly half a bushel of bones, shells, &c., at each of the entrances. In some instances, small bowers, composed almost entirely of grasses, apparently the commencement of a new place of rendezvous, were observable. I frequently found these structures at a considerable distance from the rivers, from the borders of which they could alone have procured the shells and small round pebbly stones; their collection and transportation must therefore be a task of great labour and difficulty. As these birds feed almost entirely on seeds and fruits, the shells and bones cannot have been collected for any other purpose than ornament; besides, it is only those that have been bleached perfectly white in the sun, or such as have been roasted by the natives, and by this means whitened, that attract their attention. I fully ascertained that these runs, like those of the

* This splendid work is published in numbers, folio, each containing seventeen plates, beautifully coloured. The drawings were made from nature, mostly by Mrs Gould, and lithographed by her. The numbers are three guineas each, and are published by Mr Gould, Broad Street, Golden Square.

Satin Bower-bird, formed the rendezvous of many individuals; for, after secreting myself for a short space of time near one of them, I killed two males, which I had previously seen running through the avenue."

DICKENS'S NOTES ON AMERICA.

SECOND ARTICLE.

Mr Dickens's second volume is, on the whole, more lively, and contains a few more sketches of character than the first, besides presenting the author's general remarks on the Americans and their institutions. At the opening of the volume, we find him in a night-steamer on the Potomac, bound from Washington on an excursion towards the southern states. The scene on board the boat, a kind of Noah's ark, is described with the author's usual drollery.

The cabin—"to my horror and amazement, it is full of sleepers in every stage, shape, attitude, and variety of slumber: in the berths, on the chairs, on the floors, on the tables, and particularly round the stove, my detested enemy. As the chairs are all occupied, and there is nothing else to put my clothes on, I deposit them upon the ground: not without soiling my hands, for it is in the same condition as the carpets in the Capitol, and from the same cause. Having but partially undressed, I clamber on my shelf, and hold the curtain open for a few minutes, while I look round on all my fellow-travellers again. That done, I let it fall on them, and on the world: turn round: and go to sleep. I wake, of course, when we get under weigh, for there is a good deal of noise. The day is then just breaking. Everybody wakes at the same time. Some are self-possessed directly, and some are much perplexed to make out where they are, until they have rubbed their eyes, and leaning upon one elbow, looked about them. Some yawn, some groan, nearly all spit, and a few get up. I am among the risers: for it is easy to feel, without going into the fresh air, that the atmosphere of the cabin is vile in the last degree. I huddle on my clothes, go down into the fore-cabin, get shaved by the barber, and wash myself. The washing and dressing apparatus for the passengers, generally, consists of two jack-towels, three small wooden basins, a keg of water, and a ladle to serve it out with, six square inches of looking-glass, two ditto ditto of yellow soap, a comb and brush for the head, and nothing for the teeth. Everybody uses the comb and brush, except myself. Everybody stares to see me using my own; and two or three gentlemen are strongly disposed to banter me on my prejudices, but don't. When I have made my toilet, I go upon the hurricane-deck, and set in for two hours of hard walking up and down. The sun is rising brilliantly; we are passing Mount Vernon, where Washington lies buried; the river is wide and rapid; and its banks are beautiful. All the glory and splendour of the day are coming on, and growing brighter every minute."

Proceeding to Richmond, the author has there an opportunity of observing slavery in its naked deformity, with which he is heartily shocked, and then proceeds on his intended journey to the western territories on the Ohio and Mississippi. The most amusing part of the trip was that performed in a canal boat on the route to Pittsburg, and which Boz hits off in the same graphic and good-humoured way as the scene on the Potomac. One of the passengers was an oddity.

"There was a man on board this boat, with a light fresh-coloured face, and a pepper-and-salt suit of clothes, who was the most inquisitive fellow that can possibly be imagined. He never spoke otherwise than interrogatively. He was an embodied inquiry. Sitting down or standing up, still or moving, walking the deck or taking his meals, there he was, with a great note of interrogation in each eye, two in his cocked ears, two more in his turned-up nose and chin, at least half a dozen more about the corners of his mouth, and the largest one of all in his hair, which was brushed pertly off his forehead in a flaxen clump. Every button in his clothes said, 'Eh? What's that? Did you speak? Say that again, will you?' He was always wide awake, like the enchanted bride who drove her husband frantic; always restless; always thirsting for answers; perpetually seeking and never finding. There never was such a curious man. I wore a fur great-coat at that time, and before we were well clear of the wharf, he questioned me concerning it, and its price, and where I bought it, and when, and what fur it was, and what it weighed, and what it cost. Then he took notice of my watch, and asked what *that* cost, and whether it was a French watch, and where I got it, and how I got it, and whether I bought it or had it given me, and how it went, and where the keyhole was, and when I wound it, every night or every morning, and whether I ever forgot to wind it at all, and if I did, what then? Where had I been to last, and where was I going next, and where was I going after that, and had I seen the president, and what did he say, and what did I say, and what did he say when I had said that? Eh? Lor now! do tell! Finding that nothing would satisfy him, I evaded his questions after the first score or two, and in particular pleaded ignorance respecting the name of the fur whereof the coat was made. I am unable to say whether this was the reason, but that coat fascinated him ever afterwards; he usually kept close behind me as I walked, and moved as I moved, that he might look at it the better; and he frequently dived into narrow places after me at the risk of his life, that he might have the satisfaction of passing his hand up the back, and rubbing it the wrong way."

But the inquisitive gentleman, it seems, was not more odd than another character on board. The boat getting unduly crammed with passengers, all the original inmates grumbled except our tourist, who, being a foreigner, held his peace. Not so a gentleman from the forests of the Mississippi, who, walking to and fro on deck, and without addressing anybody whomsoever, soliloquised as follows:—"'This may suit *you*, this may, but it don't suit *me*. This may be all very well with Down Easters and men of Boston raising, but it won't suit my figure no how; and no two ways about *that*; and so I tell you. Now! I'm from the brown forests of the Mississippi, *I* am; and when the sun shines on me, it does shine—a little. It don't glimmer where *I* live; the sun don't. No. I'm a brown forester, I am. I an't a Johnny Cake. There are no smooth skins where I live. We're rough men there. Rather. If Down Easters and men of Boston raising like this, I'm glad of it, but I'm none of that raising nor of that breed. No. This company wants a little fixing, *it* does. I'm the wrong sort of man for 'em, *I* am. They won't like me, *they* won't. This is piling of it up, a little too moŭntaĭnoŭs, this is.' At the end of every one of these short sentences he turned upon his heel, and walked the other way; checking himself abruptly when he had finished another short sentence, and turning back again. It is impossible for me to say what terrific meaning was hidden in the words of this brown forester; but I know that the other passengers looked on in a sort of admiring horror, and that presently the boat was put back to the wharf, and as many of the Pioneers as could be coaxed or bullied into going away, were got rid of. When we started again, some of the boldest spirits on board made bold to say to the obvious occasion of this improvement in our prospects, 'Much obliged to you, sir;' whereunto the brown forester (waving his hand, and still walking up and down as before) replied, 'No you an't. You're none o' my raising. You may act for yourselves, *you* may. I have pinted out the way. Down Easters and Johnny Cakes can follow if they please. I an't a Johnny Cake, *I* an't. I am from the brown forests of the Mississippi, *I* am'—and so on, as before. He was unanimously voted one of the tables for his bed at night—there is a great contest for the tables—in consideration of his public services; and he had the warmest corner by the stove throughout the rest of the journey. But I never could find out that he did anything except sit there; nor did I hear him speak again, until, in the midst of the bustle and turmoil of getting the luggage ashore in the dark at Pittsburg, I stumbled over him as he sat smoking a cigar on the cabin steps, and heard him muttering to himself, with a short laugh of defiance, 'I an't a Johnny Cake, *I* an't. I'm from the brown forests of the Mississippi, *I* am.' I am inclined to argue from this, that he had never left off saying so; but I could not make affidavit of that part of the story, if required to do so by my queen and country."

From Pittsburg, Mr Dickens went down the Ohio to Cincinnati, which, like other tourists, he describes as a beautiful city; cheerful, thriving, and animated, and with society intelligent and courteous. Proceeding onward, he steams up the Mississippi as far as St Louis, to take a view of that noble but very muddy river, and have a peep at a prairie, neither of which are very satisfactory. Afterwards returning to Cincinnati, he stages it northward to Lake Erie. The Falls of Niagara, a main object in the journey, call forth exclamations of the deepest piety and enthusiasm. The front view of the torrent was stunning, and it was not till he reached Table Rock, and looked on the vast bright-green mass of water, that it came upon him in full majesty.

"Then, when I felt how near to my Creator I was standing, the first effect, and the enduring one—instant and lasting—of the tremendous spectacle, was peace. Peace of mind—tranquillity—calm recollections of the dead—great thoughts of eternal rest and happiness—nothing of gloom or terror. Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart, an image of beauty; to remain there, changeless and indelible, until its pulses cease to beat, for ever. Oh, how the strife and trouble of our daily life receded from my view, and lessened in the distance, during the ten memorable days we passed on that enchanted ground! What voices spoke from out the thundering water! what faces, faded from the earth, looked out upon me from its gleaming depths! what heavenly promise glistened in those angels' tears, the drops of many hues, that showered around, and twined themselves about the gorgeous arches which the changing rainbows made! I never stirred in all that time from the Canadian side, whither I had gone at first. I never crossed the river again; for I knew there were people on the other shore, and in such a place it is natural to shun strange company. To wander to and fro all day, and see the cataracts from all points of view; to stand upon the edge of the Great Horse-Shoe Fall, marking the hurried water gathering strength as it approached the verge, yet seeming, too, to pause before it shot into the gulf below; to gaze from the river's level up at the torrent as it came streaming down; to climb the neighbouring heights, and watch it through the trees, and see the wreathing water in the rapids hurrying on to take its fearful plunge; to linger in the shadow of the solemn rocks three miles below; watching the river as, stirred by no visible cause, it heaved, and eddied, and awoke the echoes, being troubled yet, far down beneath the surface, by its giant leap; to have Niagara before me, lighted by the sun and by the moon, red in the day's decline, and grey as evening slowly fell upon it; to look upon it every day, and wake up in the night, and hear its ceaseless voice: this was enough. I think in every quiet season now, still do those waters roll and leap, and roar and tumble, all day long; still are the rainbows spanning them, a hundred feet below. Still, when the sun is on them, do they shine and glow like molten gold. Still, when the day is gloomy, do they fall like snow, or seem to crumble away like the front of a great chalk cliff, or roll adown the rock like dense white smoke. But always does the mighty stream appear to die as it comes down, and always from its unfathomable grave arises that tremendous ghost of spray and mist which is never laid—which has haunted this place with the same dread solemnity since darkness brooded on the deep, and that first flood before the deluge—light—came rushing on creation at the word of God."

Travelling through Canada, he is pleased to find that noble country at length in the way of advancement. In a vessel from Quebec to Montreal, many English emigrants were on board, and "it was wonderful to see how clean the children had been kept, and how untiring in their love and self-denial all the poor parents were." The sentiments which such a spectacle of enterprise struggling with poverty excites, come warm from the heart. How much harder, he observes, is it for the poor to be virtuous than the rich. Bring the wealthy man here, "upon this crowded deck. Strip from his fair young wife her silken dress and jewels, unbind her braided hair, stamp early wrinkles on her brow, pinch her pale cheek with care and much privation, array her faded form in coarsely-patched attire, let there be nothing but his love to set her forth or deck her out, and you shall put it to the proof indeed. So change his station in the world, that he shall see in those young things who climb about his knee—not records of his wealth and name—but little wrestlers with him for his daily bread; so many poachers on his scanty meal; so many units to divide his every sum of comfort, and farther to reduce its small amount. In lieu of the endearments of childhood in its sweetest aspect, heap upon him all its pains and wants, its sicknesses and ills, its fretfulness, caprice, and querulous endurance; let its prattle be, not of engaging infant fancies, but of cold, and thirst, and hunger; and if his fatherly affection outlive all this, and he be patient, watchful, tender—careful of his children's lives, and mindful always of their joys and sorrows—then send him back to parliament, and pulpit, and to quarter sessions, and when he hears fine talk of the depravity of those who live from hand to mouth, and labour hard to do it, let him speak up, as one who knows, and tell those holders forth that they, by parallel with such a class, should be high angels in their daily lives, and lay but humble siege to heaven at last."

We must hasten to shut this pleasing book, and leave the reader to peruse it entire, having now, we hope, given him a sufficiently copious specimen of its contents. We close with a few of the author's concluding observations on the American character. After denouncing that hideous social feature, slavery, prevalent in some of the states, he sums up the qualities of the people as follows:—"They are, by nature, frank, brave, cordial, hospitable, and affectionate. Cultivation and refinement seem but to enhance their warmth of heart and ardent enthusiasm; and it is the possession of these latter qualities in a most remarkable degree, which renders an educated American one of the most endearing and most generous of friends. I never was so won upon as by this class; never yielded up my full confidence and esteem so readily and pleasurably as to them; never can make again, in half a year, so many friends for whom I seem to entertain the regard of half a life. These qualities are natural, I implicitly believe, to the whole people. That they are, however, sadly sapped and blighted in their growth among the mass, and that there are influences at work which endanger them still more, and give but little present promise of their healthy restoration, is a truth that ought to be told. It is an essential part of every national character to pique itself mightily upon its faults, and to deduce tokens of its virtue or its wisdom from their very exaggeration. One great blemish in the popular mind of America, and the prolific parent of an innumerable brood of evils, is universal distrust. Yet, the American citizen plumes himself upon this spirit, even when he is sufficiently dispassionate to perceive the ruin it works; and will often adduce it, in spite of his own reason, as an instance of the great sagacity and acuteness of the people, and their superior shrewdness and independence.

Another prominent feature is the love of 'smart' dealing, which gilds over many a swindle and gross breach of trust; many a defalcation, public and private; and enables many a knave to hold his head up with the best, who well deserves a halter, though it has not been without its retributive operation; for this smartness has done more in a few years to impair the public credit, and to cripple the public resources, than dull honesty, however rash, could have effected in a century. The merits of a broken speculation, or a bankruptcy, or of a successful scoundrel, are not gauged by its or his observance of the golden rule, 'Do as you would be done by,' but are considered with

reference to their smartness. I recollect, on both occasions of our passing that ill-fated Cairo on the Mississippi, remarking on the bad effects such gross deceits must have when they exploded, in generating a want of confidence abroad, and discouraging foreign investment; but I was given to understand that this was a very smart scheme by which a deal of money had been made; and that its smartest feature was, that they forgot these things abroad in a very short time, and speculated again as freely as ever."

It would be well, he observes, if the Americans loved the "real less and the ideal more;" but all general efforts at social improvement will utterly fail—education, temperance, churches, everything—while one grand foul abuse is suffered to go on unchecked: this is the "newspaper press," a monster of depravity, which leads and rules public opinion, and before which intellect and character must bow down and worship, ere they can expect public distinction. "While that press has its evil eye in every house, and its black hand in every appointment in the state, from a president to a postman; while, with ribald slander for its only stock in trade, it is the standard literature of an enormous class, who must find their reading in a newspaper, or they will not read at all; so long must its odium be upon the country's head, and so long must the evil it works be plainly visible in the republic."

If only half of all this be true, we thank heaven that we live in a land in which, whatever may be its faults, the sanctuary of private life remains inviolate, and where the press is properly kept as the servant of, not the domineering tyrant over, public opinion.

PENEY GLENDINNING.

A CHARACTER IN REAL LIFE.

PENEY GLENDINNING was one of a large family left in their mother's hands by the death of their father, a village artisan in the north of Scotland, while the whole of them were mere children. Having no other resource, the widow retired to the house of her father, who was what is called a *crofter*, that is, tenant of a few acres. It is astonishing what this class of persons sometimes do with their small means. Upon the limited territory rented by her father, did this poor woman rear her three sons and five daughters till they were able to go into the world and do for themselves, which some of them did under creditable circumstances, considering their rank in life. The eldest son received such an education that he might have commenced study for the church, if he had so inclined; but he preferred a business career. The second took to husbandry: the third became a skilled mechanic. Several of the daughters, being handsome and neat-handed, became nursery-governesses and ladies'-maids, as these offices are known in rural districts in Scotland. Peney had no turn for any of these occupations. Her disposition seemed always more to the use of the hands than that of the head. Besides, being the plainest of the family, she had always said herself that she was only fit for drudgery, and, consequently, that education would be thrown away upon her. She could read and write, however, and knew something of accounts; but beyond that she would not go. Her mother, who was a woman of singular clearness of head, as well as goodness of heart, and always encouraged her children to give their opinions, was amused by a trait of Peney—namely, that she always talked of the others as "the children," though she was herself nearly the youngest, and pressed for their being set out in life in utter disregard of her own interests. At last, her youngest sister having grown up, so as to be able to assist her mother, Peney, greatly to her parent's annoyance, went to be washer and dresser to a gentleman's family, there being, as she said, enow in the family besides to fill all the *genteel* places. Peney laboured in this humble vocation several years, equally happy and respected; and, though only eighteen, was considered so sedate and trustworthy, that her mistress, being about to leave home for a time, would have conferred on her the entire charge of her family and servants in her absence, with a handsome addition to her income. But Peney had other views: she had saved a little money, and had resolved on educating herself as a pastry-cook, with the view of either becoming a cook and housekeeper, or taking charge of a shop; and so she could only oblige her mistress by sleeping in the house, and taking charge of the expenditure, for which duty her salary was continued.

Meantime her mother, being now without a family of her own, had moved into the village of the parish, where there was a considerable school, with the view of taking charge of the children of others sent thither for education; in short, kept a boarding-house of a humble but most useful kind, namely, a boarding-house for schoolboys; and Peney sometimes visited her. This village had neither a baker nor a butcher, nor, till that period, much use for them; for the inhabitants had not indulged much in either butcher-meat or wheaten-bread. But this last article, in particular, began now to be much in request, both in the village and neighbourhood, and of this Peney became aware. She remarked, also, that even her own mother required considerable supplies, and received them with difficulty, and not always of the best quality. Peney's resolution, therefore, was taken. She had herself educated as a common bread-baker, as well as confectioner; and at the age of nineteen, with fourteen pounds in her pocket, she set out for the village of her native parish to commence business as a baker.

It was considered a strange speculation for a female; but Peney thought nothing of this. She had previously fixed her mind upon a shop. It was a house that had once been good, but for many years deserted in consequence of the failure of heirs, and of which she had obtained a perpetual lease from the proprietor of the village, almost in the nature of a gift. Peney made good the roof, walls, and windows, in the meantime, and in the one end of the lower part established a bakery, in the other a flour-store and grocery, in case for a time the bakery should not entirely occupy her. Even this first touch astonished her neighbours; for here she had obtained one of the best houses in the village to begin with, almost for a song. The bread she furnished being excellent, and of honest weight, the bakery not only very soon occupied her own time, but she required assistance; and in this also Peney showed her judgment. She employed no man, to be rebelling against her, idling, and perhaps injuring her character; she entered into an agreement with a humble maiden, anxious, like herself, to escape ordinary servitude, and Peney and "her man Jane" (as the neighbours chose to have it) were patterns of quiet and successful industry.

For twelve years this state of things continued, if, with an every-day increasing business, continuance is a proper expression. The expenses of conducting the business were the least possible; for, as Peney's money was paid the moment anything purchased by her was delivered, flour, butter, eggs, barley, whatever she required for her business, were poured in upon her as she needed them, of the best description, and on the lowest terms; and, on the other hand, her bread was so excellent, that it was called for from all quarters, and the money paid down, and Peney's only difficulty was in meeting the demand. Meanwhile, in her domestic arrangements, she had equally shown her good sense. She waited till she saw how her business was likely to prosper, before expending anything on the house that could be avoided; and when she at last repaired it, she did so, not merely as her own circumstances seemed to suggest, but in the best style suitable to the house; that if she herself had left it on the morrow, the money might not be thrown away. In short, Peney had shown, that, though homely in her person, she was strongly rational; and her mother, instead of now laughing with her or at her, as in former times, as her plainest lass and a predestined old maid, had long respected her as the most sensible of her generally sensible and well-doing family, and never spoke of her or met her without feelings of respect and gratitude.

We have shown that Peney had not only felt no need of male assistance in her business, but steadily rejected it. She had also rejected all overtures of a matrimonial kind. Many young farmers, seeing her continually happy and prospering, now thought her exceedingly comely; and as they stepped up to her parlour occasionally to receive their money, and saw the quiet and comfort reigning there, were not slack in complimenting her; but she never gave any encouragement to pursuing the subject. She had seen, in her own family, that matrimony was not always another name for happiness; she reflected that she had always managed for herself with great ease and pleasure, and she did not know how long this might continue were she joined to another, and so she steadily resisted the idea of making a change. She would gladly, however, have had the society of some of her brothers for her mother and herself; and a farm in the neighbourhood becoming vacant, which she thought might suit her second brother, who was at the time steward to a gentleman in an adjoining county, she, with his consent, offered for it in his name, and her offer was accepted.

He took possession, and being in the immediate neighbourhood, Peney began to feel as if the family might yet be reunited under her auspices. But the hopes of mortals are vain; and especially liable to disappointment are the hopes of good-natured old maids. The farm was only about seventy acres, and her brother, as manager for another, had been accustomed to rule over seven hundred acres. His master, too, a considerable proprietor, who had tried to act as manager of his own property, found the charge too troublesome, and he persuaded Peney's brother to return to his employment, under the inducement of relieving him from his farm; in short, selling all off, and paying all damages.

This was a sad blow to Peney. She had set her heart on the little farm, which would not only have been a home to her brother's family, but she was sure would have paid well, as, having been grievously mismanaged by the previous tenant, it had been leased at a really moderate rent. But there was no help for it: an inventory of everything had been made; and the beautiful ploughs and carts, and the pretty animals of every description, selected with such care, and for which, as belonging to her brother, Peney had contracted an affection (for the heart *will* love something), were about to be sold for very probably half their value, and Peney was miserable.

At last, one morning Peney rose in more than usual bustle, and having arranged her own business for the day, set out nobody knew whither. It was for the residence of her brother's master. She could not but respect him for so respecting her brother; but she deplored the blow he was striking against his family, for, of course, in Peney's idea, they must now become common servants. "Quite a mistake," said the other; "I have arranged about that also; they may do many things with my assistance which they could not do without it, and I only regret we had not thought of all this eighteen months ago; it would have saved me some hundred pounds direct, besides the risk of re-letting this unfortunate little place." Peney said, everything had been so well selected, and got on the best terms. "To be sure," it was answered, "but who ever heard of a displenishing without loss?" "And what is it supposed must be the loss?" asked Peney. The inventory was laid on the table; and, after mutual consideration, it was agreed that, between the loss on the stock, and a year's rent to the landlord for cancelling the lease, the damage could not be under L.300.

Peney's colour came and went repeatedly; and the gentleman felt for her, for he thought she was regretting this loss as of her causing. But she was thinking of other things also. She had become attached to the farm. She was sure it might be made to yield wheat, and it could give such a deal of offal for fowls and pigs! At last she said, "Would you give *me* L.200 to free you of the farm?" "With all my heart," answered the gentleman, "but that I should not like to injure you." "I have considered everything," she said, "and think I may run the risk." Without further reasoning, the bargain was struck. Peney received an order for her money, and gave a missive, freeing the gentleman of the lease; and after dining with the family, returned home, tenant of the farm of Cauld-Shouthers!

Pope has said, that after contracting to translate the "Iliad," he felt, when lying in bed, as if a rope were about his neck! and the feelings of Peney Glendinning were precisely similar when she thought of being saddled with a farm for twenty years, and at a rent of nearly two hundred pounds. She endeavoured to think, however, that the loss could not be complete; next, that it might not be very considerable; and lastly, that, with good management, there might even be a profit; although this last was a view of the subject she hardly dared to take. It was with a very doubtful mind that she first broke the subject to her brother. His first look was very discouraging, for it seemed to say, as plainly as possible, that she had ruined herself. His next emotion was to laugh at the oddity of the thing, and Peney joined him, but with a tear in her eye. He thus saw the necessity of settling down into graver consideration of the subject; and when he saw what Peney had really done, he could not but applaud her sagacity and talent. The order she had received from his master more than paid his own claims upon the farm (for she had already made some advances for him), and he admitted, that if she could manage the farm as successfully as she had managed her other business, she was richer by the transaction by at least L.400. She entered not only to a farm, stocked to her hand in the best manner, and at a reduced price, but to a growing crop at the expense of seed and labour.

When at length the time came for her taking possession, she saw many things even more doubtfully than at first; yet, as the die was cast, she determined to go boldly on. Her very first operations showed an original mind, as well as a firm spirit. What had been done on the farm had been done well, but as usual, a good deal in the rough. Head and end ridges, spots for turnings, and for dung-heaps, had been disregarded; and from time immemorial, the dykes* had been approached no nearer than horses might conveniently go. Peney considered all this as waste. She saw that in many cases these spots were, from long rest and other circumstances, the most valuable parts of the farm, and that putting them together they made many acres. Peney resolved that they should lie waste no longer; and wherever the plough would not go, she determined to employ the spade. Her hind† remonstrated, and said they should be laughed at; but Peney only thought of one thing, making the most of everything. She said every apron-breadth, nay, foot and inch, was paid for, and she saw no reason why it should not be made to pay. In the mean time, she kept an account of the expense of trenching, and had the produce valued; and as the new land produced by far the heaviest crops, the balance was greatly in her favour, and she had no more opposition upon this point. By cultivating these odds and ends, draining and filling up a pond or two, which had been open beyond memory, but without any visible object, and filling up and cropping several open drains, Peney, during the first and second years of her incumbency, added six or eight acres to the productive power of her holding, and these, it was admitted, the most valuable on the farm. Having once proved the benefit of such management, she carried her arms into every quarter. Every useless dyke was thrown down and ploughed over; whins and stones that had stood untouched since the creation, were now grubbed out and dislodged without mercy, and the ground on which they stood subjected to the plough. Plashy meadows were drained and wholly altered in their character, and, in short, rendered dry and fertile; and even a small wood, that, being planted in a swamp, had refused to grow, was now,

* Dykes, in Scotland, are dry stone enclosures; in Ireland, and perhaps elsewhere, they are ditches.

† Farm-labourer.

with permission of the proprietor, rooted out, and its place being drained, turned into a level and fertile field. Everybody stood aghast at the untutored vigour of Peney, till her farm being like a garden, the proprietor placed at her disposal, and on her own terms, every acre in her neighbourhood that became vacant; and the only female tenant in the district shamed all the males! So sensible was the proprietor of the value of such services to him and to his successors, and of the benefit of such an example, every way considered, that, having breakfasted with her one day, on his own invitation, he left under his plate an order on his banker for a hundred pounds.

Of course, instead of loss, Peney was now realising considerable profits. As she herself required the flour, wheat was now raised by her in great quantity where it had never been raised before. To keep her ground in heart, she required large quantities of manure, and to make as much of that as possible, on her own premises, she took to feeding all her grown cattle in the stall. This was quite a new mode of keeping cattle in this part of the country; but Peney knew what she was about. A natural sagacity, without the aid of science, told her that when cattle roam about in the fields, they not only waste much pasture, but all their manure disappears, and is as good as lost. By stall-feeding, therefore, she saved provender, and did not allow a particle of the valuable manuring material to go to waste. Some people, she observed, from sheer heedlessness, permitted the liquid refuse of their stables and cow-houses to escape in putrescent streams, and were thus, as it might be said, instrumental in picking their own pockets. But Peney was most rigorous in her arrangements in this department of affairs. All the liquid manures of her farm establishment were led by conduits into tanks, and were thence, at proper opportunities, carried away for the purpose of irrigating the fields in the neighbourhood. Peney calculated that she saved twenty pounds a-year by this very simple and rational kind of economy. One thing leads to another in good farming. An abundance of manure permitted Peney to raise fine crops of turnips and artificial grasses, with which she fed her cattle, and by growing which she was able to meliorate and clean her land; for, as everybody knows, land cannot be properly improved or kept clear of weeds without a regular system of green-cropping. The old method of restoration and cleaning was to give the land a rest, or let it be fallow, and keep ploughing it from time to time. Peney fed and pulverised her fields, but gave them no rest. No sooner was one crop off than another was on, the plentiful manure keeping the ground sufficiently in heart. The landlord gave no play days in his rent, and Peney gave none to his land.

Nor did Peney thrive by cultivation only. Six or eight of her handsomest queys were sent early one morning, nobody knew where; but they soon returned, and people said, Peney had missed her market for once. It was not so. They had been visiting an estate at some distance, on which the proprietor had introduced a very handsome breed of cattle (it is believed the Teesdale), and in due time Peney was possessed of some of the prettiest little calves that had ever been seen. From humanity, she always gave her calves their milk as their mothers gave it, and she did not break off upon this occasion. Of course her calves grew apace. Her nursery, as she called it, was besieged! As we believe it is a law of nature, that where there is plenty of food, females are chiefly produced, nature taking the hint, and sending the prolific animal only where there seems room, most of Peney's brood were young cows; and at the proper time she sold them, so far as she chose to sell, at L.3 or L.4 a-head more than the ordinary stock of the district would bring. Peney, therefore, prospered in every way. She had no outlet for sheep, and therefore had few, except occasionally a score or two to help in consuming the turnips, or to furnish wool for blankets; for Peney was one of those who adhered to the old idea, that anything that could be produced at home was saved to home, and so raised both wool and flax for her own purposes, and had them spun as save-alls of time. But having plenty of bran and potatoes, and even skim-milk, her pigs were innumerable; and she did not confine them to a miry den, as is the almost universal custom of pig-keepers, but gave them lodgings, clean, dry, and airy, and had pleasure in thinking them the happiest pigs in the kingdom, as they certainly were among the handsomest. Understanding that it made them fatten faster, to be washed and brushed, and her cows give more milk to be *curried*, she would cause her little fellow of all work to amuse himself in that duty every other day, and, for a few pence, had probably many pounds added to the value of her stock.

There was yet another peculiarity. People in Scotland cannot endure to do anything which will cause them to be talked of; and many, for this reason, or rather prejudice, have avoided, doing many things which it was much their wish and interest to do; and, on the other hand, continued doing many things they heartily disliked. Peney despised all this. She had found riding to market on horseback uncomfortable, and a waste of clothes; and if her servant, who necessarily accompanied her, walked, he was fatigued for the day, and if he rode, he fatigued and occupied another animal. She therefore encouraged a young man, who had a turn for neatness in carpentry, to build her a carriage that would carry them both. The price was to be *a pound*, she finding the materials; and in due time a very passable gig, placed upon flexible poles, was formed; and the pony attached to the bakery being fitted with a neat bridle and reins, and some other articles of ornament, for another pound, Peney was mounted. When she first made her appearance in the market, there was a great cheer; but Peney felt the comfort and economy of her measure, and disregarded it. Many came round to look at the phenomenon, and among the rest, the surveyor of taxes, and Peney paid more attention to him than to all the others, though she affected it not. For one thing, she called her servant to remove her pillion to the inn, in case of rain, and to allow the surveyor to inspect the carriage. He did so in all directions, but could see no spring, though, from Peney's motion, he could almost have sworn there was one, and so retired discomfited. The spring was in the cushion! and Peney not only rode at her ease, but what was a great addition to her pleasure, tax-free. She was the first in the district who dared to make themselves comfortable without caring about being talked of.

We must not omit to mention that Peney was not only an advocate for the principle of shelter, but her natural sagacity led her to adopt it. When removing the trees from the bog which we have commemorated, she felt unwilling to destroy such as she thought useful, and so had them carefully removed and planted in form of a belt, along the north and east sides of her farm, these being the most exposed. By care, they survived, and have thriven better in their new than they did in their original situation. Without at all deducting from the extent of the farm (for the ground being clean where they were planted, and fenced in by a wall, they afford a pasture superior to anything that ever grew on the spot before), they form a shelter so valuable, that when other people's cattle are crouching with their tails to the blast, and quite incapable of feeding, Peney's (for she still pastures the young) are luxuriating in a nook so comfortable that they are hardly sensible that the storm is abroad: they only hear it roaring in the trees, and keep whisking and feeding in the coldest day, as if under the influence of a mild and gracious one. In short, Peney's farm, though it lies high (as its name imports), will soon be so surrounded as to seem low. From being the cold shoulder of a hill, it will seem a rich and happy valley.

We need not pursue these details further. It is enough to say, that, from a humble girl, Peney Glendinning has raised herself to be a woman of substance and reputation. In a state of things that often defies the exertions of *men* of strong minds and undoubted energy, a female—and why not?—found the means of raising herself in two separate professions. Nobody's opinions or proceedings are now looked up to with more respect where she is known; and when the sons and daughters of men of substance fear to make the plunge into life, they are told to think of PENEY GLENDINNING.

POPULAR ENGLISH FESTIVALS.

ALL HALLOW EVEN.

ALL HALLOW EVEN, called in Scotland *Halloween*, and in the north of England *Nutcrack Night*, is the last evening of October, being the vigil of All Saints' Day (November 1), a festival of the Catholic church, in commemoration of those of its saints to whom, on account of their number, particular days could not be allotted in their individual honour. There is perhaps no night of the year which the popular imagination has stamped with a more peculiar character than this, or which is more widely and uniformly marked by certain ceremonies and customs. It is clearly a festival of ante-christian times, for there is nothing in the church observance of All Saints' Day to have originated such extraordinary notions as are connected with it, or such remarkable practices as those by which it is distinguished.

The leading idea respecting All Hallow Even, or Halloween, is, that it is the time, of all others, when supernatural influences prevail. It is the night set apart for a universal walking abroad and bustling about of spirits and all sorts of beings not of this world; the night of sure divination; a time when the ideal takes the upper hand of the real everywhere, and (to use the language of an early Scottish poet)

> "Al is bot ghaists and elritch fantassis."

This general character of the night escapes the notice of writers on our popular antiquities; but we know it to be that which rests in the rustic mind in Scotland, and, indeed, this is partly acknowledged by Burns in a note to his poem on Halloween, which, he says, "is thought to be a night when witches, devils, and other mischief-making beings, are all abroad on their baneful midnight errands; particularly those aërial people, the fairies, are said on that night to hold a grand anniversary." The very same notion conveyed by the Ayrshire bard is embodied in a poem of the sixteenth century, of which he probably never heard—*Montgomery's Flyting against Polwart*—

> In the hinder end of harvest, on All-Halloween,
> When our good neighbours does ride, if I read right,
> Some buckled on a binweed, and some on a bean,
> Aye trotting in troops from the twilight.

Many a merry cottage group, holding this evening, has been arrested by terror when a storm arose, believing that they heard the infernal troops rattling along upon the blast.

There is a remarkable uniformity in the fireside customs of the night all over the United Kingdom. Nuts and apples are everywhere in requisition, and consumed to a pretty considerable extent. Indeed the night takes its name in the north of England from the prevalence of the former fruit. Goldsmith tells of his Wakefield party, that they "religiously cracked nuts on All Hallow Eve." As to nuts, they were not only cracked and eaten, but made the means of vatication in love affairs. And here we shall quote poetical reporters from all the three kingdoms, by way of showing the universal prevalence of the custom. Hear Gay first for England:—

> Two hazel nuts I threw into the flame,
> And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name:
> This with the loudest bounce me sore amazed,
> That in a flame of brightest colour blazed.
> As blazed the nut, so may thy passion grow,
> For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.

Then Mr Graydon* for Ireland:—

> These glowing nuts are emblems true
> Of what in human life we view;
> The ill-matched couple fret and fume,
> And thus in strife themselves consume:
> Or from each other wildly start,
> And with a noise for ever part.
> But see the happy, happy pair,
> Of genuine love and truth sincere;
> With mutual fondness while they burn,
> Still to each other kindly turn;
> And as the vital sparks decay,
> Together gently sink away;
> Till, life's fierce ordeal being past,
> Their mingled ashes rest at last.

Lastly, Burns for Caledonia:—

> The auld-gudewife's weel-hoordit nits,
> Are round and round divided,
> And mony lads' and lasses' fates
> Are there that night decided:
> Some kindle couthie side by side,
> And burn thegither trimly;
> Some start awa wi' saucy pride,
> And jump out owre the chimly,
> Fu' high that night.
>
> Jean slips in twa wi' tenty ee,
> Wha 'twas she wadna tell;
> But this is Jock, and this is me,
> She says in to hersel':
> He bleezed owre her and she owre him,
> As they wad never mair part;
> Till, fuff! he started up the lum,
> And Jean had een a sair heart
> To see't that night.

Brand, in his Popular Antiquities, is more particular: "It is a custom in Ireland, when the young women would know if their lovers are faithful, to put three nuts upon the bars of the grate, naming the nuts after the lovers. If a nut cracks or jumps, the lover will prove unfaithful; if it begins to blaze or burn, he has a regard for the person making the trial. If the nuts named after the girl and her lover burn together, they will be married."

As to apples—there is an equally universal custom on this merry night, of hanging up a stick horizontally by a string from the ceiling, and putting a candle on the one end and an apple on the other. This being made to twirl rapidly, the merry-makers in succession leap up and snatch at the apple with their teeth (no use of the hands allowed), when the probability is, that the candle comes round before they are aware, and scorches them in the face, or anoints them with grease. The disappointments and misadventures occasion, of course, abundance of laughter. It is worthy of remark, that this amusement is precisely similar to that of the *quintain*, which prevailed extensively in the days of chivalry, consisting of a wooden figure mounted on a pivot, with a flat piece of wood crossing in the situation of the arms, at the one end of which a bag of sand was hung. The feat was to ride full tilt with a blunted spear at the other end of the cross piece, and escape the thwack with which the revolving sand-bag was sure to visit the shoulders of all but dexterous players. Apples are also set afloat in a tub of water, which, being placed on the floor, young people take their turn of attempting to catch one with their teeth—a task by no means easy, and which usually is not accomplished without a great deal of ducking and bedabbling. This peculiar ceremony we suspect to be less general, for it is not mentioned by Burns, nor is there any notice of it amongst the many particulars respecting All Hallow Eve collected in Ellis's edition of Brand's Antiquities.

In the rural districts of Scotland, the first ceremony of Halloween is the pulling of cabbage stalks in the garden. The young people go out hand in hand blindfolded, and each must pull the first stalk which he meets with. They then return to the fireside to inspect their prizes. According as the stalk is found big or little, straight or crooked, so is the future wife or husband of the party to be. The quantity of earth sticking to the root denotes the amount of fortune or dowry; and the taste of the pith, or *eastock*, indicates the temper. Finally, the stalks are placed one after another over the door, and the Christian names of the persons who chance thereafter to enter are held in the same succession to indicate those of the individuals whom the parties are to marry. The latter part of this rite is like one celebrated by Gay regarding peascods:—

> As peascods once I plucked, I chanced to see
> One that was closely filled with three times three;
> Which, when I cropped, I safely home conveyed,
> And o'er the door the spell in secret laid;

* Author of a volume of poems published in Dublin, 1801.

The latch moved up, when who should first come in,
But, in his proper person—Lubberkin!

Another ceremony much practised amongst rural folk is that of the Three Dishes. Two of these are respectively filled with pure and soiled water, and one is empty. They are ranged on a table, when the parties, blindfolded, advance in succession, and dip their fingers into one. If they dip into the pure water, they are to marry a maiden; if into the soiled water, a widow; if into the empty dish, they are not to marry at all. At the advance of each party, the situations of the dishes are duly changed. Burns tells us that—

Auld Uncle John wha wedlock's joys
Since Mar's year did desire,
Because he got the toom dish thrice,
He heaved them in the fire
In wrath that night.

These ceremonies everywhere enter into the merry-makings of this night, because there is no terror connected with them. Even amongst the middle classes in our larger cities, young people meet on Halloween to duck for apples, burn nuts, and dip into the Three Dishes. There are other rites of augury peculiar to the night, which are perhaps scarcely anywhere practised, on account of their dismal character, a supernatural vision being always expected from them. No poet could dream of a more wild supernaturality than that of eating an apple at a looking-glass, in the expectation of seeing the image of a future husband come and look over the shoulder. Not much less terrible is the exhibition of a wet shirt sleeve at a fire at midnight, expecting to see from bed the same image come in and turn it; or the winnowing of three *wechts* of nothing in a barn, in expectation of beholding that form pass through from one door to the other. A fourth rite of this kind was to go into the farm-yard, and there sow a handful of hemp-seed (a bad subject of jesting), and afterwards go through the form of harrowing it over, saying—

Hemp-seed, I saw thee,
Hemp-seed, I saw thee,
And he who is to be my true love,
Come after me and draw thee.

Then, according to Burns, "Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp." Gay alludes to this as a rite proper to St John's or Midsummer Eve:—

At eve last Midsummer no sleep I sought,
But to the field a bag of hemp-seed brought;
I scattered round the seed on every side,
And three times in a trembling accent cried,
This hemp-seed with my virgin hand I sow,
Who shall my true love be, the crop shall mow.

Burns represents an old wife by the fire as indignant at her grand-daughter for proposing to eat the apple at the glass, saying—

Ye little, skelpy, limmer face,
I daur ye try sic sportin,
As seek the foul thief ony place,
For him to spae your fortune!
Nae doubt but ye may get a sight!
Great cause ye hae to fear it;
For mony a ane has gotten a fright,
And lived and died deleerit,
On sic a night.

An example of the bad effects of such adventures occurred so lately as 1802, when a maid-servant of Mr Mathewson, type-founder in Edinburgh, having sown hemp-seed in her master's foundry, and having seen what she thought a supernatural figure, fell ill in consequence, and died on the second day of apoplexy, the clear effect of the fright.

The delicacy called sowens always composed the Halloween supper of a Scottish cottage or farm-house.

These may be considered as the modern and common ceremonies of the vigil of All Saints. There are, besides, a class of customs evidently of far earlier antiquity, but which had many years ago become confined to remote and primitive districts. For example, in North Wales, according to Pennant, "there is a custom upon All Saints' Eve of making a great fire called Coel Coeth, when every family, about an hour in the night, makes a great bonfire in the most conspicuous place near the house, and when the fire is almost extinguished, every one throws a white stone into the ashes, having first marked it; then, having said their prayers turning round the fire, they go to bed. In the morning, as soon as they are up, they come to search out the stones, and if any one of them is found wanting, they have a notion that the person who threw it in will die before he sees another All Saints' Eve." Another writer tells us—"The autumnal fire is still kindled in North Wales, being on the eve of the 1st day of November, and is attended by many ceremonies, such as running through the fire and smoke, each casting a stone into the fire, and all running off at the conclusion to escape from the black short-tailed sow; then supping, &c." Anciently, throughout England, the master of a family carried a bunch of straw, fired, about his corn, saying—

Fire and red low,
Light on my teenlow.

Teen is fire in our aboriginal language—thus, *Beltein*, the fire of Bel. Now, see how surprisingly similar are certain customs in Scotland. The people of Lower Perthshire, on the border of the Highlands, "set up bonfires in every village on All Saints' Eve. When the bonfire is consumed, the ashes are carefully collected into the form of a circle. There is a stone put in near the circumference, for every person of the several families interested in the bonfire; and whatever stone is moved out of its place, or injured before the next morning, the person represented by that stone is devoted, or *fey*, and is supposed not to live twelve months from that day."* Another, reported from the same district, says—"On the evening of the 31st of October, O.S., heath broom, and dressings of flax, are tied upon a pole; this faggot is then kindled. One takes it upon his shoulders, and, running, bears it round the village. A crowd attend. When the first faggot is burnt out, a second is bound to the pole, and kindled in the same manner as before. Numbers of these blazing faggots are often carried about together, and when the night happens to be dark, they form a splendid illumination." Weever, speaking of the monks of St Edmundsbury, says, "They had certain wax candles, which ever and only they used to light in wheat-seeding: these they likewise carried about their wheat grounds, believing, verily, that hereby neither darnel, tares, nor any other noisome weeds, would grow that year among their new corn." The coincidence of these customs in parts of the island so remote from each other can only be accounted for by supposing a common origin for the people themselves. The customs are obviously Pagan in character, and show that All Hallow Eve is only a Christian festival, by virtue of that policy of the early Christians which dictated the taking advantage, for their own system, of the inclination to keep holy a particular day, when they could not altogether displace the rites connected with it. The four great festivals of the Celtic heathen appear to have been the 1st of February, the 1st of May, the 1st of August, and the 1st of November; and all of these were distinguished by the kindling of fires. That celebrated on the 1st of November was converted by the Christians into All Saints' Day.

There are traces of a few other customs for this eve. Henry VIII. directed the abolition of "the vigil and *ringing of bells all night long* upon All-Hallow Day at night." Martin, in his description of the Western Islands, written at the end of the seventeenth century, tells us that the inhabitants of St Kilda, on the festival of All Saints, baked "a large cake in the form of a triangle, furrowed round, and which was to be all eaten that night." The same, or a custom nearly similar, seems to have prevailed in different parts of England. Martin, speaking of the isle of Lewis, says, "The inhabitants of this island had an ancient custom to sacrifice to a sea-god, called Shony, at Hallowtide, in the manner following: The inhabitants round the island came to the church of St Mulvay, having each man his provision along with him. Every family furnished a peck of malt, and this was brewed into ale. One of their number was picked out to wade into the sea up to the middle, and carrying a cup of ale in his hand, standing still in that posture, cried out with a loud voice, saying, 'Shony, I give you this cup of ale, hoping that you'll be so kind as send us plenty of sea-ware for enriching our ground the ensuing year;' and so threw the cup of ale into the sea. This was performed in the night-time. At his return to land, they all went to church, where there was a candle burning upon the altar: and then standing silent for a little time, one of them gave a signal, at which the candle was put out, and immediately all of them went to the fields, where they fell a drinking their ale, and spent the remainder of the night in dancing and singing." Brand states that there was, in his time, a custom in Warwickshire, of having seed-cake at All-hallows: this seed-cake is alluded to in the Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry, the edition of 1580:

Wife, some time this week, if the weather hold clear,
An end of wheat-sowing we make for this year.
Remember you, therefore, though I do it not,
The *seed-cake*, the pasties, the furmety-pot.

In Brand's description of Orkney, the author, speaking of the superstitions of the inhabitants, says, "When the beasts, as oxen, sheep, horses, &c., are sick, they sprinkle them with a water made up by them, which they call *forespoken water*; wherewith likewise they sprinkle their boats, when they succeed and prosper not in their fishing; and especially on Halloween, they use to sain† or sign their boats, and put a cross of tar upon them, which my informer hath often seen." Probably all of these customs are now totally extinct, even in the least civilised portions of our country.

* Reported by the minister of Callender, in the Statistical Account of Scotland, 1791.

† Sanctify.

PRESENT STATE OF THINGS IN NEW ZEALAND.

A small newly published volume, entitled "Narrative of a Residence in Various Parts of New Zealand," must be taken with some small allowance for the fact, that the author, Mr Heaphy, is a surveyor in the employment of the New Zealand Company. It contains, however, some interesting intelligence respecting the progress and present condition of the colonies in that part of the world. He spent two years and a-half in the islands, during which, he assures us, he never experienced a day's illness, though often obliged to sleep in the open air. The climate, he says, only appears too humid to those who have been accustomed to the aridity of Australia; he considers New Zealand as possessing a climate not more rainy or tempestuous than that of England. "The effect," he says, "of the equability of the climate is most conspicuous in the rapid development of vegetable life, and its constant progress. I have seen on many of the trees and shrubs indigenous to the country, every stage of yearly vegetation appearing at one time; the leaf, bud, flower, fruit, and decayed leaf were each, seemingly, in their natural state, and without any appearance of defect. During the two winter months of June and July, nature seems in more repose than at other times; but even then there is no suspension of vegetable life."

The cereal grains are all growing well in New Zealand, and it is expected that the Australian colonies will soon be chiefly supplied with wheat from this younger settlement. All the ordinary English vegetables and fruits are now reared with success at Wellington; potatoes, upon cleared forest land, already yielding 14 tons per acre. "To prove the extraordinary productiveness of the soil even in places where it should be least expected, I need only mention the circumstance, that on the day of my departure from Wellington, I saw in the garden of a poor man on the beach, strawberries, with ripe fruit, growing in the sand, within ten paces of the sea. I may also mention having seen pumpkins, maize, and melons, growing in the sandy soil of the beach of Thorndon, ere that place was chosen as the site of Wellington. English flax, or linseed, is also to be seen growing in a similar soil near the mouth of the Hutt." Farming is proceeding with spirit. "The gentlemen from the neighbouring colonies, who have settled in Wellington, have shown an excellent example of spirit and energy to those more recently arrived from England. They know the difficulties which are to be combated in all new settlements, and are not daunted by the sight of a government prohibition, or a hilly district; by a colonial secretary, or a forest."

The systematic settlement of the country has already had a marked effect upon the natives, who, as is well known, have ever been eager to see a white population amongst them. "The native now begins to see his own defects, and seeks to remedy them; and is anxious to place himself on an equal footing with the white people, by availing himself of the benefit of their improvements. As an instance of this, I may mention the circumstance of the fast disappearance of the native huts about Wellington, in consequence of their inhabitants discovering the superior comfort of more roomy houses built in the English mode. All the superior chiefs about Port Nicholson have now tolerably well-built cottages.

Great numbers of the inferior chiefs and common people are now domesticated in the houses of the settlers, for whom they work as servants. They will clear land, build, fence, fish, shoot, and cook for them, and but seldom, when treated with confidence, do they show themselves unworthy of it. It is not unfrequently that the settlers, on any temporary absence from the town, leave their houses in the charge of a native; and at such times, I have never heard of any act of dishonesty having been committed by one.

The Port Nicholson natives have a great liking for European clothing, and their personal vanity in no slight degree promotes their industry. One merchant in Wellington has on his books the names of nearly 200 natives, to whom he has given credit for various articles of clothing and ornament; and amongst that number are none who do not immediately cancel the account against them when able to do so, nor does the vender find their custom unprofitable. The natives do not at all times display much refinement of taste in their method of arranging their dress, but they are excellent judges of its quality, and are seldom deceived by a showy appearance of the article they are bargaining for.

Many of them are in possession of considerable sums of money. The amount of specie in circulation amongst them was estimated by Mr Smith, the manager of the Wellington bank, at L.150,000. I have myself seen as much as forty pounds tied up in the corner of a chief's blanket. Any native who chooses to work for a settler in Port Nicholson can obtain half-a-crown a day for any length of time, and on considering their few wants, it will be apparent that this is a fair rate of wages.

That trust and reliance can be put in them with safety, is sufficiently shown by the fact of the mail between the settlements of New Plymouth, Petre, and Wellington, being carried by a native weekly; and the circumstance of E'Wari, one of the young chiefs of Port Nicholson, having, with a native boat's crew, gone off to the *Olympus* emigrant ship, in the straits, during a gale, and piloted her with safety into the harbour and anchorage, and for which he received five pounds, proves the ability and confidence which some of them possess.

The Port Nicholson natives are fully aware of, and appreciate, the power of the law. Their dissensions between themselves and with the English they continually refer to the decision of the magistrate; and they at all times follow his opinion or advice, even in cases out of his legal judication.

Very few of the natives in the company's settlements repent having sold their land. Some difficulties have occurred when the settlers have chosen, for their sections, native plantations; this, however, cannot be wondered at, as they had then no knowledge of the situation of their reserved land, and naturally felt jea-

lous and alarmed at being dispossessed of their potato grounds, which are of course their most important property. All are now aware of the sufficiency of the reserved land for their wants; and through the judicious selection of many of their clearings for such reserves, the recurrence of any inconveniences on this matter is prevented."

Mr Heaphy gives a description of the principal town, Wellington, as it was at a recent date, after less than three years existence. It is "chiefly built on what are called the Lambton Flats, which are two pieces of flat or gently sloping ground, extending from the hills at the back of the town to the beach. Each of these flats is about a mile square, and the two would have been sufficient in size for the site of the town, had it been laid out in half instead of whole acre sections. Had the town covered only 550 acres, nothing could have surpassed the excellence of the site; as for commercial purposes, the advantage of having a town nearly encircling a good harbour, and with so extended a water frontage as three miles, is of great importance, and but rarely to be obtained. The quantity of ground which Wellington actually covers, gives the built portion of it rather a straggling appearance. This, however, is its only fault.

At first, the town consisted of few but native-built houses, which, although roughly put together, and seldom perfectly weather-proof, in the mild New Zealand climate served well the wants of the settlers, until they found themselves in a sufficiently secure position to enable them safely to expend money in the erection of more substantial dwellings. The houses at present extend along three-fourths of the beach-frontage of the town; and all the land in the immediate vicinity of the water is consequently already of great value. The average rent of land on the beach is L.1 per lineal foot of admeasurement, and this is given freely as an adequate value. The price of the land removed from the beach is very variable, but any within half a mile of it may be let advantageously.

In all parts of the town are now interspersed many handsome and substantially-built houses. These are in general the storehouses of the wholesale merchant, many of whom have been at considerable expense in rendering their establishments efficient and commodious. Three piers, or jetties, have been built by private persons, and one by a company; by their extending out a considerable distance into deep water, they much facilitate the landing of cargo and general communication with the shipping. The wharf latest built has sufficiently deep water alongside to enable ships of 150 tons burden to discharge cargo upon it. When I left Port Nicholson, the *Kate* brigantine was landing a cargo of oil on to it. The proprietor of one of the other piers intends extending its length yearly, until large vessels may approach it.

The number of substantially-built wooden or brick houses in Wellington was, in November last, 195, and their cost I estimate at L.23,600. In making this estimate, I have carefully calculated the cost of each house, and the result is certainly not far, either way, from being correct. The number of native-built houses was about 250, and their value may be estimated at L.3000. The total number of houses may, therefore, be calculated at 445, or thereabouts, at the date of the last intelligence from the colony, and their total value at L.26,600. The population of the town was principally engaged in commercial pursuits.

It is a circumstance much to be deplored, that the indecisive yet threatening conduct of the government towards the settlers, in the early days of the colony, should have so damped their spirit and enterprise as to cause them to turn their attention and capital almost exclusively to mercantile affairs, rather than to the clearing and cultivation of land, which was then deemed a hazardous and insecure investment of capital. Fortunately, however, this idea has now changed for a more rational one, in consequence of the 'Title' question being settled, and the proprietors being in possession of their land. They now seem to perceive that it is from the soil alone that they can ever expect to obtain wealth; and that the system of intertrading must in the end prove ruinous."

When Mr Heaphy left Wellington in November 1841, fifteen individuals were engaged in clearing land in the Hutt Valley, the cost being about ten or twelve pounds per acre. In Wellington, at that time, "I calculate," he says, "there were about 3000 white people; in Kaiwarawara, 200; in Petoni and Aglionby, 250; and in Porirua, on the coast, and at Petre and Wanganui, 250; making a total population of 3700 English in the first settlement. The number which had arrived in the company's immigrant ships was 3386 for the Wellington settlement; and somewhat more than 300 had arrived from the adjacent Australian colonies, or in private vessels from England. The number who have left the colony is very trifling; and in Port Nicholson far more have been born than have died. To the present population of Port Nicholson must be added a number of passengers who were on their way to the colony at the date of the latest intelligence. Allowing 200 to have arrived at Wellington from New South Wales (and considering the bad state of affairs in that colony, it will not appear that the estimate is extravagant), the population will now be about 4600.

About Port Nicholson a great part of the native population ought to be included in the census, as they live in the families of the English, work for them, and are entirely domesticated. Out of about 500, which is their number around Port Nicholson, 200 might be reckoned amongst the civilised inhabitants of the place. Without, however, reckoning natives, we may calculate the number of settlers in the company's several townships to be as follows, namely—

Wellington town and district,	4600
Petre,	350
New Plymouth,	900
Nelson,	1600
Total,	7350"

HINTS TO OPERATIVES.

Among Mr Knight's useful series of publications, forming "Guides to Trades," we perceive that one has lately appeared under the title of "The Tailor," which, from the plain and concise manner in which it is written, and the kindly advices with which it abounds, cannot fail to be serviceable to the numerous body of artisans for whose benefit it has been composed. We are not aware whether our pages are ever honoured with a place on the "shop-board," but if they are, the following hints as to meals and personal conduct and character, from the treatise in question, will be perused, we hope, with some degree of advantage. It may be added, that the hints will apply to many besides tailors:—

"At supper time, the quantity of food taken should always be small, and it should consist of such articles as are most agreeable to the stomach rather than the palate. Many young men hurt themselves by taking at this meal large quantities of radishes, onions, water-cresses, or other raw vegetables; or it may be that they eat shrimps, crabs, oysters, periwinkles, or such like fish, that are equally indigestible. To these things they will sometimes add cheese, and their bread will be, as usual, new, or very nearly so. Upon this heterogeneous mass of solid food they will put perhaps two or three pints of porter, and probably some spirituous liquor; while, as if to make the mischief as complete as possible, they will smoke a considerable quantity of tobacco, and sit sometimes for several hours in company with a number of men who are similarly employed. It were a waste of words to describe at length how injurious all this must necessarily be to the health of a young man, perhaps just come from the country, where he has breathed a comparatively pure air, and has had many other means of preserving his health, such as he will not easily find, or even a substitute for them, in a large and crowded city. The sad consequences of this imprudence are soon perceptible, not only by the subject of it, but also to all around him; and it is well for him when he escapes with no worse consequences than a greatly and constantly disordered stomach; for distressing as this is, it is not the worst, by far, of the effects that may and often do ensue upon such egregious folly as that of which he has been guilty. But enough has been now said upon this subject to warn such as are disposed to take the warning.

As to exercise, there certainly are difficulties in the way of taking it regularly and at proper times, but these may to a great extent be obviated by a little prudent management. A good walk, both in the morning and the evening, may be secured by simply taking care to lodge at a considerable distance from the shop, which arrangement will make it necessary to rise in the morning earlier than otherwise it would be, and thus a second benefit will be obtained. There will also probably be the advantage of breathing a somewhat purer atmosphere than that of the crowded city, as a convenient lodging for a single man may be readily found on the skirts of the town, and it is thitherward that his attention should be directed when he seeks for one. If he will but make the experiment, he will find himself none the worse, but most likely much the better, both in health and in personal comfort, by having a walk of from two to three miles every day. In addition to this, he may often contrive to get a short walk before dinner, and this will prepare him to take that meal with far more advantage than if he sits in the tap-room of an ale-house, and gets to smoking or drinking, as is often done before dinner as well as afterwards. The best way to avoid all temptation to this practice is to refrain altogether from taking his meals at a beer-house, or in any other way making such a place his home.

The next thing that remains to be noticed is 'respectability of character;' and here it should be understood that a mechanic may be, if he pleases, as respectable as a nobleman in all that goes to make up true respectability. And it is very important that a young man should aim at preserving or attaining this, as hereby he will be sure in the long run to gain the respect of both his master and his fellow-workmen, and will also, on this account, be likely to secure constant employment, and that, too, perhaps, in preference to a superior workman who is of a disreputable character and appearance.

Masters in general have a decided predilection for decently-dressed and well-behaved workmen, and seldom fail to show their regard for such; while they will sometimes discharge a man that is dirty, ragged, and vulgar, solely on account of these faults.

But highly important as is this respectability, it will not be likely to be duly valued, unless care be taken to avoid the following evils—for they are really evils, and great ones, too, whatever may be thought or said to the contrary. And, first, let every young man be careful to have a bedroom entirely to his own use, as the first step to his ruin may consist in having a fellow-lodger, especially if he be a dissolute man; and such men as this are usually very forward in getting an inexperienced youth to lodge with them, since hereby they can often manage to indulge their passion for intemperance or for gambling at the expense of another person.

And then, let such a one beware of going to the beer-house in the evening after he leaves work, as he will thereby be in danger of being 'led on' by confirmed sots or by gamblers, until he will fall into their habits, perhaps almost imperceptibly to himself, and thus, without intending to do anything more than to drink a little beer in a social way, and to smoke what is called a 'friendly pipe,' he will gradually learn to spend, perhaps, several hours every evening in drinking, smoking, and playing cards, bagatelle, and such like games, to the joint injury of his health, his morals, and his pocket.

He should also take care to avoid seeking amusement in company with what are called 'good fellows,' either in the streets, or at fairs, races, theatres, 'free and easy' clubs, odd-fellows' lodges, and the like; as hereby he will doubtless get no good, and the probability is that he will get much harm, by learning habits of idleness and dissipation, for the days as well as the evenings and the nights will be often required for one or other of these amusements.

Moreover, let him be careful how he spends his Sundays, otherwise he will gradually be drawn into the very common, yet very injurious, habit of spending the first half of that day in a listless manner, being neither shaved, washed, nor dressed; and the remainder of it in either tippling at an ale-house, or revelling in a place yet more dangerous to his health and morals.

If he attends to these admonitions and counsels, he will ultimately find that, although he may not be able to command great wealth, or fame, or station, he will both acquire and enjoy what is far better than all these together, namely, good health, a peaceful and contented mind, a fair reputation, and in general as much money as will enable him to procure all the necessaries and many of the comforts of life. And should he at any subsequent time be enabled to become a master, he will be all the more likely to succeed well in that capacity, for having been an industrious, careful, and well-behaved journeyman. Such cases are by no means rare; and although all cannot be masters, much less wealthy masters, yet all may be worthy and intelligent men, and, being such, may reasonably look for a sufficient maintenance, and also for much real and lasting enjoyment."

DUTCH LAUNDRESSES.

The Dutch possessed the art of washing, bleaching, and doing up linens, long before it was understood in England. During the reigns of Charles I. and II., and as lately as that of Queen Anne, many English families used to send their household and family linen all the way to Holland to be washed and bleached. Frequent mention of this fashion is made in the comedies written about these periods. The Dutch used to pride themselves upon the beauty and costliness of their linen, and, we may add, their china, in which articles many families have been known to expend several thousand pounds. The labouring classes were wont, in those days of Dutch prosperity, to partake largely of this national pride; and few mechanics could be found who would sit down without having a damask napkin to hang before him. Perhaps it is not generally known that the names of some of our finer tissues are derived from places in or near Flanders. *Diaper* is a corruption of D'Ypres, and *Cambric* is from Cambray.

A NORWAY DEAL.

The "Travels of a Norway Deal," before it reaches its destination, would astonish many that unthinkingly tread upon it in a London floor. Felled, perhaps, in the primeval forests of central Norway, the trunk is dragged over the hardened snow in the following winter to the nearest stream, in readiness to be floated down as soon as returning spring unbinds the waters from their frozen sleep. Then down many a foaming cataract, across many a torpid lake, along many a tributary river, must it be conveyed into the Gotha or the Glommen, to be finally floated into the timber yards of Christiana, or Drammen, or Gothenborg. It is usual for the principal merchants of those towns to hire from the proprietors in the interior the privilege of cutting trees in the forests the best suited for their purpose, at the rate of about two shillings for each dozen, besides paying for the labour. They are marked and sent down in the manner described; and at different stations of their route there are persons appointed by the respective merchants to assist them over the different obstacles they have to encounter. These men may often be seen, when the rivers are in flood from the melting of the snows, with long hooked poles in their hands, directing the timber over the fosses, and along the tortuous channels. Their labour is severe, and they are usually paid one mark (or tenpence) a-day, without victuals; or half a mark if provided with food.—*Two Summers in Norway.*

THE LAW OF WAGERS.

Until within the last ten years, all wagers, except those made at cards, were enforced in the courts of law. Lord Holt tried an action on a wager whether a player at backgammon, "who stirred one of his men, but did not play it, was bound to play it." And at a later period, Sir James Mansfield tried an action on a wager of a rump and dozen, whether the defendant was older than the plaintiff. The plaintiff recovered, and on a motion for a new trial, the court of Common Pleas decided that the action was maintainable; for though Sir James Mansfield had some compunction, as he did not judicially know the meaning of "a rump and dozen," Mr Justice Heath relieved him by observing, "that they knew well, privately, that a rump and dozen meant a good dinner and wine." Upon which the learned judge declared, in the most distinct manner, that he could discover "no illegality." Lord Loughborough was the first to object to try an action on a wager "whether there were more ways than six of nicking seven on the dice." And Lord Ellenborough refused to try another arising out of a beat of two guineas on the weight of a cock. The legality of wagers, and the duty of the courts of law in England to give them effect, has been often recognised; for instance, in the action before Lord Mansfield, on a wager on the sex of the Chevalier d'Eon, which ultimately failed, not because it was a wager, but on a different ground—the illegality of contracts by which parties gratuitously created to themselves an interest in the exposure or annoyance of a third person.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

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NATURAL DAGUERREOTYPING.

THE British journals have as yet taken no notice, that we are aware of, of some very curious discoveries respecting light lately made by Dr Möser of Königsberg. By accident, in a great measure, we have obtained some information on the subject, which we shall now lay before our readers, confident that it will be read with considerable interest even by those but slightly acquainted with science.

Dr Möser observes, that if a flat seal or piece of black horn, having figures engraved upon it, be placed below a smooth and polished silver plate, and allowed to remain there for ten minutes, the silver will become charged with a faint picture of the figures engraved upon the seal or piece of horn, which will be rendered visible by the plate being exposed to the vapour of water, or any other fluid, or even by being breathed upon, and will become permanent if the vapour of mercury is used. This surprising result will at once lead the mind to the photographic process, in which, by the action of a strong light, either original or reflected, the images of objects become impressed upon a surface of paper previously washed in a solution of nitrate of silver, or a metallic plate prepared with iodine. But a remarkable difference exists: the silver plate in Dr Möser's experiment is presented *in the dark*, and there receives the impression of the object, without, as we would suppose, the agency of light.* The experiment has even been made in a dark room at midnight with perfect success. It is also remarkable, that any polished surface will do as well as a silver plate—glass, for instance, or the smooth leather-cover of a book. It appears that, to produce the effect, the object must not be far distant from the smooth surface; the nearer it is, the better is the impression produced. When the vapour of mercury is used, a permanent image is produced, by an union of the mercury with the silver; when other vapours are used, the image quickly vanishes. But perhaps the most surprising thing of all is, that after the image has vanished, it can be *reproduced* by being again breathed upon or subjected to other vapour, and this *over and over again, as often as may be desired.*

An account of Dr Möser's discovery was given a few months ago in the Paris Academy of Sciences, and had the effect of calling from M. Breguet, the celebrated watchmaker of that city, a remark highly favourable to the presumption that it is true. M. Breguet stated that he had frequently observed, upon the polished inner surface of the gold cases of his flat watches, the name of his house plainly and legibly marked, the impression having been received from the engraved letters of the covering of the works, which did not touch the case.†

Möser infers from his observations that there is LATENT LIGHT—a bold idea, which, if it becomes an established truth in science, must immortalise his name. He conceives that light enters into and resides in bodies, or is, as it were, absorbed in them, and may yet, after remaining in them many years, be capable of exhibiting its action. He calls this *light proper to bodies*, and shows reasons for distinguishing it from both phosphorescence and the light of those rays of which the retina is not sensible. He says it is in all its effects the same as ordinary light. In two plates exposed to each other, that the one may catch an image from the other, nearness is necessary, because otherwise the rays would *diverge*, and produce a confused image.* How strange to think of a divergence of rays from a substance placed in what our senses would call absolute darkness; for example, between the works and case of a watch!†

These phenomena are not curious only for their reference to the novel idea of latent light, but as an addition to the wonders of that perhaps most wonderful of all modern inventions, the *photographic and Daguerreotype processes.* What we have hitherto seen of this process is the production of an image under the influence of a powerful light: the experiments of Möser give an image by the agency of a degree of light below the power of our senses to apprehend; and which we, therefore, for want of a better term, call latent light. This is a remarkable extension, indeed, of what we not long ago knew of the powers of light: we now know that it will act as a medium through which the image of one object may be impressed on another, the impression possessing durability in proportion to the conditions of the impressed surface; and, more than this, *capable of being reproduced after it has vanished, and that several times over.* Nor is even this all. The Daguerreotype process, till a very recent period, did, like Dr Möser's experiments, require what may be called a considerable time to produce its effects; that is to say, it required a few seconds at least, and only still objects could be taken with accuracy. But last year, by the application of electricity, M. Daguerre made his plates so sensitive, that *less than a second* became necessary to produce the image. Indeed, so small a space of time was required, that no mechanical arrangement could be contrived to submit the plate *instantaneously enough;* the consequence of which was, that one part was overdone before the rest was submitted, and it was found necessary to take means to dull or lessen the sensitiveness of the plates.‡ Possibly, the application of electricity would make a much less space of time necessary for even latent light to produce images. The Daguerreotype process is evidently only in its infancy. Within the last few months, Sir John Herschel has been experimenting with paper surfaces prepared in two different ways, by one of which he produces impressions which may be *brought up from faintness to distinctness by repeated washings*, while by the other he creates *positive* pictures, which fade in a few hours, *leaving the paper capable of receiving other impressions.* §

In a conversation on Dr Möser's experiments, which took place at the meeting of the British Association at Manchester, Sir John Herschel called particular attention to the reproduceability of the pictures, and confirmed the fact by drawing from his pocket one of his own pictures, which he said was then invisible, but might be made visible by being placed over the vapour of muriatic gas. After a time, he said the image would again vanish, but a reapplication of the gas would bring it again into sight. He explained that the paper had been washed in a certain vegetable solution, which made it susceptible of such pictures. He also adverted to the remarkable fact, that the muriatic gas is perfectly colourless. He then added, "*Might not the retina itself be affected in a somewhat similar manner?* The impressions made upon it were gone in a moment. Might not those impressions on the retina be produced by a sort of photographic apparatus? The number of questions arising on this topic," he said, "were likely to render it a most electrifying topic among philosophers." Sir David Brewster considered the remark of Sir John Herschel as "having an important bearing on the philosophy of the senses. The moment it was mentioned in the hearing of any one acquainted with the physiological action of the retina, he would see a crowd of facts referable to it. He should mention one fact which appeared to be explained by it. After being present at a few of the meetings of the Association, where there had been so many white faces, a mass of white faces had at length become impressed on his retina. Each face had three black spots on it, two for the eyes and one for the mouth. For two days, these objects flitted before his eyes. He could not distinguish the whitest face in the company from the darkest. Here was a picture continuing longer than usual, in consequence of the retina being longer impressed. In some cases, he had been enabled to tear off the mask, and fill up these blank faces with individual likenesses." These remarks of the British philosophers have since been found to coincide with views entertained by Dr Möser, and which he has expressed in a paper published at Berlin.

That the impressions on the retina are photographic processes, is, we should say, by no means unlikely. Many phenomena, long before the world, perfectly harmonise with such an idea. The sixth of a moment is, we believe, the space of time during which these impressions remain in an ordinary state of health; hence, we may remind unscientific readers, such phenomena as that of a lighted stick making a fiery arc when waved quickly to and fro. The eye, then, may be said to be, in its ordinary state, a plate or speculum prepared to receive, and retain for that definite portion of time, any image thrown upon it. Amongst relative phenomena, the mind very quickly lights upon a well-known one recorded by Dr Darwin: "I covered a paper about four inches square with yellow, and with a pen filled with a blue colour, wrote upon the middle of it the word BANKS in capitals; and sitting with my back to the sun, fixed my eyes for a minute exactly upon the centre of the letter N in the word. After shutting my eyes, and shading them somewhat with my hand, the word was distinctly seen in the spectrum in yellow colours on a blue ground; and then, on opening my eyes, on a yellowish wall at twenty feet distance, the magnified name of BANKS appeared on the wall written in golden characters." Dr Abercromby records a similar instance: "A friend of mine had been, one day, looking intensely at a small print of the Virgin and Child, and had sat bending over it for some time. On raising his head, he was startled by perceiving at the further end of the apartment a female figure of the size of life, with a child in her arms. The first feeling of

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* In a letter written by him to Sir David Brewster—which we have seen—he states that he has found the following invariably to succeed. He places a small camera obscura, furnished with a lens of very small aperture[1] under the moon in any of her stages, and makes her image fall upon a plate of *iodised silver*, which has been previously exposed to certain vapours noted below.[2] The moon having passed over the plate, he subjects the plate to the vapour of mercury, and obtains a very clear representation of her path.—It may here be remarked, that there is no necessity for supposing Möser's experiments to be fallacious because an attempt to repeat them may fail. While it is proper, of course, to be guarded against both voluntary and involuntary deception, there can be no doubt that nice experiments of this nature often fail, or all but fail, at first, with others than the discoverers, and yet are found to be true phenomena after all. Such was the case with Mr Fox Talbot's experiments in photography, which some of the most ingenious practical men of science in the country vainly, for some time, attempted to imitate.

[1] Fifteen millimetres. [2] Chloridised iodine.

† Athenæum Report, September 10, 1842.

* Letter of Dr Möser, MS.

† The idea of latent light corresponds with an opinion of Newton, that light entered the surface of charcoal, and never was brought out again. There are other phenomena tending to the same conclusion, as that nitrous acid gas, in a glass tube, on being exposed to heat, changes from a transparent yellow to an opaque red. The blood of a patient under inflammation, everted from a cup with a green flower, presents vermilion images of the flower relieved upon the dark ground of the clot. And, to preclude all doubt as to the character of these images, we are assured by a medical friend that he has produced them by green colouring on the *outside of a glass cup.*

‡ Athenæum Report, July 17, 1841.

§ Letter of Sir John Herschel, Athenæum, August 20, 1842.

surprise having subsided, he instantly traced the source of the illusion, and remarked that the figure corresponded exactly with that which he had contemplated in the print, being what painters call a kit-cat figure, in which the lower parts of the body are not represented. The illusion continued distinct for about two minutes."* In Dr Darwin's case, there was, we believe, only the ordinary action of the eye in exhibiting the spectrum of the accidental colours: in such instances as that recorded by Dr Abercromby, and described by Sir David Brewster, there is probably some extraordinary phenomenon, by which the impression, a simple image, is rendered permanent; we can easily conceive it to be some phenomenon in organic pathology analogous to the washing of a plate with a solution.

But is it upon the retina, or the retina alone, that the impression lingers? "In regard to ocular spectra," says Dr Abercromby, "another fact of a very singular nature appears to have been first observed by Sir Isaac Newton; namely, that when he produced a spectrum of the sun by looking at it with the right eye, the left being covered, upon uncovering the left, and looking upon a white ground, *a spectrum of the sun was seen with it also.* He likewise acquired the power of recalling the spectra after they had ceased, when he went into the dark, and directed his mind intensely, '*as when a man looks earnestly to see a thing which is difficult to be seen.*' By repeating these experiments frequently, such an effect was produced upon his eyes, 'that for some months after,' he says, 'the spectrum of the sun began to return, as often as I began to meditate upon the phenomena, even though I lay in bed at midnight with my curtains drawn.'" Does not this seem to imply that, if an actual impression of any kind is made, it must be upon something beyond the retina, something commanding both the outlets where the retinæ are placed; upon that internal nervous substance, in short, which forms the medium or organism of mind itself?

There are certainly many psychological phenomena which seem to bear a curious analogy to these image-making properties of light. For instance, "the distinct recollection of a fact is generally in proportion to the intensity with which it has been contemplated."† Suppose *attention* to be a greater than usual development of electric action in the brain, how strangely akin seem the recent experiments of Daguerre! When attention is languid, or when one is in a state of reverie, something is said by a neighbour: you are not conscious of more than that some one has spoken; but in a few seconds, or perhaps minutes, by an effort, the words are recalled. May not this be simply an electric evolution upon some impressible medium within, before the photographic impression had faded, catching up its shrinking tints? Newton could recall the spectra by intensely looking for them, or meditating upon them: so, by an effort of the mind, do we recall to *memory* a fact which we once knew, but which has been forgotten. To write down anything we may wish to remember, or to learn it from print or writing, is acknowledged to be the most ready means of acquiring it by heart. A comedian, accustomed to study his parts deliberately, and who remembered them afterwards without effort, had on one occasion to study one very hurriedly. This part immediately after disappeared from his mind. "When questioned respecting the mental process which he employed the first time he performed this part, he said that he lost sight entirely of the audience, and seemed to have nothing before him but the pages of the book from which he had learnt it, and that if anything had occurred to interrupt this illusion, he should have stopped instantly."‡ And Sir James Mackintosh, who could repeat whole pages of a book on the Brownonian system which he had read thirty years before, always acknowledged that he was guided by a recollection of the actual appearance of the pages of the book itself. The signs of thought, we may suppose, are more easily remembered than the direct thought itself, because they are objects—things producing a clear photographic image, so to speak, on the brain. Men in a partially diseased or infirm condition lose the recollection of words, or of names, but remember things and persons. They know the friend they meet, but they cannot pronounce his name. Dr Abercromby tells of a gentleman who "could not be made to understand the name of an object, if it was spoken to him, but understood it perfectly when it was written. His mental faculties were so entire, that he was engaged in extensive agricultural concerns, and he managed them with perfect correctness by means of a remarkable contrivance. He kept before him, in the room where he transacted business, a list of the words which were most apt to occur in his intercourse with his workmen. When any of them wished to communicate with him upon any subject, he first heard what the workman had to say, but without understanding him further than simply to catch the words. He then turned to the words in the written list, and *whenever they met his eye, he understood them perfectly.*" Here, clearly, a certain mental power was wanting. But the power of receiving a direct impression from an object remained sound, and was used. What was this but having to repeat every time those messages between objects in the external world and the inner powers of mind, which usually become unnecessary in a mature intellect, from so much coming to be fixed and understood? It was like Herschel's photographic paper, or Möser's plates, where some common vapour was used. Old men generally remember recent events least perfectly. This may be simply owing to the images in early life having been impressed on what was in a more fit state to receive them, or having been better secured after they were impressed. A silver plate bearing a good photographic image, of three years' standing, fixed with the fumes of mercury, or nitrate of silver, may be, in comparison with a piece of Herschel's paper which bore an image yesterday, but none to-day, exactly what an old man's memory of remote events is to his recollection of recent occurrences.

There are instances of temporary loss of memory in consequence of external injuries to the nervous system, and we chance to be able to advert to a remarkable example heretofore unrecorded. A boy of uncommon talents, who has since attained high civil employment in India, was boarded, during his attendance at the university, in the house of a medical gentleman, who took charge of a few other youths of about the same age. Towards the conclusion of a session, during which he had studied very hard, and the night before he was to deliver a prize essay to a particular professor, the young man was allowed by his protector to have a small supper party, at which he was very merry. Next day, after giving in the essay, he took a game at ball with some companions, in the course of which he fell on his rump and experienced a slight concussion of the brain. Coming home, he was found to talk incoherently, and he had no recollection of either the supper party or the delivery of the prize essay. He was immediately put to bed and bled, when he gradually, as with an effort, came to a faint recollection of these incidents, but remembered nothing which took place *after the fall;* and the few hours which elapsed between that event and the bleeding continued ever after to be a complete blank in his memory.

There are remarkable instances of a revival of old and forgotten impressions in a state of disease, particularly with regard to languages. "A man, mentioned by Mr Abernethy, had been born in France, but had spent the greater part of his life in England, and for many years had entirely lost the habit of speaking French. But when under the care of Mr Abernethy, on account of the effects of an injury of the head, he always spoke French. A similar case occurred in St Thomas's Hospital, of a man who was in a state of stupor in consequence of an injury of the head. On his partial recovery, he spoke a language which nobody in the hospital understood, but which was soon ascertained to be Welsh. It was then discovered that he had been thirty years absent from Wales, and, before the accident, had entirely forgotten his native language. On his perfect recovery, he completely forgot his Welsh again, and recovered the English language. * * A case has been related to me of a boy, who, at the age of four, received a fracture of the skull, for which he underwent the operation of trepan. He was at the time in a state of perfect stupor, and, after his recovery, retained no recollection either of the accident or the operation. At the age of fifteen, during the delirium of a fever, he gave his mother an account of the operation, and the persons who were present at it, with a correct description of their dress, and other minute particulars. He had never been observed to allude to it before, and no means were known by which he could have acquired the circumstances which he mentioned. An eminent medical friend informs me, that, during fever, without any delirium, he on one occasion repeated long passages from Homer, which he could not do when in health; and another friend has mentioned to me, that, in a similar situation, there were represented on his mind, in a most vivid manner, the circumstances of a journey in the Highlands, which he had performed long before, including many minute particulars which he had entirely forgotten. * * An ignorant servant girl, mentioned by Coleridge, during the delirium of a fever, repeated passages from theological works in Latin, Greek, and Rabbinical Hebrew, which, being taken down and traced to the works from which they were derived, were found to be repeated with perfect accuracy. It turned out that she had been servant to a clergyman, a man of much learning and peculiar habits, who was in the practice of walking backwards and forwards along a passage in his house which led to the kitchen, and there reading aloud his favourite authors."* Of this class of phenomena many other examples might be adduced. There is another class, which have obtained the general name of *double consciousness.* A person becomes ill, and at his recovery is found to have forgot all previously-attained knowledge. He begins, like a child, with the alphabet, and goes through a new course of instruction. Suddenly, he recovers all that was lost, but has forgot every new idea acquired since his recovery. In some cases, the two conditions have alternated oftener than once. Dr Beattie mentions a clergyman who, on recovering from an apoplectic attack, was found to have lost the recollection of exactly four years; everything that occurred before that period he remembered perfectly. He gradually recovered the lost knowledge, partly by a *spontaneous revival of his memory,* and partly by reading histories of the period. How like is all this to what has been stated about Möser's vanishing but revivable pictures!

Many of the recorded phenomena of *dreaming* also seem to bear a strong relation to the Möser process. The metaphysicians make out a *class* of dreams as consisting of the revival of ideas which had passed out of the mind, or appeared to have been forgotten. For example, a gentleman, about to be cast in a law-suit for want of a particular document which has been lost, dreams a dream in which his deceased father or some other person appears, and informs him of the place in which it is deposited. The theory respecting such cases is that the fact was once known, but became forgotten, and the information given in the dream was only a resurrection of this deceased piece of knowledge. And that we are capable of thus utterly forgetting a piece of knowledge which we once possessed, is proved by our frequently being reminded of sayings of our own by other parties to whom we had spoken them, but of which we have no recollection. The revival of these lost ideas may be only a physical process in the brain, of the same nature with the vapouring of an occult photographic picture. Dr Watts by anticipation gives a sort of countenance to such a supposition, when he conjectures "that those very fibres, pores, or *traces* of the brain, which assist at the first idea or perception of any object, *are the same which assist also at the recollection of it.*" Even the language of the metaphysicians, vague as it generally is, seems strangely in harmony with that of our new science. They describe *conception* and *imagination* as two different degrees of activity of the intellectual powers in reviving past impressions. Dr Brown, the last and best of this series of philosophers, taught that "there is a *law of the mind* over which volition has no control, or a tendency, which is constantly operating involuntarily, to *renovate prior feelings.* This he called Simple Suggestion. When two or more objects, or two or more thoughts, primary or renovated, are present to the mind, feelings of relation arise in it independently of the will, and from a law or tendency of the mind itself. This he called Relative Suggestion. Lastly, there is in the mind a susceptibility of, or tendency to, another distinct class of feelings, called Emotions, as Grief, Joy, Pleasure, Pain, Cheerfulness, Wonder, Fear, Remorse, &c. These feelings are also involuntary. They arise *unbidden* in the mind, when certain objects are seen, or certain feelings of relation perceived." This is an abstract of the principal parts of Dr Brown's doctrine, which was given out thirty years ago.† Its relation to these curious experiments is faint and indescribable, but yet it is impossible not to see that there is *some* relation.

The Quarterly Review, a number of years ago, contained an article on the "Connection of Intellectual Operations with Organic Action," in which it was stated that, "in certain conditions of the mind, and when the eye has been for some time withdrawn from the influence of visible figures, the impressions usually recalled by the act of volition are forced upon it by causes of which we are entirely ignorant, and possess a distinctness of outline which permits us to subject them to the same examination as the permanent impressions made upon the retina by the action of highly luminous bodies. When this examination is carefully made, we shall find that *the images recalled by the memory follow the motions of the head and of the eye,* and are seen according to the very same laws which regulate the vision of those impressions which remain on the retina after the objects which produce them are withdrawn. The very same result will be obtained in the case of forms created by the imagination, so that *the two leading faculties of the mind* [memory and ima-

* Abercromby's Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers, p. 65.
† Abercromby. ‡ Idem.

* Abercromby.
† We find it in the Edinburgh Magazine, 1820.

gination] *perform their operations through the medium of the organs of sense.*" This is a very remarkable assertion, and quite in harmony with the view which we have taken. If received as true, it can leave little room for doubt that mental action generally is inextricably connected with the laws of some of the so-called imponderable bodies.

MRS HOWITT'S WORK FROM THE SWEDISH.*

MARY HOWITT, who has been resident for the last few years at Heidelberg, appears in a new character—the translator of a work of Frederika Bremer, offered with the view of introducing English readers to an acquaintance with Swedish literature, of which, hitherto, little or nothing has been known in this country. Miss Bremer—as we suppose we must call her—is the daughter of an eminent merchant at Stockholm, and, since the death of her parents, has spent her time alternately in that city, and with a female friend in the south of Sweden. In her own country, and other parts of the continent, her fictions are read with avidity. They are written with much graphic truth, abound in lessons of social wisdom, and possess that depth of sentiment which renders them acceptable to the refined and reflecting readers of northern and central Germany.

The translation of one of this lady's productions is creditable to the taste and judgment of Mrs Howitt, who announces, that if the present specimen be welcomed by her countrywomen, she is ready to prepare others not less attractive for publication. We fear, however, that her half-formed anticipations in this respect will not be realised. The impression left on our mind, after an attentive perusal of the work, is, that it will not become popular in England. Consisting of a series of letters from a newly-married lady to her friend, descriptive of persons and families in a country neighbourhood in Sweden, there is not a sufficiency of *story* to interest common readers of fiction; and the style of thought, manners, and circumstances, is something quite beyond the reach of ordinary English sympathy. The names of the characters, too, are uninviting. The fair letter writer, who may be called the heroine of the piece, never addresses her husband by any other name than "Bear"—a term of endearment, which seems to speak of wild and far northern regions. "Ah, Bear," observes she one day, during a confidential interchange of sentiment, "that which makes a wife happy—what beautifies home, is not the wealth of a husband—not his great talents—not the fire of his soul—all these may destroy the peace of home. No! the happiness of the wife is, that the husband have integrity; that he be good, rational, reasonable, and regular—like you, Bear!" In passages like this, the sentiment is simple and touching, but associated with the, to us, grotesque idea of a bear, the gentle authoress fails in exciting unmixed emotions. In short, the wit, humour, pathos, sentiment of the book, are very much lost on English readers. The wit is not wit according to our ideas. The appeal almost seems to be to a human nature which is not our human nature. And thus, as in most translations from continental fictitious literature, the work, with all its merits, will be pronounced dry and pointless, and add another to the list of unsuccessful efforts to naturalise fictions of that class amongst us.

We do not arrive at these conclusions without regret, for the work is the production of a gifted authoress, who writes in the cause of virtue, and pleads powerfully for the exercise of the kindliest feelings. Much of the story refers to a mother and son, whose lives are rendered miserable by mutual irritability of temper and ungovernable passion; and the manner in which this is treated is equally tender and effective. As a specimen of the authoress's powers, we shall endeavour to compress this part of the story into our pages. A few preliminary explanations are alone necessary.

STORY OF BRUNO.

The widow of General Mansfeld is a stern and aged dame, the step-mother of three sons, from whom the utmost reverence has always been exacted: living in an old castle, she maintains a certain degree of state, and is looked up to by her servants and tenants as a feudal baroness, but withal a kind and obliging mistress. The step-sons, during the life of the General, had been made to observe the most punctilious respect in the parental home, and to address the baroness on all occasions as "Ma chère mère." From this circumstance, the lady comes to receive no other title from them in after-life; and by this she is called throughout the work. At the death of their father, the young men go out into the world, and the domain reverts to Ma chère mère, by whom it had been brought into the family; and she is left with Bruno, her only son, the story of whose fate we propose to give. The early part is related by Lars Anders (one of the half brothers of Bruno) to his young wife, shortly after bringing her home to Rosenvik:—

"Ma chère mère had, by General Mansfeld, one only son, who was called Bruno, after his father. His birth nearly cost the life of the mother, and that which she had bought so dearly was more precious to her than life itself. Many a time has she been seen on her knees by his cradle, as if worshipping him; many a time, when a slight indisposition has made his nights restless, she sat and watched by him. She suckled him herself; scarcely would permit any one beside herself to nurse him, scarcely to touch him. He slept in her bosom, he rested on her knee; her arms were his world, and they encircled him with undying love: and he, on his side, wild and despotic as he then was, hung on her neck with the utmost tenderness, and seemed to find rest nowhere but upon her bosom. It was beautiful to see them together; they were the lioness and her cub, who, in a union of savage strength and deep tenderness, combat together and caress at the same time. Thus the relation between mother and son was extraordinary, and sometimes hostile, even from the cradle. One day, as she laid him, a child of but nine months old, to her breast, either in hunger or passion, he bit her severely with his young coming teeth. Transported with the pain, the mother gave him a blow. The child let go the breast, and refused from that moment ever to take it again. He was weaned; for the mother could not tolerate the idea of his being nourished with the milk of a nurse. Afterwards, in his eighth year, as she attempted to give him a well-deserved correction, he turned like a young lion, and struck her.

Still, in the midst of scenes which exhibited on both sides the most ungovernable feelings, instances almost daily occurred which showed unlimited power of self-sacrifice; she threw herself between him and every danger, and he would kiss the very traces of her feet. When they met, even after a short separation, it was ever an outbreak of the warmest love; still, the next moment, perhaps, they would be at strife with each other. This state of feeling increased with years, for both were of the same powerful, determined character. They seemed unable to live either together or apart.

It would have been impossible to find anywhere a handsomer boy than Bruno was; and yet, although the mother worshipped him in her heart, her sense of justice was so strict, that she never, not even in the slightest instance, favoured him to his step-brothers' disadvantage. Never, if he deserved punishment, was he spared before them; never had a preference shown to him in regard of pleasure or reward; in no way had he the advantage of them, excepting in the caresses of his mother.

We were all brought up with severity; and, as regards money, were too scantily supplied. For myself, I always had an inclination towards economy; nevertheless, I was compelled to have recourse to my own innocent industry to supply myself with postage-money, or the means to obtain any little outlay which Ma chère mère considered superfluous; hence I became, in secret, a carpenter.

Bruno was naturally extravagant, and prone to dissipation; and very early, in order to gratify his palate, or to appease his thirst for pleasure, resorted to less innocent means. He purloined what he could not obtain voluntarily, first from his brothers, then from the domestics; but no one dared to punish him for this, or to represent it to his mother, for the fiery-tempered boy, gifted with almost herculean strength, had obtained power over his brothers, and was feared not only by them, but by all the household. He was beloved by none, excepting by me; I cannot exactly say what it was in him that was so captivating to me; I admired, it is true, his great natural abilities. His wild and witty tricks often decoyed me to smile, at the same time that I was compelled to blame; but what operated most upon me was the simple fact, that I really think he liked me.

But I was seldom at home at this time; for, much older than he, I had finished my academical life as he began his, and was almost always from home in the pursuit of my medical profession. The influence which a child, a little girl, had over Bruno, from his thirteenth to his sixteenth year, was very extraordinary. This was Serena Löfven. The little angel-like child interested the wild Bruno, and it was wonderful to see what constraint he had over himself, and of what self-denial he was capable on her account. He left all, to carry her out into the woods—to caress her, or to sit quietly by and watch her while she slept. On holidays, or whenever he had a holiday, he went wandering forth early in the morning with a basket of eatables in his hand and Serena on his arm, and seldom were the two seen again before evening. All this improved Serena's health, and softened the temper of Bruno. One tear, or one prayer from her childish lips, was to him a more effectual incentive, than all the commands of his mother or of his teachers.

If this better part of Bruno's nature had been cultivated—the violent repressed, and the gentle yielded to—I am convinced that he would have become a good and distinguished man; but his tutor, a person of rigid, unbending character, and still more his mother, seemed to have resolved only to make use of power in the subjection of his undisciplined will.

All this time Ma chère mère foreboded not how perilous was the course which Bruno was pursuing, and I myself knew nothing which I should have feared so much as her making the discovery; she, so proud, so sensitive on every point of honour, so rigid in her principles and her whole moral conduct! Bruno's great beauty, his remarkable abilities and natural talents, his expertness in all bodily exercises, his courage, nay, even his overbearing strength, constituted her pride, and made her eyes sparkle with delight at his approach, or even at the very speaking of his name. To have heard anything dishonourable of him must have been a death-blow to her. Bruno, too, had pride, and sense of honour, and the approbation of his mother was necessary to him; but his violent passions, and his inability to govern them, drew him perpetually into guilty conduct.

But now came a time when I passed several summer months at Ramm, and where, from what I saw of him, I hoped he had abandoned his evil courses. He had been confirmed in the spring, and now appeared thoughtful and mild. The connexion between him and his mother seemed more peaceful and affectionate than ever. I hoped he had conquered the darker part of his nature; he himself, too, said the same thing to me. But one thing I could not even then help observing; he had his own private expenses, and those to an extent far greater than his means ought to have allowed. For some time, it is true, I had been in a condition to assist him with money, and had hoped by this means to restrain him, and prevent its application to improper purposes. He frequently requested money from me, and I furnished him with as much as was in my power; but one day he requested so large a sum as astonished me. I refused; in fact, I could not do otherwise; and at the same time reproved him for this extravagance. He made no reply, but ground his teeth angrily, and left me. This was the last day we were to spend at home together; on the following he was to leave for the University, and I for S——. That forenoon he went to the city to take leave of the old Dahls and their grandchild, his little bride, as he called Serena, and was not expected back till evening.

Immediately after dinner, the book-keeper entered the room in great agitation. He had missed, he said, a sum of money, which that very morning he had placed in his desk, and he must suspect the thief to be one of the household, as no one but those accustomed to the house knew where he was in the habit of keeping his money.

It was the first time, as Ma chère mère believed, that such a circumstance had occurred in the house; she, therefore, took up the affair with the greatest warmth. Accompanied by the book-keeper and two of her oldest and most faithful servants, she went through the whole house, inspected every corner, and examined all her domestics with the greatest severity; even the oldest amongst them were compelled to submit to the search. As nothing was discovered anywhere, not even the slightest trace which could lead to suspicion, she began to think that probably the informer himself might be the thief; and thus the possessions of the young book-keeper, and even the clothes which he wore, were subjected to a yet more severe scrutiny than those of the others had been.

This young man happened to be a personal enemy of Bruno; and whether he really suspected him, or whether he spoke in the bitterness which Ma chère mère's proceedings towards him awakened, I know not, but he said, with unmitigated chagrin, 'Your honour may perhaps find nearer home what you seek!'

'What do you mean?' demanded she, with an awful glance.

'That your honour,' replied the irritated man, 'may find with your own flesh and blood that for which you have cast suspicions on innocent men!'

'Man, you lie!' exclaimed Ma chère mère, pale with rage, seizing him and shaking him by the arm.

'I will be a liar!' returned he, almost beside himself with passion, 'if one of your own sons be not a thief!'

'Follow me!' said she; and with flashing eyes and pale cheeks, accompanied by the book-keeper and the two old servants, she went into our chamber.

I had been out, and had only just returned and been informed of what had occurred, as Ma chère mère, with her attendants, entered. I cannot describe the sensation which I felt at that moment; a foreboding of the true fact passed through me; I became pale, and involuntarily seated myself on Bruno's travelling-chest, which, together with mine, stood ready packed for the journey. Ma chère mère looked at me with a penetrating glance, started, and became yet paler, whilst, with a firm voice, she said to me and my brothers, who had also come into the room—'My sons, for the honour of the house, you must submit to the same search to which all the rest in the house have submitted. I need not tell you that all this is merely *pro formâ*, and that I am convinced of your innocence.'

With this she cast upon me a glance which was at that time inexplicable to me, and passing my chest by, went and sought among my brother's things. After this she returned to the room, and opened my packed-up chest. Everything was turned out, but nothing was found which had no right to be there; and at the bottom of all they found my carpenter's tools. When all had been examined, Ma chère mère cast upon me a glance full of maternal love and joy. Alas! she had had suspicions of me—of the thoughtful man, rather than the wild youth!—and now she raised her head, and one could read, in her strong expressive countenance, 'Thank God! now I am easy.'

'Now, then, there are only the things of the young baron left,' said one of the old servants respectfully, 'but the chest is locked; and, besides this, it is not necessary.

* The Neighbours; a Story of Every-day Life, by Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. 2 vols. London: Longman and Co. 1842.

'That may be,' said Ma chère mère, 'but he must fare like the rest; the box shall be broken open.'

'But the young baron is not at home,' said the servant anxiously; we cannot' ——

'His mother commands it,' said she, warmly.

It was done. With her own hand the mother took out books and clothes which had been thrown in in great disorder. Presently the hand was withdrawn, as if it had been burnt by red-hot iron; she had stumbled upon a bundle of notes. It was the missing money. She took it out; turned it about in her hand; examined it, as if she could not believe her own eyes; grew paler and paler; and then, exclaiming in a voice of inexpressible anguish, 'My blood!—my own flesh and blood!'—sank as if lifeless to the floor.

We carried her out; and our exertions at length recalled her to consciousness. Terrible was her awaking. But she shed no tear, uttered no word of anger or complaint. She appeared strong and determined. She sent immediately to Pastor Rhen, the clergyman of the district. He was a man of iron; stern, strong, and one ready to combat with word or deed, in support of what he considered right; and, more than this, he was an honest and faithful friend of Ma chère mère. To him she confided this painful circumstance, and they, too, decided the steps which should be taken in consequence. I anticipated what was designed, and made use of the influence I had frequently found myself to possess with Ma chère mère, to induce her, but in vain, to resort to less severe, or, at all events, less violent measures. But all my representations were useless. She merely answered, 'Unpunished crime only induces to still further crime. Bitter must be atoned for by bitter.'"

All were assembled in the hall. The door was opened, and Bruno stepped in, paused, and started. His mother, in a voice hollow and stern, was heard to accuse him of theft; and pointing to his rifled chest "and to the money which had been found in it, she demanded his confession.

Bruno acknowledged himself guilty with an inconceivably bold haughtiness.

'Fall upon your knees, and receive your punishment!' said the stern judge. But Bruno bent not. A consciousness which, after his haughty confession, seemed to have deprived him of all volition, overwhelmed him; he stood pale as death, his head dropped upon his breast, and his eyes riveted to the ground." A scene of anger and strife ensued. The mother finally demanded whether he "would submit himself to her will, or receive her curse? Mother and son looked at each other with eyes of flame and defiance. They stood so long. Again she repeated the question; and then followed terrible words on both sides. Again all was still; the curse-speaking lips became stiff, the haughty glance dimmed, and mother and son sank fainting together. Both were carried to their separate chambers.

In the night, when all was dark and still, we heard a wild, prolonged, and thrilling cry from his room. I sprang up and hastened there. Bruno's mother was standing there alone, with a wild and agitated look; he was gone. The open window seemed to indicate that he had made his escape that way, although a descent from a height like that appeared almost incredible; but yet it was so. Bruno fled that night from his mother's roof, and never returned. We never heard tidings of him, and all inquiries were vain. He seemed as completely to be gone as if cut out from the number of the living. Seventeen years have passed since this unhappy time, and we have never discovered the least trace of him.

From the moment of Bruno's escape, Ma chère mère spoke not one word for three years. She shut herself in her own room, which was darkened; would endure neither light nor the sight of man; and spoke to no one but a single faithful attendant."

Here Lars Anders finishes his narrative. We learn, as the work proceeds, that Ma chère mère returns to a state of seeming contentment, but leaves the castle of Ramm, and betakes herself to that of Carlsfors, at a few miles' distance. Years pass on; the step-sons marry, and occasionally pay a friendly visit to the baroness. The name of Bruno is never mentioned; he is believed to be dead in some foreign clime. The wife of Lars is deeply affected with the story of his flight, and speaks of him to the gentle Serena, who musters up recollections of him in his infancy.

"'I remember yet so well how Bruno led me about in the woods, or drew me in my little carriage. The first impressions which I received of the beauty of life and nature were from this time. I remember so well, how the murmuring in the woods delighted me, and how I was enchanted with the flowers which he gathered for me. If he sang, I sang too, and when he bore me in his arms, and sprang over the mountain ravines, I felt no fear. He was never impatient or unfriendly towards me; and I shall never forget how once, when he was about to beat one of his brothers, he desisted when I wept, and called him by his name. Ah, depend upon it, that he was not wisely treated. They certainly had not sufficient regard for his ability of loving. Had they, he would not have caused his mother so much anxiety, and not have fled from his home and his fatherland.'

'And what do you suppose occasioned his flight from home?' I inquired.

'I have been told,' said Serena, 'that dissension with his mother, and severe treatment on her side, occasioned it. There was great similarity in their tempers. They opposed obstinacy to obstinacy—force against force. Bruno must have died in his exile. Poor Bruno! I have truly lamented his fate, he was so good to me!' said she with a mournful countenance, whilst a sentiment of deep sadness filled my heart also."

Impelled by an unquenchable desire to revisit early scenes, and be reconciled to his mother, Bruno returns. He beseeches the wife of Lars to intercede for him, and to procure an interview with his parent; but the attempt to mollify her hostility is in vain. Chance at length puts it in the power of Bruno to rescue his mother from a sudden death by the impetuous flight of her horses and carriage, and in doing so, both suffer serious personal injury. The mother and son, after years of alienation, now stood face to face. "Their looks seemed to pierce through each other. Ma chère mère seemed to be smitten with the wildest amazement, and stepped a little backwards. Bruno moved a step forward, and said slowly, and as with a benumbed tongue, 'You are rescued. God be praised! And for me now only remains to die, or to win forgiveness! My mother! my mother!' exclaimed he at once, as if an angel had loosened tongue and feeling, while, with a heart-rending expression, he sank down and embraced her knees. 'My mother, wilt thou not pardon? wilt thou not bless thy son? Take the curse from my brow. Mother, I have suffered much! I have wandered about without peace! I am destitute of peace yet: peace can never be mine while I am thrust from thy bosom. I have suffered; I have suffered much; I have repented; I can and will atone. But then you must pardon; you must bless me, mother. Mother, take away the curse! Lay a blessing on my head. Mother, will you not staunch the blood which flows on your account? See, mother!' and Bruno raised his clotted locks, through which deep and streaming wounds were visible; 'see, mother! if thou wilt not lay thy hand here in blessing, I swear that this blood-stream shall never cease till my life has welled out with it, and has sunk me to the grave, on which alone thou wilt lay thy forgiveness. There, there first shall I find peace. Oh, mother! was an error in young and wild years, then, so unpardonable? Cannot a later life of virtue and of love make atonement? Mother! cast me not off. Let the voice of thy son penetrate to thy heart. Bestow on me forgiveness, full forgiveness!'

Overcome by my feelings, I threw myself on my knees by Bruno, and cried, 'Pardon! Pardon!'

What during this time passed in Ma chère mère's heart, I know not. It seemed to be a contest of life and death. She moved not; with a fixed and immovable gaze she looked down at the kneeling one, and convulsive twitches passed over her pale lips. But as his voice ceased, she lifted her hand and pressed it strongly against her heart. 'My son! Oh!' —— said she, with a hollow voice. She sighed deeply; her countenance became yellow, her eyes closed, she reeled, and would have fallen to the ground, if Bruno had not sprung up and caught her in his arms.

He stood a moment still, his mother pressed to his bosom, and gazed on her countenance, over which death seemed to have shed his awful peace. 'Is it thus,' said he, with a forced calmness, 'is it thus, then, that we are reconciled, mother? Thus thou restest on the bosom of thy son, and he on thine. Thou art pale, my mother, but peaceful, and lookest kind—kind as God's propitiation. It was not thus that I saw thee the last time; but the hour of wrath is over; is it not so, my mother? The grave has opened itself, and we go down there reconciled, and heart to heart; one in my last hour, as we were one at my first sigh!' and he kissed her pale lips and cheeks with passionate tenderness.

'Bruno! Bruno!' I exclaimed, imploringly, and weeping, seized his arm. 'Bruno, you kill your mother and yourself when you go on in this manner. Come, we will lay her on a bed. We must endeavour to recall her to consciousness; we must bind your wounds.' Bruno made no answer, but took his mother in his arms, and carried her into another room, where he laid her softly down upon a bed.

I stood near her pillow; I stood between mother and son; and instead of answering her question, I drew myself back, and their eyes met each other. A beam of heavenly light, of ineffable love, kindled in them; and in it melted their souls into one. She raised herself with energy, and stretched out her hand with the warmest expression of maternal feeling, while she said, 'My son, come hither: I will bless thee!'

He stood up. The tall gigantic man staggered like a child, and sunk on his knees by the bed of his mother. She laid her hands on his bloody head, and said, with a strong voice and a deep solemnity, 'I take away the curse which I once laid on the head of my son. I bestow on him my full forgiveness. May the man atone for the error of the youth. Let the past be as if it never had been. I acknowledge that I owe my life to my son; and I pray God Almighty to bless thee, my son Bruno Mansfeld, as I bless thee now. Amen!' With that she opened her arms; she clasped his round her; bosom was pressed to bosom, lip to lip; they held one another in a long and close embrace. Every breath seemed to be full of reconciliation, of love, and happiness. Fifteen years of bitter pangs were in this moment recompensed and forgotten. I stood near them, and wept for joy and thankfulness."

We must hasten to conclude. Ma chère mère and the son, now restored to her affections, recover from their wounds, and repair to the castle of Carlsfors, where there is shortly a merry marriage party, in which Serena is the bride.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

AN INTERESTING PAMPHLET.

A SMALL pamphlet, not unlike a pocket-almanac in shape and appearance, has just been brought under our notice. It is in Welsh, and the title runs thus—"Ar Wrteithiau: Allan o Draethawd ar Amaethyddiaeth a Diwylliant; gan James Jackson, Penicuik." The English of this is—"On Manures: Taken from a Treatise on Agriculture and Dairy Husbandry; by James Jackson, Penicuik." When we edited the treatise of this worthy example of Scotia's peasantry, and sent it into the world in the guise of our "People's Editions," we little thought that a portion of it would so speedily (albeit without permission asked), find its way into Welsh and be thumbed at the firesides of old Cambria. Yet such is the case, and we have another instance of how humble merit will sometimes push its way upward, and become known in spite of all things to the contrary. A passage in English tells us that the treatise is "highly approved of, and patronised by Sir R. W. Vaughan, Bart., Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart., and the Right Hon. the Earl of Powis." This is gratifying. There are some Welsh landowners, it appears, alive to the value of knowledge in one of the most important departments of husbandry, and whose example cannot fail, we should think, to infect others. If the recommendations conveyed in our friend Jackson's treatise were duly followed, we feel quite assured that many thousands of pounds now lost would annually be saved to the country.

IRELAND, AS A FIELD OF EMIGRATION FOR SCOTSMEN.

[The following notes as to the advantages of emigrating to Ireland from Scotland, and we suppose we may add England, have been handed to us by a gentleman who has lived many years among our Irish brethren, and is very much impressed with the truth of the observations which he has been led to make. We pronounce no opinion on the subject, and only recur to the many thousands of times told truth, that the grand reason why men of skill and capital have not repaired to Ireland in greater numbers, has been the unsettled state of the country and the terror of personal maltreatment. Let it be convincingly shown that English capital may be safely embarked in improving and working the great natural resources of Ireland, and millions of pounds, now lying useless, will be speedily transferred across the channel.]

IF the young men of Scotland were aware of the fair prospects of doing well in Ireland, in almost any walk of life, many more would seek their fortune in that country. Difficult as it may be to believe, there is, perhaps, no country in the world in which, at this moment, a steady industrious man, above the class of the common labourer, would more certainly succeed than in Ireland. The industrious mechanic, the shopman, the tradesman, &c., have there a fine field. No one can travel through Ireland without being astonished at the backward condition of almost all parts of this fertile island. Various unfortunate circumstances have hitherto prevented its improvement. But these have mostly been removed, and the political and religious ferments of the country are fast wearing out. All classes seem disposed to countenance, if not to practise, sobriety; and all appear to have awakened to the advantages of a steady application to matters of practical utility. Ireland, indeed, like Scotland after 1745, seems to be just commencing that career of improvement which Scotland has, in seventy or eighty years, so splendidly realised.

While Scotland is almost overrun with active young men seeking for opportunities or openings for the exercise of their industry in any respectable station of life, Ireland stands in need of exactly the description of persons who so much abound, but who cannot find suitable employment, in Scotland. With the exception of a very few of the principal towns on the coast, nothing in Europe equals in wretchedness the towns in Ireland. The want of tolerable inns; of shops; of tradesmen; of all and everything which constitutes an advanced state of civilisation, is distressing to the native of Great Britain who may visit this fine island. I was compelled lately to pass several days in a town in the interior, containing about 20,000 inhabitants, in which the only place of entertainment, called by Irish courtesy the Hotel, was so filthy, disgusting, and miserable, that I became actually unwell from vexation. This miserable inn was, notwithstanding its want of all proper accommodation, crowded with strangers drawn to the town by business, like myself, and all venting their unavailing complaints to the landlord. There is no want of circulation of people in the interior of the country, nor of a moderate internal trade. All that is wanting are better accommodations, better shops, better habits of business, more energy and enterprise; all of which a better educated, more civilised people, like the young men of Scotland above described, would abundantly provide, greatly to their own advantage, and to the benefit of the country.

Of late years, a number of Scotch houses of business have been established in the principal towns of Ireland, apparently with all the success which they merit. Their example has been most striking in producing better habits, and more activity amongst the native shopkeepers. Judging from the overflowing congregations in the Presbyterian churches, it is supposed that the tide of emigration has set in strongly from Scotland, more particularly as the number of those churches is yearly increasing in Ireland.

Still, the field is so ample, that thousands and thousands more might find employment, if not fortune, in Ireland. The advantages which Ireland offers to the active and industrious Scotchman are, that common rough labour

is cheap, that the various classes of shopkeepers, tradesmen, mechanics, &c., are usually idle, negligent, often extravagant, and more disposed to spend than to get money; and too many are positively dishonest in their dealings. Generally, they possess no proper system or method in managing their affairs. It is often remarked, that wherever the active and careful Scotchman enters into competition in any branch of business, in any town, with the less industrious Irish tradesman, that the shop of the latter is either soon improved or soon closed. Many of the most thriving and wealthy men in Ireland are natives of Scotland, who settled in Ireland with no capital, having nothing to depend upon but their own steady and persevering exertions, by which they have, greatly to their credit, earned large fortunes.

Though the field is ample, yet it must not be expected that it will yield fruit without toil and care. But what so many young men, natives of Scotland, have done in almost every industrious calling in Ireland, it may be fairly hoped that others can do.

THE CHINESE COLLECTION.

ONE of the principal objects of attraction in London for the last few months has been a large and highly interesting collection of articles from China. The collection is the result of twelve years' indefatigable exertions on the part of Mr Dunn, an American gentleman. That he has been carried through his undertaking by enthusiastic perseverance, is self-evident; and we have ourselves derived so much instruction and gratification from a visit to his exhibition, that we would fain shadow forth our feelings, however faintly, to readers whose distant homes deny them a similar privilege. Situated near Hyde Park, and the edifice having been erected for the purpose, let the reader imagine an apartment 225 feet in length by 50 in width, with lofty ceilings supported by numerous pillars. Or such as have but vague ideas of measured space, must understand that this chamber is vast enough to contain *many* completely fitted up Chinese rooms, and *two entire houses*, with shops, stock in trade, &c. &c. And as the last are among the startling novelties which first attract a stranger, we will begin by describing them, although they are placed nearly at the end of the catalogue; a book, by the way, to which we gladly refer when our own notes are at fault. The first is a silk mercer's shop, as seen in the streets of Canton, completely furnished, the house for the family being over the retail establishment. The figures both here and throughout the collection are so wonderfully life-like, that it is with difficulty we can persuade ourselves they will not presently begin to speak, the delusion being of course greatly assisted by the costumes, which are, in fact, veritable dresses of the Chinese. The figures are the size of life, and are modelled from a peculiar species of clay admirably adapted for the purpose, and afford specimens of a style of art altogether new in England. Though a sort of family resemblance runs through almost all the collection, we understand they are, for the most part, accurate likenesses of individuals, some of whom are yet living. High cheek-bones, small eyes, flat noses, a dingy yellowish complexion, and rather a heavy expression of countenance, seem the prevailing characteristics. In the mercer's shop two purchasers have been placed at the counter, one of whom is scrutinising a piece of silk that lies before him. The owner, behind the counter, is carelessly leaning forward, and intent on casting an account on the "calculating dish" (a strange looking thing, not very unlike a dish of wooden beads), the Chinese being no adepts at mental arithmetic; while his clerk is busy making entries in the book, in doing which he shows their method of holding a pencil, which is placed perpendicularly between the thumb and all the fingers. It is customary with the Chinese shopkeepers to eat their daily meals in their places of business; in the present instance, a servant is preparing breakfast. A circular eight-legged table, very similar to those used by our great-grandfathers, is spread at the end of the shop; among its furniture the ivory chop-sticks are the most novel; and how they do contrive to convey the food to their mouth with these loose sticks, we know not, unless they accept aid from those primitive forks—fingers; a supposition not altogether unlikely. On the left hand sits a gentleman with a pipe, perhaps a chance comer, just dropped in about meal-time; at the door, a blind beggar—probably of the unhappy class deprived of sight in infancy by their inhuman parents for the purpose of exciting compassion—stands beating two bamboo sticks against each other, an operation with which he continues to annoy all whom he visits, till he is relieved by some trifling gratuity. A small covered tub filled with tea, with a few cups close by, stands on the counter, from which we are informed all customers are invited to help themselves. We should add, that an air of order pervades the shop, and that the shelves seem arranged much after our own fashion. Here, as elsewhere, we find one or two inscriptions hung up against the wall: and we will transcribe the translation of a few of these amusing scrolls. "Gossipping and long sitting injure business." "Former customers have inspired caution—no credit given." "A small stream always flowing." "Trade circling like a wheel," &c. The "next door neighbour's" is a china repository, much on the same scale as the silk mercer's, and its rich stock is somewhat tantalising to the lovers of such ware.

Opposite to the houses and shops we are presented with the section of a religious temple, containing three colossal figures, which represent "the three precious Buddhas:" Me-lih Fuh, whose reign is already past; Heen-tsee-Fuh, that person of Buddha who now reigns over the world; and We-loe-Fuh, whose reign is yet to come. There is but little difference in these monstrous idols, which are nearly twenty feet in height, save that the last mentioned, typifying the "future" power, sits with clasped hands. They are formed of clay, and entirely covered with burnished gold.

Near to the temple is an interesting group, consisting of three literary gentlemen, a mandarin of the fourth class, and servants. One figure is supposed to be reading aloud a translation of Æsop's Fables. In the hand of this philosopher the visitor observes what he would naturally take for a smelling bottle, were he not apprised that it is a receptacle for snuff. Tobacco, transmuted into snuff, appears to be carried, not in boxes, but in small bottles, with stoppers, to which there is attached a little spoon, or shovel. With this we are told they take out the pungent dust, and place it upon the back of the left hand, near the lower joint of the thumb, whence it is snuffed up to the olfactories, there to perform its titilating office. A portion of the furniture of this compartment consists of a pair of Chinese book-cases made of ebony, the panels and other parts of which are exquisitely carved and highly polished. The books are kept in the lower section, where they are protected from dust by doors in front; the doors, however, are at present open, a servant being in the act of handing a volume to one of the gentlemen; the upper section is an open cabinet, divided into five unequal compartments, in which are arranged divers ornamental articles. The books—looking, when open, very like manuscript music, but printed only on one side of the paper—are laid in a horizontal position, and the titles are placed on the end instead of the back, each work of several volumes being preserved in an envelope or case of blue nankeen or silk. Between the book-cases are suspended on the wall a pair of silken scrolls bearing the following maxims:—"The sages taught four things—Letters, Morality, Fidelity, Truth;" and "the highest pleasure is not equal to the study of letters." The mandarin of the party, who is listening attentively to the fable, is dressed in a long silk petticoat fastened round the waist by a belt, which is united in front by a clasp. A variety of accoutrements is attached to this belt, rather military in appearance, but not at all formidable in reality. In fact, a Chinese never goes armed, as the jealousy of the government has denied the privilege of wearing arms to all except soldiers on parade. The appendages referred to are, therefore, altogether peaceful, such as a silk fan sheath, embroidered tobacco pouches, &c. The cap is cone-shaped, but not turned up at the edge, having crimson silk pendant from the crowning ball. This is a summer cap. While on the subject of costume, we may as well advert to the fact, that the dress of every grade of society in China is fixed by usage—persons in the lower class wearing coarse and dark-coloured fabrics, while those who have been more favoured in the accidents of birth and fortune, seek the gratification of their tastes in costly silks, satins, furs, broadcloths, and embroidery. There is, consequently, much variety, though "the general mode is not departed from, the usual articles being a shirt, drawers, a long gown or pelisse, buttoning in front, stockings and shoes. The shoes are singular; generally of embroidered cloth, sometimes the uppers being of one colour, sometimes another. The lower portion of the soles is leather made of hog's skins, while the intermediate space, commonly about an inch in thickness, is filled up with bamboo paper, with the edge painted white. They are quite light, notwithstanding their clumsy appearance." Blue seems a favourite colour; frequently the entire dress is of this hue, or, if not, it is greatly decorated with it.

Our readers are probably aware that coarse sackcloth is the universal mourning apparel in China; and we are here presented with a gentleman thus attired. The shoes are white; the hair and beard are permitted to grow unshaven; and an odd species of headgear surmounts the cranium. He is attended by a servant, who carries a mourning lamp, of which a number are exhibited in their funeral processions, and are distinguished from all others by the presence of the emblematic white. They wear mourning for a considerable period; and three years must elapse, after the death of a parent, before children are permitted to marry.

Not far from the mourners we find a Chinese sedan, in which the owner is comfortably seated, while he is borne gently along by a couple of *coolies*. And here, as in all the instances already alluded to, we must beg the reader to remember, that these are no miniature representations, but full-size figures, most wonderfully life-like, their dress and appendages being all real. The width of a street in Canton is delineated, and the sedan, except that it is more open and of gayer colours, is not very unlike, in construction, those used by us in the last century; the bearers, however, support it on their shoulders, instead of carrying the poles in their hands. Here, again, we learn that the distinctions of rank prevail; for private gentlemen are allowed only two bearers, civil officers four, viceroys eight, while the emperor's dignity requires sixteen. Mandarins are preceded by men bearing pendant banners, with an inscription that signifies, "Clear the way."

The extreme end of the long apartment—having the groups we have mentioned, and many others equally full of interest, arranged along the sides—is occupied by a pavilion, forming, in fact, the termination of the saloon, from which it is separated by a species of carved net-work, which seemed to us as beautiful as it was unique. The carving, forming, as it were, a magnificent frame to the scene represented within, penetrates entirely through the wood, and represents figures of animals, birds, flowers, fruits, &c., the colours being as gorgeous as gilding and paint can make them; yet they are so skilfully disposed, as to harmonise perfectly, and could not, we think, offend the most delicate taste. The room thus enclosed is a perfect fac-simile of an apartment in a wealthy Chinaman's dwelling. In the opposite corners are placed square carved tables of some hard wood, with marble tops, and hangings of embroidered velvet, on which a servant has placed some fruit for the refreshment of the guests. On the right of one of these stands a long high table, similar to a common sideboard, upon which rests ornamental stands and fruit. On each side of the apartment are chairs of a corresponding style, alternately arranged with small tea stands, with a footstool for each chair, besides flower-pots, porcelain stools, embroidered silk lanterns, and other trifling articles of furniture; while opposite to us is an aperture in the wall, which we certainly did not at first take for a door, or rather doorway, or aperture for exit; but such it is, though of an oval form, and surrounded with an ornamental fret-work similar to the exterior. Through this doorway we are favoured with a perspective view of Chinese scenery. The walls of the room are hung with a variety of decorations, chiefly long silken scrolls with maxims; and feather fans, china vases, and many ornamental articles, are scattered in profusion. The pavilion contains six figures, intended to represent the mode of paying and receiving visits. Tea and pipes seem to be served on these occasions, as well as sweetmeats or dried fruits. The common mode of salutation is to join the closed hands, and lift them twice or thrice to the head, saying, "Haou—tsing—tsing;" that is, "Are you well." "Hail! hail!" And at other times, when said to persons of whom they have before heard on first meeting them, "Ioo yang fang ming," or, "I have heretofore thought with veneration on your fragrant name."

But it would be nearly impossible to describe half the scenes which memory recalls; the company of actors in their fanciful and gorgeous dresses, the female characters being, as was once the case in England, represented by youths; the jugglers in the act of performing their frightful feats, or the artisans at their different trades—the latter, to our mind, far more agreeable objects. Perhaps a useful hint might be obtained from the manner in which the cobbler wears his spectacles. He bends over his work, of course, much as an English shoemaker does, but he is protected from the otherwise very possible disaster of the spectacles falling off, by their ends being formed as loops, which fasten easily round the ear. Not the least curious articles to which our attention was drawn, were the far-famed lanterns, several kinds being here presented to our view. They are made of horn, silk, glass, or paper, and sometimes of a netting of fine thread, overspread with a thick coating of varnish, the frame being often richly carved, and the silk which covers it elegantly embroidered. A late writer, remarking the national attachment of the Chinese to their lamps and lanterns, and the constant use of them, relates the following amusing anecdote. When Captain Maxwell passed the Bogue in the Alceste frigate, as he came up with the battery of the A-ming-hoy, the fort appeared well lighted, and a brisk cannonade was commenced upon the ship. However, after the first broadside had been fired upon the fortress, the whole place was deserted, and the embrasures were quickly as dark as before. The Chinese were thoroughly frightened, and ran off with all precipitation. At the same time, instead of concealing their flight in the darkness of the night, each man seized his lantern, and clambered with it up the steep side of the hill immediately behind the fort. The sight of so many bald-pated soldiers, with their long pigtails dangling at their backs, each with a great pointed balloon in his hand, must have been extremely ludicrous, and probably took away any slight inclination the marines might have felt to have a shot at such excellent marks. Besides these, there are many hundreds of curious implements of household use, specimens of the rich manufactures of the Chinese, as well as the ingenious contrivances for which they have been so justly famed; so that after a visit, as long as that we paid to this most wonderful collection, one feels inclined to talk of one's "residence in the celestial empire." That the Chinese are descended from the wandering Tartar tribes, there is, of course, no doubt; and it is not a very fanciful notion to trace, even in their present architecture, some remains of their original dwellings—tents. To ponder over the change that thousands of years have effected, which have converted restless wanderers into that nation of all which cover the earth, the most serried in their dwellings, and the least inclined to roam from them, is neither uninteresting, nor, we hope, unprofitable; but in their case it seems more than commonly difficult to prove, from a knowledge of the past, true prophets of the future. Shut up from the period of their very origin as a nation, denied the reflected light of the stranger's wisdom, the Chinese people have remained children in intellectual advancement; while, if we may use the metaphor, later born

nations have arrived at maturity, and some have even passed on towards the impotence, which, without the respectability of age, has sometimes been the fate of powerful kingdoms. The advancement of the Chinese is their own; they are self-educated; and their love of peace, industry, and ingenuity, as well as their reverence for learning, albeit the stream must flow only in one appointed channel, are traits in their character on which the thoughtful would fain build bright hopes for the future.

THE LYONS COURIER.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

In the month of April 1796—or, according to the dates of the French republic, in Floreal of the year 4—a young man, named Joseph Lesurques, arrived in Paris with his wife and his three children from Douai, his native town. He was thirty-three years of age, and possessed of a fortune of 15,000 livres (L.600) per annum, inherited from his own and his wife's relations. He took apartments in the house of a M. Monnet, a notary in the Rue Montmartre, and made preparations for permanently residing in Paris and educating his children. One of his first cares was to repay one Guesno, proprietor of a carrying establishment at Douai, 2000 livres he had formerly borrowed. On the day following, Guesno invited Lesurques to breakfast. They accordingly went to No. 27, Rue des Boucheries, in company with two other persons, one of whom, a gentleman of the name of Couriol, was invited, in consequence of his calling on the third party just as they were sitting down to breakfast. The party remained at table until nearly twelve o'clock, when they proceeded to the Palais Royal, and after having taken coffee at the Rolonde du Caveau, separated.

Four days afterwards (on the 27th April), four horsemen, mounted on good, but evidently hired horses, were observed to ride out of Paris through the Barriere de Charenton, as if on a party of pleasure. They all wore long cloaks, as was then the fashion, and sabres hanging from their waists. One of the party was Couriol.

Between twelve and one o'clock, the four horsemen arrived at the pretty village of Mongeron, on the road to Melun and Burgagne. One of the party had gallopped forward to order dinner at the Hotel de la Poste, kept by Sieur Evrard; after dinner, they asked for pipes and tobacco, and two of them smoked. They paid their bill, and went to the casino of the place, where they took four cups of coffee. At three o'clock they mounted their horses; and, following the road, shaded by beech trees, which leads from Mongeron to the forest of Lenart, they proceeded, at a foot pace, towards Lieursaint, a picturesque village in the midst of a grove.

They arrived at Lieursaint about three o'clock in the afternoon, and there made another long halt. The horse of one of the party had lost a shoe, and another of them had broken the chain of his spur by collision with a friend's horse. This one stopped at the entrance to the village, at the cottage of a woman named Chatelain, a lemonade-seller, and requested her to give him coffee, and supply him with some coarse thread to mend the chain of his spur. This woman immediately complied with his double request; and as the traveller was not very skilful in mending the chain, she called her servant, one Grossetete, who, accordingly, mended the chain, and assisted in putting the spur on the boot. The three other horsemen during this time had dismounted at one Champeaux's, an innkeeper, and took something to drink, while he conducted the horse and horseman to the village smith, a man named Motteau. When the horse was shod, the four travellers went to the café of the woman Chatelain, where they played some games at billiards. At half-past seven o'clock, after taking a stirrup-cup with the innkeeper, to whose house they returned for their horses, they mounted and rode off towards Melun.

On going in, Champeaux saw on a table a sabre, which one of the travellers had forgotten to put in his belt; he wished his stable-boy to run after them, but they were already out of sight. It was not until an hour afterwards, that the traveller to whom the weapon belonged, and who was the same who had mended his spur, returned at full gallop for it. He then drank a glass of brandy, and set off at full speed in the direction taken by his companions. At this moment the mail courier from Paris to Lyons arrived to change horses. It was then about half-past eight o'clock, and the night had been for some time dark. The courier, after having changed horses, and taken a fresh postilion, set out to pass the long forest of Lenart. The mail at this period was a sort of postchaise, with a large trunk behind containing the despatches. There was one place only open to the public, at the side of the courier. It was on the present occasion occupied by a man about thirty years of age, who had that morning taken his place to Lyons in the name of Laborde, silk merchant.

The next morning the mail was found rifled; the courier dead in his seat, with one wound right through his heart, and his head cut nearly off; and the postilion lying on the road, also dead, his head cut open, his right hand divided, and his breast wounded in three places. The postilion's wounds were evidently inflicted by sabres, wielded by two persons. One horse only was found near the carriage. The mail had been robbed of 75,000 livres in assignats, silver, and bank bills.

The officers of justice, in their researches, immediately discovered that five persons had passed through the barrier of Rambouillet, proceeding to Paris between four and five o'clock in the morning after the murder. The horse ridden by the postilion was found wandering about the Place Royale; and they ascertained that four horses, covered with foam, and quite exhausted, had been brought about five o'clock in the morning to a man named Muiron, Rue des Fosses-Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, by two persons who had hired them the evening before. These two persons were, a man named Bernard, and Couriol. Bernard was immediately arrested; Couriol escaped.

In the course of the inquiry, it became evident that the criminals must have been five in number. A description was obtained of the four persons who had ridden from Paris and stopped at Mongeron and Lieursaint, from the many persons with whom they had conversed on the road. A description was also obtained of the man who had taken his place with the courier under the name of Laborde, from the clerk at the coach office, and from those who had seen him take his seat.

Couriol was traced to Chateau Thierry, where he lodged in the house of one Bruer, with whom, too, Guesno, the carrier of Douai, was also staying. The police proceeded there, and arrested Couriol: in his possession was found a sum of money in assignats, drafts, and money, equal to about a fifth of what had been taken from the mail. Guesno and Bruer were also taken into custody, but they proved alibis so distinctly, that they were discharged as soon as they arrived in Paris.

The Bureau Central intrusted to one Daubenton, the *juge de paix* of the division of Pont-Neuf, and an officer of the judicial police, the preliminary investigations in this affair. This magistrate, after discharging Guesno, had told him to apply at his office the next morning for the return of his papers, which had been seized at Chateau Thierry; at the same time, he had ordered a police officer, named Heudon, to set out immediately for Mongeron and Lieursaint, and to bring back with him the witnesses, of whom he gave a list, so as to have them altogether the next day at the central office, ready to be examined.

Guesno, being desirous to obtain his papers as soon as possible, left home earlier than usual; just before he reached the central office, he met his friend Lesurques. They conversed together, and Guesno having explained the cause which took him to the office of the Juge de Paix, proposed that he should accompany him. They went to the office, then at the hotel now occupied by the Prefect de Police; and as Citizen Daubenton had not yet arrived, they sat down in the antechamber, on purpose to wait his arrival, and be more speedily released.

About ten o'clock, the Juge de Paix, who had entered his room by a back-door, was interrupted in his perusal of the documents, before examining the witnesses, by the officer Heudon, who said, "Among the witnesses there are two, the woman Santon, servant of Evrard, the innkeeper at Mongeron, and the girl Grossetete, servant of the woman Chatelain, the lemonade-seller at Lieursaint, who declare in the most precise manner that two of the assassins were waiting in the antechamber. They said they could not be mistaken, as one of them had waited at the dinner of the four travellers at Mongeron, and the other had conversed with them at Lieursaint, and had remained more than an hour in the room while they played at billiards."

The Juge de Paix, not believing this improbable statement, ordered the two women to be introduced separately. He then examined each of them, when they energetically repeated their statement, and said that they could not be mistaken. He then, after warning the women that life and death depended on their answers, had Guesno brought into his room. "What," said the Juge, "do you want here?". "I come," replied Guesno, "for my papers, which you promised to restore to me yesterday. I am accompanied by one of my friends from Douai, my native place. His name is Lesurques. We met on the road, and he is waiting for me in the other room.

The Juge de Paix then ordered the other person pointed out by the two women to be introduced. This was Lesurques. He conversed with him and Guesno for a few minutes, requested them to walk into another room, where their papers would be brought to them, and privately told Heudon not to lose sight of them. When they had left the room, the magistrate again asked the women if they persisted in their previous declarations; they did persist; their evidence was taken down in writing, and the two friends were immediately arrested.

From this time the proceedings were pressed on with great speed. Guesno and Lesurques, when confronted by the witnesses, were recognised by almost all. The woman Santon asserted that it was Lesurques who, after dinner at Mongeron, wished to pay in assignats, but that the tall dark man (Couriol) paid in silver. Champeaux and his wife, the innkeepers at Lieursaint, recognised Lesurques as the man who had mended his spur and returned for his sabre. Lafolie, the stable-boy at Mongeron, and a female named Alfroy, a florist at Lieursaint, also recognised him. Laurent Charbant, a labourer who had dined in the same room with the four horsemen, deposed that he was the one who had spurs affixed to his boots, hussar fashion.

On the day of his arrest, Lesurques wrote to his friends the following letter, which was intercepted, and added to the legal documents:—"My friend, since my arrival in Paris, I have experienced nothing but troubles, but I did not expect the misfortune which now overwhelms me. Thou knowest me, and thou knowest whether I am capable of degrading myself by crime; yet the most frightful of crimes is imputed to me. I am accused of the murder of the courier to Lyons. Three men and two women, whom I know not, nor even their abode (for thou knowest that I have never left Paris), have had the assurance to declare that they remembered me, and that I was the first who rode up on horseback. Thou knowest that I have never mounted a horse since I arrived in Paris. Thou wilt see of what vital import to me is such testimony as this which tends to my judicial assassination. Assist me with thy memory, and try to remember where I was and what persons I saw in Paris—I think it was the 7th or 8th of last month—so that I may confound these infamous calumniators, and punish them as the laws direct."

At the bottom of this letter were written the names of the persons he had seen on that day: Citizen Tixier, General Cambrai, Mademoiselle Eugenie, Citizen Hilaire, Ledru, his wife's hair-dresser, the workmen engaged on his apartments, and the porter of the house. He concluded by saying, "thou wilt oblige by seeing my wife often, and trying to console her."

Lesurques, Guesno, Couriol, Bernard, Richard, and Bruer, were tried before the criminal tribunal: the three first as authors or accomplices of the assassination and robbery; Bernard for having supplied the four horses; Richard for having concealed Couriol and his mistress Madeleine Breban, and for having concealed and divided all or part of the stolen property; Bruer for having received Couriol and Guesno in his house at Chateaux Thierry. In the course of the trial, the witnesses who pretended to recognise Guesno and Lesurques persisted in their declarations. Guesno and Bruer produced evidence that completely cleared them. Guesno proved his alibi in the most distinct manner, and thus insured his acquittal. Lesurques called fifteen witnesses, all citizens, exercising respectable professions, and enjoying the esteem of the public. He appeared at the bar with remarkable confidence and calmness. The first witness for the defence was Citizen Legrand, a countrymen of Lesurques, a wealthy silversmith and jeweller. He testified that, on the 8th, the very day the crime was committed, Lesurques passed one part of the morning with him. In addition, Aldenof, a jeweller, and Hilaire Ledru Chausfer, affirmed that they had dined with the prisoner on the same day at his relation's, Lesurques, in the Rue Montorquiel. They stated, that after dinner they went to a café, and after taking some liqueur, had seen him to his own house.

The painter, Beudart, added, that he meant to have dined with his friends, but that being on duty as a National Guard, he could not arrive in time, but that he had been at Lesurques's house the same evening in uniform, and had seen him retire to rest. In support of this deposition, this witness produced his billet-de-gard, dated the 8th. The workmen who were employed on the apartments Lesurques was about to occupy, deposed that they had seen him several times in the course of the 8th and 9th.

The jeweller Legrand, to corroborate his testimony, had stated, that on the day, the 8th Floreal (27th April), he had before dinner made an exchange with Aldenof, or, at any rate, that it was mentioned in his book on that day. He proposed that his book should be brought. It was examined in court, and discovered that the 9th had been clumsily scratched out, and the 8th substituted. This at once changed the favourable impression which had been produced in favour of the prisoner, and the witness was ordered into custody. He then lost all his presence of mind, and owned that he was not certain of having seen Lesurques on that day, but that, feeling convinced of his innocence, he had altered his register to corroborate his own testimony. This circumstance produced the most unfavourable effect on the judges; but in spite of the dark complexion of his case, Lesurques continued to maintain his innocence.

The discussions and examinations were closed, and the jury had retired to deliberate. At this moment, a woman, in a violent state of excitement, called aloud from the midst of the crowd in the court, for leave to speak to the president. She was, she said, urged by the voice of conscience, to save the tribunal from committing a dreadful crime. On being placed before the judge, she declared that Lesurques was innocent; that the witnesses had mistaken him for a man of the name of Dubosq, to whom he bore an extraordinary resemblance. This woman was Madeleine Breban, the mistress of Couriol, and the confidant of his most secret thoughts; who now abandoned him, and avowed her own guilt to save Lesurques.

Madeleine Breban's evidence was rejected, and the jury brought in their verdict, by which Couriol, Lesurques, and Bernard, were condemned to death. Richard was sentenced to 24 years' labour in irons; Guesno and Bruer were acquitted.*

No sooner had sentence been pronounced, than Lesurques, rising calmly, and addressing his judges,

* At that period the sentence was part of the jury's verdict.

said, "I am innocent of the crime imputed to me. Ah! citizens, if murder on the highway be atrocious, to execute an innocent man is not less a crime." Couriol then rose, and exclaimed, "I am guilty; I own my crime; but Lesurques is innocent; and Bernard did not participate in the assassination!" He repeated these words four times, and on returning to his prison, wrote a letter to his judges, full of anguish and repentance, in which was this passage: "I never knew Lesurques. My accomplices were Vidal, Rossi, Durochat, and Dubosq. The resemblance of Dubosq has deceived the witnesses."

Madeleine Breban presented herself, after sentence had been pronounced, to renew her declaration. Two parties attested that, before the condemnation of the prisoners, Madeleine had said to them that Lesurques had never had any connexion with the guilty parties, that he was the victim of his fatal likeness to Dubosq. The declaration of Couriel caused some doubt in the minds of the judges. They immediately applied to the Directory for a reprieve, who, alarmed at the probability of an innocent man being executed, applied to the legislative assemblies, for all judicial means had been exhausted. The message of the Directory to the "Five Hundred" was urgent. It requested a reprieve, and instructions on the subsequent steps to be taken. The legislative body, however, refused to interfere, on the grounds that, to annul a *sentence legally pronounced by a jury, would subvert all ideas of justice and of equality before the law!*

The right of pardon had been abolished. Lesurques was left without help or hope. He bore his fate with firmness and resignation. On the day of his death he wrote his wife the following letter:—"My dear friend, we cannot avoid our fate. I shall, at any rate, endure it with the courage which becomes a man. I send some locks of my hair; when my children are older, divide it with them. It is the only thing that I can leave them."

In a letter of adieu addressed to his friends, he merely observed—"Truth has not been heard; I shall die the victim of mistake."

He published in the newspapers the following letter to Dubosq, whose name had been revealed by Couriol:—"Man, in whose place I am to die, be satisfied with the sacrifice of my life; if you be ever brought to justice, think of my three children, covered with shame, and of their mother's despair, and do not prolong the misfortunes of so fatal a resemblance."

On the 10th of March 1797, Lesurques went to the place of execution dressed completely in white, as a symbol of his innocence, with his shirt turned over his shoulders. The day was Holy Thursday (old style). He expressed his regret at not having to die the next day, the anniversary of the Passion. On the way from the prison of the Concierge to the place of the Greve, where criminals were executed, Couriol, who was seated in the car beside him, cried in a loud voice, addressing himself to the people, "I am guilty, but Lesurques is innocent!"

When he reached the scaffold, already red with the blood of Bernard, Lesurques gave himself up to the executioners, saying, "I pardon my judges; the witnesses, whose mistake has murdered me; and Legrand, who has not a little contributed to this judicial assassination. I die protesting my innocence." The unfortunate Lesurques then submitted to his fate.

Many of the jury afterwards expressed their regret at having given credit to the witnesses from Mongeron and Lieursaint; and Citizen Daubenton, the Juge de Paix, who had arrested Lesurques, and conducted the first proceedings, resolved to investigate the truth, which could only be satisfactorily done through the arrest and trial of the four persons denounced by Couriol as his accomplices.

Two years elapsed without the conscientious magistrate being able, in spite of all his inquiries, to discover the slightest trace of the fugitives. At length, in examining the numerous warrants and registers of prisoners daily brought to his bureau, he discovered that Durochat, the individual whom Couriol had denounced as the one who had taken his place by the side of the courier, under the name of Laborde, had just been arrested for a robbery he had lately effected, and lodged in St Pelagie. At the time of Lesurques's trial, it had come out in evidence that several persons, amongst others an inspector of the post-mails, had preserved a perfect recollection of the pretended Laborde; having seen him when waiting for the mail.

Citizen Daubenton, by great exertions, secured the presence of the inspector in the court on the day of Durochat's trial. He was condemned to fourteen years' labour in chains; and as the gens-d'armes were conducting him to prison, the inspector recognised the prisoner as the same person who had travelled in the mail towards Lyons under the name of Laborde, on the day on which the courier was assassinated.

Durochat made but feeble denials, and was re-conducted to the Conciergerie, where Citizen Daubenton had him immediately detained, under a charge arising out of the proceedings against Couriol. The next morning the magistrate, assisted by Citizen Masson, an officer of the criminal tribunal, took means for transferring the prisoner to the prisons of Melun, where he arrived the same evening. After being examined early the next morning, it was found necessary to transfer him to Versailles, where he was to be tried. The magistrate and the officer set out, followed by two gens-d'armes, to convey the prisoner to Versailles. While on the journey, and in a moment of compunction, he confessed the whole affair. The true criminals, he stated, were Couriol, Rossi, alias Beroldy, Vidal, himself, and Dubosq. "I have heard," he added, "that there was a fellow named Lesurques condemned for this business; but, to tell the truth, I never knew the fellow either at the planning of the business, or at its execution, or at the division of the spoil." To this confession Durochat afterwards adhered. The magistrate present at his examination observed to him, that Lesurques had been sworn to as one of the party of four, and also that he had silver spurs on his boots, which he had been seen to repair with thread, and that this spur had been found on the place where the mail had been attacked. Durochat replied, "It was Dubosq who had the silver spurs. The morning we divided the plunder, I remember hearing that he had broken one of the chains of his spurs; that he had mended it where he dined, and lost it in the scuffle. I saw in his hand the other spur, which he said he was going to throw into the mixen." Durochat then described Dubosq, and added, that on the day of the murder he wore a blonde wig.

Some days after the arrest of Durochat, Vidal, one of the other authors of the crime, was also arrested. Although all the witnesses swore to him as one of the party who had dined and played at billiards, he denied everything. Special proceedings were instituted against him, and he remained a prisoner in the prisons of La Seine.

Durochat was condemned to death and executed. He underwent his fate with perfect indifference. Vidal was shut up in the principal prison of Seine and Oise, where the prosecution commenced at Paris was carried on.

Towards the end of the year 8 (1799–1800), four years after the assassination of the courier, Dubosq, having been arrested for a robbery in the department of Allier, where he had retired under a false name, was recognised in the prisons, brought to Paris, and thence to Versailles, to be tried at the same time as Vidal before the criminal tribunal. Dubosq, however, contrived to escape from prison, and left his companion Vidal, who was tried alone, condemned, and executed.

At length, in the latter part of the year 9 (1800–1801), Dubosq was again arrested, and immediately brought before the criminal tribunal of Versailles. The president had ordered a blonde wig to be placed on his head before the witnesses were called in. "The Citizen Perault, a member of the Legislative Assembly, and one of those who had seen the four cavaliers who had dined at Mongeron on the day of the murder of the courier, and who had recognised Lesurques as one of them, stated that there was a striking resemblance between Dubosq and Lesurques." The woman Alfroy, who had before sworn to Lesurques as one of the four, declared that she was mistaken in her evidence before the tribunal de la Seine, and that she was now firmly convinced that it was not Lesurques, but Dubosq, that she had seen. To this evidence Dubosq replied by stubborn denials; but he was unanimously condemned, and was executed the 3d Ventose, in the year 10 (22d February, 1802). At length, the last of the accomplices denounced by Couriol and Durochat—Rossi, otherwise Ferrari, or the Great Italian, whose real name was Beroldy—was discovered near Madrid, and given up at the request of the French government. Having been tried and sentenced to death at Versailles, he testified the utmost penitence, and went to execution, receiving religious attentions from Monsieur de Grandpré. After the execution, Monsieur de Grandpré stated to the president, that he had been authorised by the criminal to confess the justice of his sentence; and a written confession was deposited to that effect.

Thus terminated this long judicial drama. Ferrari, otherwise Rossi, was the sixth executed as one of the authors or accomplices in the murder of the Lyons courier, besides Richard, who was condemned to the galleys for having received the stolen property, and for having concealed Couriol, and afterwards assisted him to fly. Yet it was most distinctly proved, in the course of the trials, that there were only five murderers—the one who, under the name of Laborde, had taken his place beside the courier, and the four horsemen who rode on the horses hired by Bernard, dined at Mongeron, and took coffee and played at billiards at Lieursaint.

The widow and family of Lesurques, relying on the facts adduced at the trial, and supported by the declarations of Couriol and Durochat, the confessions of Rossi and Vidal, and the retractions of the witnesses in Dubosq's trial, applied for a revision of the sentence so far as concerned Lesurques, in order to obtain a *rehabilitation* (a judicial declaration of his innocence, and the restoration of his property), if he should be proved the victim of an awful judicial error.

The Citizen Daubenton devoted the latter part of his life, and the greater part of his fortune, to the discovery of the truth. In the conclusion of his memoir, he declared, that, according to his conviction, there were sufficient grounds to induce the government to order a revision of Lesurques's sentence. But the right of revision no longer existed in the French code. Under the Directory, the Consulate, and the Restoration, the applications of the widow and family of Lesurques were equally unsuccessful. All that the family could obtain was the restoration, in the two last years of the reign of the elder Bourbons, of part of the property sequestrated according to the law in force at the time of Lesurques's execution.

Since the revolution of 1830, the Lesurques family have again appealed to the Chambers. In the session of 1834, a report in favour of the claims of the family was made by a committee who sat upon their case. The case was then sent back for the consideration of the Minister of Justice and the Minister of Finance. Since that step, the question has remained in abeyance. The widow of Lesurques died in the month of October of this year (1842). His eldest son fell fighting in the ranks of the French army. A son and daughter only remain, whom their mother, on her death-bed, enjoined to continue the pious labour which she had commenced the day when her husband perished on the scaffold.

POEMS OF MR THOMAS POWELL.

THE followers of poesy are exposed to strange accidents of fortune. It seems as if their admission to favour, as in the case of courtiers generally, depended much more on chance, circumstance, and caprice, than on the solid foundation of true service and real deserving. For example, compare the literary lot of Michael Bruce with that of others who, like him, have entered the train of the muses. Bruce had certainly considerable talents, and of his small collection of verses a few pieces possess much beauty. He has been rewarded for them by a place, not a high but a permanent one, in the annals of poesy. Happy his fate in this respect! At the present day, only half a century or so later, the same amount of poetical merit will prove totally inefficient in giving a man a place in the temple of fame—even in its porch—or on the ledges of its very window-recesses. What is the cause of this? Is not true poetry the same thing to-day which it was yesterday, or in the time of old Homer? The solution of this enigma is in some respects easy. The time makes all the difference. Fifty years ago, the muse had few servants, and a share of favour could not but fall even to those among them of but moderate merit. Now, she has crowds of earnest and devoted worshippers, and, like an admired beauty, grows haughty, and values her smiles too highly to bestow them even on all the deserving. Verse-writers in these days may well wish that they had changed eras with their grandsires.

A new volume of poetry has led us into this train of thinking. It is one simply entitled, "Poems, by Thomas Powell;" and this simplicity is further carried out by the absence of all the ordinary prefacings and introducings.* The contents of the volume are of a high order of merit—so high, indeed, that we should think we were making a discovery of a remarkable unknown genius to the world, did we not know that many such songs are piped every day in vain, as far as fame is concerned. Mr Powell is one of the contributors to a recent volume of poems modernised from Chaucer, amongst which his version of the "Flower and the Leaf" appears to us a perfect gem. Let us see of what material his own poetry is composed. A small piece, entitled the Harp and the Poet, is as follows:—

"The wind, before it woos the harp,
Is but the wild and tuneless air;
Yet as it passes through the chords,
Changes to music rare.

And so the poet's soul converts
The common things that round him lie
Into a gentle voice of song—
Divinest harmony.

Sweet harp and poet, framed alike
By God, as his interpreters,
To breathe aloud the silent thought
Of everything that stirs."

Another little piece, containing a thought finely developed, may please the reader. The greatest defect of modern poetry is the want of mind—substantial thought. We would not have the style of the Pope era revived, when every line of verse conveyed some rhetorical stroke, or was loaded with a moral axiom, and pictures for the fancy were things condemned; but we would have verse-writers to try to convey instructive sentiment with mere description somewhat more than they do. Here we have images with a good lesson:—

INSTINCTS.

"Heaven gave the bee desire for sweets,
Nor heaven denies her flowers;
The thirsty land for moisture waits,
Nor heaven withholds its showers.
No sooner are the babe's alarms
To mother's ears express'd,
He finds a shelter in her arms—
His solace at her breast.

Nor are the instincts of the heart
Less subjects of heaven's care;
Nor would it sympathies impart
Merely to perish there—
The heart that yearns for kindred mind
To share its bless or pain;
That knows to love, shall surely find
A heart that loves again."

The piece which follows is a superstructure upon an exquisite lyric of George Herbert, two verses of which are retained:—

ALL THINGS PERISH SAVE VIRTUE.

"Sweet morn—so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

* Poems, by Thomas Powell. London: Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange. 1842.

'Sweet rose'—whose fragrance now I crave,
To glad my sense and joy mine eye,
'Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.'

Sweet spring—so full of shine and showers,
It makes the weary spirit sigh,
To think, with all thy herbs and flowers,
That thou must die.

Sweet music—e'en the lovely song
Which from my harp in window nigh
Is floating on the breeze along,
E'en thou must die.

And all the bright and glistering train
Of stars that stud the deep blue sky
Must they all perish—none remain
To glad the eye?

And vales, and fields, and rushing streams,
And mountains that invade the sky,
Are they as baseless as our dreams?
And must they die?

And all that's beautiful and fair
On Nature's face—love's melody,
That makes sweet music of the air,
All—all must die!

And man, frail form of senseless clay,
Tho' now his glance is proud and high,
Perchance upon this passing day
He too may die!

But the bright soul?—*that*, shrined within—
The quenchless light in mortal form—
Tho' dimm'd by misery and sin,
Defies the worm.

When all the stars shall fade away,
And suns in their own blaze expire,
And trackless comets cease to stray
With wand'ring fire,

The soul shall ever live, nor know
The lapse of time, but dwell on high,
And share—in endless joy or woe—
Eternity."

We close our extracts with the following stanzas from an impassioned poem on "the hills:—

THE HILLS.

"The hills! the hills! the green and lofty hills!
High towers of earth, aye stretching towards the skies;
First lighted beacons of the sun, that fills
The world, and telling that his glories rise!
Acries to which the wearied spirit flies:
Pure regions of the fresh untainted gale;
Type of the heaven to which I raise mine eyes,
When earth and all its pleasures fade and fail;
Companions of the clouds, and shelterers of the vale.

The hills! the hills! the bright and snow-clad hills!
The first to feel the influence of heaven!
Ye treasuries of the pure and crystal rills
That God to glad the heart of man hath given.
Dark nurses of the earthquake that has riven
The proudest, strongest palaces of man,
When his weak might with Time itself hath striven,
And vainly made eternity his plan,
Ye stand as ye have stood since first the world began.

The hills! the hills! the freedom-breathing hills,
Mothers and nourishers of glorious deed:
Inspirers of the patriot's love that fills
The heart, and makes his common thoughts the seed
Of acts the slave would tremble but to read!
For still the mountain-born at Freedom's shrine
(Freedom, that dwells not on Italia's mead)
Lisps his first prayer! Freedom, the hills are thine!
Upon their crest thou stand'st—the deathless and divine!"

Though we have commended Mr Powell for the fine and thoughtful tone of his pieces, we must also say, since reviewers are nothing if not critical, that he is perhaps too uniformly sombre in his reflections. He is a poet, nevertheless, of much merit, and one who, if there are still any readers of poetical volumes left, may to such be confidently commended.

THE "DRENCHING SYSTEM."

THE barbarous system prevalent in this country, of charging for drugs instead of for medical services, is productive of much evil. It arose in this way:—The London College of Physicians, instead of becoming a great and useful institution for the benefit of the country—by spreading abroad, on a liberal principle, a sufficiency of proper medical practitioners to guard the health of the community—unfortunately degenerated into a narrow-minded clique of metropolitan physicians; and the English universities, not being fitted originally, and failing to adapt themselves to the circumstances of the profession, have never been able to supply a stock of graduates in medicine suitable to the wants of the country. In consequence of the shortcomings of the universities and of the college, the druggists (apothecaries) commenced the practice of medicine, putting their charges for their medical skill, such as it was, upon their drugs. Their successors are now the general practitioners of England, who still charge for their medicines, while the present race of "chemists and druggists" occupy the position originally held by the apothecaries. The system of charging for drugs is one of the greatest of the evils—as Dr Johnson agreed before the committee of the House of Commons—that affect the profession. The people of England swallow more drugs than any other nation, and have come to attach such a false value to medicines, that the druggist now-a-days, instead of charging the market price for his wares, like other tradesmen, charges after the manner of the "apothecary," as if the *drugs* possessed a virtue which exists only in their proper administration. It is evident, too, that the less a practitioner knows of a disease, the more drugs shall he have to administer for it, and consequently the more pay to receive for its treatment; for, unless he can remove the cause of it, he will administer some nostrum for each of its symptoms, which nostrums may but tend to complicate and perpetuate the mischief. It would be as proper to pay a practitioner for the gruel his patients drink, as to reward him for the medicines they consume. Medicines are substances given in quantities necessarily small, and their intrinsic value is generally so trifling, that the labour of putting them together is of more account than the materials themselves. Sensible people must submit to the barbarous usages of the apothecaries from custom, not from reason. But how are the evil effects of the "drenching system," as it is called, to be obviated? By preventing medical men from dispensing drugs, as some reformers would have it? Certainly not: that would be unjust; for, if others are allowed to dispense medicines, why should the very men whose business it is to direct the administration of them, be hindered from dispensing them, especially when it is allowed that it is absolutely necessary for them to do so in many circumstances? A surgeon is his own apothecary in the services, and on board of ship, as well as his own physician; so must he be in rural situations; but even in great towns it is necessary for him to administer drugs from his own pocket occasionally; and he must often, everywhere, to insure the exact fulfilment of his own intentions, make up his medicines himself, or have them made up under his personal superintendence. As a remedy, it is submitted that, while medical practitioners cannot be prevented, in common with other citizens, from selling drugs if they choose, they should not be allowed, more than other people, to charge more for drugs than their intrinsic worth, their market value; and that they should be, at the same time, empowered by law to sue for a fair remuneration for medical care or attendance. The system of charging for medicines instead of for medical skill is, as Dr Birkbeck says, a deception; but it is also a custom of the country, and as such, must wear out gradually; legislation cannot suddenly stop the deception, but it can divest it of legal sanction, and thus accelerate its gradual lapse into desuetude. Under the arrangement proposed, general practitioners would come to dispense drugs only in such circumstances as rendered it necessary for them to do so; the people would more rapidly perceive that drugs were not specifics; and, in the main, the mere dispensing of drugs would, as a business, become disassociated, as it ought, from the profession of medicine. The druggists, too, on this system, would gradually become less able to sell drugs as if medical skill accompanied them; and for this want of emolument from an illegitimate source, they would be recompensed by an increased amount of dispensing. The system, being founded on reason, has the advantage of adapting itself to all the circumstances of the case.—*Spectator.*

RECENT WONDERS OF STEAM.

STEAM AS A MINER.

THE following is a description of the wonderful machine called the "Yankee Geologist," which has recently obtained great celebrity in the United States, for performances which, for their extraordinary nature, and the peculiar manner in which they are described, will give them almost an air of romance; but, nevertheless, having reason to believe the "Yankee Geologist" to be an extraordinary invention, and capable of astonishing deeds, if not of all that is here set forth, I consider a notice of it sufficiently interesting to be deserving a place in your columns:—"We paid a flying visit on Saturday last to Otis' steam-excavator, in Brooklyn, where it is at work digging down the hill formerly known as Fort Green, and filling up the shallow inlet and quagmire entitled the Wallabout, or so much of it as lies above the old road to Flushing. The 'Yankee Geologist' is surely a great curiosity. He walks right into a mountain as though it were a plate of hot cakes, and dips up a cart-load at a shovelful as fast as you please. He cuts right and left a path some six rods wide through the hill, and then takes a new swath. He is locomotive, and advances by his own steam-power, whenever the earth has receded before him; grades and stakes down for himself; and only requires one man to shovel and another to look after the fire and engine, though one or two others are generally required to smooth the track before him, &c., besides tending the carts, which approach to be filled on one rail track, and go off loaded by another. If he comes to a stone weighing only a ton or such a matter, the 'Geologist' 'makes no bones' of it, but pitches it into the cart like a peck of gravel; if he comes to a stone weighing some four or five tons, he takes him up more carefully, and lays him out on the other side of his path. All this is effected by an immense shovel with a sliding bottom, at the end of an immense and complicated arm, worked by much ingenious and novel machinery. The inventor is now dead; the company had spent 30,000 dollars upon the invention, before the first machine was made, and much more afterwards. The patent, which is now secured throughout Europe, is probably worth 1,000,000 dollars. An excavator complete, costs about 6000 dollars, and will dig and load 1000 cubit yards of earth per day—equal to the labour of 150 men; cares nothing for cold or heat, rain or fair weather, but goes ahead, and minds its own business through all."—*Mining Journal.*

STEAM AS A BLACKSMITH.

Although at the late meeting of the British Association in Manchester there were many very interesting specimens of mechanism exhibited, there was, nevertheless, one in particular, which threw all others completely into the shade, when considered either as to the novelty of the invention, or its evident practical applicability to the every-day concerns of life, and may with truth be said to have been "the lion of the exhibition;" namely, a machine for the working or forging of iron, steel, &c. This truly surprising machine is quite portable, occupying only a space of three feet by four feet, and cannot be deemed other, even by the most critical judges, than one as purely original in principle, as well as practical in its application; as much so, perhaps, as was the splendid invention of the fluted roller of Arkwright, by which the art and perfection of drawing the fibrous substances became known; or that other still more splendid discovery of Watt, the condensing of steam in a separate vessel, by which the power of the steam-engine of that day may be said to have been doubled. But now for some explanation of the machine, and its probable general application. It is, then, as has before been said, very portable, not requiring more space than from three to four feet, and may be worked by steam or water power; and when moved by the former, as was the case at the exhibition, made 650 blows or impressions per minute; but from their very quick succession, and the work being effected by an eccentric pressing down, not striking the hammer or swage, not the least noise was heard. There are five or six sets of what may be called anvils and swages in the machine, each varying in size. The speed and correctness with which the machine completes its work is perfectly astonishing, and must be seen in order that its capabilities in this respect may be duly appreciated; for instance, when it was put in motion for the purpose of producing what is known as a roller with a coupling square upon it (and which had to be afterwards turned and fluted), the thing was accomplished in fifty seconds! of course at one heat, to the astonishment of the bystanders. But what appeared the most extraordinary part of the affair was, that the coupling square was produced direct from the machine, so mathematically correct, that no labour can make it more so!!! The machine will perform the labour of three men and their assistants or strikers, and not only so, but complete its work in a vastly superior manner to that executed by manual labour. For engineers, machine makers, smiths in general, file makers, bolt and screw makers, or for any description of work parallel or taper, it is most specially adapted; and for what is technically known as reducing, it cannot possibly have a successful competitor; in proof of which it may be stated, that a piece of round iron, 1¾ inches in diameter, was reduced to a square of 3-8th inches, 2 feet 5 inches long, at one heat. The merit of this invention belongs, it is said, to a gentleman at Bolton, of the name of Ryder.—*Manchester Courier.*

STEAM AS A COW-MILKER.

The "Northern Whig" (Belfast newspaper) announces a steam-impelled machine for this purpose, the invention of a gentleman at Lisburn.

EDUCATION IN INDIA.

[From the "Literary Gazette," Oct. 22, 1842.]

THE anxiety which the higher order of natives in British India have shown within late years to acquire for themselves, and to circulate amongst their countrymen, a knowledge as well of the English language as of every branch of science and literature, is one of the most remarkable events which has occurred throughout that immense empire. It must be obvious to the statesman and philosopher, that every possible encouragement ought to be held out to them, both by the government of the country and by all the learned societies of Great Britain, to persevere in this desirable course of proceeding; and it must therefore be highly gratifying to the public, that the rajah or chief of Travancore—a country which is situated on the south-west side of the southern peninsula of India—has been recently, upon the proposal of the Right Honourable Sir Alexander Johnston, as vice-president of the Royal Asiatic Society of Literature, unanimously elected an honorary member of that society, which at once associates his name, as a promoter of science and literature in his country, with the names of some of the most enlightened sovereigns in Asia and in Europe. The letter, of which the following is a copy, from Sir David Brewster—who is himself so good a judge of scientific merit—to Sir Alexander Johnston, upon the subject, shows how highly deserving the rajah of Travancore is of the honour which the society has conferred upon him, and how good an effect is likely to be produced amongst the natives of India by such a proceeding:—

My dear Sir—It gives me great pleasure to be able to send you some information respecting the great encouragement given to science and education by the rajah of Travancore. This prince is, I believe, only about twenty-six years of age: he was educated by a Brahmin of the name of Soobrow, now his prime minister, who was taught by the celebrated Danish missionary and botanist, Oloas Schwartz. This Brahmin is the author of a well-written tragedy called "Kishun Roorus," published in English at the government press of Trevandrum in 1840.

The rajah has established schools in every village, together with a mathematical school at Trevandrum, and a fine observatory, where regular astronomical and meteorological observations, under the superintendence of an English gentleman of great talents, Mr John Caldecott, with native assistants, are carried on. The rajah publishes annually a large mathematical almanac, computed by his astronomer for the meridian of his capital. I have now before me the volume for 1840, which consists of 300 pages, and would do honour to any metropolis in Europe. You, however, and all those who feel a deep interest in the intellectual improvement of the natives of India, will be gratified to learn that all the computations in this ephemeris have been made by young men, natives of Travancore, who were educated at the rajah's *free* school at Trevandrum. Mr Caldecott, the rajah's astronomer, superintended, of course, all the calculations.

I am in possession of the results of a fine series of *hourly* meteorological observations, made by the same persons, for 1839 and part of 1840, which possess a peculiar interest and value. You will find an account of the observatory, and of the instruments it contains, made by the first English artists, in the *Ephemeris* for 1840.

I earnestly hope that you will succeed in your noble object of establishing a college at Madura, a locality already interesting in Hindoo literature. Trevandrum is so near it, that if you succeed, I am sure you will find a valuable coadjutor in Mr Caldecott, whose science and knowledge, if wanted, and gentlemanlike manners, would fit him for some important situation in it. If I can be of any use in promoting your views in this or any other matter, it would be most gratifying to have an opportunity of doing it.—I am, my dear Sir, ever most faithfully yours—D. BREWSTER.

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MONEY.

WE shall suppose a young man of the style of the young men of the last-century essayists, who were assailed of a morning, as they walked forth into the country, by the two contending goddesses of virtue and vice, each alike eager to secure him as a subject. He is a respectable and well-meaning young man as may be, and having as yet no knowledge of the world, he is anxious to learn the best maxims upon some of the principal concernments of his race, and particularly upon that of money. This he endeavours to do by consulting books and men, his papa and his tutor being included amongst the latter. Our object is to convey some sort of idea of what he learns from these various sources upon the subject in question.

On consulting the oracles of ancient wisdom, he finds a general inclination to pronounce a moderate amount of worldly goods to be quite enough. "Nature furnishes what nature absolutely needs," says Seneca. "That man is not poor," says Horace, "who has the use of necessary things." "Men live best upon a little," says Claudian; "nature has granted to all to be happy, if the use of her gifts be but known." Juvenal is clear that "the care of a large estate is an unpleasant thing." Even to be quite penniless is thought not amiss by some of these sages. "Naked," says the Sabinian bard—what a pretty figure he must have cut if he had done literally what he says—"naked I seek the camp of those who covet nothing: those who require much are ever much in want." And Juvenal does not fail to tell us that "the traveller without a purse laughs in the face of the robber." The same gentleman adds, rather snappishly (of course he was poor himself), "We do not commonly find men of common sense amongst those of the highest fortune." And he at once assumes, that only wealthy ignoramuses ever ridicule the worn and torn doublet, the greasy gown, and rent and patched shoe, of the poor man of talents. These gentlemen are also very severe upon avarice. The miser they hold to be poor amidst the greatest wealth. He wants as much what he has as what he has not. And his vice is constantly on the increase from its gratification. In fact, the ultra rich and careful are a good deal pitied by authors in general, as being a class of men who have no proper enjoyment of life. La Bruyere remarks, that in youth they lay up for age; in age, for death. And Cowley calls out—

> "Why dost thou hoard up wealth, which thou must quit,
> Or, what is worse, be left by it? * *
> Thou dost thyself wise and industrious deem;
> A mighty husband thou wouldst seem.
> Fond man! like a bought slave, thou all the while
> Dost but for others sweat and toil."

Only Horace has the candour to suppose that the hoarder has any pleasure in hoarding. He makes one say, "The people hiss me, but I applaud myself at home when I contemplate my shiners in the chest." Then wealth always appears to our verse-making philosophers so extremely uncertain a possession. "Fortune," according to Seneca, "keeps faith with no one." "Delighted with her cruel occupation," says Horace, "and eager to play her insolent game, she is constantly changing honours from head to head, and her more solid gifts from hand to hand."

> "Fortune as blind as he whom she did lead,
> Changing her feature often in an hour,
> Fantastically carrying her head,
> Soon would she smile, and suddenly would lour;
> And with one breath her words were sweet and sour:
> Upon stark fools she amorously would glance,
> And upon wise men coyly look askance.
> About her neck, in manner of a chain,
> Torn diadems and broken sceptres hung;
> If any on her steadfastly did lean,
> Them to the ground despitefully she flung;
> And in this posture, as she passed along,
> She bags of gold out of her bosom drew,
> Which she to sots and arrant idiots threw."

Thus was she allegorised by our own Drayton. One might almost suppose that the chief reason why these literary people despised her, was her so-dismal want of discrimination. Their spite at "the wealthy fool" has stood from the days of Juvenal down to those of Burns and O'Keefe, and will probably be kept up for a few ages to come. Talent, or even mere virtue, are in their eyes infinitely to be preferred. "The praise of riches and beauty," says Sallust, "is frail and transitory: virtue alone is clear and eternal."

Our young man will find, from a number of other expressions scattered up and down the books of remote and recent times, that money will not stay the hand of death, or even alleviate pain; that there are many diseases which it cannot cure; and that it cannot be carried beyond the grave. He will learn that it exposes to envy, that it tempts to extravagance and vice, and corrupts and destroys the souls of men. Prosperity, he will find, often obscures good qualities, which adversity developes.* He will hear Virgil exclaiming, "Oh, cursed love of gold, to what dost thou not compel the human breast!" and Seneca remarking, with the look of one giving a warning against mortal danger, that poison is generally drunk out of gold. The respectable young man, it will be thought, must begin to be much staggered by all this, and must incline to retire into some wilderness where the filthy lucre was never heard of. But not so fast. He will discover, in the course of his researches, fully as many testimonies to the value and importance of money, albeit sometimes expressed with a slight shade of ironical humour. Let us see.

That very same Augustan minstrel who spoke boldly of going naked to the camp of those who desire nothing, tells us, elsewhere, to make a fortune by honest means if possible, but by all means to make a fortune; that money is to be sought in the first place, and virtue after money; and that all divine and human affairs—virtue, fame, and honour—obey the alluring influence of riches. "Both birth and good conduct," he says, "unless sustained by wealth, are more worthless than tangle." "He is ready to do whatever you wish, who has lost his purse." "Venus and the goddess of eloquence conspire to deck out the monied swain." He speaks of the shame of being poor, and more than insinuates that it is a condition which induces meanness of conduct. How our young man is to reconcile all this with our former quotations, we do not well see. The one remark as to the man who has lost his purse, seems directly to the opposite purpose of that of Juvenal respecting the happiness of not having a purse at all. But there are more puzzling things still, for Juvenal is not consistent with himself. He tells, that whence you have wealth is of no consequence, but it is most important for you to have it. "Every man's credit and consequence is measured exactly by the cash in his chest. The oath of a poor man is not taken, because he is believed to have no sense of religion, and to be unknown to the gods themselves." "Those rise with difficulty," he says, "whose virtues and talents are depressed by poverty." Nay, more—"who," he says, "will embrace even virtue herself, if you take away her rewards?" meaning that good incomes, benefices, places, and pensions, need to go with virtue, in order to give her any chance of being followed by the bulk of mankind: which, again, is quite at issue with an assertion of our James Thomson—

> ——"the generous pride of virtue
> Disdains to weigh too nicely the returns
> Her bounty meets with—like the liberal gods,
> From her own gracious nature she bestows,
> Nor stoops to ask reward."

Juvenal tells us, that "the loss of money is deplored with real tears," and that "poverty must ever be ill to bear, because it makes men ridiculous." "Valour, Peace, Virtue, Faith, and Concord," he adds, "have their temples; but Gold, though it has none, is, nevertheless, the greatest divinity of them all." Clearly, Juvenal might as well have not said a word on the subject, for any light that our young man is to derive from him. It is the same with them all. For every panegyric upon moderation and poverty, there might be adduced an aspiration after wealth, and an assertion of the power which it gives and the pleasure which it purchases. Anacreon, an excellent authority on such a point, makes gold the best friend of love. "Vain is noble birth [younger brothers!], vain worth and wit [poor-devil authors!], in forwarding the lover's suit; so be he wants the glittering metal." Horace himself, who wished to go naked to the tents of the virtuous poor, admits that it has more than the thunder's force; that it makes its way through wakeful guards and even solid walls, and tames the most savage men. "He who has coin," says Petronius Arbiter, "may sail securely; he will get the fairest maid to wife; his verses will be thought beautiful; his pleadings in the courts will be irresistible; his every wish will be gratified; in short, he who has gold, has Jove himself enclosed in his chest." "Wealth gets honour and friends," says Ovid; but "friends are always distant from the unfortunate," adds Seneca. "The smell of gain is good, from whatever it proceeds," said Vespasian, when his son Titus reproached him for a tax upon a somewhat mean commodity. Even the simple happy time which the poets dream of as having once blessed the earth—what name do they give it but the *golden age*? Gold, says Shakspeare by the mouth of Timon,

> ——"will make
> Black, white; foul, fair; wrong, right;
> Base, noble; old, young; cowards, valiant;
> ——bless the accursed,
> Make the hoar leprosy adored; place thieves,
> And give them title, knee, and approbation,
> With senators on the bench."

Hitherto, our young man has chiefly seen the positive part of the subject treated, while the negative has only been glanced at. Let us now follow him in his direct investigations as to poverty. Poverty is generally well spoken of in books. Burns vociferously asks—

> "Is there for honest poverty,
> Wha hangs his head, and a' that?
> The coward slave, we pass him by,
> And dare be poor for a' that."

Cowper addresses the inmates of a poor cottage—

> "I praise ye much, ye meek and patient pair,
> For ye are worthy; choosing rather far
> A dry but independent crust, hard-earned,
> And eaten with a sigh, than to endure
> The rugged frowns and insolent rebuffs
> Of knaves in office."

Here special cases are in question; it is honest poverty in the one, and independent poverty in the other. But throughout the whole of literature, there are seen leanings to the proposition, that virtue generally dwells in humble scenes, and that the frugal hard-working life of the poor man is not merely upon the

* Horace.

whole, but absolutely and in all respects, the happiest. An old English poet puts the case in very sweet verse :

"Ah, what is love? It is a little thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king,
And sweeter too ;
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest loves to frown :
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

His flocks are folded, he comes home at night,
As merry as a king in his delight,
And merrier too ;
For kings bethink them what their state require,
Where shepherds careless carol by the fire ;
Ah then, ah then, &c.

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curd, as doth the king his meat,
And blither too ;
For kings have often fears when they sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup ;
Ah then, ah then, &c.

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound
As doth the king upon his bed of down,
More sounder too ;
For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill ;
Ah then, ah then, &c.

Thus with his wife he spends his year as blithe
As doth the king at every tide or syth,
And blither too ;
For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
When shepherds laugh and love upon the land ;
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?"

Collate this, however, with a passage from "Nature's sternest painter, but the best"—

——"see them rising with the sun,
Through a long course of daily toil to run ;
See them beneath the dogstar's raging heat,
When the knees tremble and the temples beat ;
Behold them leaning on their scythes, look o'er
The labour past, and toils to come explore ;
See them alternate suns and showers engage,
And hoard up aches and anguish for their age ;
Through fens and marshy moors their steps pursue,
When the warm pores imbibe the evening dew.
There you may see the youth of slender frame
Contend with weakness, weariness, and shame ;
Yet urged along, and proudly loath to yield,
He strives to join his fellows in the field ;
Till long-contending nature droops at last,
Declining health rejects the poor repast ;
His cheerless spouse the coming danger sees,
And mutual murmurs urge the slow disease.
Yet grant them health, 'tis not for us to tell,
Though the head droops not, that the heart is well ;
Or will you praise that homely healthy fare,
Plenteous and plain, that happy peasants share ?
Oh ! trifle not with wants you cannot feel,
Nor mock the misery of a stinted meal ;
Homely, not wholesome, plain, yet plenteous, *such*
As you who praise would never deign to touch.
Ye gentle souls who dream of rural ease,
Whom the smooth stream and smoother sonnet please ;
Go, if the peaceful cot your praises share,
Go look within, and ask if peace be there ;
If peace be his—that drooping weary sire ;
Or theirs, that offspring round the feeble fire
Or hers, that matron pale, whose trembling hand
Turns on the wretched hearth the expiring brand."

Or, if suspicion be entertained of anything in ragged lines, read certain statistical epics prepared by certain commissions, snatches of which we have from time to time adopted into these pages.

So much for what has been *said* about money : let us just inquire, for a moment, how the thing itself has *acted* in history. Ask the sage and the poet, and they will tell you of states, like individuals, existing in a simple and uncorrupted state, secure by virtue of their having no wealth to tempt the spoiler ; but was it in the wealthiest times of England that she suffered from the predacious Dane ? Rome was corrupted by wealth, and fell ; but is Turkey falling through that cause ? We hear of poor patriots, who nobly defend their country almost without money. American independence was secured with little cash ; and France fought like a wild cat in 1793, while her assignats were depreciated as low, almost, as copper is below gold. But money is, after all, the only sinews of war that can be very certainly depended on. In the contest which Spain carried on in the sixteenth century for the re-subjugation of the Netherlands, it is acknowledged that the king, though he had the new-discovered Indies at his back, yet chiefly lost ground for want of money. His troops often mutinied for payment of arrears ; parties of them would break away altogether, seize upon some strong place as their headquarters, and plunder the country for their subsistence, paralysing their commander not merely by their absence, but the uncertainty, if active steps were taken, how many of the troops who yet nominally adhered to him would remain. Upon one occasion, from wrath at want of pay, the garrison of a town, which was the key of a series of future operations, abandoned it to the enemy. On the other hand, the Dutch troops, having comparatively regular pay, or, at least, confidence in the anxiety of their employers to settle accounts honestly, never failed in their duty. There were great principles involved in the contest ; but gold gained the victory.

Verily, the soul of our young man must now be a good deal astonished at the various reports from various, and even from the same, quarters—from talk and from fact—with regard to riches and poverty, and also moderation. Nor will his understanding of the subject be much cleared by anything he can learn from his father, tutor, and the living world around him. Moralisers and preachers will tell him that it is dreadful to give up the mind to the pursuit of wealth, and there will be a general echo of the sentiment of Beau Tibbs, that something nice and a little is best ; but the compulsion of human necessities is upon the moralists and preachers themselves, who, having wives requiring dresses, and children clamorous of bread and butter, and finding, further, that philosophy forms no excuse from the payment of Christmas bills, are eager for money at the very moment when they are theoretically declaiming against it. Almost all men of thought and feeling speak highly of virtuous poverty : it is delightful to the human heart to think of happiness and content in simple circumstances, as those of the shepherd, and hence the charm of much pastoral poetry. But while all are willing, theoretically, to praise poverty, none are willing to descend into it. All, on the contrary, are eager to escape from it, as if the chief good lay in the opposite. And there is not a merchant who, in arranging the salaries of his clerks, does not recognise the principle that the larger sum purchases the superior morality as well as the superior talent. Is it possible to draw for our young man anything like reason out of all this mass of confusion ? We shall humbly make the attempt.

It is quite true that little is absolutely necessary for our wants, as the sages have so often said ; meaning thereby our primary wants, or what tends barely to support life. But a great mistake is made in considering these as the whole range of wants. Besides the food and external comfort essential to bare existence, the mental faculties have an endless range of desires, the gratification of which is so much added to the enjoyment of life ; as, for instance, the taste for elegances of all kinds, the appetite for instruction, the delight in exercising influence over, and even in succouring and relieving, one's fellow-creatures. The desire of making fair and pleasing appearances in his person, his home, and all that is his, is one of which the gratification is less important, but it is as natural a want of man's heart as the appetite for food itself. It is no wonder, then, that the maxim as to the sufficiency of a very little has never received the least practical regard from man. He goes on ever eager to acquire, because, generally speaking, each new step in acquisition tends to gratify a newly-developed want of his nature. His acquisitions will not, it is true, save from many of the evils of life, or stay the fell hand of death, or accompany him beyond the grave ; but they will not the less, on that account, obtain many advantages to the healthy living possessor who knows how to make a good use of them ; and this all men feel in their inner nature, though men who set down their thoughts in writing speak generally in a different manner. The sneers and sarcasms at the wealthy, unless where they are really directed against the abuses of wealth, must only be regarded as escapes of bitter feeling on the part of the less fortunate. Riches, in themselves, derogate from no one. It is only when they harden or ensnare the heart, or are attended by the insanity of miserliness, that they are to be justly made a subject of ridicule or censure.

That evil results, in many instances, from wealth, is sufficiently manifest ; but it is not certain, on this account, that virtue is only safe in the midst of penury, or even in moderate circumstances. Nor, because the wealthy are often miserable, is it certain that happiness dwells chiefly with the humble. It may be quite true, that no elevation such as riches bring about, insures perfect purity and amiableness of character, and that content is found nowhere ; and yet there may be a more steady connexion between virtue and easy circumstances, and also between content and easy circumstances, than between the same things and poverty. The poor escape many temptations and many cares which beset the rich ; but, alas ! have they not others of a fiercer kind proper to their own grade ? Let the statistician make answer. It is only, indeed, to be expected, that an increasing ease of circumstances should be, upon the whole, favourable to moral progress, for it is what industry tends to ; and industry is a favoured ordination of heaven, if ever anything on earth could be pronounced to be such.

A little careful examination will show how the fact is so. In narrow circumstances, the more immediately selfish feelings are almost unavoidably called into strong play, and the very means of exercising the more generous feelings are wanting. The improvement which is to be derived from a high cultivation of intellect and taste is almost completely denied. Easy circumstances naturally tend, with the great majority of mankind, to the exactly opposite effects and consequences. It is true that the poor are often as remarkable for genuine kindness to each other as for the constancy and fortitude with which they submit to their many privations ; but it would be preposterous to expect from them either the will or the power to exercise the benevolence which finds play in so many various shapes amongst the affluent. A few candid confessions from men who have passed from the one condition to the other, would, we believe, set this question at rest in a moment. Perhaps in the wish which is naturally felt to think gently of the humbler portion of the community, the *moral* importance of money has never been fully considered. Yet it might be well for that class itself, if this point were made a little more clear. The moral importance of money is, in reality, very great ; and, amongst the wonderful powers which the poets are so fond of ascribing to it, they might have reckoned, with perfect seriousness, that of transforming men from the slave, who thinks only of selfish and present gratifications, into the free, independent, and reflecting being, who, in the very increase of his own wants, finds that he can be more generous to his fellow-creatures. For this reason, there is no revolution in the history of an individual so important, if not in itself, at least in its consequences, as that which takes place at the moment of *the first saving*. The commencement of a deposit in a savings'-bank is the crisis of many a moral destiny ; and this is simply because, from that moment, the individual ceases to be the slavish dependent, looking upward, and having no self-respect, and becomes the independent man, free from all bondage but that of kindness to his fellows, of which he now, for the first time, possesses the means.

Our young man will now see that money, while the possession of it is liable to abuse, and the want of it often is the accompaniment of virtue, while it is possible to attain it at too great a sacrifice, and while it is declaredly powerless to avert many evils, yet is, upon the whole, that desirable thing which mankind have practically, in all ages, confessed it to be, notwithstanding the proclamations of a thousand sages to the contrary. He will think it strange that there should be such importance, and particularly so much moral importance, attached to the "filthy lucre," "the dross," "the base dust of the earth ;" but here he will be only perplexed by words. If he regards it in its true light, as an accredited representative of the materials of God's world, as elaborated and refined by man's labour for man's use, according to the decrees of a benevolent and all-wise Creator, he will be at no loss to see how it is as it is, even while the fact stares him in the face, that it has also been, in all ages, connected with the grossest selfishnesses and vices of mankind.

JOTTINGS FROM THE SANATORY REPORTS.

The Poor-Law Commissioners have published two volumes of local reports from medical and other authorities respecting the circumstances affecting public health in England and Scotland, being, as we apprehend, part of the basis on which Mr Chadwick founded that singular work on public health to which we lately directed attention. These local reports are in general harmonious with the views enforced so powerfully by Mr Chadwick, or rather by the facts which he mosaiced (so to speak) into his book. Everywhere we see the health of large districts affected by wretched filthy confined habitations, unpaved filth-covered streets, open drains, &c., and classes of labouring people made wretched or happy, according as they choose to spend their earnings on the means of intemperance or otherwise. We can only hope, from such a confused mass of information, to select a few bits which, from their peculiar pithiness, may be expected to be perused with some degree of interest.

Against those who, with Dr Alison of Edinburgh, affirm that contagious fever is not engendered by a tainted atmosphere, we think we have never seen a fact more confounding than one adduced by Dr Baker in the report on Derby. There is in the outskirts of that town a street called Litchurch Street, occupied by working people, and consisting of fifty-four uniformly-built houses on the north side. In the six adjoining houses in the middle of this row, in the winter of 1837–8, sixteen persons had typhus fever, of whom five died, while the families in the remaining forty-eight houses were comparatively healthy. Here was a striking instance of the localised virulence of fever ; and it became important to ascertain the causes. It was found that, at the back of the houses, a ditch ran along through the gardens, being that which was formerly used for the natural moisture of the ground. Behind all the houses, but the six in question, this ditch was covered ; behind the six, it was open. The other forty-eight houses had all of them regular sinks and drains connecting with a proper sewer. The six had not, but sent their refuse of all kinds into the open ditch, which was full of stagnant nastiness. Could there be any doubt, in such a case, as to cause and effect ?

When James VI. of Scotland was about to return from Denmark with his young wife to Edinburgh, he wrote a most pathetic letter to the magistrates of that city, intreating that they would have the "middings" cleared away from the principal street, that the queen and her friends might not contract a mean idea of the country in which she was henceforth to live. We believe he added some other requests ; but still, the one great subject was uppermost in his mind, and he concluded with a renewed intreaty that they would attend to the various topics of his letter, "but particularly the middings." We look back to this as only a good joke against ancient times ; but, strange to say, there are still many hundreds of streets in Great Britain nearly as much defiled with refuse of all kinds as the "Hie Gait" of our northern capital was at the end of the sixteenth century. In Manchester, there are many unpaved undrained streets, upon which the inhabitants throw out slops, offal, and filth, and which no scavenger ever enters, except the pig and dog, whose services are here gratefully acknowledged by Dr Lyon. These are but samples of others in the larger towns, particularly those which contain factories. The older and denser places are imperfectly drained from of old,

and ill-scavengered apparently from indifference. The newer streets have rushed up as building speculations, without any system of draining and paving being enforced. Thus both classes of streets are bad.

The reporter from Manchester, Dr R. B. Howard, expresses, however, his belief, that the "human miasms" generated in over-crowded and ill-ventilated rooms, are a more frequent and efficient cause of fever than the malaria arising from collections of refuse and want of drainage. "I have been led," he says, "to this conclusion, from having remarked that fever has generally prevailed more extensively in those houses where the greatest numbers are crowded together, and where ventilation was most deficient, although the streets in which they are situated may be well-paved, drained, and tolerably free from filth, than in those where there was less crowding, notwithstanding their being placed in the midst of nuisances giving rise to malaria." On this point, we should like to ascertain if the latter were not the more free from destitution; for it is pretty well made out, that sufficient food and exercise fortify, to some extent, against the effects of impure air, while a deficiency in these respects form predisposers to those diseases of which the impure air is, in our opinion, the proximate or most immediate cause. On the subject of over-crowding, many facts are presented in these volumes. For instance, an Irishman employed as watchman at Mr Walker's silk-mill at Patricroft, near Manchester, and who had a house of three small rooms, was asked by his master if he could give a temporary lodging to a few new hands. Paddy regretted that he had not room, and added, "Faith, I turned out thirty of them to the mills this morning!" The reporter from Norfolk and Suffolk, Mr Twisleton, describes four classes of cottages as prevailing among the rural labouring people. The first are of one apartment, generally occupied by not more than two persons. The second, which are a very extensive class among labourers, consist of two rooms, one above the other, the lower being a kitchen and parlour, the upper a bed-room for the *whole family*, a system of things of which it is unnecessary to particularise the evil results. The next, or third class, have the addition of a small out-house behind, where washing and some other domestic duties are performed, and which of course tends to make the front low room more clean and decent. The fourth class have two rooms below and two above, which may be considered ample accommodation, unless where the family is unusually large. There are instances where labouring families, no way superior to their neighbours, occupy the better sort of cottages; but, generally, it is found that having a tolerable house accommodation is favourable to the moral condition of that class of people. Mr Lowe, of Marston, Stafford, draws this contrast, which is sufficiently instructive:—

"If we follow the agricultural labourer into his miserable dwelling, we shall find it consisting of two rooms only; the day-room, in addition to the family, contains the cooking utensils, the washing apparatus, agricultural implements, and dirty clothes, the windows broken and stuffed full of rags. In the sleeping apartment, the parents and their children, boys and girls, are indiscriminately mixed, and frequently a lodger sleeping in the same and the only room; generally no window; the openings in the half-thatched roof admit light, and expose the family to every vicissitude of the weather; the liability of the children so situated to contagious maladies, frequently plunges the family into the greatest misery. The husband, enjoying but little comfort under his own roof, resorts to the beer-shop, neglects the cultivation of his garden, and impoverishes his family. The children are brought up without any regard to decency of behaviour, to habits of foresight, or self-restraint. They make indifferent servants; the girls become the mothers of bastards, and return home a burden to their parents or to the parish, and fill the workhouse. The boys spend the Christmas week's holiday, and their year's wages, in the beer-shop, and enter upon their new situation in rags. Soon tired of the restraint imposed upon them under the roof of their master, they leave his service before the termination of the year's engagement, seek employment as day-labourers, not with a view of improving their condition, but with a desire to receive and spend their earnings weekly in the beer-shop; associating with the worst of characters, they become the worst of labourers, resort to poaching, commit petty thefts, and add to the county rates by commitments and prosecutions.

On the contrary, on entering an improved cottage, consisting, on the ground-floor, of a room for the family, a wash-house, and a pantry, and three sleeping-rooms over, with a neat and well-cultivated garden, in which the leisure-hours of the husband being both pleasantly and profitably employed, he has no desire to frequent the beer-shop, or spend his evenings from home; the children are trained to labour, to habits and feelings of independence, and taught to connect happiness with industry, and to shrink from idleness and immorality. The girls make good servants, obtain the confidence of their employer, and get promoted to the best situations. The boys, at the termination of the year's engagement, spend the Christmas week's holiday comfortably under the roof of their parents; clothes suitable for the next year's service are provided, and the residue of wages is deposited in the saving's bank; a system of frugality is engrafted with the first deposit, increasing with every addition to the fund. They are gradually employed in those departments of labour requiring greater skill, and implying more confidence in their integrity and industry, and they attain a position in society of comparative independence.

I have selected an extreme case, to show more fully the advantages derived from improved cottages, and the immoral effects of inferior dwellings, unfortunately too numerous in this union."

Cleaning, draining, cottage-building, are objects for society, or benevolent and affluent persons. But the poor are shown to have much in their own power also. The colliers of East and Mid-Lothian, with comparatively large wages, are described in several reports as generally living in very wretched filthy dwellings, while the agricultural labourers of the same counties, with much less gains (never exceeding L.25 per annum), have clean smiling cottages, which it is a pleasure to enter. The difference lies in the moral and domestic habits of the two classes, the colliers being too often given to liquor, and their wives lazy and improvident, while the farm labourers are the very reverse. Dr S. Alison, who practised at Tranent, says that he never got fees from the well-paid colliers, but always from the poorly-paid farm servants. He adds, that at Pencaitland collieries, where no liquor is allowed to be sold, the men are strikingly superior in conduct, and have better dwellings and better appointed families. Mr Twisleton says—"The cleanliness of a cottage bears no direct proportion to the earnings of the inmates. The earnings of a family may amount to 17s. or 18s. a-week; but if the man is a drunkard, or the wife has slovenly and tawdry habits, the children look neglected and dirty, and their cottage presents the most repulsive aspect." This gentleman states, that in his district (Norfolk and Suffolk) some of the dwellings of even "the paupers with small allowances are exquisitely clean and neat. 'Sir,' said a pauper of this class to me, when I was praising her for the neatness of her cottage, 'if I had not a morsel of bread to eat, as long as I can move about, I will keep my house sweet and clean.' It is easily understood that such instances are not very numerous, but still they occur sufficiently often to prove that dirt and filth are not the necessary companions of poverty, and they may tend to put benevolent persons on their guard, who might be inclined to infer unmerited privation and suffering from the neglected and squalid appearance of a dwelling." To this we can add a somewhat remarkable illustration of the same point, which has just come under our notice. At a recent distribution of prizes by a society in Edinburgh, for the tidiest and cleanest houses among the humbler classes, the first prize was awarded to a *poor blind female*, who sits in George Street playing upon a small hand organ for her bread.

The report from Kent and Sussex touches upon a certain want of proper feeling, which we do not remember seeing adverted to before, though we have known many instances of it. It is attributed by the reporter to the effects of the old poor-law, but such things exist where that law never prevailed. "I have seen," says he, "an old man come with tottering steps before a board of guardians petitioning for relief, whose grandson was at that moment mayor of one of the largest towns in the south of England. I have seen a chairman of a board produce a note from a lady living in a handsome house in the union, and enjoying an income of L.400 a-year, which note was to induce him to use his influence with the guardians to allow her brother, aged 70, a weekly allowance from the rates. I have seen an aged woman, in the extremest destitution, having lived several nights in barns, brought before the guardians; yet she had at that moment two unmarried sons, one earning 16s. a-week, and the other L.1 : 1s., both of whom had refused to contribute anything to her support. I remember a farmer, who rented 180 acres of land, coming before a bench of magistrates to be excused poor's rates, on the ground that the guardians had insisted that he should keep his aged mother, who, under the old system, had been supported out of the rates. He seemed to have no idea that it was his duty to do so, but thought that the keeping his mother should be fairly considered as a set-off to his rates. In another union, an aged couple had a son earning 20s. a-week, and who was ascertained to be in possession of L.500, yet he refused to give a farthing to his parents, and resisted to the utmost a magisterial order to pay them 2s. a-week. I remember another case of an old woman, past 80, seeking refuge in a work-house, whose son was a farmer living in another part of the county, to whom the guardians wrote, requesting him to support his mother; the answer was, 'I received your letter, and am sorry to hear of my mother's distress.' He then refused to do as requested, but at the conclusion of the letter, as if seized by a sudden impulse of affection, adds, 'when I see her, I am not against giving her a shilling.' She, however, died in a few days, and thus released him from a burden he was so unwilling to bear."

Amongst the other points of a novel nature brought out in these reports, we find one of a striking nature in that from Ayr. This town, we may premise, is one of about 18,000 inhabitants: it is a genteel county town, without native manufactures, but a large labouring class, mainly composed of colliers and weavers. Kilmarnock, twelve miles off, has as many inhabitants, but is eminently a manufacturing town. In the one place, the working-people "have scarcely any means of applying those mental qualities which nature may have endowed them with in such a way as to raise them from their existing grade." But in Kilmarnock, "we continually see enterprising clever journeymen saving a little money, forming partnerships, entering upon small manufacturing businesses on their own account, and not only raising themselves to respectable positions in society, but, by their example, affording such inducements to others to industry, sobriety, and carefulness, that the *whole class of the manufacturing population is elevated to a higher status than in Ayr*. Besides rendering themselves expert in the manual operations of their trades, they acquire a knowledge of the mechanical and chemical principles of the manufacturing processes in which they are engaged, and the modes of transacting general business; so that, with a little money and a liberal credit, they experience no difficulty in conducting similar works for themselves. The operatives of Ayr are decidedly their inferiors in intelligence, enterprise, and ambition; and I attribute this inferiority to the want of local manufacturing establishments. In Kilmarnock, the poorest operative, and the most opulent manufacturer, are linked together by an uninterrupted chain. A constant intercourse is kept up amongst the several classes of society; and whilst the increased intelligence and cultivation that obtain amongst the operatives are, no doubt, met by a lower state of refinement, and less fastidiousness in the manners and tastes of their superiors, than in more aristocratic communities, even this is not without its advantages; because, when a mechanic raises himself by successful enterprise to an equality with his hitherto more opulent townsmen, he finds that there is no great barrier, from difference of education and habits, to prevent an unrestrained intercourse with the social circle of which he has now become a member. At the same time, common feelings and interests still connect him with his quondam fellow-operatives, amongst whom are to be found his nearest relatives; and whilst they receive from him their daily wages, their histories, circumstances, characters, habits, and wants, are familiarly known to him. Hence, when distress assails a labouring family, they are not merely regarded as objects of compassion, from being fellow-creatures in affliction, but they receive the full flow of sympathy due to brothers and friends, who are only separated from their more fortunate neighbours by events of recent occurrence, and capable of being easily traced." In Ayr this pleasing condition of things does not exist, though it is acknowledged that the affluent classes in that town are remarkably bountiful to the poor.

THE GOSSIP.—A TALE.

Mrs Thompson was a widow lady "without incumbrance." At the death of her husband, who had been a functionary in a public office, she was left with nothing save a small annuity, resulting from her husband's carefulness. On this pittance she contrived to exist, renting a small house in the outskirts of the town, and keeping up an acquaintance with those families who had known her in better circumstances during the life of her husband.

Her house-rent and clothes absorbed the greater portion of her small income, and, for the rest, she leant considerably on her friends, the greater number of whom received her at their table or fireside, more from sympathy and benevolence than from personal regard. She nevertheless endeavoured to make herself agreeable and acceptable, by recounting whatever occurred to her in her peregrinations from house to house; and the day of Mrs Thompson's visit to those who favoured her with a *general invitation*, was looked upon as a day to be set apart for a general and perhaps amusing gossip.

It was never supposed by those who entertained Mrs Thompson, that, in the indulgence of her gossipping propensities, she had any desire or intention to injure those whose conduct was the subject of her animadversion; but going about as she did, day after day, she found it necessary to have *something* to say, and if that something was of a nature calculated to excite surprise, so much the better; her visit was then more likely to go off with *eclat*, and she had a greater certainty of being well received on a future occasion.

The opening of our story finds Mrs Thompson at the house of Mrs Darsie, one of those whose house and table were at all times open to the "widow and such as are oppressed," and from whom Mrs Thompson had received many benefits. After a day well spent in that kind of conversation for which Mrs Thompson had a peculiar gift, she felt nearly exhausted, and feared she would be under the necessity of taking leave, when a new chord was happily struck, by her addressing herself to Mrs Darsie, and asking, as if by the bye, whether she had seen Miss Halling who had come to town for the purpose of getting "her things" for her approaching wedding.

"Oh yes," replied Mrs Darsie; "I called to see her yesterday, at her aunt's."

"And what do *you* think of her?" again inquired Mrs Thompson; "I hear various accounts of her—some say she is very pretty, while others again call her rather plain in appearance."

"I think," answered Mrs Darsie, "that hers is a countenance depending greatly upon expression for its beauty. It will depend very much upon the humour she may be in at the moment whether she be thought pretty or otherwise. To me she appeared to possess great sweetness of disposition, and a gentleness of manner which is extremely pleasing; but I

remember her mother too well not to have made comparisons between her and her daughter, which I confess were not altogether flattering to the latter."

"Oh, by the bye, Mrs Halling was a friend of yours, I think, before you were married," said Mrs Thompson.

"Yes, she and I were most affectionate companions at school, and our intimacy continued until she was married; but she went to reside, you know, in a remote part of the country, and we gradually ceased to hear much of each other, and latterly we have been entirely estranged; but when I heard of the daughter of my old friend coming to town on an occasion so interesting, I was most happy to call and offer my congratulations."

"And was Mrs Halling really so good-looking as a girl?" pursued Mrs Thompson.

"She was, in my opinion, the finest looking woman I ever saw—I mean the handsomest in person, and the most distinguished in features and general appearance: there was a grandeur in her look, if I may so express it, that I have never seen equalled."

"Then the daughter does not resemble the mother?" said Mrs Thompson.

"Oh no," replied her hostess, warming as she continued to speak of the chosen friend of her youth: "There was a dignity of manner, a *character*, about her mother, which Miss Halling decidedly wants."

"My dear, take care what you say," jocularly interposed Mr Darsie, who was sitting quietly by the window reading the paper, and whose ear caught the last sentence uttered by his wife. "It is not safe to speak of ladies wanting characters."

"Oh, you know in what sense I mean the word to apply to Miss Halling," answered Mrs Darsie. "I repeat, there was a *something* about Mrs Halling, a distinction, which I can call by no other name than *character*, and I am sure her daughter has no claim to the title; but she is an amiable, gentle girl, and I am sure I wish her all manner of happiness in her new position, both for her own sake and for that of her good mother."

The subject of Miss Halling, after a few other remarks, soon died away, and Mrs Thompson found herself at last obliged to take leave of her kind friend Mrs Darsie.

Time, which is, or which should be, considered the wealth of the poor, was of no further consequence to Mrs Thompson, excepting that it required some degree of tact and management as to its disposal in a social point of view, so that she might not go too often to the same house; so she determined to spend the next day with Mrs Hewitt, a widow lady, with whom she had been long on terms of intimacy, and who had a family of grown-up sons, fine young men, who were all doing well in the world.

When the young gentlemen came home to dinner, George, the eldest, who was head clerk in an insurance office in town, laughingly addressing his mother, said, "Mother, I deserve an extra allowance of the good things to-day, for I have been doing double duty at the office, and I am sadly worn out; Mr Hamilton, our manager, has been absent, and I have been 'interim manager,' besides clerk."

"Oh," cried William Hewitt, one of the younger lads, "I saw him two or three times to-day with Miss Halling; I suppose they had been shopping. What a nice mild-looking girl she is, and what a luck she has had in getting such a match as Mr Hamilton."

"Ay, he's a fine fellow," said George; "and, from all I hear of his choice, she seems deserving of such a husband."

Mrs Thompson's face all at once became as it were condensed, and every feature seemed to perk out with the importance of what she had to communicate, but she was evidently at a loss how to bring it forth. An opportunity soon occurred, by one of the young men asking her whether she knew Miss Halling.

"No, indeed!" she exclaimed; "I have never seen her, but I have heard a good deal about her; only yesterday, I heard a lady remark that she was somehow or other not altogether *a person of character*."

"A person of character!" repeated all the lads at once; "surely, Mrs Thompson, you are mistaken as to the lady of whom we are speaking; you must mean some other Miss Halling, surely."

"I don't think I *can* be mistaken as to the person," persisted Mrs Thompson, "seeing that the lady who spoke of her to me had been at one time the most intimate friend of Miss Halling's mother; perhaps I am wrong in saying anything about it; but of this I am certain, that Miss Halling—*the* Miss Halling you mean—was spoken of as being decidedly a person of doubtful *character*."

This appeared conclusive testimony to the young men, whose wonder was excited in no small degree by the statement of Mrs Thompson; and it is needless to state, that before many hours had elapsed, at least a dozen of their young acquaintances had been made aware that Mr Hamilton was about to marry a young lady of *doubtful character*.

Some mornings afterwards, Mr Hamilton was sitting in his lodgings at breakfast, when the postman's knock was heard at the door, and a letter was handed in. He broke the seal, and commenced reading; but before he had got half way through the first page, his handsome face glowed with indignation, and then became deadly pale: he glanced at the foot of the second page, but the epistle was nameless, save that it purported to have come from "*a friend*;" the contents, however, appeared to be perused in anything but a friendly humour, for, in a paroxysm of irrepressible passion, he tore it across; then, as if all at once recollecting himself, he looked over it once more, and sitting down at his desk, exerted his ingenuity in patching the paper together again; and, folding it up carefully, he placed it in his pocket-book, seized his hat, and walked out.

Miss Halling sat at the window of her aunt's drawing-room, every now and then looking at her watch, and wondering what had become of her lover, who had promised to be with her very early in the forenoon, that they might walk out together for the purpose of selecting some important articles of furniture for their new home. It was now one o'clock, and still he had not arrived, and she determined to punish him for his apparent neglect, by exhibiting a little anger, when she all at once heard the welcome sound of his voice in the lobby below, and the petulance she had tried to assume was entirely forgotten.

With the solicitude which ever accompanies true affection, Miss Halling, on looking upon the face of her lover, at once detected that something had occurred to discompose him; and with the most earnest anxiety she besought him to tell her what had happened to him since they parted the evening before, when he was all cheerfulness and animation.

"I see, Eliza," he replied, "I am a bad hypocrite. I would fain have concealed from you the cause of my present annoyance, but it has pressed so heavily upon me, that I find I cannot all at once shake it off. Here is a letter," he continued, taking the anonymous epistle from his pocket, "which I received this morning; but, before you read it, I beg to satisfy you thus far, that I do not believe one word of its contents, and would have treated it with the scorn which all such communications deserve. My indignation alone, not my suspicion, has been roused, and could I only get hold of the villain who thus dares to slander *you*, I fancy I should make him repent of having subscribed himself '*my friend*.'"

The contents of this precious letter it is unnecessary to repeat; its tenor will at once be understood as bearing upon the character of Miss Halling, who sat with it in her hands, as if she did not fully comprehend what had been but now said with reference to its contents.

While her eye wandered from line to line, the expression of her sweet face underwent a thousand changes, and her beautiful swan-like throat became suddenly distended with the violence of an internal emotion, which she apparently could neither utter nor suppress; all at once it broke forth in a fit of wild hysterical sobbing, every heave of which seemed of itself sufficient to rend asunder a frame which was by nature extremely fragile.

Her unhappy lover, whose distress was more than ever apparent, though now it proceeded from a very different cause, stood with the agitated girl in his arms, endeavouring, by every soothing and endearing term, to arrest the extraordinary violence of her grief, but her mind seemed incapable of receiving any consolation; in this state she was conveyed to bed, where she lay for several hours under the influence of this excited state of feeling. Feverishness came on during the night, and next morning the envied, pretty, gentle Miss Halling, was labouring under an attack of brain fever of the most virulent kind, the victim of *false witness*.

How sudden and painful are the reverses to which even the purest and best of God's creatures are every moment liable in this world, where all is mutable! Here was an amiable, innocent woman, reduced, in a few hours, from a state of happiness as perfect as one could desire, to a condition of abject, helpless imbecility, involving not only her own safety, but the peace and comfort of all those who regarded her with affection and respect. And from what cause reduced? By no fault of hers either in word or deed. She had done nothing to bring about her own destruction; nor could it be said that she was the victim of any malignant or vindictive passion in others. She fell a prey to a chain of circumstances having their origin in ignorance, and that love of telling something wonderful, which forms so conspicuous a feature of common discourse, especially among those who have little occupation of a proper kind for their minds.

The illness of Miss Halling assumed so alarming an aspect, that it was deemed necessary to summon her parents from the country, and to them Mr Hamilton reluctantly confided the story of his griefs.

The vigorous mind of Mrs Halling immediately suggested the propriety of adopting means to discover, if possible, the writer of the letter which had produced effects so baneful to the health and peace of her beloved daughter. Mr Hamilton had already tried every method he could think of to find out the origin of all his sufferings; but his mind had been in a measure paralysed ever since he had witnessed the distressing scene with Miss Halling, above related.

Backed, however, and roused from this state of torpidity by the energetic suggestions of Eliza's mother, he set about his task with a resolute spirit, and after the most painful investigations, which it is unnecessary to follow, he succeeded in tracing the letter to a young man, a friend of William Hewitt, from whom he had had the information, and he, in his turn, referred the unhappy lover to Mrs Thompson. The consternation and dismay of this person, when Mr Hamilton called upon her, was extreme. She had not contemplated the possibility of such serious results following the information she had given at the table of Mrs Hewitt; and it was with shame and confusion she referred Mr Hamilton to Mrs Darsie, who had been, she said, her informant. To Mrs Darsie Mr Hamilton immediately proceeded, wondering, as he went, where this was to end; for the more he sought to find the origin of his misery, the farther did he seem to be from tracing it to its source.

On entering the drawing-room of Mrs Darsie, he found that lady alone; and it was with no small degree of perturbation that he asked her if she had ever made any remarks derogatory to the character of Miss Halling. The truth all at once flashed on the mind of Mrs Darsie, from the associations called up at the mention of the word *character*; and she at once repeated the conversation which had occurred in presence of Mrs Thompson, adding, that she had no doubt whatever that that had been the fabric from which the whole had been raised. She deeply regretted that she had not taken more pains to make her application of the important word character clearly understood by the simple woman with whom she was conversing; but yet it seemed, as even Mr Hamilton acknowleged, most unlikely that her real meaning could have been mistaken. On learning the sad condition to which the young lady had been reduced, nothing could exceed her distress, and she flew to make what reparation she could by the humblest apologies, to the friend of her youth, Mrs Halling. Meanwhile, the fever of poor Eliza approached the crisis which was to favour or blast for ever the hopes of her anxious and affectionate friends, who watched every movement and every respiration of the unconscious sufferer with an eagerness and anxiety which testified how deeply they were interested in the result. Though she was at length declared out of danger, it was soon apparent that the shock had been too great for one so gently formed by nature. Instead of bending to the blow, her mental energies had been prostrated at once and for ever; she recovered only her bodily health; in mind, she had become a helpless, hopeless, though harmless *imbecile!*

Who shall presume to describe the affliction caused by this event through a wide circle of sorrowing friends! Her father and mother wept in silent anguish over the wreck of the cherished idol of their home and affections; while the grief of the bereaved lover spent itself in alternate bursts of sorrow for his loss and indignation against those by whom it had been caused; and bitterly did he reproach himself for his want of caution, in having allowed his gentle mistress to gain a knowledge of the contents of the letter which had proved so destructive to her happiness and peace of mind.

Mr and Mrs Halling returned with their helpless charge to the home which had, until then, been cheered and gladdened by her presence; but what a change had been produced on *her*, the object of their fondest solicitude, during the short interval of her absence! She had left them an amiable intelligent woman, animated by the prospects of happiness which were opening up to her. She returned *externally* the same; but the intelligence was gone; instead of a source of perpetual pleasure, she had become a living sorrow, though one in which all who knew her were deeply interested.

Mr Hamilton never married; and it was his custom once every year to visit his gentle mistress, who always appeared gratified by his presence, though she otherwise manifested no consciousness of the relation which they had once borne towards each other; nor was it ever apparent that she had any recollection of the reverses which had befallen her.

Mrs Thompson, who, from no evil purpose comparable to the event, but merely through a culpable love of gossip, had wrought all this woe, met with what was to her a severe punishment; for the tragedy of Eliza Halling closed many doors against her, and she was thenceforth obliged to spend most of her days at home, where, we will hope, a proper spirit of repentance mingled with the vexation arising from the loss of her friends.

DR TURNBULL'S TREATMENT OF THE EYE.

A few weeks ago, an extract from the Literary Gazette gave our readers a brief notice of some interesting experiments of Dr Turnbull for the cure of blindness, the agent employed being the vapour of hydrocyanic or prussic acid applied to the defective organ of vision. Since that time, Dr T., it appears from the following communication to the Lancet, has been engaged in investigating the action of bisulphuret of carbon, not only for the cure of blindness, but as a remedy for deafness. It will be understood, that we present no opinion on the reality or value of the alleged discoveries, but simply do a duty to the public in laying before them the letter of Dr Turnbull in the form in which it has appeared in the Lancet and other medical works.

Sir—In October 1841, I gave an account of the action of the vapour of hydrocyanic acid upon diseases of the eye. Since that period, I have been engaged in investigating the action of various other bodies on the same organ, and under the same form.

One reason why I did not rest satisfied with the great effects produced by the hydrocyanic acid was, that its action, like that of all other medicines, decreased in power by continued application, thereby rendering it necessary to have occasional recourse to

other medicines, in order to insure a more speedy recovery. Another reason was, the reluctance of many individuals to submit the eye to the action of so potent a medicine.

The first medicines to which I shall refer, and which I have employed with some success, are the chlorocyanic acid and sulphuretted chyazic acid. The plan I pursue is that of putting a drachm of one of the medicines into a bottle (containing a small piece of sponge) of about two-ounce size, having a mouth precisely fitted to the eye, and with a ground-glass stopper.

The action of these medicines is very different from that of the hydrocyanic acid, in as far as they both stimulate the eye, and produce much greater warmth and irritation, with less dilatation of the pupil. Few, however, can bear the chlorocyanic acid to be applied longer to the eye than half a minute, though, in a minute after its application, all irritation is removed, and the eye feels perfectly at ease.

The next medicine which I have employed in the form of vapour was the chloruret of iodine. This medicine produces very little warmth or uneasiness to the eye, if continued for the space of two minutes or upwards; but a sensation of irritation, accompanied with a flow of tears, takes place on its removal. It contracts the pupil, and in no case have I seen it dilate it. Its vapour rises very readily, and does not leave the yellow disagreeable colouring on the skin produced by the vapour of iodine, when uncombined, which is a great drawback in the use of iodine in diseases of the eye.

The last medicine which I have employed is the bisulphuret of carbon, which is so volatile, that the application of it to the eye, when the bottle is held in a warm hand for a few seconds, is as much as can be borne, in consequence of the intense pricking heat and flow of tears which it occasions. Owing to this fact, I generally use it by causing the patient to shut the eyelid during its application, which can then be continued for a minute or two with the same beneficial effect upon the eye, and without inconvenience to the patient. It generally contracts the pupil, and very seldom dilates it.

I used to employ iodine by putting it into the same bottles, and immersing it in hot water, and in its state of vapour applying it to the eye; but I now find it answers much better when dissolved in the bisulphuret of carbon.

It is my intention, shortly, to give a full account of the action of these medicines upon the various forms of disease to which the eye is subject, and also what particular disease each medicine is best calculated to remove. At the same time I shall state such instances of failure as have occurred in my experience, in order that a just estimate may be formed of the value and importance of each medicine.

It may not be out of place here to state, that I have employed, with great success, the bisulphuret of carbon to enlarged indurated lymphatic glands. In the first instance, I rubbed equal quantities of the bisulphuret of carbon and alcohol upon the parts affected, but without any effect upon the glands. But as its effects were so great when its vapour was confined to the eye, I was led to apply it in the form of vapour, and by means of glass bottles similar to those I have described. By these means, I excluded the action of the medicine from the external air, and thereby prevented its speedy evaporation. When it had been applied about one minute, the patient felt the part very cold, but immediately after a gradual heat, accompanied with great prickling—the heat increasing the longer the medicine was kept in contact with the part, until it could no longer be endured. On removing the glass, the part was red to an extent two or three times greater than the part enclosed. In a few days the change in the size of the glands was very great; and by its daily repetition, a complete and speedy removal of the disease was effected. I also find that its action upon diseased glands is more decided if the surface of the skin is well moistened with water previous to the application of the bottle to the part.

The water, in fact, not only prevents the escape of the vapour between the glass and the skin, but assists the imbibition of the carbon; a point of the highest importance, inasmuch as all its action on the part depends upon the exclusion of the atmosphere from the vapour. I may here observe, that these applications occasion no injury whatever to the skin.

I have also found the bisulphuret of carbon and the chlorocyanic acid valuable medicines in the removal of deafness, depending upon a want of nervous energy and deficiency of wax. The mode of its application is substantially the same as that which I employ in diseases of the eye, with this difference only, that the bottle is formed with a small neck and stopper adapted to the size of the orifice of the ear, and held close to the organ until a considerable degree of warmth is produced.

The action of these medicines, which contain so large a share of carbon, arises from the carbon in the vapour permeating the cuticle, and coming in contact with the oxygen in the vessels, which is conveyed through every part of the frame by inspiration and otherwise, and thereby forming carbonic acid gas, which evolves heat in the ratio of the quantity consumed by the oxygen.

The following quotations from Professor Liebig, in his work on "Organic Chemistry," sufficiently prove the correctness of this position:—"It is only in those parts of the body to which arterial blood, and, with it, the oxygen absorbed in respiration, is conveyed, that heat is produced. Hair, wool, or feathers, do not possess an elevated temperature. This high temperature of the animal body, or, as it may be called, disengagement of heat, is uniformly, and under all circumstances, the result of the combination of a combustible substance with oxygen. In whatever way carbon may combine with oxygen, the act of combination cannot take place without the disengagement of heat. We can no longer doubt that gases of every kind, whether soluble or insoluble in water, possess the property of permeating animal tissues, as water permeates unsized paper."

Does not the action of medicines containing so large a proportion of carbon, which can be brought into contact with the whole external surface of the body, and thereby capable of being easily disengaged, suggest a method of relieving pulmonary disease likely to be attended with no ordinary success, by calling into greater activity the action of the skin, and thereby materially lightening the labour of the lungs? Are we not the more encouraged to expect such remedial influence in diseases of the lungs, from the fact of its great power in removing indurated glands, which are so common accompaniments of consumption? There can be no doubt of the usefulness of bisulphuret of carbon in skin diseases.

I have submitted these observations under the conviction that they embody principles which may be carried out, and made of great utility to mankind.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant—A. Turnbull, M.D.

Oct. 20th, 1842, 48, Russell Square.

A HIGHLAND CHIEF OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

The Abbotsford Club, an association of gentlemen who print for their own private use old manuscripts illustrative of our national history, have within the last few weeks completed the impression of one of an unique nature—a memoir, to wit, of Sir Ewen Cameron of Locheil, a distinguished Highland chief of the seventeenth century. We call it unique, because no Highland chief of past time ever had the honour of so extensive a biography. The work was composed, it is believed, about the year 1740, by John Drummond of Balhadie, who may be supposed to have had all possible advantages in compiling it, both as far as family papers and family traditions were concerned, since he was either a grandson or a great-grandson of Cameron. As a minute and faithful piece of personal history, it is a highly curious production, and it throws considerable light upon some unusually obscure portions of our national annals. Nor can we doubt that the hero is worthy of such an epic; for, though some may be inclined to smile at the idea of any importance being attached to the leader of a Highland clan of two hundred years ago, the fact is, that Sir Ewen Cameron was a man of very admirable character. In majesty of personal appearance, he is said to have coped with his contemporary Louis XIV. Some of his exploits in the resistance to Cromwell call up the recollection of Wallace, Tell, and Kosciusko. And throughout a life of ninety years, though he might often have been called rebel, no one could ever attribute to him what would pass before a jury of candid men as a dishonourable action. Indeed he was a remarkable instance of the concentration of the finest qualities that belong to the peculiar rank and state of society in which his lot was cast.

The Camerons occupy a considerable territory in the district of Lochaber, in Inverness-shire, and were, in the time of Charles I., a clan capable of sending from seven hundred to a thousand armed men into the field. Ewen Cameron, born in 1629 to the unquestioned rule of this tribe, was brought up under the care of the Marquis of Argyle, the chief of the anti-royalist party in Scotland throughout the civil war. He received little school learning, but much instruction from the conversation of men, and became a proficient in all manly and warlike exercises. Never was master less successful in impressing his mind upon a pupil than was Argyle with young Locheil. All the effect of the example and tutelage of years was effaced by one conversation which the youth obtained clandestinely with the royalist Sir Robert Spottiswood, the day before his execution. Sir Robert gave him such a view of the politics of the period, that he became, from that hour, a steady royalist, notwithstanding all the opposite arguments of his tutor. Little did the venerable Spottiswood think what a weapon he was leaving for the revenge of his death upon the party who ordered it. Not long after this event, Cameron, succeeding by the death of his grandfather to the chiefship, went home to his people, who met him at the distance of a day's journey on the way, and expressed the greatest joy in finding him of so prepossessing an appearance, and animated by the loyal principles of his ancestors. A gentleman of his clan had served Montrose throughout the whole of his brilliant campaign, and, from his conversation, Locheil contracted the most eager desire to distinguish himself in the royal service. Meanwhile, there were affairs of his own to be put to rights. We hear of his leading an army of some hundreds of Camerons against a neighbour, Macdonald of Keppoch, to compel the payment of an annuity due on a mortgage, and another against the Chief of Glengarry, to enforce some arrears of feu-duty, or ground rent, long refused to weaker claims. These gentlemen soon became aware that Locheil, though only about eighteen years of age, was not a person to be trifled with. Keppoch "thought it wiser to do him justice than allow matters to be pushed to an extremity;" and the other dispute "ended in a treaty, which Glengarry observed so well, that Locheil was never thereafter put to further trouble on that account."

When, after the battle of Worcester, Cromwell's deputy, General Monk, reduced the Lowland parts of Scotland, the Highlands remained obstinately opposed to his power, and maintained a partisan warfare of the most sanguinary kind against his troops. Our young chief now found excellent opportunities of showing his valour. He joined the Earl of Glencairn, who acted as commander, with seven hundred Camerons, and soon became remarkable for taking the lead in every dangerous enterprise. Towards the end of 1652, when Glencairn lay at Tullich, in Braemar, the Camerons held a post at a little distance, between the royalists and the republican troops. The latter advanced to give a surprise, but were warmly received by Locheil, who defended the pass against them, until Glencairn had drawn off to a place of safety. In the hurry of retreat, the earl forgot to give any orders for the retirement of Locheil's people, who accordingly, with blind devotion to duty, stood opposed for hours to the whole advancing force, and, but for the advantage of ground, must have been cut to pieces. As it was, the carrying of that pass cost the English very dearly. On this occasion, we find that one half of the Camerons were armed with bows, with which they sorely galled the English cavalry. In the campaigns of 1653 and 1654, Locheil took an equally conspicuous part, and it was found necessary, among other expedients for reducing the Highlands, to establish a garrison at Inverlochy, mainly for the purpose of overawing the Clan Cameron.

The chief beheld with rage a great colony of Sassenach soldiers planted near his domains, and prowled round it for some days, but was unable to make an attack. He had dismissed all his men to their homes, excepting about thirty-five, most of whom were dunny-wassels, or gentlemen, when two vessels containing large detachments of the garrison were observed sailing into Loch Eil, their design being to gather wood and provisions on the hostile lands. One of the vessels discharged its company on the side where Cameron was stationed, and he determined on attacking them, though they were four or five times his number. Some of his friends, men who had been accustomed to the intrepid doings of Montrose, objected to the rashness of the scheme, but were persuaded to join in it nevertheless, only demanding that Locheil and his brother Allan should remain apart, as the hopes of the clan depended entirely on them. Locheil agreed as to his brother, but not as to himself, and the young man was accordingly bound to a tree, to make sure that he would not engage; yet he, after all, prevailed on a boy to cut his bonds, and went off to join the fight, where he arrived just in time to save his brother's life, by shooting an English soldier who was taking aim at him.

The English soldiers met the assault not unpreparedly, and with the greatest firmness, but in their arms and mode of fighting, they were no fair match for the Highlanders, who, having first poured in upon them a destructive fire of musketry, and then taking to their broadswords, put them at once upon the defensive. To save themselves from the blows of the broadsword, they held their muskets across their foreheads; the Camerons then struck below. Some took to their swords, but these the Highlanders warded off with their targets. Some thrust with the bayonet; but, the point once received in the Highland target, both musket and bayonet were useless. Their ranks were soon thinned, but still they fought with resolution, and when they did retire, it was with regularity.

Locheil then committed a great mistake, by sending an ambuscade party to the rear to give them the notion that their retreat was cut off, the consequence of which was, that they turned and fought with more vigour than ever. They now clubbed their guns and fought like madmen, but all was in vain; in the end, they had to fall back to the lake, leaving the greater number of the party dead and wounded on the field.

It was now that an incident occurred which Sir Walter Scott has introduced into his "Tales of a Grandfather," and which we shall here give in the words of Mr Drummond. "It was his (Locheil's) chance to follow a few that fled into the wood, where he killed two or three with his own hand, none having pursued that way but himself. The officer who commanded the party had likewise fled thither, but concealing himself in a bush, Locheil had not noticed him. This gentleman, observing that he was alone, started suddenly out of his lurking-place, and attacked him in his return, threatening, as he rushed furiously upon him, to revenge the slaughter of his countrymen by his death. Locheil, who had also his sword in his hand, received him with equal resolution. The combat was long and doubtful; both fought for their lives; and as they were both animated by the same fury and courage, so they seemed to manage their swords with the same dexterity. The English gentleman had by far the advantage in strength; but Locheil exceeding him in nimbleness and agility, in the end tripped the sword out of his hand. But he was not allowed to make use of this advantage; for his antagonist flying upon him with incredible quickness, they closed and wrestled till both fell to the ground in other's arms. In this posture they struggled, and tumbled up and down, till they fixed in the channel of a brook, betwixt two strait banks, which then, by the drouth of summer, chanced to be dry. Here Locheil was in a most dismal and desperate situation; for, being undermost, he was not only crushed under the weight of his antagonist (who was an exceeding big man), but likewise sore hurt, and bruised by many sharp stones that were below him. Their strength was so far spent, that neither of them could stir a limb; but the English gentleman, by the advantage of being uppermost, at last recovered the use of his right hand. With it he seized a dagger that hung at his belt, and made several attempts to stab his adversary, who all the while held him fast; but the narrowness of the place where they were confined, and the posture they were in, rendering the execution very difficult, and almost impracticable, while he was so straitly embraced, he made a most violent effort to disengage himself, and in that action raising his head, and stretching his neck, Locheil, who by this had his hands at liberty, with his left suddenly seized him by the right, and with the other by the collar, and jumping at his extended throat (which he used to say God put in his mouth), he bit it quite through." In this extraordinary way he put an end to his adversary.

Disengaged from this adventure, Locheil found his men chin deep in the lake, pursuing the remnant of the English party to their ship. He immediately ordered his men to give quarter to the enemy, who delivered themselves up to the number of thirty-five men; but one of the number, either not having understood this arrangement, or unwilling to submit to it, proved the destruction of the whole, for, having fired at the chief, and nearly killed him, the Camerons were so incensed at the act, as to fall upon the rest without mercy, so that only two of the whole party escaped. It is related that, while the conflict was drawing to a close, a soldier having taken a very deliberate aim at Locheil, his foster-brother, with the self-devotion common to the character in that age and country, threw himself before, and received the shot in his breast. Locheil carried the generous youth on his own back three miles to a burial ground, and interred him with all the honour it was in his power to bestow. At the close of this fight, it was found that only five of the Camerons had fallen; but almost every one of the rest was bruised or wounded. The bodies of the slain bore, as usual, strong testimony to the power of the Highland sword.

A royalist party was maintained in the Highlands till March 1655: it had no more zealous member than Locheil, who distinguished himself in so many skirmishes with the troops of the commonwealth in different parts of the country, and inflicted so many severe chastisements on the garrison at Inverlochy, that his name at length became noted. Even after General Middleton gave up the appearance of a resistance on behalf of the royal family, this single chieftain still held out, and that powerful government which caused France, Spain, and Holland, to bow to it, was treated with open contempt, and held at defiance, by a power residing on the banks of Loch Arkaig. But this could not long continue. A commission of three colonels of the army at this time visited Argyleshire on some public business. While they lay in security in a village near Inverary, Locheil, attended by the Laird of Macnaughtan, and a few of his men, burst through the hut in which they slept, and took them all prisoners without resistance. They expected nothing but destruction from one whom fame represented as a bloody savage; and their surprise was great when, conducted peacefully to Locheil's country, and there hospitably entertained, they found him as courteous and gentle as a paladin of romance; and so modest, that he could only with the greatest difficulty be induced to speak of those actions which had made him celebrated. These gentlemen contracted such a friendship for him, that they determined to exert themselves to bring him to a pacification with the government. After many debates with him on the danger and folly of his present situation, they prevailed on him to submit, and became his ambassadors to General Monk, who then exercised at Dalkeith the powers of a representative of the Protector. The matter was accommodated to the perfect satisfaction of Locheil, upon his giving his simple word to live thenceforth at peace. On an appointed day, the chief and his people, dressed in their best clothes, and with colours flying and bagpipes playing, marched to the green before the castle of Inverlochy, where the governor had his troops drawn up to receive them; and the treaty was then read and published with all the formalities due to a pacification between two great states, and "with many loud huzzas and no small appearance of joy on both sides." Thereafter the governor entertained Locheil and his men with the greatest hospitality, and they parted the best friends in the world.

Early in 1657, Locheil wedded a daughter of Sir James Macdonald of Sleat, under circumstances of unusual festivity, the wedding being attended by gentlemen from great distances, and among the rest by "a cousin of the bridegroom's, the young Laird of Glenurchy, who was already conspicuous for that profound judgment, penetration, and capacity, that afterwards acquired him so high a character, and advanced him to the peerage, in the reign of King Charles II., under the title of the Earl of Breadalbane." The clan presented their chief with a sum equal to the wedding expenses, and a Highland bard spouted an extempore epithalamium, which was not perhaps the less flattering, that he desired the chief's influence in regaining three cows that had been stolen from him. (The poet, we learn, got from Locheil and his company three cows instead, and three hundred merks to boot. "It was unlucky for him that he did not mention more of these gentlemen in his verses, for those he omitted were not so liberal as the rest.")

Locheil spent the remainder of the interregnum in peace, and it is a curious proof of the designs of Monk in his march southward, that he was accompanied by this incorruptible Highland loyalist. Locheil witnessed the entry of Charles II. into London, and by the favour of Monk, might, if his modesty had allowed, have held the king's stirrup as he alighted at his palace, for which another and less deserving person was well rewarded. It is sad to relate, that to him, as to many other sufferers in the royal cause, the Restoration brought no advantages. On the contrary, the faithful Locheil was harassed with law proceedings respecting many transactions of the time of trouble; and where Monk would have protected him by a single line of writing, the present government allowed him to be impoverished on account of acts done in its own behalf. His greatest annoyance arose from a claim of the Laird of Mackintosh for a part of his estate, which Locheil offered in vain to compound for by a sum of money. The reader will be surprised to learn, that so lately as the reign of Charles II., when Milton was writing his "Paradise Lost," and Barrow and Tillotson were preaching, a litigant party in the same island was furnished with *letters of fire and sword* against the defender; that is to say, a power of killing and spoiling all he found on the estate of his adversary. In the autumn of 1665, these two chiefs had actually drawn up their forces to fight out the dispute, when the Earl of Breadalbane interposed, and brought about a settlement of the plea, exactly *three hundred and sixty years after it had been commenced*.

Other troubles followed these; but it is not our intention to enter into them, further than to relate a remarkably characteristic circumstance which occurred when Locheil was settling some dispute of long standing with the Earl of Argyle at Inverary, in 1675. Locheil had, it seems, for some days neglected to get himself shaved, which the earl observing, offered him the services of his French valet. While Locheil was undergoing the operation, the earl observed two of his men standing up at the door with a peculiar look of jealous watchfulness, of which, when the business was done, his lordship asked an explanation. The chief, who had not observed the men, inquired what they had meant by their conduct, and learnt that, knowing he had had a dispute with the earl, they feared treachery, and had resolved, if their suspicion proved true, first to kill his lordship and then the valet. "But," said the earl, "what do you imagine would have become of yourselves, if you had done such a thing?" "That we did not think upon," said they, "but we were resolved to revenge the murder of our chief." The earl praised their zeal for their chief's safety, gave each of them money, and so dismissed them, telling Locheil that he believed there was no prince in the world that had such loving and faithful subjects.

A few years afterwards, an outrage committed by two of his clan, caused Locheil to be summoned to appear before the privy council in Edinburgh. While there, he was received with distinction by the Duke of York at his court, then held in Holyrood House. The duke put many questions to him concerning the adventures of his youth, and in the end requested his sword, with the intention of knighting him. The sword being a ceremonial one, the duke was unable to draw it; so he gave it back to the chief, saying, that "it never used to be so uneasy to draw when the crown wanted its service." Locheil, naturally bashful, could make no proper return to this compliment, but drawing the sword, returned it to the duke, who, calling on the courtiers to remark that Locheil's sword gave obedience to no hand but his own, conferred upon him the designed honour.

Though this weapon could not be more pure of stain than was the mind of Locheil of the least thought of disloyalty, he did not always escape suspicion. When in arms with his clan at Inverary for the suppression of Argyle's rebellion, he was subject to the malice of the commander, the Marquis of Athole; and a misadventure by night, in which his men fell upon a party of friends, taking them for enemies, furnished a handle for injuring him in the eyes of the government. Locheil only saved himself on that occasion by a direct appeal to the king (formerly Duke of York), in which it is odd to find him favoured by Barclay the Quaker, who was his brother-in-law, and a favourite of James. He was, however, continually exposed to legal troubles on account of claims of superiority over his estate: on one occasion, law had gone so far against him, that, a writ having been prepared for his arrest in Edinburgh, he would unquestionably have been taken prisoner, if he had not, by a bright thought of his own, retired for an evening into the Tolbooth, or public jail, on pretext of visiting a friend—a clansman, who was clerk to the establishment, favouring his plan. Here we may see a prefigurement in actual fact, of a memorable scene in modern fiction, to which it is only necessary to allude. By the personal favour of the king, Locheil had only obtained a settlement of all his troubles, when he was again thrown upon the losing side by the Revolution.

As a matter of course, the old royalist joined Lord Dundee with his clan, and took a hearty share in the endeavour to keep up the ex-king's interest in Scotland. Dundee, who saw in him a kindred spirit, and knew his great experience, trusted much to his advice, and it was by his recommendation that the resolution was formed to engage the troops of King William at Killiecranky. Though now sixty, he was as eager for conflict as ever, yet perfectly cool at all times; insomuch that, while leading on his men, feeling his shoes pinch, he sat down, took them off, and made them easier, and then rejoined his friends in time to fall on along with them. It is evident that, next to Dundee himself, the Highland army could not have had a better commander than Sir Ewen; and we are disposed to wonder that he was not raised to that honour after the death of Dundee, till we recollect that he wanted the self-esteem which forms an almost indispensable requisite for transforming a man into a leader. He escaped all the perils of this campaign, and was amongst the last to give even the most qualified submission to King William. Locheil was now, by three wives, the father of sons and daughters. The anecdote has often been told, of his seeing one of the former in a night bivouac upon snow, making up a snow-ball for a pillow, when Locheil, who was to rest in the same manner, kicked away the snow-ball, telling the youth that he must endeavour to make himself independent of such luxuries. On account of his age, he now gave over the command of the clan to his eldest son John, to whom, in 1696, he likewise transferred his estate, with the reservation of a life-rent only. He continued to keep up a correspondence with the exiled family, and in 1706 a warrant was issued to apprehend him on a charge of high treason, but not carried into execution. Years rolled on, without extinguishing the spirit of the aged chief; but when his son led out the clan in 1715 to fight for the son of his old master, Sir Ewen was nearly bed-rid with the infirmities of age. According to an account obtained by Pennant, in his tour of Scotland, the hoary chief was at last cradled like a child; but the whole extent of the fact seems to be, that, failing in his lower extremities, he had pulleys above his bed, by which he could turn himself from one side to another. In 1716, when he was eighty-seven years old, he had still sufficient strength in his grasp to make the blood spring from another man's hand. He died of a fever, in February 1719, aged ninety, without having ever had the chance, in all his long life, full as it was of perilous adventures, to lose one drop of his own blood, excepting on one occasion, when, by accident, he stepped upon a broken knife.

The life and fortunes of an individual are recognised objects of human sympathy; why may not the life and fortunes of a family, which are but an extension of the subject, be so likewise? No one, at least, can well live in Scotland without feeling that a family history may possess much of the interest due to an individual. The grandson of Sir Ewen, the amiable Donald Cameron, "Young Locheil," led out the clan in 1745, and sighed out his life three years after on a foreign strand. Then came forfeiture and dispossession for forty years; but at length a mild and generous government restored the estates to a grandson of the latter, of the same name, whose widow, a daughter of Sir Ralph Abercromby, still survives. The son of the last gentleman is now chief of the Clan Cameron, or Locheil. Colonel Cameron of the 42d regiment, who fell at Waterloo, was a grand nephew of the Locheil of 1745; in consideration of his gallantry, the honour of knighthood was conferred on his father

who only died a few years ago, Sir Ewen Cameron of Fassefern.

We cannot conclude this notice without a cordial tribute of thanks to the gentleman who has brought forward the memoir, and edited it with so much taste and ability.

THE PERIODICALS.

THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW FOR OCTOBER.

This periodical continues to sustain a merited reputation for the soundness and novelty of its criticisms on foreign productions, which, but for its notices, would doubtless remain unknown to the bulk of English readers; another trait of character which distinguishes it is a delicacy and propriety of taste, opposed to whatever is gross and reprehensible in manners; and on this account alone, forming a fit mentor on the subject of continental literature.

These happy combinations of character in the Foreign Quarterly, have been afforded no small scope in the number now before us, in which, among other topics of interest, we find that of the American newspaper press fairly brought under notice, and exposed to that scorn which its generally infamous nature so well warrants. The article on this subject may be reckoned the best in the number, and has attracted some attention. Mr Dickens, it will be recollected, alludes to it in his late "Notes on America," and we recommend it, in its entire form, to the perusal of our readers. A few passages may be thrown together, for the benefit of those who will never have an opportunity of seeing the review.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER PRESS.

The writer admits, at the outset, that there is a base newspaper press nearer home; that London has its infamous prints, but that the circulation of these papers is miserably low, and is, at all events, confined to the meanest quarters, and the most dissolute class of readers; such prints, therefore, must in no shape be confounded with the general newspaper press of the United Kingdom, which, in the hands of men of character and education, wages no war with the decencies of private life, and "not unworthily represents a great and generous people." We have much pleasure in adding our humble testimony to the truth of the reviewer's remarks on this point. The provincial newspaper press of England and Scotland, with all its faults, is a thing of which the nation at large has reason to feel proud—it shows that public sentiment is healthy at the core.

"On the other hand," observes the reviewer, "what is it that first occurs to us when we turn to the newspaper press of America? If we wish to judge of popular taste by the paper in largest circulation, as in London we should ask for the *Times*, in New York we must ask for the *Herald*. This is a paper published daily, in size more than a single sheet of the *Times*, and about a penny in price. Within the last month, it has boasted of a sale of nearly thirty thousand copies, and strange as it is to detect it in anything approaching to a truth, there cannot in this be much exaggeration. It may be presumed, then, on a fair average to each copy, to have for its readers some hundred thousand citizens of the United States. 'It circulates among all parties, all classes, all sects, all sexes.' Its conductor is thus self-described and named in a very recent publication: 'Owner, editor, proprietor, prophet, head man, head saint, head savan, or head devil, just as you please, J. G. B——.' Of the reported private conduct or character of this accommodating person, it is not our intention to speak. It does not interest us, nor would our readers care to know how many times he has been called dog, spat upon, or beaten. Our business is with the broadsheet of lies, the journal in largest circulation through the Union: with the popular print, in whose columns some fifty or a hundred thousand free Americans enjoy the daily freedom of taking part in the loathsome slander of the most respected of their fellow-citizens: with the organ of public opinion, which stabs at all that is eminent in station, in sex defenceless, or claiming reverence in age: with, in a word, the convicted libeller of all that is manly and decent in that country, from the judge on the bench, to the citizen in his private home.

To describe in any minute detail a publication of this nature, the reader will readily suppose to be something more than difficult; and to succeed in so describing it, would be certainly less than pleasant. It appears (by means, of course, of its evil gains) to have organised throughout the country a very extraordinary and complete system of correspondence, so that, in every chief city of the Union, it has a resident representative. And these are labourers worthy of their hire, being all such reckless libellers of everything decent, and such impudent dealers in everything vile, that the 'head devil' himself must be often hard put to it to keep his scandalous supremacy. The cue universally is—'Spare no one. Thrust yourselves into whatever home you can get, and everywhere leave your slime. In no direction fail to abuse. *Let fly* at all; the more eminent your game, the more atrocious the falsehood we want; but fly low as well as high, for the praiseworthy thirst of every free citizen to know his neighbour's affairs, extends to the affairs of every other free citizen, without frivolous social distinction. Never think a scandal can be too malignant. It is to furnish bitterness for a hundred thousand tongues, and what would be anything scant or small towards satisfaction of so many?'"

The prosecution of the person who conducts this mass of infamy is of no use; for laws are a dead letter where public feeling is against them; on conviction for libel, a fine is imposed, which he pays, and then marches off free of damage in public estimation. Having on one occasion libelled two of the judges of New York, he was prosecuted, and stood convicted:

"He had outraged justice in her sanctuary. It was not possible to imagine a stronger case; the presiding judge had denounced it from the bench in language worthy of his office; every father, mother, and husband in America, had an honest interest in the check that might now at last be given to this dishonest miscreant's career; he was to appear next day to receive his punishment; and who could doubt that the law would abate no jot of its power to punish? *Who could doubt it?* There was not a man in New York that did not KNOW the libeller would escape. With a hundred thousand readers at his back, he had only to snap his fingers at all the law and justice of America." The manner in which he escaped is related by a contemporary print, and throws a curious light over the machinery of popular election in America. "The court consisted of the standing judge, Kent, and two of the city aldermen, Lee and Purdy. A majority rules in the decision. Judge Kent, a man of eminent personal and juridical integrity, thought the crime a heinous one, and that the libeller deserved the severe punishment of imprisonment. But Alderman Lee and Purdy, *loco-foco* demagogues, through fear of the lash of Bennett's piratical, unsparing paper, and to appease the ire of the vampire, decided that the punishment should be a small fine, and the unprincipled libeller was fined about three hundred dollars, for which he drew his check, and walked out of the court-house, bidding defiance to courts of justice. It has since been stated by the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, that it was a concerted plan to get B——acquitted. The whole jury pannel was exhausted to select a jury who would not convict; District-Attorney Whiting manifested marked indifference in the case; and Alderman Lee was got on to the bench by trickery. In the regular order of things, Alderman Benson would have sat in the case, and he would have coincided with Judge Kent." And why, adds the reviewer, "were Aldermen Lee and Purdy afraid of the lash of 'B——'s infamous paper?" Because Aldermen Lee and Purdy were about to become candidates for that popular suffrage wherewith the sober exercise of the solemn duties of the bench is not held incompatible. And why did District-Attorney Whiting manifest marked indifference? Because District-Attorney Whiting was not without sanguine hope of sitting some early day in Congress as representative for the city of New York."

We close with the following emphatic observations. "One of the wisest of the movers of the [American] Revolution always dwelt on the instability of the laws, as what he feared would prove the 'greatest blemish in the character and genius of the American governments.' But he hoped that the influence of manners would gradually correct it. Could he have lived till now, we may imagine his despair. Laws—manners—the great improvers of civilisation in every other land that has pretence to either: supporting each other, correcting and moderating each other, and lifting the people that they serve, gently but surely, in the rank of nations—what is their condition in America? We say that neither can co-exist with a newspaper literature such as we have described; so accessible, so supported, and so utterly unchecked by one single encouraging tendency to the literary talent of the country to exert itself in a different direction. We have not described it unfairly. There are men of character, and of great ability, we know, connected with some of the American journals: we gladly recognise, without reference to party or to circulation, the claims of such prints as the *Washington Intelligencer*, the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, the *New York Evening Post*, the *New York American;* but we also know that in every case respectability has to fight against the want of popularity, and that the most estimable and accomplished of these men, like Judge Noah when in that position, have to sacrifice much that in private life they would most dearly esteem. Party—party—party—that is still the cry which drowns every voice less loud, and to which every consideration less involved with daily existence *must* give way. Such a man as Mr Bryant would scorn to invent a calumny, but he is driven by his party to give circulation to it; and to the universal law of universal distrust he is obliged, high-spirited and independent as he is, to make himself a slave. Governor Clinton made no distinction of the peculiar kinds of party, when, some years since, he told the New York legislature, that, at their last election, party spirit had invaded the tranquillity of private life, had violated the sanctity of female character, had visited with severe inflictions the peace of families, had spared neither elevation nor humility, nor the charities of life, nor distinguished public services, nor the fireside, nor the altar. For, in truth, all this we take to be but the maxim of *suspect every body* in its worst and most licentious form, which, in its more decent, all papers are driven to adopt. Its highest living embodiment is in the infamous *New York Herald*, which, worthily followed, as we have seen, by others only less infamous than itself, now traverses the length and breadth of America—read by every one, quoted by every one, patronised by the President, in favour with his government, patted gently by the judges—rampant, reckless, triumphant, without one restraint to its unbridled villany."

PRUSSIAN REGULARITY.

From a country in which the law can scarcely be said to bear up against the despotism of public opinion, we turn to one in which law is everything and public opinion nothing. We here allude to Prussia, whose exact police regulations form a subject of satire to that lively French writer, Alexander Dumas, although they might much more reasonably have suggested improvements worthy of imitation. The *jeu-d'esprit* occurs in a notice of Dumas's work—"Excursions on the Banks of the Rhine."

"Having entered Prussia," he observes, in his usual dramatic style, "we arrived in the coach-yard just as the horses were put to. There were lucky places in the interior, which I took, and was putting my ticket into my pocket, when my friend M. Poulain told me, in the first place, to read it.

For the convenience of travellers, it is written in German and French. I found that I had the fourth place in the coach, and that I was forbidden to change places with my neighbour, even with the consent of the latter. This discipline, altogether military, acquainted me, even more than did the jargon of the postilion, that we were about to enter the possessions of his Majesty Frederick William. I embraced M. Poulain, and at the appointed hour we set off.

As I had a corner place, the tyranny of his majesty, the king of Prussia, did not appear altogether insupportable; and I must confess that I fell as profoundly asleep as if we had been travelling in the freest country in the world. At about three o'clock, however, that is to say, just at daybreak, I was awakened by the stoppage of the carriage. I thought at first some accident must have happened; that we were either on a bank or in the mud; and put my head out of the window. I was mistaken regarding the accident, nothing of the kind had happened. We were standing alone upon the finest road possible. I took my billet out of my pocket. I read it once more carefully through; and having ascertained that I was not forbidden to address my neighbour, I asked him how long we had been stationary.

'About twenty minutes,' he said.

'And may I, without indiscretion,' I rejoined, 'take the liberty to ask why we are stopping?'

'We are waiting.'

'Oh, we are waiting; and what are we waiting for?'

'We are waiting for the time.'

'What time?'

'The time when we have the right to arrive.'

'There is, then, a fixed hour for arriving?'

'Everything is fixed in Prussia.'

'And if we arrived before the hour?'

'The conductor would be punished.'

'And if after?'

'He would be punished in like manner.'

'Upon my word, the arrangement is satisfactory.'

'Everything is satisfactory in Prussia.'

I bowed in token of assent, for I would not for the world have contradicted a gentleman whose political convictions seemed to be so firm. My approbation seemed to give him great pleasure; and emboldened by that, and by his polite and succinct manner of answering my former questions, I was encouraged to put some new ones.

'I beg pardon, sir,' continued I; 'but will you favour me by stating at what hour the conductor ought to arrive at Aix-la-Chapelle.'

'At thirty-five minutes past five.'

'But suppose his watch goes slow?'

'Watches never go slow in Prussia.'

'Have the goodness to explain that circumstance to me, if you please.'

'It is very simple.'

'Let us see?'

'The conductor has before him, in his place, a clock locked up in a case, and that is regulated by the clock at the diligence office. He knows at what hour he ought to arrive at this or that town, and presses or delays his postilions accordingly, so that he may arrive at Aix-la-Chapelle exactly at thirty-five minutes past five.'

'I am sorry to be so exceedingly troublesome, sir; but your politeness is such, that I must venture on one question more.'

'Well, sir?'

'Well, sir, with all these precautions, how happens it that we are forced to wait now?'

'It is most probably because the conductor did as you did, fell asleep; and the postilion profited of this, and went quicker.'

'Oh, that's it, is it? Well, then, I think I will take advantage of his delay, and get out of the coach.'

'People never get out of the coach in Prussia.'

'That's hard, certainly. I wanted to look at yonder castle on your side of the road.'

'That is the castle of Emmaburg.'

'What was the castle of Emmaburg?'

'The place where the nocturnal adventure took place between Eginhard and Emma.'

'Indeed! will you have the kindness to change places with me, and let me look at the castle from your side?'

'I would with pleasure, but we are not allowed to change places in Prussia.'

'Peste! I had forgotten that,' said I.

'*Ces tiaples de Franzés il être trés pavards,*' [What babblers these French are] said, without unclosing his eyes, a fat German who sat gravely in a corner opposite to me, and who had not opened his lips since we left Liege.

'What was that you said, sir?' said I, turning briskly round towards him, and not over well satisfied with his observation.

'*Che né tis rien ché tors.*' [Nothing—it was a mistake.]

'You do very well to sleep, sir. But I recommend you not to dream out loud: do you understand me? Or if you do dream, dream in your native language.'"

NEAPOLITAN SKETCHES.

Passing over several clever articles, we arrive at a review of an amusing work on Naples and the Neapolitans, by a German, Dr Karl August Mayer, in which we are presented with some lively pictures of popular manners in the capital of southern Italy. There priests and preaching friars come in for a share of notice corresponding to their great numbers and influence. The reviewer quotes a laughable anecdote of one of these gentlemen.

"Among the mendicant friars, or street preachers, of Naples, are to be found men who exercise an astonishing influence over the lazzeroni. Of one of them, Rocco, a Dominican, a posthumous fame is preserved for witty sayings and happy allusions, which, if collected, would fill volumes. He was reckless whom he attacked, and often said things which, upon any one less popular, would have

drawn down the vengeance of the public authorities; but Rocco was a man of whom even the police stood in awe. One day he was preaching to a crowd in the public market-place. 'This day,' he said, 'I will see whether you truly repent you of your sins.' Thereupon he commenced a penitential discourse, that 'made the hair of the hard-hearted multitude stand upright;' and when they were all on their knees, gnashing their teeth, and beating their breasts, and putting on all imaginable outward signs of contrition, he suddenly cried, 'Now you who truly repent you of your sins, hold up your hands.' There was not one present who did not immediately stretch out both arms. 'Holy Archangel, Michael,' then exclaimed Rocco, 'thou who, with thy adamantine sword, standest by the judgment-seat of God, hew me off every hand that has been raised hypocritically.' Instantly every hand dropped, and Rocco poured forth a fresh torrent of invective against the sinfulness and perversity of his audience."

In Naples, there is a universal stagnation of mind; the schools are few in number; the number of holidays is, alone, a sad interruption to study; as for booksellers, Naples contains one hundred and fifty, "a goodly number for a town in which neither authors nor readers can be said to abound; but of these one hundred and fifty, the greater part are mere venders of invalided volumes, or speculators who buy learning by the pound, and dispose of it at a moderate advance to certain consumers who apply books to purposes more useful than intellectual. Printers, stationers, and bookbinders, are likewise included in the list; and a shop with a tolerable assortment of books does not exist in the whole city. Publishers there are none. Authors, ambitious to see themselves in print, and willing to be at the expense, must be their own publishers, and sell their publications the best way they can. More copies are generally given away than sold; and a stranger, desirous of buying a new work, may often inquire for it in vain at every bookseller's in Naples, unless the author has taken the precaution of leaving a few copies here and there on sale or return. The truth is, that a rigid censorship, entirely in clerical hands, and a heavy duty on all foreign books, are serious impediments in the way of literature. Every octavo volume pays an importation duty of three carlini (rather more than a shilling sterling), every quarto volume pays six carlini, and every folio ten. Thus, while the absence of all protection to literary property prevents booksellers from publishing the works of native authors, the priestly censorship lays its veto on the importation of every work of questionable orthodoxy, either theological or political; and the few flimsy productions of the day that are allowed to creep in, are subjected to a duty much too high to allow a bookseller to import them as a matter of speculation."

CANADA.

We have been favoured with the following letter from Mr R. R——, a gentleman who, some years ago, emigrated to Canada, and is now visiting his native country. We formerly gave an account of his farming operations in the backwoods, and now are glad to afford a place for his observations on a subject of growing interest to emigrants with a small capital; namely, the preparation of bread-stuffs and other kinds of food for the home market. In a note accompanying the letter, Mr R. speaks of Canadian affairs as follows:—

"Canada is really but very imperfectly known; the expectations of persons of all classes emigrating there are either unreasonable as to benefit, or as to the duties, and service, and labour necessary to be performed, so that the otherwise contented man is soured by finding but half, perhaps, of the advantages he expected, while he has double the amount of energy to put forth and labour to perform. Still, the country, to particular individuals, is a good one, and would be satisfactory to many more who reach it, if they only possessed sufficient knowledge of what they were to expect. This, however, as it applies chiefly to the least educated, is difficult to accomplish, while interested parties make a business of puffing. But the principal point I wish to make your readers aware of (*especially for the benefit of small farmers*, with two hundred pounds and upwards, who hitherto have failed to perceive a market on which they could surely reckon), *is the effect to be expected from the tariff*, not only as to prices now, but what the acknowledgment of the principle of *integrality* will lead to hereafter. Our North American colonies, once recognised as integral parts of the empire, and put on a footing of real and not step-children, with as free access to the markets of the mother country *as are their obligations to consume her manufactures*, will become bound by the best of all ties, namely, self-interest, and the enjoyment of advantages which neither their annexation to the United States nor their own independence for many years could give them. Their want of this, more than local misgovernment, has caused the recent discontents and rebellion, at least in Upper Canada; for if people, for *want of markets*, were not thriving, all the oratory that could be exerted on the privileges and benefit of British connexion must fail of conviction. The converse of this, I believe, would be equally true, that if, under the autocrat of Russia, a people found themselves more prosperous than their neighbours, all the commendation of free institutions would fail of effect."

D——, *5th November*, 1842.

Sir—The privileges conceded to the Canadas by the late tariff, together with the loan of L.1,500,000 for the improvement of internal communications, appear to me so fraught with advantage to those possessions, that I am induced to solicit the attention of your readers to the subject, especially those who may have thoughts of emigrating to that province.

When I state, that, previous to the passing of the tariff, the only market for the surplus produce of Canada, with the exception of wheat, was to be found in the demand created by the immigration for the year, it will easily be seen how utterly inadequate the inducement was for capitalists to engage in farming, and how impossible to make any calculation at all encouraging to the adventurer. The consequence naturally was, that every settler limited his operations to the clearing and cultivating of just such an amount of land as sufficed for the wants of his family; and if some, more enterprising than wise, exceeded that amount (*being without the means of labour in the members of their own family*), the result almost invariably was found to be one of debts and difficulties. No country can be reckoned to be in a healthy state when the staple article of its production cannot pay the capitalist, *by hired labour*, to raise it. It is not enough that some one year should pay, but that a clear foundation should be seen to exist for a certain profit to the agriculturist upon an average of years. Such could not be the case while the markets were contingent on immigration; and yet such, to the present day, has been the situation of Upper Canada at least, and more or less of the rest of our British-American colonies.

The duties now chargeable on provisions, namely, salt or corned beef and pork, are two shillings per cwt.; on bacon and hams, three shillings and sixpence; on butter, five shillings; cheese, two shillings and sixpence; and lard, sixpence per cwt. The cost of producing and the price required by the grower in Canada to remunerate him, is about threepence per lb. for beef and pork, fourpence per lb. for bacon and hams, sixpence for butter, and the same for lard. By adding one penny per lb. to the cost-price of each of these articles, for curing and barreling, freight, insurance, and duty, &c., you will have the sum required to be obtained in the English market, before it pay the Canadian grower to export them. Now, nothing can be more plain than the above statement; nothing more certain than that, until prices in this country fall below what I have asserted will pay the Canadian, he has a sure and remunerating market. If prices in the colony rise above those in the British market, so much the better for him; it is enough for all purposes of encouragement and calculation, that he can command the latter, and that, until the Canadas become more densely peopled, the prices here are sure to be remunerating.

Any farmer will see from these facts, and what I shall presently mention about the wheat crop, that he can make something approximating to a correct calculation, even before he leaves this country, of the probable profits of pursuing his vocation in Canada. He has only to obtain the price of labour and of a cleared farm, either in fee-simple or to rent; in fact, to enter into the same minutiæ of calculation as he does in Scotland before he rents a farm, to enable him to strike the balance. What I mean to insist on, and to make the prominent object of this communication is, that the great desideratum in all business transactions, namely, a market, which has been hitherto wanting in Canada, but which has now been obtained, has placed the soil of Canada in a position to pay capital employing labour, which before, as a general rule, it did not enjoy.

It will, however, be necessary, to the acquirement of the highest prices by the Canadian farmer, that persons well skilled in the art of curing beef and pork, as well as in making butter and cheese, should go out to him—from Ireland for the former, and from Scotland and England for the latter; as what may have sufficed to preserve those things for his own use, is more than likely insufficient to suit the English market. Better, however, for him will be the erection of large curing establishments, to which his fresh meat may be delivered, or his beasts sold.*

Having now shown that the tariff gives the agriculturist in our North American colonies a sure market for his green crops, it remains only to mention, that, by the late resolution of the provincial legislature, imposing a duty on the entry of American wheat into Canada, Canadian wheat, under the assurance of Lord Stanley, will be admitted free into the British ports. This grain can be raised by the colonists for about thirty-six shillings a quarter, and landed in the markets here, in bulk, for about twenty shillings more, making the price necessary to pay fifty-six shillings; but if ground and barreled, and sent here as flour, the advantage to the colonial exporter is considerably greater. Oats and barley are generally at a fair demand in the country itself.

While on the subject of Canada, I may mention that, after an experience of ten years, I consider, that in no country in the world is a poor man, having a good character, and being industrious, so sure to become independent; and it is in this conviction, that I feel every well-wisher to Canada can not only afford to tell the truth, but to see cause for regret that so many, equally interested in its prosperity, should think it necessary to force emigration by exaggerated statements calculated to do harm.

The application of the loan of L.1,500,000, mentioned in the first part of this letter, will, for the next three or four years at least, give employment to immigrants as they arrive; at all events, to such as fail to obtain, or are immediately unfit for, agricultural employment.

P. S.—Though I have used the term Canada throughout, I mean these remarks, for the most part, to apply to what was Upper Canada.—R. R."

* I have given the minimum prices in Canada for which the articles mentioned can be raised in a state fit for the English market. I have also assumed the amount necessary to pay the Canadian for landing them, to be the minimum price in the British market for the best of each kind.

"IT IS VULGAR."

The following is extracted from Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott:"—"Lest I should forget to mention it, I put down here a rebuke which, later in life, Sir Walter gave in my hearing to his daughter Anne. She happened to say of something, I forget what, that she could not abide it—it was vulgar. 'My love,' said her father, 'you speak like a very young lady; do you know, after all, the meaning of this word vulgar? 'Tis only common. Nothing that is common, except wickedness, can deserve to be spoken of in a tone of contempt; and when you have lived to years, you will be disposed to agree with me in thanking God that nothing really worth having or caring about in this world is uncommon.'"

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

The comparative safety of railway travelling is forcibly shown in the late report of the officers of the railway department, Board of Trade. It is stated that the number of accidents on the railways of the United Kingdom, arising from causes beyond the control of passengers, which occurred in the year 1841, was 29, by which 24 persons were killed, and 72 injured.

The number of accidents which occurred in the same period to individuals, owing to their own negligence or misconduct, was 36, by which 17 persons were killed, and 20 injured. The description given of the several cases in this class, affords proof of the extraordinary recklessness of the individuals who have suffered. "Jumped off after his hat," occurs no less than three times; "jumped off," twelve times; "run over, crossing before a train," occurs six times. There are also several cases of persons killed whilst lying asleep on the rails, and of others killed or injured by falling from trucks on which they had been riding without leave.

The number of accidents which occurred in the same period to servants of the company, under circumstances not involving danger to the public, was sixty, by which twenty-eight persons were killed, and thirty-six injured.

The safety of railway travelling is shown by the small number of persons killed and injured by accidents arising from causes beyond the control of passengers. It would be easy to prove that the mortality and injuries occasioned during the past year by such coach accidents only as are recorded in the newspapers, were greater. Then it must be borne in mind how few persons now travel by coaches; whilst the number who travelled by railway, during the first *half* of 1841, amounted to no less than 8,901,916! It must not, however, be assumed, that the railway companies are not culpable with respect to the accidents, few though they be, which have occurred. There ought to be no accidents, and on a well-regulated railway there would be none.

THE ROBIN.

Thou comest, blythe one, when the summer sky
Hath deepen'd into autumn's richer blue,
When gorgeous sunset clouds come floating by,
Burning with golden, or with crimson hue;
And eve's first planet sparkling in the west,
Beckons the weary day to early rest.

Thou comest, sweet one, when the beech-woods wear
Their richest tinted robe—before decay
Hath touch'd a loveliness, more rich and rare
Than all the young luxuriance of May;
A deeper glow of beauty on them lies;
Their hues seem borrow'd all of sunset skies.

Thou comest with thy song, when gushing rills
Have hush'd the silver murmuring, which made
Music at summer noontide 'mid the hills,
And fill'd with melody the woodland shade.
Summer is gone!—can the bright waters leap
Half so rejoicingly adown the steep?

Thou comest, too, when memories fill the heart
Of brightness banish'd long;
When flowers grow pale, and silently depart,
Their requiem is thy song.
The blackbird's note, the nightingale's soft lay,
And lark's exulting chant, have pass'd away.

Where hast thou been through the bright summer days,
When on the air a thousand songs went by?
Oh! hast thou hush'd or treasured up thy lays,
Quenching thy bosom's hidden melody,
To pour it forth with sweeter, richer power,
Gladdening the silence of an autumn hour?

Yes! thus it is—thou comest, and wilt stay
E'en though the dreary winter tarry long,
Mourning, perchance, for summer's glorious day,
Yet ever blending in thy simple song
An under tone of hope, some note which tells
That spring will come again with opening buds and bells.

Oct. 11th, 1842.

NEW WORK OF MESSRS CHAMBERS.

The "Information for the People," which was to consist of 100 numbers, being now completed, Messrs Chambers respectfully announce that they have commenced the publication of the following new work:—

CHAMBERS'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

In the "Information for the People," the Editors aimed at presenting a body of scientific and general knowledge suitable to the wants of the middle and labouring classes. While that work may serve to instruct, there is need for another which may tend to refine. In the Literature addressed at the present time to the People, there appears, generally, a lack of something to awaken the higher powers of thought—reflection, imagination, and taste—and to nourish at the same time the finer of the moral feelings. These objects Messrs Chambers believe will be in some measure accomplished by the work now announced; in which will be concentrated the most exquisite productions of English intellect, from Anglo-Saxon to the present times, in the various departments headed by Chaucer, Shakspeare, Milton—by More, Bacon, Locke—by Hooker, Taylor, Barrow—by Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith—by Hume, Robertson, Gibbon—*set* in a biographical and critical history of the Literature itself. For the self-educating everywhere, such a work will be as a whole English Library fused down into one cheap book. For the more fortunate youth who are undergoing a regular education, it will be that and something besides—an Introduction to the Pantheon of English Writers, serving, but in a more systematic way and less exclusive taste, the purpose so long served by Dr Knox's "Elegant Extracts."

The "Cyclopædia of English Literature" is under the care of Mr Robert Chambers, assisted by several gentlemen of suitable qualifications, amongst whom may be mentioned Mr Robert Carruthers of Inverness. It will be embellished with Wood Engravings of the heads of the principal authors, and objects connected with their history.

The work will appear in weekly numbers, consisting of a single sheet in royal 8vo., double columns, uniform with the "Information for the People," and costing *three halfpence*; and in monthly parts at *sevenpence*. It will consist of not more than 100 numbers, forming two massive and handsome volumes.

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TWO OF A TRADE.

THE proverb recognises that two of a trade never agree; but there is an equally general assurance, that opposition or competition in trade is useful to the public. So, although this benefit is only to be obtained by what is sure to make some individuals bad friends, all cry out for, and are eager to support, competition—excepting only in their own particular line of business, where they are always very sensible of its mischievous effects. Hence it is, that while the utility of competition is universally acknowledged as an abstract truth, every mercantile person is seen aiming, in his own practice, at some peculiar source of gain in which he may have no rivals. All are, indeed, monopolists in their hearts, from the great patentee of some splendid mechanical invention, down to him who rejoices only in the dealing out of beer in some favoured resort of a thirsty public; or the Hibernian gentleman who stands upon some ancient crossing, which, with his broom, he defends against all deadly.

Of the general force of the maxim as to competition, there can, we believe, be little doubt. The fact is, all things tend to become sleepy and indifferent, when not stirred up by the long pole of rivalry. We have known a respectable stage-coach go on for ages between two adjacent seats of population, thinking it was doing a very fair duty by the public if it went thrice a week at the rate of five miles an hour, under a conductor by no means over-civil to people who wished to be picked up by the way. What was the astonishment of this old, steady, though slow coach, when some lighter and smarter vehicle got up, and vowed that it would convey the lieges thrice a-day at the rate of ten miles an hour, with a coachman of unsuborned civility, and at fares one half of those of the elder coach. Of course, the senior thought its young rival extremely rash and foolish, and openly expressed its general assent to the proposition, that things which run fast never run long. Nevertheless, in the long run, the Old Steady was obliged to open its eyes a little, and put on a third horse at the two hilly stages, and go once a-day, and let down its fares a small thing, just to show that it had every wish to oblige its old friend the public—the coachman, with a superadded guard, being at the same time all smiles to every tramper who wished to be an outside for so much as a couple of miles. So, also, we have known an old respectable provincial newspaper, which thought all was very well if, in its four small pages, printed in an ancient type, by no means particular about expressing the loops of e's or even the middles of o's, it gave a few choice paragraphs from the London prints, with a fair show of accidents and offences, and a good market and shipping list, not forgetting the births, deaths, and marriages for the old ladies; when, behold, up would start a rival intelligencer of twice the size, and well printed, which gave original leading articles two columns in length, and let the public know how much reason it had to be dissatisfied with everything, and gibbeted some public functionary at least once a-week, all for the same money! The old paper was indignant, looked to established character for support, and was sure of the speedy extinction of the upstart. But yet, somehow, it found it advisable, ere six weeks had gone about, to enlarge its size, and engage "a gentleman of talent from the metropolis" as editor, and look a great deal more smartly after reports of the meetings of guardians and commissioners of police than it had hitherto done: in short, it became quite a different thing. And the upshot in the two cases was, that the town had two rapid frequent-going coaches, and two smart bustling newspapers, one for each side of the question, where formerly it had only one of each, and that a dozer. Clearly, the slow coach and stupid newspaper would have gone on as they had done for ever, taking the money of the public for very so-so service, if the rivals had not started up, and this just because everybody naturally wishes to do as little for as much gain as possible. All laud, then, to competition, the soul of business—in every case except one's own.

This is the view of the question most acceptable to the public, and which experience hitherto seems, upon the whole, to have justified. Is it to be for a moment hinted before this free and enlightened nation, that there are, or can be, any circumstances (excepting in one's own case) where competition does harm? Why, the new coach may not pay, or both of them may not pay; but what is that to the public? it is only a loss to the parties engaged in the business. Let them run down each other's prices to zero, and even a breakfast-upon-the-road below it; still the public is well served, and that is all that the public needs to care for. And this line of argument may be taken in every case (always excepting the sacred one, one's own), until it shall appear that all monopolies (with that endeared exception) are thoroughly detestable and improper, and not entitled to receive the least countenance from any one who values the public good. Yet it is a little strange that there are some principles in political economy which do not quite square with this reasoning.

It is held in that science that, when any member of the community, not in independent circumstances, either does not labour at all, or labours at something which does not conduce to any useful purpose, all the food which is required for his support is as so much loss to the community. And of this, certainly, no reasonable man can doubt. It is also held, that the more cheaply, or by the less labour, anything desired by the public can be provided to it, it is the better; that, indeed, when anything which can be produced at a certain rate is, by improper methods or arrangements of any kind, provided at a higher rate, or by a greater expenditure of labour than is necessary, there is a loss to the public to the extent of the difference between the two rates or amounts of labour. And it is easy to see how this should be the case; for, supposing the difference in any instance to be exactly the labour of one man, it is evident that, as this man could be employed in producing something else equally gratifying and needful, his being employed superfluously in the other object is a complete waste of his labour. So, also, it is a law in political economy, that when anything required by the public can be produced by the outlay of a certain amount of capital, it is a waste of capital to employ more upon it, seeing that the excess could be directed to other objects, by which it would supply other needs and gratify other tastes of the public; which is also a truth very obvious to the most simple understanding, although perhaps its applications may not be so readily conceded to. Let us see how these principles, or rather varieties of one principle, bear upon some things which we see every day in the world of business.

There is nothing more common than to see a number of shops of one trade clustering together in perhaps one street of a large town—say shoe shops, or hat shops, or grocery shops, or jewellery shops—all eager so outvie each other in the smartness of a set-out in the windows, in splashiness of sign, and attractiveness of promise in advertisements—and each occupied by a master and several assistants, who are perhaps not above half employed. In country towns, we see, in like manner, half a dozen shopkeepers of one class struggling with each other for the business which might be executed by two or three at most; or rather languidly waiting for their share of that business, and spending two-thirds of their time in an idleness and vacuity absolutely benumbing to their faculties. Generally, in such cases, there is one of the set who, from old standing in the line, from superior capital or energy, gets pretty full employment, and realises tolerable returns; a second usually has a share which keeps his head above water, and hopes to be the first in time; the rest languish in a small way between solvency and insolvency, hardly able to support themselves, or only subsisting upon their little capital, or the funds of their creditors. This is no theoretical picture. We venture to say, there is not any line of retail trade in any seat of population whatever, where more than one half of those engaged in it can be said to thrive, or where one-half the number would not serve the public quite as well, and, after all, realise not more than enough to be a fair remuneration for their time, labour, and capital. In a town known to us, which contains from five to six thousand inhabitants, there were, not long since, fourteen bakers, scarcely any of whom could be considered as prosperous. And no wonder. In consequence of the division of the business amongst so many, all, except one or two who had been long in the trade, had each a very small share, the profits being at the same time reduced to something quite visionary, through the excessive competition. Now, though the public in such circumstances gets the best possible article at the lowest possible price, there remains for consideration, on the other hand, the disadvantage of having perhaps seven or eight out of fourteen tradesmen, who are, to all intents and purposes, burdens upon the community, seeing that their labours are utterly superfluous and unnecessary, while yet they must be in some way supported. Suppose that these supernumeraries were employed in elaborating from the storehouse of nature some other articles really useful to their fellow-creatures, would not the difference of the result be exactly this, that they would be useful, instead of useless and burdensome, members of the commonwealth? In two other towns known to us, situated about ten miles from each other, several bakers keep covered carts, in which they send their bread to families and small dealers in the country around, which is all very right; but will it be believed, that so eager are they for business, that they actually send their carts regularly every day *to the other town respectively*, to lay off a few loaves which, from favour or importunity, they have been allowed to supply—another baker in a village ten miles from both, also sending a cart daily to each for the same purpose! There is something affecting in such an anxiety for business as this—it reminds one of Burns's poor o'erlaboured wight,

> "Who begs a brother of the earth
> To give him leave to toil."

Doubtless, as the people in each town could be supplied by their own bakers, the whole cost of the apparatus required for carrying it is so much lost; and the man, horse, and cart, in each instance, employed in that business, might as well be set to carrying loads of sea-sand from one part of the intervening coast to another. Were the man capable of understanding his position in society, he would reckon himself as much a burden on his fellow-creatures as the idle vagrant whom he passes on the road, and be ashamed for himself and horse accordingly. But this apparatus by no means stands alone in its misapplication and inutility. The capital employed in the stone and lime of all superfluous shops, and in all the furnishings and

implements employed there, is as much lost as that which is sunk in the baker's horse and cart. And such must be the case with all capital and labour whatever, which are in the predicament of being over and above what is needed to supply the public in a satisfactory manner with any of the things which it requires.

There are some undertakings of so vast a nature, that they generally become the subject of a combination of means; that is, a joint-stock company. Canals, railways, the supply of water and of gas, are of this nature. The public, ever jealous of monopoly, usually takes measures, through the medium of parliament, for preventing any of these companies from exercising an arbitrary control over charges and regulations, seeing that competition in such affairs is perhaps unattainable. Yet there is always a great eagerness to raise oppositions to such companies, if there be the least appearance of encouragement to do so. A stranger, visiting a large town some day, with nothing in his head but the usual newspaper topics—the Affghan war, the tariff, and the state of the manufacturing districts—is astonished to find the people of this particular place engrossed to an infinitely greater degree by some dreadful war of their own, as to the propriety of setting up an opposition to some joint-stock company by which they have hitherto been supplied with some necessary of life. He adverts to the subject half in joke, hinting, that perhaps there is no need for the proposed opposition; but the inhabitants receive his remarks with a sullen and teeth-clenched fierceness, for which he was totally unprepared—much like a scene in one of Shakspeare's Roman plays.

First Citizen.—We have been too long oppressed by this tyrannical monopoly.

Second Citizen.—Look what dividends they have been getting for the last ten years.

Third Citizen.—A bad article, deficient supply, and no civility.

Omnes.—Huzza for the new company—opposition is the soul of business!

And of course the new company is started, which brings down the dividends of the old one, and perhaps advances the public conveniency in some degree, but does not insure that the new adventurers are to profit largely by their spirited effort. The fact is, that this is just one of the cases where the exception of evil, which attends the general good of competition, is most apt to befall and be felt severely. The capital of such a concern is mostly spent in what may be comprehensively called apparatus. Where one set of apparatus already existing is sufficient to serve the purpose, to make another set is a complete waste of labour, and consequently of money, just as much so as it would be to have a double set of every article of furniture in one's house, or for a farmer to keep two ploughs to do the work of one. The public says, "But if these people choose to spend their money in that way, it is no business of ours to disapprove of their design, or in any way interfere with it. We cannot be the worse from a particular set of persons laying out a few hundred thousand pounds which they have to spare." Here lies the great mistake. When money is laid out in needless labour—in that which is to produce no comfort or satisfaction to any one—it is a *loss to all*, because it might have been laid out upon something which would have had exactly the opposite results. The holders of the superfluous stock are so much the poorer by the amount of their unrequited capital, and of course have so much less to spend on their clothiers, shoemakers, bakers, butchers, and all who supply them with the necessaries and enjoyments of life. It is thus that the erroneous expenditure comes to tell upon the whole community. Suppose, for the sake of illustration, that a number of persons with some money in their pockets, but no knowledge of political economy in their heads, were to propose getting up a rival to any existing railway, at an expense of half a million sterling, on the ostensible ground, that the first railway charged each passenger sixpence more than was necessary to return five per cent.; and suppose that it was pointed out to the proposers, that there was much need for the employment of their half million in the formation of an improved harbour and pier, where it was likely their money would return a profit not less than that of the existing railway. Assuredly, if they refused to go into the harbour speculation, where there was a need of the public, and a good prospect of remuneration, and went into the railway speculation, where the case was in all respects the reverse, these persons would be acting a very foolish part, and it would only be a just and deserved result, if, while reducing the first railway profits one half, they were to get no more than the other half to themselves. Thus, it is seen that the public interest and that of all individual adventurers are bound up together. The public here remains without the required convenience of its harbour; it only gets a thing which it did not require; or, at the most, it has got rid of a bagatelle overcharge: therefore, being itself unbenefited, or only benefited in a degree quite trifling, it, as a matter of course, withholds reward. And, unquestionably, every misexpenditure of capital by speculators is thus punished—as necessarily so as that every excess in eating or drinking carries with it its own punishment—for laws of providence operate unbendingly in both cases alike. Many will say, "The money spent on the superfluous railway is not altogether lost, for it has given employment to many persons in the construction." But so would the harbour, with the *additional advantage*, that it would have been useful afterwards, and, in its profits, a means of employing more men. It may be said, "A harbour was not needed, and the money might have lain idle." But there is never any need for money lying idle; and practically, in this country, no money does lie idle. It is distributed, by means of banks and otherwise, amongst those who are able and willing to employ it, and is usually as busy as it can be in all sorts of work. We only adduce a harbour for the sake of illustration: if laid out in any other way in which it produced things useful to the community, it would have been making good our argument quite as well.

These observations will be new, and somewhat startling, to a vast number of persons, but only because there is such an universal ignorance of the very first principles of the science which perhaps most nearly concerns the worldly interests of man. Undreaming of any principle being concerned in the matter, the poor shopkeeper complains of a want of business, and a consequent narrowness of means, which, in the circumstances in which he has placed himself, are as necessary of occurrence as the rise of the wind by a local rarefaction of the atmosphere, or the befalling of darkness after the setting of the sun. It is affecting to see such as he suffer through such causes; but one can scarce behold, without a different feeling superadded, the comparatively affluent and so-called educated classes rushing into large ventures, which a science, which they might now study by the outlay of a few halfpence, would teach them to be, from unalterable decrees of providence itself, not entitled to success.

To recapitulate the whole matter—Competition is useful in as far as it stirs up and sharpens men, and keeps down profits at a moderate level; but it may be carried too far, and it is so when more go into a trade than there is fair occasion for, and when capital is spent on objects which do not tend to gratify an actual and otherwise unsupplied need of the public. That these abuses of competition should be avoided, is the interest, not of individuals alone, who suffer primarily and most severely by them, but of the whole community; for it is the concern of all that every brain, every hand, and every pound of money, should be employed to good purpose. A watchful eye may every day see providence assigning its various rewards for the obedience and disobedience paid to these its institutions; the original-minded, inventive, and active man, who addresses himself to new necessities of his kind, being usually rewarded by the best profits, while only poverty befalls those who flock to help the idle; and misexpenditures of capital are visited by shadowy dividends, all the intermediate degrees of merit and error being generally remunerated in proportion. It is not given to all to be inventive, and mistakes unavoidable must be allowed for; but certainly, if mercantile men were acquainted with the principles of the *science* of industry, they would (all other circumstances being equal) be far less likely to mispend both their labour and capital, and far more likely to realise their favourite objects in life, than they are.

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

ANIMALS CHARACTERISTIC OF THE DIFFERENT QUARTERS OF THE GLOBE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE most superficial glance at the physical attributes of Asia, is sufficient to show that it is much better fitted for the support of an extensive and varied series of animals than either of the other two continental divisions of the Old World. Extending from the vicinity of the equator to the polar ocean, it is subject to every gradation of temperature. Deeply intersected, especially along its southern coasts, by portions of the ocean, and traversed in almost every direction by mighty rivers; it is amply supplied with moisture: its tropical regions, therefore, possess the two principal conditions for the growth of plants, and exhibit a magnificent exuberance of vegetation, unequalled elsewhere, except in South America; and the amount of animal life is, as usual, proportionate to the means by which it is chiefly sustained. The mighty ridge of the Himmalaya, and its numerous subordinate chains, repeat—in the interior of the continent, and on a smaller scale, from their bases, where an almost tropical heat prevails, upwards to their summits, which are shrouded in eternal snow—the successive climatic changes which take place as we recede from the equator to the northern pole; the great table-lands of the central countries, and the *steppes* of those further to the east, present somewhat peculiar localities; while to the north-west the country becomes assimilated to Europe, and on the south-west to Africa. These and various other transitionary or subordinate features in the physical constitution of this continent, which we cannot now particularise, necessarily imply the existence of a mighty host of living creatures of the most varied description, many of which do not occur elsewhere. This is, in fact, the only great division of the globe which can be said to include an arctic and tropical Fauna—inhabited at the one extremity by the white bear, reindeer, and other denizens of the polar circle; and at the opposite extremity by the elephant, lion, and many other animals even more exclusively destined for a tropical life.

Many of the larger and more remarkable quadrupeds, as has been already hinted, occurring in Africa, are likewise found in Asia. The camel and dromedary are natives of the central countries of this continent, but from having been so long under the influence of man, it is difficult to determine from what precise locality they originated, but in all probability it was from some of the more northern regions, subject at times to a pretty severe temperature. The primitive abodes of the elephant (*Elephas Indicus*) were, doubtless, far from being co-extensive with its present distribution, modified as that has been by human agency; but they must have included most of the tropical parts of the continent, as well as the large islands to the south of it. The Indian rhinoceros is the only species to be noticed as exclusively confined to continental Asia. The latter, also, with several of the adjacent islands, is the sole residence of the graceful but savage and blood-thirsty tiger, which may perhaps be regarded as the animal most characteristic of this division of the globe. Notwithstanding the numbers which are continually falling under the rifles of Anglo-Indian sportsmen, who regard the hunting of this powerful brute as the most adventurous and exciting of all field-sports, and which has the advantage of utility to recommend it, beyond what can be said of most other similar pursuits, the tiger is still so plentiful, as to be no small scourge to many parts of the country, and even to claim some of them as almost exclusively his own. Hindostan may be said to be his cradle, or centre of dominion; and although his range eastwards and westwards is not very extensive, he is found as far north as the banks of the Obi. Many other feline animals occur throughout this vast continent, but the larger, and otherwise more remarkable, kinds are not confined to it, and are not, therefore, so strictly characteristic of its zoology. Not a few peculiar kinds of canine animals occur here. It is, indeed, far from improbable, that it was from that central region of the world, comprehended within the limits of this continent, that the primitive species of the whole of our domesticated races of dogs originated. At all events, there exists there a wild dog called the Buansu (*Canis primævus*), which is regarded in this light by some. The Thibet mastiff is likewise a remarkable dog, of large size, and singularly gloomy aspect, owing to the great dimensions of its pendulous lips, and the eyebrows forming a fold obliquely over and partially concealing the eyes. Red dogs (*Chryseus*), of various species range from the southern side of the Himmalaya ridge to Ceylon, and from China to the Mediterranean. The jackals, of which there are several kinds, the common, Indian, Syrian, &c., are well-known to the Asiatic traveller by their loud and disagreeable howling in the night. Foxes, properly so called, likewise exist in various peculiar species; such as the Nepal fox, the black fox in the northern countries, so prized for its fur, that a perfect skin sells at 400 rubles; the Himmalaya fox (usually called the Hill Fox by Europeans), and the Syrian fox, the supposed *shual* of the Hebrews, the only animal of this kind occurring in Palestine, where it greatly injures the vineyards. Possessing many ruminating animals in common with Africa, this quarter of the globe is still particularly rich in species proper to itself: of these only a few can be here referred to. The musk-deer, yielding the substance so well-known in medicine and perfumery, inhabits the lofty and rugged districts extending between Siberia, China, and Thibet. Extreme cold seems essential to the welfare of this singular animal, as it seldom voluntarily descends even to the region of pines, and the young speedily perish if taken to a mild climate. The spotted axis is a kind of counterpart of the European fallow-deer, occurring in considerable plenty in grass jungles near the banks of rivers; and it is a variety of this animal which sportsmen call the hog-deer, and which they most frequently hunt on horseback, or with greyhounds. The Rusa group of stags is exclusively Asiatic, comprehending several species, most of them of large size; that named hippelaphas, or horse-stag, has a long flowing mane, and the cervus arestoteles, erroneously called the elk by sportsmen, inhabits the warmer parts of India. The Nepaul stag is a stately animal, not unlike our own red-deer, of a yellowish-brown colour, with a large white patch over the rump. The chickara, a wild and agile creature, found in the western provinces of Bengal, Behor, and Orissa, is a small antelope with four horns. The nylghau, or blue ox, a beautiful animal, as large as a stag, is found in the jungles in the northern parts of India, and seems to be pretty frequent on the confines of Persia. The goats and sheep peculiar to Asia are very numerous: of the former, the most valuable is the Cashmere or Thibet goat, and one of the rarest and most interesting the Jemlah goat, which inhabits the central mountains. The Caucasian goat (*Capra ægagrus*) is undoubtedly the source from which all the domesticated varieties are derived. The lofty table-lands and snowy mountains of Middle Asia form the mother country of the true sheep; and Mr Blyth, who has investigated the subject with more attention than any other modern naturalist, is of opinion, that, besides the numerous species already ascertained to exist there, others will yet be discovered more nearly allied to the domestic races than any at present known, and from which the latter chiefly sprung. Of the bovine animals, or those of the ox tribe, proper to Asia, we can merely name the arnee, the yak or grunting ox, and the gayall or jungle ox.

There can be little doubt that High Asia is the aboriginal region of the horse, as it unquestionably is of all the solid-hoofed animals of the true Asinine

form. Of these there appear to be at least four species. It thus appears that, for the great majority of our most useful domestic animals, we are indebted to this division of the globe. The brown bear, which likewise occurs in Europe, inhabits a great part of Asia; but the latter has several species not found elsewhere; in particular the Malayan bear, the Thibet bear, and a singular creature called the jungle or labiated bear, a favourite with Indian jugglers, owing to its uncouth appearance. The monkeys, bats, gnawing animals, &c., peculiar to Asia, are very numerous; but even a simple catalogue of the names of these would lead us beyond our present purpose, which must be limited to the indication of a few of the more prominent zoological features.

The only African reptile we have mentioned is the crocodile; here an analogous species occurs, named the Gavial or Gangetic crocodile, which attains a large size, and is remarkable for the cartilaginous prominences surrounding its nostrils, and the length of its muzzle, armed with numerous, nearly equal, teeth.

Many of the birds of Asia are very conspicuous and interesting; and although, upon the whole, inferior in splendour to those of South America (which is unrivalled in this respect), yet not a few can be mentioned of surpassing magnificence. There is no country so rich in gallinaceous birds; the peacock, confessedly the most beautiful of all the feathered race (*facilè pulcherrima avium*, is Linnæus's expression regarding it), consisting of two distinct species; the whole tribe of pheasants, containing many different kinds, scarcely inferior in beauty to the familiarly-known gold and silver pheasants; one of them, the argus pheasant, among the most remarkable of birds; many different species of cock and hen;* the tragopaus, beautifully spotted with white on a ground colour of the most gorgeous red, and remarkable for having an erectile horn behind each eye; and, to name no others, the Impeyan pheasant, about the size of a small turkey, whose dorsal plumage reflects the most brilliant tints of gold, copper, sapphire, and emerald—are all natives of Asia. Of the parrot tribe, always among the most notable denizens of the torrid zone, the whole race of paroquets belonging to the genus Palæornis, which includes the well-known Alexandrine and Rose-ring species; the scarlet-coloured lories, and not a few others, appertain exclusively to Asia. The mina-bird, which is very common in India, is celebrated for its power of imitating the human voice. The paradise grackle, allied to the European rose-ouzel, is very useful in many Asiatic countries, by destroying the locusts by which they are occasionally devastated. An immense number of woodpeckers, kingfishers, &c., have their exclusive residence in Asia; an adjutant (*Ciconia argala*), the counterpart of the maribou of Africa, stalks about the banks of the great rivers; and the anastomes, storks of similar habits, are its frequent companions. Vultures, eagles, bustards, hornbills, and multitudes of other tribes, are represented in this continent by many peculiar species, which we cannot here enumerate.

The animals of Europe are of smaller size, and less numerous in species, than those of any other great division of the globe. This is partly owing to its inferior dimensions; but chiefly to its being situated entirely within the temperate and frigid zones, and therefore cut off from those influences which produce such a redundancy of life within the tropics. It is the only division of the globe so circumstanced; for that either of the other two northern continents might at all resemble it in this respect, we must suppose them to terminate to the south about the 36th degree of latitude. But even this would leave a wide dissimilarity between them; for land lying in continuity with a tropical region experiences various effects from the latter, which are completely interrupted by the intervention of a sea or other wide extent of water. To compensate for their comparative poverty of native animals, Europeans have borrowed largely from other continents; and a moment's reflection, aided by the information we have already given, will show how few even of our most familiar animals are indigenous to the countries where they now dwell. This view of the matter, however, is merely comparative. Europe is not, of course, destitute of an extensive and proper Fauna, beautifully adapted to the physical circumcumstances under which it is destined to live. Any peculiar feature in that Fauna can scarcely be expected to occur in the most northern regions; for all the three continents that approximate to the north pole, are there exposed to such a similarity of meteorological influences, that little scope is afforded for a diversity of living creatures. The polar bear, whale, walrus, reindeer, &c., are accordingly common to them all; such, likewise, was thought to be the case with the elk; but recent investigations seem to have established the fact, that the moose of America, and probably the elk of Tartary and Central Asia, are distinct from the European elk; the latter, in that case, will rank among the most conspicuous animals peculiar to this division of the globe. The bison, or auroch (*Bos urus*), is the most bulky of European animals, and was formerly pretty generally distributed over this continent, but now has its principal resort in the great marshy forests of Lithuania: it seems to be distinct from the Caucasian bison. Of the other ruminants, almost the only species which this continent can claim, are the fallow-deer, the roebuck, and the ibex. The red-deer, and the chamois of the Alps, although having their principal seat in Europe, pass beyond the Asiatic boundary. A single antelope only ranges within the boundaries of Europe; that is the sarga (*Antilope colus*), indigenous to Poland and Russia. The brown bear (of which the European black bear is only a variety), the wild boar, the wolf, the hedgehog, and many other animals, which occupy a prominent place in European zoology, are almost equally plentiful in the corresponding regions of Asia. Even the wild cat and the lynxes, which are the only representatives of the feline group in this continent, are not peculiar to it. Various kinds of foxes, however, do not seem to range beyond its limits, although, among these canines, it is no easy matter to determine, in many cases, what constitutes a species, and what a variety. The musmon sheep of Corsica and Sardinia has been thought by some to be the parent of some of our domestic breeds. The great majority of the known species of mice and rats, the hamsters, two species of martens, numerous weasels, one species of badger, an otter, three kinds of dormouse, a species of flying squirrel, several marmots, and the blind and common mole, are exclusively European. The last-mentioned animal is common in every part of the continent, with the singular exceptions of Ireland and Greece. Five different kinds of hares and rabbits—one of them (the Irish hare) apparently confined to Ireland, and a species of beaver, thought to be distinct from the American quadruped of that name, may also be mentioned as European; and these may be said to form the most characteristic mammalia of this continent. The entire amount of European quadrupeds does not exceed ninety species.

The total number of birds found in Europe may be estimated at nearly four hundred, but not much exceeding the half of that amount can be considered as exclusively European. A large proportion of these are referable to the Linnæan genera—Jurdus, Muscicapa, Parus, and Sylvia. There are four species of European vultures, including the bearded griffin, or lammergeyer, which is now considered distinct from that of the Himmalaya. The golden eagle, the Grecian eagle (*Falco imperialis* of Temminck), the spotted eagle, the social eagle, and the little eagle, are commonly accounted the European species. The smaller falcons we cannot here enumerate; the Iceland or gyrfalcon, the goshawk, and the kite, are among the most remarkable. Among the most characteristic of the owl tribe, are the snowy owl, the bubow or great horned owl, the barn owl, and the tawny howlet. The kingfishers, a numerous and important tribe in warmer regions are here represented by the common kingfisher, one of the most brilliantly-tinted of European birds. Of the true grouse, the largest is the capercailzie; and the most remarkable, on account of its restricted geographical distribution, is the red grouse, which does not exist anywhere but in the British Islands; it is, moreover, the only bird peculiar to Great Britain. Several species of rock-grouse (*Pterocles*) occur in Southern Europe, and two or three bustards, one of them (an occasional visitor to Briton) the largest of European birds. These examples, however, must suffice for our present purpose.

* It is not a little singular, that our common domestic races, derived from some of the Asiatic galli, should be absolutely without a special English name!

"FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING FOR 1843."*

We are happy to observe that this, one of the oldest and most respectably conducted of "the annuals," continues to make its appearance at the proper time, while nearly all its imitative competitors, after fluttering their short hour, have faded, sunk, and died away. In the handsome and highly embellished volume for the approaching festive season, now lying before us, we think we recognise considerably more talent than public opinion ascribes to annuals in general, our esteemed young friend and contributor Miss Camilla Toulmin being amongst the most earnest and efficient of the corps of writers. New books can only be noticed here when a specimen of them can be given; and in the case of an annual, composed as it is chiefly of novelettes, or tales, this cannot be easily done. We make an effort, however, to justify the praise bestowed upon the "Friendship's Offering," by presenting one of these little narratives in an abridged form.

THE EMIGRANTS IN ENGLAND.

The tale is of the Reign of Terror during the French Revolution, and refers to the family of M. Dubarre, a gentleman who, like many other equally guiltless victims, was, at three hours' notice, dragged to the scaffold, leaving a wife and infant daughter in the midst of a scene of horror and confusion, and exposed to the pangs of poverty.

"Madame Dubarre had been for one month the mother of an only daughter, and indeed this circumstance had been the sole cause of their recent delay. Little Victorine drew her first breath in the stately mansion of her forefathers, about a dozen miles from Paris, while her anxious father was busily engaged in that city, making stealthy preparations for converting a large portion of his fortune into portable property, and for leaving his native country until more peaceful times. Alas! alas! this necessary delay was fatal. Notwithstanding the horrors which surrounded her, and the chequered future to which she looked, some gleams of joy sparkled in the face of the young mother, as she looked with pride and love upon her beautiful child, trying to trace its father's lineaments in its baby face, and confidently believing that one other week would place them in a safe haven of protection. She sat thus musing, when a hum of distant voices fell upon her ear—nearer it comes—yet nearer. Presently, a youth, whom she recognises as a faithful servant of her husband, is seen running towards the house—he rejects the more circuitous paths, and springs across some palings, and even tramples down the flowers which grow nearer to the house. He sees his mistress at a window which opens to the lawn, and neglecting all form or ceremony, springs through it. From excessive agitation—from the anguish expressed on his countenance, and the tears which still flowed, he was unable for a few minutes to speak; while his mistress implored him to tell what had happened. He looked round as if to ask if they were alone, and perceiving that Madame Dubarre must have dismissed the child's attendant before he arrived, he begged her to give the unconscious smiling infant into his arms, while she prepared to hear most dreadful news. How he broke to her the awful truth, that her husband was at that moment a mutilated corpse, neither he knew nor could she ever remember; and when she recovered from the swoon into which she had fallen on comprehending the dreadful reality, the sound which met her ears was a wild hooting, in which the hum of distant voices had increased. François was bending over her, and his first intreaty was, that she would summon all her strength and courage, and follow him, if not for her own, for her child's sake. The last appeal touched the right chord—she had yet something to live for; and contented at that awful moment with hurried and imperfect explanations, she yielded to the humble advice of François. The infuriated mob were at hand; they were coming to ransack the house, perhaps to burn or tear it down: and giving his mistress but time to secrete a few jewels about her person, and forbidding her even to take a single attendant—for François suspected that there were traitors in the house, and knew not whom to trust—he led her by a by-path from the house, on, on, for miles, to the homely dwelling of his sister. Then, and not till then, did he draw a paper from his vest, a few hurried and incoherent lines, the last agonising words of his unfortunate master. François had rightly judged, that to have delivered that precious letter at first would have unnerved Madame Dubarre, and rendered her still more incapable of instant exertion, than did the rude shock of her affliction. Well might they be hurried and incoherent lines, written even by stealth at the last awful moment, and only by a fortunate accident intrusted to François. Breathing to his wife and child the most passionate love, and proportionate agony at his doom, he yet, in that brief epistle, tried to offer some solace or comfort—a vain mockery, which the next line perhaps proclaimed it. Then did he try to explain a very complicated matter—how he had disposed of his property. And he endeavoured to relate, in a few words, his meeting with a young Englishman, in whose hands he had placed it, and who was then returning home. He told how he had been induced to trust him, at a time when few could distinguish friend from foe, half from his ingenuous countenance, and half because he knew that *he*, too, had a dear wife and only child, who, in free and happy England, were to receive the exiles as dear friends. But, alas! alas! the very words that were most important were totally obliterated by the tears which must have fallen as the letter was closed, and by the wafer which secured it; both causes had combined to render the stranger's name perfectly undistinguishable.

It is not worth while to relate minutely how vain were all Madame Dubarre's endeavours to discover the young Englishman. By degrees hope faded away, and her trusting confidence gave place to the surmise, that her husband must have been the dupe of some sharper; or would not an honest man have sought restitution to the wretched widow? Alas! she did not know that her husband's had been only half confidence, and that he was known to the stranger but by an assumed name.

In those dread days, neither sex nor age was respected; and if the strong animal instinct of self-preservation might not alone have been sufficient to rouse the energies of the bereaved Comtesse de P——, the strong but silent appeal of her helpless infant had power to do so. With the aid of the humble, faithful François, now her truest friend, she escaped to England, and the fugitives reached its hospitable shores almost penniless. In this respect the Comtesse resembled hundreds of her unfortunate compatriots; and it will be remembered, that though pensions were granted to many, subscriptions raised for some, and the houses of the wealthy and munificent thrown open to others, by far the greater number honourably supported themselves by imparting that knowledge or those accomplishments which, under far different circumstances, had been acquired for self-gratification, or the adornment of cultivated society. Madame Dubarre was of this number, and adopting that name in preference to retaining a title which seemed a mockery, she entered a second-rate boarding-school, as teacher of French and music, in consideration of which ser-

* Smith, Elder, and Co. London: 1843 (?).

vices she was to receive a small stipend, a home for herself and the little Victorine, and, as years rolled on, instruction for the latter.

What a change for the guest of princes—the visitor of the Tuileries! From refinements often carried to a degree of enervating luxuriousness, to homely if not coarse fare, and the dull routine of daily drudgery—from the gorgeous palace or mansion, to the boarded school-room; for the lively sally or brilliant repartee, the twaddle of an antiquated spinster of mediocre mind—for Madame Dubarre was not fortunate in her selection, Miss Smith, the school-mistress, having few ideas beyond the four high walls which bounded her dwelling-house; and, last of all, for the heart love, beneath whose sun her own warm feelings had expanded, she had now at best the courtesies and civilities of a not very exalted station. Still, she was human, and therefore her sorrows were softened by the wonder-working hand of time. She was a Frenchwoman, and therefore inclined to look on the brightest side of things—a wholesome habit, though sometimes sneered at. Thus, as years passed on, and the radiant beauty of the little Victorine expanded—a beauty whose bright intelligence was an earnest of the soul within—the cheek of Madame Dubarre regained in some measure that hue of peace and health which sorrow had driven away. Perhaps in the philosophy of the human mind, there are few things more wonderful than that merciful dispensation by which the heart, bowed and crushed by affliction, *does* generally rise after awhile from the stunning blow. Especially is it so in youth; for though that may be the season of keenest emotion, and the feelings, cooled by experience and disappointment, may be harder to receive impressions, they are also harder to retain. The difference is almost equal to that of the waxen image, and the graven stone which impresses it. But Madame Dubarre was still young, and though her sorrows were engraven on a heart of a texture more endurable than wax, she did, after a while, arouse her drooping energies, the earlier, perhaps, that she felt herself the sole stay and support of a child, around which every tendril of her heart seemed to cling. Thus, by degrees her position became improved, for *home* is a dear word, and most significant; and though the French are said neither to have it nor need it, both the word and its meaning Madame Dubarre learned in England. In a few years she either met with, or sought for, or heard of, many of her compatriots, who were circumstanced like herself. Some were even friends and acquaintances of by-gone years, but all seemed bound together by the tie of misfortune; and by the time Victorine was twelve years old, instead of being the teacher at Miss Smith's establishment, Madame Dubarre had removed to London, and had a home. Yes, for her quiet little lodgings were *home*, small though they were, almost mean, and in an obscure street of the dense metropolis. Like so many of her fellow-sufferers, her days were employed in giving lessons, and she chose her home in a street and in a neighbourhood for several good reasons selected by them.

It certainly was not the fashionable part of the town, yet sufficiently near to be, as the phrase is, within a stone's throw; it was situated among so many great thoroughfares, that all points seemed accessible from it, and was intersected by those second-rate streets, where, if commodities be not of the very highest quality, they are certainly to be found at the lowest price. These were recommendations to the poor emigrants, who formed, as it were, a little colony, and who, cemented by the bonds of affection or sympathy, seized gratefully those wrecks of happiness which their stormy trials had yet spared to them. So often have we heard them described, that we feel almost as if we had made one at their little re-unions. Among the kind English friends whom the worth, talents, and misfortunes of Madame Dubarre won for her, was Mrs Mowbray, the wife of one of London's 'princely merchants.' Her only daughter, who was rather younger than Victorine, was instructed by Madame Dubarre in French, music, and painting; and at first, from the idea that the companionship of the little French girl, who, of the two, spoke her own language more fluently than English, would be of service to Caroline Mowbray, Victorine was invited to pass a few weeks in Portman Square; and so gentle, so gifted, so loveable was she, that by degrees they could scarcely do without her—it was almost her home. Madame Dubarre felt grateful; for troubles had worn away that false pride which might once have made her shrink from an obligation, conferred even in the most delicate manner, and rather as if a favour were received than granted.

Years rolled on; Victorine received instruction from Caroline's finishing masters, and both were grown lovely girls. Still, Madame Dubarre's visits, under one pretence or another, continued daily, and sometimes Victorine returned almost like a guest for a week or two to her mother's *home*. How proud the mother was of her child, and how sweet the confidence between them! For so many years they had been all the world to each other, that the awe and reserve which sometimes exists in their relative positions on the younger side, found no place in Victorine's heart; she never dreamt of wilfully concealing a thought or feeling from her mother; and Madame Dubarre, despite all adverse circumstances, preserved that freshness of feeling which remembers the enthusiasm of youth sufficiently to share and understand it, and is the magnet which attracts the young, and by which they are most surely led. And yet, if each succeeding year had dulled the first keen impression of Madame Dubarre's affliction, if each year had brought her new friends, and rendered her lot more endurable, still, as Victorine approached womanhood, the anxious mother could not but contrast most painfully the lot of her child with those brilliant prospects which, alas! for the fallacy of human thought and expectation, had seemed her birthright.

It should be remarked, that, in consequence of his mercantile speculations, Mr Mowbray was frequently absent from England for several months at a time; and towards the close of one of these periods a strange change crept in—was felt rather than perceived—among the knot of united friends who assembled so frequently in Portman Square. Madame Dubarre was the first to read the riddle that was enacting around her; she saw that George Mowbray, the only and darling son of his parents, was attached to her child, and that, perhaps half unconsciously to Victorine herself, her young and innocent heart was his! Only from one look, but it was a look full of anguish, did she suspect that Mrs Mowbray had made a similar discovery; and she understood, almost intuitively, their relative positions. In the first place, she knew Mr Mowbray had lofty views for his son; that it was even rumoured he would marry into a certain noble family not rich enough to scorn the merchant's princely fortune, and not too proud to receive into its bosom a talented and highly educated commoner. But, in her own mind, she was convinced that, with the ardour and impetuosity of youth, young Mowbray gave not a feather's weight to these considerations, and that he was only awaiting his father's return to England, to implore his consent to receive the orphan exile as his daughter. Equally sure was she that he had not in open and formal words declared his love to Victorine; but while she appreciated conduct that she felt was directed by the purest principles, she sighed to acknowledge that the soul of sympathy has a language of its own, and that hearts are lost and won without much aid from direct matter-of-fact phrases. She suspected that Mrs Mowbray refrained from interference, from a fear that premature measures might fan into a flame the spark that otherwise would burn itself out. Her own plans, however, were decided almost in a moment; for she shrunk involuntarily from the monstrous ingratitude of which she felt she should be guilty to the benefactress of her child, and the kind friend whom she loved almost as a sister, if she allowed Victorine to remain another week under that friend's protecting roof. Accordingly, with true delicacy, she feigned excuses for requiring her daughter's return, for a month or two at least, to the quiet humble home of N—— Street, and not at all to her surprise, Mrs Mowbray immediately acceded to her request. The fact was, without choosing to come to an explanation, both parties understood one another.

[Before her return, Mrs Mowbray visited the humble home of Madame Dubarre.] Victorine had retired to her chamber; the two mothers were alone. For a little while both were silent, and when they looked up, both were in tears. There was very little need of explanation, though a great deal may be said in half an hour. From the present and Victorine, however, Madame Dubarre reverted to the past, a subject on which she was not very fond of expatiating, and she related far more minutely than she had ever before done, the circumstances which attended her flight from France. Now was it the turn of Mrs Mowbray to become agitated and confused; but just as she had sunk upon a sofa, apparently overpowered with her emotions, her carriage was announced, and her servants brought the startling intelligence, that Mr Mowbray had just arrived from the Continent, whence he had not been expected for some days to come.

It was the third day from that eventful evening, when a note from Mrs Mowbray, kindly, affectionately, yet strangely worded, was put into the hands of Madame Dubarre, the purport of which was to request she would call on Mr Mowbray the following morning, as he wished to communicate with her on an affair of importance. Has the reader already imagined the sequel? Is he prepared for one of those strange accidents which yet go far towards making us believe there is no such thing as accident in the world? Mr Mowbray was the Englishman to whom, eighteen years before, the Count de P—— had intrusted nearly forty thousand pounds' worth of property! When the appointed time at which he expected to receive Victorine's father in England had expired, he made every exertion to discover either him or the heirs of his fortune, but every clue was lost. Not for some years, however, did he use the gold of which he had so strangely become possessed; but at last he embarked it in his mercantile speculations, still resolving, even though expectation from year to year grew fainter, that it should be restored, if possible, to those who were entitled to it. The command of so much actual capital had been of infinite service, had, indeed, proved the foundation of his noble fortune; and convinced, from Mrs Mowbray's recital of Madame Dubarre's sufferings, that she must indeed be the widow of his early acquaintance, he only awaited the proofs which she could give him of the fact, to make ample restoration. The hand-writing and the worn fragment of that sad, but still dearly cherished letter, were quite sufficient for the purpose. This, however, was not all. Who can trace the mysterious windings of the human mind? Can we do it ourselves—are we not too well satisfied with fair results, without scanning narrowly their combining causes? Perhaps Mr Mowbray, though actuated by feelings of probity, yielded with more reluctance than he had anticipated the tens of thousands he had begun to look on as his own. Perhaps he thought love and forty thousand pounds a fairer portion for his son, than a title with only a chance of the love, and the certainty of far less money. Perhaps that dear son's intreaties had had some weight. Perhaps they would have had weight had Victorine still remained portionless. Who can tell? But it is likeliest that each and all combined to cause his decision—his hearty consent to the union of his son with Victorine."

George Mowbray heard the wondrous tidings; and, as may be supposed, hurried away to the residence of Victorine, and was soon "'the happiest man in the world.' Yes, she did accept him, and never loved him less, because she had learned to respect his long silence, and to understand that he had avoided her presence, until he could appear before her with his parent's sanction to their union. Except a life-interest of a very few hundreds per annum, it was Madame Dubarre's wish that the whole property should be settled on Victorine; and though the lawyers' settlements delayed the marriage as long as they could, why, even they had an end."

A FEW TRIVIAL NOTES.

[The subjoined notes are reduced from as many papers read before a learned society by the Rev. Professor Gillespie of St Andrews, and are here published with his concurrence.]

THE "LUCK" IMPUTED TO ODD NUMBERS.

THERE is a prepossession, which we may with some confidence pronounce to be universal, that odd numbers, and particularly the number three, are lucky. For this reason, three things are often preferred to any other, when the choice was otherwise a matter of indifference; and this predilection is seen in an especial manner to have operated in matters of superstition:

> *Thrice* the brindled cat had mewed,
> *Thrice* and once the hedge pig whined.

In all the ceremonies appropriate to All Hallow Even, we see how conspicuous is the number *three*. There is not a Scottish school-boy who does not suppose that he has a better chance of success at the *third* trial of anything than at any other attempt. An odd number of chickens or ducklings in a flock is held by every old woman to be lucky—as witness the well-known precocious verse of a great English author:—

> Here lies good Master Duck,
> Whom Samuel Johnson trod on;
> If it had lived it had been good luck,
> For then we had had an odd one.

This notion extends back into the days of antiquity. Virgil tells that the gods delight in uneven numbers. Three handfuls of sand cast over a dead body had, with the Romans, all the virtue of a funeral. Into unequal numbers were the flocks in Theocritus divided. Vegetius directs that the breadth of a fosse surrounding a camp should not be less than nine, and not more than seventeen feet, but always an unequal number. The markets at Rome were held every ninth day, and the census was taken every fifth year. Dinner-tables were there three-sided, and the guests congregated in threes. Pythagoras ascribed great virtue to *three*. Amongst his countrymen, the graces and furies were three, and the muses nine. No Grecian city could be safe without an unequal number of gates and temples. Even numbers were certainly not overlooked: the Olympic games, for instance, took place every four years; and their grammar contained a form of the verb for two persons, besides the ordinary singular and plural. But yet it is remarkable how much, amongst this and other ancient nations, with regard to miscellaneous things, odd numbers predominate. The preference could easily be traced into Egyptian and Jewish history; but this is perhaps not necessary.

Whence has arisen this apparently universal prepossession? An answer to this question—the first we are aware of having been attempted—is here offered. "It is confessed on all hands, that gambling is natural to man; it is one of those lines of separation which are said to distinguish him from the brutes, and the lower the state in which we find him, the more fearfully is he addicted to this propensity. What kind of games are naturally adopted by man in the early stages of his social progress? Such, assuredly, as appeal immediately and directly to fortune, and depend the least upon time and skill; such, in fact, as we ourselves, when at school, were most in the habit of using. Now, of all these, I may safely aver that *odds and evens*, or, as the Romans expressed it, *par impar*, was the most common. This method of gambling has the advantage to recommend it to children and to savage man, that it determines the thing at once, and that it may be played at in any place, at any time, and with such apparatus as is generally at hand. A few acorns, nuts, marbles, or pence, and you have all that is necessary for setting to work. In this game, has a person calling odds any advantage over him who calls evens? If so, we shall have discovered one reason in nature and original habit why odd numbers should be considered as more lucky than even. In throwing the dice, in pitch-half-penny, and in other games of pure chance, odds has no advantage over evens; because, an even number being always

used, the chances in this case are always equal. But in the game of odds and evens, this is not the case. Suppose that there is an unknown number of marbles in my pocket, and that I take out an *unknown* proportion of that number in my shut hand, and challenge you to say odds or evens, and that you always say odds. The number of marbles in my hand must either be one or more than one. [The learned professor then goes on to explain that, in the first three numbers, 1, 2, 3, there are *two* odd numbers, against *one* even—consequently that the chances in favour of odds are here *as two to one*.] Advance to 4, and you have 2 to 2, but still the evens have no advantage. Take 5, and it is 3 to 2 in favour of odds. Every successive odd number gives a superior chance to the cry of *odds*, in a constantly diminishing ratio, but still a superiority; and the reason is manifest; the odds and the evens do not start fair—odds takes the precedence, and whilst evens is still diminishing the advantage, it never does, and never can, overtake its predecessor." It is certainly conceivable that, though this principle might not be detected in early times, its results might be observed, and that a superstitious veneration for odd numbers might be the consequence.

HISTORY TRACEABLE IN LANGUAGE.

It is very curious to find in language—in mere words—traces of the moral and political history of mankind, leading to the conclusion, that, supposing no history had ever been written, or that it was entirely lost, some glimpses of past transactions and conditions might be obtained through the medium of philology. When a Scotsman speaks of his *shackle-bone*, he not only conveys an idea of his wrist, but discovers, by the very term made use of, that slavery or vassalage had continued so long in Scotland as to impress itself indelibly on the language of his country. *Kitchen* is a term applied in Scotland and Ireland to that kind of food which serves as a relish to less palatable viands: for example, the barley or oaten bread may be *kitchened* by cheese or milk. The word is unknown in this sense in England, from which we may infer that many things, which were dainties in Scotland and Ireland, were common fare in the more favoured land of South Britain. Kitchen, then, is a historical monument of the better feeding of the English, in comparison with the Scotch and Irish, throughout a considerable portion of their existence as nations. An equally good memorial of the conquest of the Anglo-Saxons by the Normans exists in our language. At the time of that event, the animals chiefly tended and preserved for food were the ox and calf, the sow, sheep, and deer. When the ox was at his pasture, under the care of a Saxon serf, he was naturally designated by a Saxon term, ox (bull and bullock are also Saxon, as are cow and kine); but when the animal was killed, and sent piece-meal to table, he was meat for a different class of society, the Norman gentry, and the flesh was accordingly called *beef*, a word of their language. The live animal has since been Saxon, and the flesh Norman, accordingly. So also the sheep was Saxon while alive, but became French or Norman, *mutton* (*mouton*) when dead. The pig ranged the forest under a Saxon herdsman, and was sow or hog accordingly while in life; but no sooner had he been hung up for use, or sent to the table, than he became bacon or pork (French, *bacon* and *porc*), by which terms his flesh has ever since been denominated. The Saxon *deer*, by death and translation of his materials, became in like manner *venison* (French, *venaison*). Even the poor calf is snatched from its Saxon dam and its Saxon keeper, to figure in the shape of good French *veal* on a Norman board. It is remarkable that the horse, ass, fox, wolf, dog, and other animals, not in like manner kept, or in like manner used, have only single names. It will thus be observed that, if we had no written history of the Norman Conquest, we should be able to draw some evidence of the fact from the language alone.

Some words carry us back by their etymology to the earliest age and condition of mankind. *Tempest* (Latin, *tempestas*) is of this character. It is so called from *tempus* (time), because, in a primitive state of society, eras are chiefly marked by the occurrence of great storms, and other such events. Farmers and rural people, generally, will yet be heard dating facts from the great snow-storm, the wet summer, and so forth, of their early days. *Silva*, Latin for a wood, being derived from the Greek *suluo*, to howl, may be considered as a living record of those savage times, ere yet man had gained the supremacy over the wild animals of the forest.

The Romans spoke of so many *head* of men—a phrase which we limit to cattle—thus plainly intimating, through the indestructible testimony of language, the light in which the great mass of human beings was viewed by a nation where the slave population was generally as three to one. The word *virtus* contains within itself the history of civil society. It commences with the period when personal strength and courage are all in all: *virtus* was at first simply military hardihood amongst the Romans. It then passes into that advanced and better regulated state of society, when high moral qualities were esteemed above the mere soldier's praise: *virtus* was then employed to signify these qualities. It afterwards sinks, in the middle ages, into any distinctive and predominating quality whatever. We now speak of one thing being done by virtue, that is, by mere force, of another; and by *vertu* the descendants of the Romans now imply a taste in pictures and objects of curiosity; while the Scottish peasantry, accustomed to value a rigid economy and good household management, mean by "a vertuous woman" one who carries on the affairs of her house in an active and thrifty manner.

NATURAL CAUSE OF THE ROMAN WAY OF RECKONING THE DAYS OF THE MONTH.

For the benefit of those who are not acquainted with the Roman way of reckoning the days of the month, we may explain that, taking January as an example, the 1st day was called the Kalends, the 5th the Nones, and the 13th the Ides of the month; the days onward from the Kalends being reckoned the 4th from the Nones, the 3d from the Nones, the 2d from the Nones, the Day before the Nones; those onward from the Nones being reckoned in the same manner as the 8th from the Ides, the 7th from the Ides, &c.; while, after the Ides, the reckoning was, the 19th from the Kalends of February, the 18th, and so on. Whence this system of anticipation? It is submitted that it originated in the national habits of the Romans, which mainly referred to war, and to festival-keeping and shows. The Kalends, Nones, and Ides, were the grand days of the public shows, in which the people were so much interested. Eager for this periodical enjoyment, they had it, of course, much in their minds, and it must have been a general feeling amongst them to *long* for the arrival of these periods of the month. Hence would arise a habit of counting the days *onward* to these festivals, as *four* days from the Nones, *three* days from the Nones, and so forth. Every school-boy has a ready illustration of this supposition in his own practice with regard to holidays and vacations. He reckons, *five* weeks from Christmas, *four* weeks from Christmas, *three*, &c.; and afterwards *five days* from Christmas, *four days* from Christmas, *three days* from Christmas, and finally, the *Day before Christmas*, equivalent exactly to the *Pridie Nonas*, or *Idus*, or *Kalendas*, of Roman chronology.

THE MANCHESTER LYCEUMS.

HAVING had occasion, a few weeks since, to pass through Manchester on our way to Edinburgh, we felt a great curiosity to visit the various establishments existing in that town for the improvement and recreation of its operatives. We were stimulated to the inquiry by previous acquaintance with a few startling, almost appalling facts—facts which show an amount of ignorance and vice amongst our poorer brethren by no means flattering to the benevolence or even common policy of the better informed and more affluent classes of the British public. For instance, the cost of maintaining prisoners at the New Bailey (or jail of Manchester), during the last twenty-one years, amounted to upwards of L.200,000; and the county rate payable by the township of Salford alone (a suburban portion of Manchester), chiefly for the above purpose, amounted, during the same period, to L.2000 a-year. Thus much is contributed for the punishment of crime; but where are the funds raised to prevent it? What provisions have been made for the moral and intellectual improvement of those hard-working masses, whose limited leisure is employed in drunkenness and crime, instead of in those enjoyments which their ignorance denies them? The only answer to these queries will be found in the succeeding account of the three excellent but inadequate and ill-supported Lyceums. Again, from the lately published report of the registrar-general of births, deaths, and marriages, we learn that in Manchester and Salford, taking the average of the two previous years, sixty out of every hundred persons were unable to write their own names! Now, it is fair to presume that a large number of this proportion could not read, and are thus deprived of a most productive source of amusement, to say nothing of instruction. After ten or more hours of hard labour, there is—there must be—a natural craving for relaxation or recreative excitement, which is now, unhappily, satisfied in the public-houses, sometimes to the amount of four hundred and eighty-four visits a day to a single dram-shop.* One effect of this vicious mode of spending time and money, may be seen in the rapid increase of crime in Manchester. In the year 1840, no fewer than 13,000 individuals were taken into custody by the Manchester police, out of a population something under a million.

Full of these facts, we were anxious to learn, from personal inspection, what provisions Manchester possesses for altering and improving this state of things, and, as may be expected, first directed our steps to the "Mechanics' Institute" of Manchester. Former experience of similar establishments, however, induced us not to place much faith in the efficiency of this one for bettering the intellectual condition of the lower classes. Generally speaking, the sort of persons who belong to them render their title a misnomer. From the comparative expensiveness with which they are conducted, their members, instead of mechanics, usually consist of merchants, manufacturers, clerks, shopkeepers, tradesmen, artists, and others of that grade.* This is true of nearly all the so-called Mechanics' Institutions we have seen; and without meaning the smallest disrespect to that of Manchester, which appears to be admirably conducted after its kind, we may observe, that it is as little adapted for the working men of Manchester as the Royal Society of London. To support its large building, extensive library, salaried officers, and expensive succession of lecturers, the charge to each member is necessarily fixed at the high rate of L.1 per annum, a sum quite beyond the means of a Manchester operative, even when in full work.

As a means, therefore, of enlightening the darkness of the sixty out of every hundred of the Manchester people who cannot write, the Mechanics' Institution is next to useless; and we turned our attention to other establishments of a lower grade in point of expensiveness, which are better calculated for that object; namely, to the Lyceums. In going over these humble institutions, we were extremely fortunate in having the company of a gentleman who was mainly instrumental in originating them; and the manner in which he accomplished his object forms an important lesson in what may be called the natural history of benevolence. Feeling that it was not by merely printing circulars and soliciting subscriptions that such institutions are commenced, and that even when formed, it is difficult to induce the persons they are intended to benefit to join them, he went, pencil and paper in hand, into several of the back streets—the haunts of ignorance—and personally solicited the poor, the illiterate, and the vicious. To one who was unable to read and write, he said, "Would you like to learn? If so, I am providing means for that purpose." And in the event of an affirmative answer, he put down the name of the person addressed. To another who could read, he asked, "Would you wish to be provided with useful and amusing books? Because, if you would, I am about to collect a library on purpose for your use?" Thus he went from one to another, until, aided by the voluntary contributions of the more wealthy, he obtained a sufficient number of subscribers to commence the undertaking with a prospect of success. This was four years ago; and since that period, three Lyceums have been established, one in Great Ancoats Street, one in Salford, and the third in Chorlton-upon-Medlock, another suburb of Manchester.

Such are the institutions which we set out to visit. The Ancoats Street establishment, situated about half a mile from the Exchange, first occupied our attention. The house is moderately sized, but commodious. It contains a library and news-room on the ground floor, a reading-room above, and several class-rooms; one of which, comprising the entire floor, together with that of an adjoining house, is sufficiently large for occasional use as a lecture-room. The amount expended in the fitting up of the institution, the purchase of books, &c., was about L.220, which was contributed by wealthy friends of the institution. For the first year and a half, the number of members averaged 500 and upwards, and the income nearly L.250. The library contains about 1500 volumes. The reading and news-rooms are comfortable and cleanly, holding out every inducement in those respects for the frequent visitation of its members. A few persons were busily employed in reading; this was evidently not a mere lounging-place; all were perusing the print before them with eagerness. They just raised their heads on our entrance, to see who the intruders were, and then continued their employment as industriously as if we had not appeared. It appears that thirty-eight newspapers, of different sorts, are supplied periodically for the use of the members.

The small back room used as a library was so filled with applicants for books, that we had some difficulty in entering; and it was as much as the female librarian, assisted by her daughter, could do, to supply the wants of the members, each of whom, however, waited his or her turn with patience and decorum. The average circulation is 450 volumes per week amongst the 390 persons who are entitled to their use. By this instance, we see that, when the working-classes can obtain the privilege of reading, they fail not to avail themselves of it to a large extent.

In an up-stairs room we were introduced to a female writing-class. This consisted of girls and women, some of them from the factories. Nothing can exceed the diligence and attention with which they pursued their lessons. Some of them were of an age which renders it extremely probable that, but for this institution, they would have passed through life without being able to write their own names. This class meets twice a-week, and the average attendance is from 32 to 44.

In a large apartment at the top of the house, some forty to fifty men and boys were employed in cyphering, with a degree of order and attention which caused us to wonder how so many persons could be assembled without any especial restraint upon them, and be so silent. The conduct of every member we had seen was unexceptionable; their appearance also denoted that attendance at this institution had engendered in them habits of cleanliness, to which persons of their class are unfortunately too often strangers. Careful washings, combings, and brushings, had evi-

* See Extracts from Love's "Hand-Book of Manchester," in No. 555 of this Journal.

* In the Eighteenth Annual Report of the Manchester Mechanics' Institution now before us, it is shown, that out of 1092 members, only 91 come under the denomination of "mechanics, mill-wrights, and engineers."

dently taken place between the work hours and that of appearance in their classes, both amongst the male and female members. In reference to the danger which might be apprehended from adults of each sex belonging to the same institution, our informant assured us, that not a single case of any impropriety had come to his knowledge from either of the three establishments since their formation.

The Salford Lyceum, which we next visited, we found to be similar in all respects to that in Ancoats Street, except that it was recently found expedient, on account of the circumstances of some subscribers, to make a weekly, instead of a monthly or quarterly subscription. Here we saw an elocution class, and heard two recitations delivered with very good effect. This institution has had greater difficulties to contend with, and has perhaps been the least successful of the three. Salford possessed a Mechanics' Institution like the Manchester one, too high in its subscription, which excluded newspapers, and made no provision for female education. The Lyceum, when first started, had an undivided field, but the Mechanics' Institution has since altered its plan, so as to resemble more nearly that of the Lyceums. Hence the resources of both are crippled; and although struggles have been made to concentrate the resources of all the establishments by proposing a junction of the more affluent of the Mechanics' Institutions with the Lyceums, the negotiations have in two instances failed. The Chorlton-upon-Medlock Lyceum we had not time to visit, but were informed that it differed in no essential point from the others. Its present house is a large and commodious one, and was at first the most flourishing of the three. During one quarter, there were no fewer than 1300 members. The number, however, has since fallen to between 300 or 400. Attached to the building is a considerable plot of land, upon which gymnastic apparatus is erected. Various games are also permitted during the summer months. The lectures are delivered in the large class-room of the institution, and occasionally in the Chorlton town-hall, which, however, is incapable of accommodating more than 400 persons. The rent charged by the Commissioners of Police is 16s. per night. The institution possesses a large and well-selected library.

Thus the Lyceums, although totally distinct from each other, are connected by identity of design, and sympathy on the part of the conductors. Each is governed by a board of 24 directors, a deputy treasurer, and honorary secretary, who are directors *ex officio*, annually chosen by ballot amongst the members of eighteen years of age, and not less than three quarters of a year's standing. Each Lyceum has its president, vice-president, and treasurer, generally influential residents in the neighbourhood, who are not directors by the constitution, although their presence and counsel is gladly welcomed at the meetings. This regulation was thought desirable, in order to combine complete self-control with some advantage from influential patronage, and to prevent undue interference on occasional questions by those who, from their station, were not likely to take an active part in the regular management of the institution.

The subscription to each Lyceum is two shillings per quarter, without any payment at entrance. In the Ancoats Lyceum, females are admitted at eighteenpence. There are a few honorary subscribers of a guinea and half a guinea, who are allowed some additional privileges.

The advantages to which this very moderate amount of subscription entitles the members, are as follow:—

1. A circulating library of well selected books of history, voyages, travels, biography, the arts and sciences, with a considerable admixture of works of fiction and imagination. The exclusion of the latter from a Mechanics' Library appeared to be neither expedient nor just, although the proportion admitted is even less, in general, than in the subscription libraries supported by the wealthier classes. Novels and poetry are the source of high gratification, as well as even improvement, to the taste and feelings; and those whose occupations are long and exhausting, may find in them agreeable mental excitement, when more serious reading would be distasteful. The library, when adequately supplied with new books, is found to be one of the most attractive parts of the institution, and perhaps is the most useful, because affording resources which the workman can enjoy at home and share with his family. Indeed females, it is stated, occasionally take out tickets for their younger brothers, in order that these may attend the classes, and may bring home books for them (the sisters) to peruse. The great difficulty which the directors find, is to supply sufficient novelty. The recent publications of Messrs Chambers, the Novelist Newspaper, and the cheap pamphlet reprints of Smith, Moxon, and others, enable them, however, to some extent to do this, and at a very small outlay. Shillings will now go almost as far in this direction as pounds some years ago.

2. A news-room, supplied with daily and weekly journals of various shades of politics. In the furniture and fitting up, attention has been paid to warmth and comfort. This is essential to compete effectually with the inn tap-room, to which the workman is obliged in most towns to resort to see a newspaper.

Youths under sixteen or seventeen are excluded from the news-room by express by-law, it having been found that it injuriously tempted them away from the class-rooms, and their presence in any number caused annoyance to the elder members. A distinct room, or else a table in the library, supplied with the lighter periodicals, is appropriated to their use.

The news-rooms, like those frequented by the merchants and other classes in Manchester and most towns, are of course open on the Sunday. It has been thought desirable, however, to restrict the time to about three hours in the evening, from half-past five to half-past nine.

Lectures upon interesting subjects, popularly explained and illustrated, are delivered as nearly as possible once a-week. But this, as the funds seldom admit of paid lecturers, depends of course upon procuring the gratuitous services of friends.

Classes meet four or five evenings per week for the instruction of the members, juvenile and adult, in reading, writing, arithmetic, and grammar, without any extra charge. In the Ancoats Lyceum, the onerous duty of conducting the classes has been performed from the commencement by gratuitous teachers. The directors make it a point of duty to visit them frequently; the more attentive pupils are sought out and promoted, the teachers encouraged, and two or three persons appointed to the care of each class, so as to prevent the possibility of any being left without a teacher. In the other Lyceums, a paid teacher is employed, who receives occasional assistance from the directors. This involves expense, but perhaps is the best means of securing punctuality of attendance, and a uniform system of tuition. There are also, I believe, in all the Lyceums, classes for vocal music, elocution, and mechanical and landscape drawing, to which the members have access on payment of an additional subscription.

One of the greatest difficulties in the maintenance of the classes is the want of an efficient system of visitation of the pupils' homes, in order to secure their regular attendance. Without some check of this kind, the younger children frequently absent themselves, and by their consequent slow progress, their parents are disappointed, and withdraw them from the institution.

But the Lyceums do not, as we have seen, confine their advantages to males only; arrangements have been made in them from the first for the improved education of females. These classes receive instruction nightly in reading, writing, grammar, sewing, and knitting. The directors have been much indebted for the services of a number of ladies who have superintended this important branch in each institution, and without whose assistance it could not have been undertaken with any satisfaction, or perhaps propriety. In two of the Lyceums, paid female teachers are employed. Separate rooms, and as far as practicable, separate entrances, are provided for the male and female classes. The former assemble and are dismissed half an hour later than the latter. This important feature of female education, which the Lyceums claim as peculiar to themselves, will be more conveniently provided for in buildings which have been projected for two of the Lyceums. It is intended to appropriate a portion of the building exclusively to their use, for day schools and evening classes, with a separate entrance at the side, and only communicating with the library by a door behind the librarian's counter, through which the female members may enter to receive their books.

An Essay and Discussion Society meets weekly or fortnightly in each of the Lyceums. There is no limitation as to subjects, except the good sense of the members themselves, who decide by a majority whether any particular question shall be discussed or not. No evil effects are found to ensue from these discussions, as the subjects of debate always consist of some harmless literary or historical topic. It is a rule worthy of imitation, that the question discussed is never put to the vôte. These societies, meeting frequently, to discuss subjects of pressing interest to the man, the workman, and the citizen, tend powerfully to benefit individual members by stimulating the spirit of inquiry and self-improvement; strengthening the powers of thought and expression; banishing prejudice; and promoting universal toleration; whilst they keep alive in the institution the interest of the members, and draw out the abilities of those best qualified to serve the institution as directors, as lecturers, or as teachers. An entrance fee of sixpence, without further payment, is charged to each member. The directors seldom interfere as a body, but individually attend and take part in the discussions as frequently as possible.

Occasional tea-parties, concerts, and soirées, afford to the members of the different Lyceums and their families opportunities of harmless recreation and amusement. These are sometimes conducted by the Essay and Discussion Society, and although charged so low as sixpence a-head, considerable profit is realised, frequently as many as six or seven hundred persons being present. The amusements, which are generally furnished gratuitously by members of the institution and their friends, consist of instrumental music, singing, recitations, and philosophical experiments. In the Chorlton and Salford Lyceums, tea-parties and dancing have been introduced, to the great satisfaction of the members. Great care is, of course, required, and great care is taken, to prevent the intrusion of improper persons. They are almost exclusively confined to members of the institutions. The mothers and elder female relatives of the female members frequently accompany them, bringing with them also the younger children, who partake in and enjoy the festivities. The amusements are varied by a few glees or recitations, and sometimes by an address from one of the directors, in support of the objects of the institution, and inviting assistance and support. Enjoyment cannot be greater than is exhibited on these occasions, nor could rules of propriety be more strictly adhered to.*

To dilate upon the utility of such establishments as these would be wasting time; whilst to urge their extension, where they do exist, and their establishment in manufacturing places where they do not, too much cannot be advanced. In effecting this object, mere passive charity is useless. The simple contribution of a yearly guinea, or single donation, does but little good. It is the kind of active benevolence brought into operation by the founder of the Manchester Lyceums, which alone can render them of effect. The frequenters of dram-houses and beer-shops will not come to a place of instruction of their own accord; they must be reasoned with, persuaded, enticed. To this end, a kind of mission should be undertaken amongst the habitations of those who dwell in darkness, poverty, and ignorance, and the advantages of moral and intellectual instruction familiarly pointed out to them. No other plan can possibly answer. Legislative enactment may restrict the daily period of work, but at the same time it augments the hours of relaxation, and these are the periods which are in all cases so viciously, while they might be so profitably, occupied. Provision may be made in every factory for the education of the children employed in it: but how is the adult, who is unable to read or write, to be taught? Certainly not by act of parliament, which cannot force instruction upon a man or woman, though it may upon a child. The main remedy, therefore, for all the ignorance which exists amongst our operative manufacturers, is active and unwearied private benevolence.

* For the information collected during our gratifying visit to the Lyceums, we are indebted to their indefatigable promoter, Edward Herford, Esq., of whose obliging company we had the benefit.

A WORKING-MAN'S ACCOUNT OF AMERICA.†

William Thomson, an operative wool-spinner of Stonehaven, a small town on the east coast of Scotland, having returned from a visit to the United States, must needs give the world an account of his travels, seeing, as he sagaciously observes, no good reason why he should not write a book as well as his betters. And so here is his book, a modest specimen of typography from the Stonehaven press, and far from discreditable as a literary effort. Tramping through the country to seek employment, sometimes working at a factory, and at other times picking up a job from a farmer, the hero of the piece is enabled to describe matters out of the reach of ordinary tourists, while, on some points, he altogether differs from them. Others, for example, complain of the rudeness of the Americans; he is surprised at their politeness. The working-men, he observes, say "Sir" when they address each other, and their whole conduct is marked by self-respect. Employers are equally courteous to those whom they employ; and throughout society, wherever he goes, though known to be an operative, he is uniformly treated as a gentleman. In passing through Glasgow, on his return home, and when looking at a public monument, he is addressed by a girl asking her way—"*Man*, can ye tell me where aboot," &c. Such a piece of barbarism would not have occurred in America, where even one of the poorest class would have premised the question with "Please, Sir." And we take the liberty of asking, why the same species of politeness should not be practised in this country? There is nothing in our institutions or social arrangements, as far as we are aware, to prevent even the most humble classes from using the language of courtesy, if not kindliness of manner. It would cost little trouble, and lower no dignity, to use the terms "Sir," "If you please," "I will thank you," "Would you be so obliging," and so on, in the ordinary intercourse of the workshop, which we can see no reason should not be as polished as that of the drawing-room. It is at least tolerably evident, that as long as working-men generally—we say *generally*, for we are happy in knowing many creditable exceptions—as long as they address each other coarsely or intemperately, and act as if they had a contempt for refinement of manners, they can expect no great courtesy from employers, or be viewed as equals by the better-bred portion of the community.

Gratified as is our operative wool-spinner with the exterior forms of American society, he is shocked with what appears to strike every traveller, high and low, with amazement—the practice, as he terms it, of people taking the law into their own hands, and by which human life in some quarters of the Union is really less protected than it is in Turkey, or India. To punish a white man for homicide, seems scarcely within the compass of the law; such are the many quirks by which those convicted of crime may escape, provided the offence is not repugnant to public opinion. On a late occasion, a judge, in passing sentence of death on a convicted murderer, drily observed, it was the third or fourth time he had performed this unpleasant duty on the same individual. These things

† A Tradesman's Travels in the United States and Canada. By William Thomson, Stonehaven. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1842.

astonish our plain Scotch artisan not a little; and some cases of stabbing and shooting that he hears of, impress him with a most unfavourable idea of the constitutional liberty of America. The following account he gives of a bank-mob may appropriately enough conclude the present notice.

A BANK-MOB.

"While I was in Cincinnatti a very serious bank-mob took place. In order that this case may be understood, I may mention that there were a number of small banking establishments which, although not strictly legal, managed, by 'hook or by crook,' to get a large quantity of their notes into circulation, and as the times grew worse, they fell in value. Such a thing as getting cash for them at *par* was never heard of in the best of times; and now, as there was some prospect of the State passing an act, compelling all to resume specie payments, these establishments got embarrassed, and some of them began to fail in being able to redeem their issues with notes of other banks. Several throughout the state, and in the city, became bankrupt in the most fradulent manner. The people were roused, and made a run upon them. One morning, the run upon the Miami Exporting Company's Bank was so great, that their funds also run short. Now, although their notes bore to be payable in specie, the people only demanded the notes of other banks in which they had a little more confidence. However, they stopped about ten o'clock in the morning, and a shout ran through the crowd to mob them. Immediately the window-frames were smashed, the doors broken, and the establishment completely gutted—counters, desks, books, papers, money, &c., being promiscuously hurled to the street, amidst the shouts and execrations of the mob.

When I got to the scene of action, which was at the corners of Main and Third Street, a party of sixteen or eighteen soldiers had taken possession of the ransacked building. The mayor and the marshal of the city attempted to address the mob, but in vain, for they could not be heard. The marshal, a bold, active man, was on horseback, riding through the streets, calling upon all good citizens to disperse, but few such were to be found. They then tried a *ruse*—they rung the city bells to the startling and well-known tune of 'Fire,' but this also failed. The firemen and many of the citizens, with the involuntary movement of well-trained soldiers, started at the word of command, and began to run to their stations.

At this time I was standing on the steps in front of the Old United States' Bank, which was crowded with spectators looking down upon the scene, when I observed one of those little incidents that have turned the fate of greater field-days than this. As the firemen and others were running past, just opposite to where we stood, a fellow got up on a cask or box, at one of the shop doors, where he stood conspicuous, with his thumb at his nose, and his fingers stretched out, thereby intimating, in his way, that a deceit was about to be practised on them. The people 'smelled a rat,' and immediately returned to the work of demolition in greatly-increased numbers, and apparently more exasperated, both at the cheat practised on them, and at the sight of the soldiers. They stood at bay for some minutes, moving a little backwards and forwards, evidently preparing for a struggle. The troops had their bayonets fixed and their muskets levelled. There was not more than ten yards between them. The crowd began to throw brick-bats. Two or three of the company fired. The crowd then came forward like a wave of the sea; the company fired a volley, and several of the rioters fell wounded. Such a shout was then raised, all along the crowded streets, and from the spectators on the tops of the houses, as I never heard before; for I had never seen the 'sovereign people' in a rage till now.

By the time the smoke and dust cleared away, and the astonishment of the moment past, there was not a feather of the soldiers' caps to be seen. The authorities ordered them to fall back to the mayor's office, which was immediately in the rear. This was a wise movement; for, I think, if they had remained other five minutes, it would have been doubtful if any of them would have 'chewed their cud' over their pork that night. I believe the mayor had strong doubts whether he had any legal right to shoot the citizens on such an occasion; and no more soldiers appeared that day. It is true, all the *companies* were ordered out, but they paid no attention to this order; in fact, the greater part of them had not time, for they were busy, in the mob, helping to wind up the affairs of the banks; and this they did effectually before night.

After this, the mob had complete possession of the city, and the *run* upon the banks continued; but they gave them fair play. As long as they were able to redeem their notes they allowed them to go on, but the moment the funds ran short, smash went the windows and doors, and the work of destruction commenced. The bankers fled for their lives. In this way they demolished the inside of five of these 'shin-plaster manufactories,' as they called them, before night.

There were a great number of special constables sworn in, and they came out about two o'clock, each with a handkerchief tied round his hat to distinguish them. They threw themselves in lines across the streets leading to the mobbed parts of the city, allowing everybody to pass away from, but none towards, the disturbed districts; but it would not do. The people broke through; and I do not think the constables cared much. The sympathies of the most respectable citizens were with the people; and I observed many of them, in the streets, rubbing their hands with glee, and laughing, as one after another of these swindling establishments were turned inside out. The mayor was even suspected of not doing all he could, and was tried for it afterwards, but acquitted.

The mob went to work very deliberately, and, after they had everything their own way, with good humour. I was pleased with the spirit of 'fair-play' shown to the Planters' and Mechanics' Banks, which were thought to be weak. The cry to pull them down was frequently raised, but a number of the active rioters defended the premises stoutly, and they continued, through the day, to redeem their notes. The run upon them was tremendous, but they stood out the storm; and, at night, posted bills, stating that they would open next morning an hour before the usual time.

There were several of those engaged in the riot apprehended throughout the day, some of them with considerable sums of money on them. Everybody had plenty of money that day, such as it was. The very children were running about with handfuls of dollar bills, several of which fell to my share; and I have them yet as trophies, and an evidence of the mode of regulating the currency in the 'Queen City of the West.' There were several other banks in the city, respectable establishments, in which there was plenty of good money and specie, but the mob never made the slightest move towards them. These are examples enough, to give some idea how the Americans execute judgment when they take the law into their own hands."

PERIODICAL LITERATURE OF FRANCE.

REVIEW OF THE TWO WORLDS.

THE gay, susceptible characteristics of the French nation demand, from its popular literature, amusement rather than utility: hence, there is scarcely a publication which issues from the French press that does not contain a proportion of imaginative pieces. Even the daily newspapers are obliged to waft their dry details of fact—of public occurrences and political discussion—upon the wings of fiction; for almost every journal has about a quarter of each page ruled off for the reception of tales, or sketches of character; though sometimes biography, dramatic and musical criticism, &c., are admitted into this department, which is usually called the *Feuilleton*. In fact, many of the most popular novels have been originally published thus, from day to day, to be afterwards reprinted in volumes. In like manner, the magazines and reviews, whose main and avowed objects are of a more grave and sober cast, seem to exist under a pressing necessity for filling some of their pages with the fancies and devices of the novelist; presenting to an English reader the same out-of-place appearance that a tale by Bulwer would have in the Quarterly or Edinburgh Review, or a romance of Ainsworth "continued" in the *Times* newspaper.

The *Revue des Deux Mondes* (or Review of the Two Worlds), a publication resembling, in outward appearance, our own monthly periodicals, but published fortnightly, is no exception to the above-stated rule; an original imaginative article appearing in nearly every number. The rest of its sheets are filled with original contributions to geographical and statistical science, biography, literary criticism, and political discussion. But what should make this periodical interesting to the inhabitants of this side the channel, is the attention it bestows upon Great Britain; for, in almost every number, our manners, literature, the aspect of our country, our political institutions, or foreign possessions, are honoured with some kind of notice; and, taking the present year down to September, we find that, out of seventeen *livraisons*, or parts, twelve of them contain articles on those subjects. The first we light upon is entitled "Littérature Anglaise," which, true to French tastes, is a critique, not upon English literature, but upon English romances and novels, many of which do not deserve, in our own estimation, to be classed as literature. Indeed, the only really literary works reviewed or named in the course of the essay, are "Alison's History of Europe," and "Ritson's Posthumous Letters;" but the most curious part of the article is a complaint against the periodical mode of publishing continuous novels, as practised occasionally in England, but daily in France. "These unconnected fragments," proceeds the reviewer, "supersede the old laws of composition—cohesion of parts, unity, and finish. The author only thinks of the 'number' he has got to produce, and of the twenty guineas he is to have for it; the pages which have preceded, and those which have to follow, seldom trouble him. Each successive number must contain a stage effect, a bait for the perusal of its successors. There must be excitement—unnatural incident; the attention of the reader is violently suspended, truthfulness is sacrificed to astonishment, simplicity to improbability; the curtain is lowered at the moment that emotion is excited, when the hero is about to perish, when the heroine is in tears, when the heart of the reader beats with expectation. Miserable literary juggling! How, without connexion, without revision, without conscience, is it possible to write, not great works, but even rational or interesting ones?"

In a succeeding number, a long notice occurs of Sir Walter Scott, in connexion with English romance, and is ably written. "Scotland in 1840" is a statistical account of that country, compiled from our own gazetteers, with many of the proper names mispelt; for example, Mrs Millar, who introduced the spinning of Holland thread into Paisley, is transformed into "Mrs Wittar." To a sketchy article, entitled, "A Journey to London," a considerable degree of interest attaches, as giving, in a lively though flippant strain, a foreigner's impressions of the great city. "I had," commences the author, "passed the night at a masked ball. There is nothing so wretched as the day after a ball, and I took a violent determination. I resolved to treat my dullness upon the homœopathic plan; for, some hours after, having had scarcely time to take off my caftans, poignards, and the rest of my Turkish attire, I was on my way to London, the native city of spleen."

Arrived in the Thames, the traveller, by a stretch of imagination somewhat extravagant, compares a part of its banks to Thebes and Babylon. "On the banks of the river I began to distinguish trees, houses crouching low on the shore, one foot in the water and a hand extended to seize in their transit bales and packages of merchandise; timber-yards with their enormous sheds and skeletons of unfinished ships; also, a forest of colossal chimneys, in the form of towers, pylones, and obelisks, giving to the horizon an Egyptian appearance, suggesting a vague outline of Thebes or Babylon, or an antediluvian city, of enormous objects altogether extraordinary."

Similar ideas of vastness seem to have arisen from a sight of the West India Docks; although some abatement must be made for that exaggerated mode of expression which it is usual to pardon in modern French writers. "The East India Docks," exclaims this journalist, "are something so enormous, so gigantic, that they surpass human proportions! It is the work of Cyclops and Titans. Above the buildings, the warehouses, the wharfs, the water-steps and other heterogeneous structures, you behold a prodigious alley of masts prolonged to infinity; an inextricable labyrinth of rigging, spars, ropes, which surpasses, by the density of their interlacement, the most entangled portions of an American virgin forest!"

The wonder thus excited having in some degree subsided, another source of astonishment presents itself to the tourist. It is Sunday when he lands, and he is greatly surprised "at the solitude and profound silence" which reigned in the parts of the town through which he had occasion to pass. To the denizen of Sabbath-breaking Paris, London on this day appeared like a Necropolis, "one of those cities peopled by the petrified inhabitants read of in Oriental tales. All the shops were closed, not a single human visage appeared at the windows. The few passengers glided by like shadows. This mournful and deserted scene contrasted so forcibly with the notion of animation and bustle which I had formed of London, that I did not recover from my surprise till I remembered that it was Sunday, and London Sundays had already been described to me as the incarnation of inactivity. This day, which is with us—at least amongst the lower classes—a day of rejoicing, of promenading, of festivity, and dancing, is on the other side of the channel passed in the most inconceivable gloom. The taverns are shut on the eve of midnight; the theatres have no performances; the shops hermetically closed; and unless provision is made on the preceding evening, it is difficult to get anything to eat. Life seems to be suspended. All the wheels in London cease to revolve, like those of the chimney-clock when one places a finger on the pendulum. For fear of disturbing its Sabbath solemnity, London does not indulge in a single movement, and scarcely permits itself to respire. On this day, after having heard a sermon from the pastor of the sect to which he belongs, the good Englishman shuts himself up in his house to meditate, and to rejoice before a good coal-fire on the happiness of being at home, and that he is neither a Frenchman nor a Papist. At midnight (!), the charm is broken; the vital principle, impeded for a time, becomes re-animated; the houses re-open; life returns to the immense body so lately fallen into lethargy; it awakens at the call of money-making Monday, and then continues its march."

Such is the difference in the national habits and modes of thought between even such near neighbours as the French and the English, that, by reversing this picture, by stating its converse in every particular, we shall be presented with the impressions of nine Englishmen out of ten who visit Paris. *Their* astonishment would be drawn from the antitheses of the statements made by this French visitor to London. The English stranger in Paris would exclaim with wonder, "All the shops are *open*, all the inhabitants are from home, promenading the streets and public gardens. The greatest animation and gaiety prevails; the taverns are filled with guests; and although it is the Sabbath, they actually perform plays in the theatres! This day, which is with us—at least with the majority of us—a day of rest and thanksgiving, is passed in Paris in feasting, dancing, and revelry; and it is not till Monday arrives that the ordinary business of life is resumed." Thus those things which habitual familiarity renders commonplace and unnoticeable to a resident, strike the stranger with astonishment from their (to him) extreme singularity. The veriest Cockney will not, however, fail to acknowledge the truth of the remarks contained in our traveller's vivid description of the sooty appearance of the metropolis, caused by that smoky fog which Charles Lamb has designated, from its unequalled density, "the genuine London Particular." The tourist continues:—"One thing which gives to London a most peculiar aspect, besides the breadth of its streets and pavements, and the lowness of its houses, is the uniform black hue which shadows every external object. Nothing can be more doleful and lugubrious; it is a kind of black that has none of those brown and vigorous tints which time has given to the ancient edifices of less northern countries; it is an impalpable and subtle dust, which sticks to everything, penetrates everywhere, and from which there is no defence. A stranger would say, that all the monuments had been sprinkled with black-lead: the immense quantity of coal which is consumed in London for fuel, is one of the principal causes of the general mourning worn by the chief

edifices—the oldest of which have literally the appearance of having been covered with blacking. This effect is especially visible in the statues. Those of the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of York, which is placed on the summit of a high column, and of George III., on horseback, resemble negroes or chimney-sweepers, being made equally black by the quintessence of coal-dust, which is always falling from a London sky.* The prison of Newgate, with its dark niches and rusticated masonry, the old church of St Sepulchre, and several Gothic chapels, the names of which I do not remember, seem to have been built of black granite, rather than to have grown dingy by years. I have never contemplated that mournful and opaque tint, which lends to the edifices, half hidden in fog, the appearance of enormous funereal canopies, without finding sufficient explanation for the spleen which tradition gives to the English."

The general tone and character of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* present a most favourable specimen of French periodical literature, from its comparative moderation in the discussion of political subjects, and from the talent with which the scientific and historical departments are filled. We shall, from time to time, present our readers with other extracts from its pages.

ENGLISH AND ARABIAN HORSES.

THE following anecdote, illustrative of the enervating effects of the artificial mode of training horses practised in this country, is related in a recently published pamphlet by M. Hamon, who passed eight years in Egypt as chief veterinary surgeon to Mehemet Ali.

While Kourchid Pasha was governor of Nejd—a country of Central Arabia, which produces horses held in high estimation—some Englishmen, who possessed several thorough-bred British horses, challenged the Bedouins to undertake a race with them. The Arabs accepted the challenge, and the English demanded forty days to "train," they said, their horses for the event. The Arabs, whose steeds are always in readiness, could not understand why it was necessary to train horses to run, smiled at the condition, but still consented to it; and at the end of the period agreed upon, arrived at the place of meeting. "Choose yourselves," said the Bedouins, "from amongst our stock which of our horses shall run against yours." The choice was made, and the Arabs inquired how many days the horses were to run. The Europeans stared with astonishment, and answered, "One hour will suffice." The men of Nejd refused so insignificant a struggle. "And is it for the race of an hour," they cried, "that you have required forty days' preparation? This gives us a most unfavourable notion of your breed of horses, which you say sprung from ours."

"Such is the custom of our country," replied the Englishmen; "but after the training they have had, our racers will distance yours as they have beaten others in Europe."

Again the Bedouins smiled, for in the meantime two small sickly-looking men, arrived in top-boots, leading two immense moving machines, but lean withal, which they soon discovered were horses. These were enveloped in cloth, from the tip of the nose to the hoofs, the eyes only remaining uncovered. The Arabs, who had hitherto never seen an English horse, inquired what they were going to do with those great beasts. "Run them against yours," was the reply; "to prove to your tribe that the racers of Great Britain are the first in the world."

The Arabs, taking this answer as a joke, retired, believing that the strangers intended to hoax them. The latter protested, insisted, and, at length, succeeded in persuading the Bedouins to return. Kourchid Pasha, who was present, also spoke to them, and by his advice they consented to run their horses. The sight of the two small thin jockies strangely excited the curiosity of the natives, and they begged their antagonists to tell them in what remote corner of the earth they found such extraordinary beings. "They are the jockies," answered the Britons; "men whose business is in our country to ride race-horses, and who also undergo a severe training."

The surprise of the Arabs now reached its height; and but for the assurances of Kourchid Pasha, they would have finally declined to oppose their men and horses to creatures whom they designated by the title of Mascara.†

At length, while an attenuated groom leaped into the saddle, a tall and vigorous Bedouin mounted a native horse of ordinary points, which gambolled round the tent inhabited by his family. The wife and children came out to caress the animal, which, by its movements, seemed to promise them victory. It is decided that the race shall last for three hours. At a given signal, the horses started together. During the first half hour, the English kept in advance of their adversaries; but soon the Nejis overtook, passed them, and the Europeans arrived at the goal a considerable time after the Arabs. The English horses, breathless, remained exhausted on the spot, showing every symptom of distress. The Arabian steeds, on the contrary, were active, impatient; they pawed the ground with their hoofs, neighing loudly, as if inviting their adversaries to another trial.

Perceiving the English horses so much distressed, the men of Nejd approached the strangers, who were occupied in rubbing down their steeds, and inquired how it was that a race of three hours so completely exhausted a European horse. "We train them," was the reply. "How do you mean?" continued the Bedouin. "Why, during two or three months, the horses are allowed to live in idleness in a large paddock, having no work to do." "And this—to train the horse for a long time before the race, and to abandon him to idleness for several months after it"—observed the Arab, "signifies that your horses bred in *an artificial state* are but of little use to their owners." In taking their departure, the Bedouins exclaimed, "Allah preserve us from such customs!"

* The French critic on a London climate is not perhaps aware that these statues, being composed of bronze, would, wherever placed, present a dark-coloured appearance.

† Mascara is the western province of Algiers, the diminutiveness of whose inhabitants has passed into an Eastern proverb.

THE PASSING GUEST.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

'Tis pleasant in the summer time a passing guest to be,
And share 'mong dearly cherish'd friends their hospitality.
Yet strangely thrills the human heart, that wheresoe'er we roam
We kiss the chain whose farthest links are twined around our home.
And this, methinks, is something like the way it comes about,
Though kind attentions but increase, without one thankless doubt;
Nay, better far one little week among all household ties,
Can make us know and love a friend, than years' formalities.

We've been the pretty rides and walks—a day's excursion too—
A pic-nic where the rising hills command so fine a view:
"You mark the distant spire that peeps above that mass of green,
A little to the left, and there the ocean may be seen;
That line of light—yon drooping cloud provoking in the way."
It might be so, and this I know, we had a merry day.

New friends are made, and visits paid of country etiquette,
And of the little children all I've my peculiar pet.
The eldest son, a noble boy, confides to me the thought,
The hope that soon for him will be a gun and pony bought;
He hints at glorious days to come, when school no more shall shackle,
And then explains the mysteries of his new fishing tackle.
His sister dear, 'tis very clear, dreams in her heart so still,
How very fine to be grown up, and do just what one will!

Ah, foolish girl, strive not to shake the steady glass of Time,
For woman's heart and woman's care ring oft a mournful chime.
The world hath harsher fetters far to thwart the rebel will
Than thou canst image, girt but by the bonds that guard from ill.
Woven by love, enwreath'd with flowers, so lightly do they press,
It were a blessed boon to know for aye such happiness!

So weeks pass on with rapid flight, for they are gaily pass'd,
And yet upon our distant home some anxious thoughts are cast;
A letter comes—or, it may be, the want of one has power
To make us fix, 'gainst wishes kind, the parting day and hour.

The wind has whistled all the night, in threatening accents loud,
But now the sun is struggling with a canopy of cloud;
And through the trees the autumn breeze declares the day will be
Not cold nor warm, but just the one we most desired to see.
The house is in unusual stir, and boxes crowd the hall,
And something over which, by chance, a travelling cloak doth fall;
One corner peeps of wicker-work, and now I know the rest,
For goodly things are often found within a *hamper* press'd.

I thought I miss'd the snow-white goose and chickens; and "the birds"
Were what they meant last night, though I but half made out the words.
Although I wept, I do not think 'twas for their hapless fate,
Though cut off in their very prime, nice appetites to sate:
How strange the chord; how slight the touch will waken smile or tear!
And very unromantic things oft marks of feeling bear.

But few our words; for tongues that are like streams unbound from frost,
At meeting, are the very ones that parting fetters most.
"Put to the horses; we can do the distance in an hour
Unto 'the station,' after which we care not for a shower."
The house-dog wags his bushy tail in token of delight,
("Is it at last you know me, sir, or think to go is right?")

The station gained (we pique ourselves on punctuality),
And so have leisure here to say our very best "good bye;"
To give the tearful kiss, and press the hand with cordial grasp,
And own how much we'll try next year the very same to clasp.
Oh! blessings on the power that doth, or fair or foul the weather,
"Annihilating time and space," bring loving hearts together!

And home is reached with all its joy; the tongue *is* loosened now,
A very cataract of words in rushing stream doth flow.
Our dog not only wags his tail, but to my shoulder leaps,
And shawls and bonnet fall about in most disordered heaps.
Though tired, we look in every nook; I'm sure I can't tell why,
Since walls and floors I never heard were very apt to fly.

Once more, though not till late, my couch I press with wearied frame,
And when I wake, a moment pause, to ask how *there* I came?
For dreams have been of those dear friends whom now but dreams can bring,
The children's prattle, Lion's bark, or some familiar thing;
The chestnut-trees beneath whose shade the spell of silence reign'd,
That spirit food which never yet was in the city gain'd;
All seem'd to haunt my slumbers deep, and soothe a dreamer's ear,
Home lured me back, but still I'm glad they've ask'd me for next year!

LONDON, *Oct. 1st*, 1842.

CASTLE BUILDING.

The habit of what in common parlance is called "building castles in the air," has a most pernicious influence on the health of the mind. There is a legitimate exercise of the imaginative faculty which is advantageous to the understanding, and to this no reasonable objection can be urged; but when the fancy is allowed "to body forth the forms of things unknown," without being under proper discipline, much evil will result. Individuals endowed with an unhealthy expansion of the imagination create a world within themselves, in which the mind revels until all consciousness of the reality which surrounds them is lost. The disposition to reverie is very pernicious to intellectual health. Many habituate themselves to dream with their eyes open, without the senses being literally shut; they appear to be insensible to the impression of objects external to themselves. This condition of mind borders closely upon the confines of insanity. If the imagination be thus permitted to obtain so predominant an influence over the other faculties of the mind, some particular notion will fix itself upon the fancy; all other intellectual gratifications will be rejected; the mind, in weariness or leisure, recurs constantly to the favourite conceptions, and feasts on the luscious falsehood, whenever she is offended by the bitterness of the truth. By degrees the reign of fancy is confirmed; she grows first imperious, and in time despotic; the fictions begin to operate as realities, false opinions fasten upon the mind, and life passes in dreams of rapture or anguish.—*Winslow's "Health of Body and Mind."*

RUTHVEN'S PLAN FOR PROPELLING STEAM-VESSELS.

One of the greatest drawbacks to steam-navigation is the contrivance by which steam-boats are propelled. Paddle-wheels, besides destroying the "clear run" of a vessel, impair the speed by their bulk, and in rough weather destroy the trim or even motion of the boat, by being either lifted quite out of the water on one side, or sinking too deeply into it on the other. Their liability to accident is another serious objection. For these reasons, many attempts have been made to supersede them, but hitherto without effect; and it was with no little expectation and curiosity that we attended a lecture by Mr Lees, lately delivered in Edinburgh, explanatory of a fresh invention for the above much desired purpose. The new plan is simply an adaptation of the principle of Dr Barker's mill to the purposes of locomotion. The Messrs Ruthven propose to supply the place of paddle-wheels with two large nozzles or tubes, through which they cause water to rush with great force, so as to create a motion opposite to the direction in which the column of water falls into the sea. The water is to be supplied by means of several small ducts opening in the head of the vessel just below water-mark. The engine raises it to the two tubes, by which it exits by a contrivance similar to the Archimedes screw.

The advantages of this invention, as pointed out by the lecturer, are, first, the relief of the ship from unwieldy paddle-boxes; second, that the engine need never cease working even when it is requisite to stop the vessel, for, by turning the nozzles (by means of machinery upon deck) downwards, the locomotive power is directed vertically instead of horizontally, and the motion ceases, or can be modified at pleasure, in proportion as the tubes are made to slope towards the sea; third, should the rudder be lost, the vessel may be steered without one, by stopping or lessening the supply of power on either side, as a row boat is guided; fourth, the disagreeable motion caused by paddle-wheels will of course be obviated, the action will not be obtained by impulses, but in one regular stream, as it were, from the violent issue of water from the tubes. All experiments with models being, to a certain extent, delusive, we forbear offering any opinion on the practicability of this ingenious invention.

A PLEASING IMPROVEMENT.

Mr J. C. Loudon, in a letter to the London journals, calls attention to a highly commendable act on the part of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests; that of naming the collection of trees and shrubs which were planted a few years ago in Kensington Gardens and St James's Park:—"In addition to the scientific name, the English name is given, the natural order to which the tree or shrub belongs, and the year of its introduction into Britain. Thus, in the case of the sugar maple, we have the words below painted in white on a black ground—

'Acer saccharinum *L.*
The sugar maple.
An aceraceous tree.
A native of North America.
Introduced in 1735.'

I need not enlarge on the entertainment and instruction that this enlightened and liberal act on the part of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests will afford to the public frequenting these gardens, or even to those who, living remote from the metropolis, can visit them occasionally. Suffice it to say, that it will create a new sense in thousands of persons, and enable them to derive a degree of enjoyment from trees and shrubs which they had no idea of before. It will enable the citizen or extensive proprietor, intending to plant, to make choice of those trees and shrubs which he thinks most ornamental, or most likely to answer his purpose; and thus, by improving the appearance of individual estates, it will contribute to increase the beauty and variety of the woody scenery of the whole country."

BENEVOLENT SAYING.

The celebrated saying of the Emperor Titus, "I have lost a day," when he had suffered one to pass without some act of charity, has been often quoted as a proof of his exalted character. Dr Granville, in his work on the Russian empire, relates the following expression of the empress mother, which is not less remarkable than that of Titus, and appears indeed to have arisen from the moving principles of her actions: "Notre séjour sur le terre est si court, qu'on doit regretter le tems perdu sans faire du bien."—"Our sojourn on earth is so short, that we ought to regret the time which is lost without the performance of some good."—*Flowers of Anecdote.*

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THE STRUGGLES OF PETER HOOLEY.*

PART I.

HOW HE STRUGGLES WITH POVERTY.

IT was at the close of a short and bitter winter's day, that a squalid-looking and thinly-clad man knocked gently at the door of a decent house on the outskirts of a secluded village. The summons was unanswered. After waiting a considerable time, during which he cowered close to the door-cheek, to try to shelter himself from the bitter wind, he ventured to repeat the knock, and soon heard the shuffling of feet along the lobby. The door was not opened, however; some bolts were withdrawn, and it still remained fastened by a chain, when the latch was just removed, and a voice, in no very agreeable accents, asked, "Who's there?"

"Let me in, for God's sake, Sally," said the man; "I'm perished with cold, and well nigh famished."

"Thou'st come the wrong gate to mend thysel', man; but come in."

The door was opened, and Peter Hooley, for such was the man's name, groped his way along the pitch-dark passage towards the kitchen, but suddenly stumbled against some obstacle, and fell forward on it.

"Oh," said Sally, "wait while I bring the light."

She made her way to the kitchen, which was on the ground floor, at the farther end of the lobby, and shortly returned, bearing, in a broken tin candlestick, an inch or two of rushlight, which, from the current of air along the passage, she was obliged to shade so closely with her hand, that its dim and flickering light was scarcely perceptible. When they got to the kitchen, there was a sparkle of dull fire glimmering at the bottom of the grate, and the starved pedestrian sat down on the floor, and placed his frozen hands almost on the bars.

"Have ye not a bit o' turf, Sally?"

"Not a mite: the mistress gave me out what she said must serve me, and that's the last o't."

"Where is she?"

"Gone to Barnleigh for her money; it's quarter-day."

"She's out late."

"Ay. The garden crop's not turned out well this year, so she said she couldn't afford a chaise as usual, and she's gone i' Mrs Foy's market-cart. She'll not be at home this half hour yet."

"Sally, have you a crust o' bread? I'm sadly hungered."

"Bread, did you say? why, I coudn't get at a bit o' bread if your life depended on it. Mistress always locks it up."

"What! from you?"

"Ay, from me."

"She keeps you pretty close, I daresay."

"I'll tell you what, man, I'd half a red herring for my dinner."

"And what had the mistress?"

"Oh, the same, the same: I must say that for her, she fares the same. I' th' summer, we've beans out o' th' garden, and a mite o' drippin' wi' em; and i' winter weather like this, we've potatoes and a red herring every day, and mistress cuts it fair i' half."

"And does she never have no better?"

"Scarce ever. The neighbours are often sending her nice bits, whyfor, I know not, except they're a' lookin' to her money; but, bless you, she's hardly heart to eat 'em, though they cost her nought."

The conversation was here interrupted by the creaking of cart-wheels, which presently stopped, and two or three rude and heavy knocks at the door announced the arrival of the mistress, Miss Bridget Maclaren.

Sally quickly piloted her way through the dark passage; and Peter, more dubiously, followed. With his help, and not without some difficulty, Miss Maclaren was lifted from the bottom of the cart, where she lay on a mattress, and brought into the house. She was an elderly person, tall, and strongly limbed, with a shrewd intelligent countenance. Her joints were distorted with the severe rheumatism to which she had for years been subject, and her usual stiffness and helplessness was now increased almost to paralysis by the intense cold. She was placed in an arm-chair on the hearth, and then Mrs Foy told Sally to light a candle, as she wanted her own lantern.

"I haven't a scrap," said Sally.

"Not a scrap!" said her mistress; "why, Sally, I left you a piece."

"Yes, ma'am, but it's burnt long since."

"And what need had you, Sally, to burn candle when I was out? It is such wasteful work."

"Here, wench, keep the lantern a while: I've another i' th' cart. And now, hast ou no fire nor tea for the mistress? She's right cold, I'll promise ye."

"I know not how I am to get fire and tea," said Sally, sulkily; "there's water i' th' kettle, but it's no abune milk-warm yet, though it's been on an hour."

"Well, come along with me, and ye'se have my kettle; I'll warrant it boiling long syne. Well, deliver me from riches, say I, if this is the comfort they bring."

Owing to Mrs Foy's friendly help, Miss Maclaren was soon seated at tea, which she poured from a broken spouted black earthenware tea-pot into a cup minus a handle, which reposed on a saucer of a different pattern. A piece of stale loaf, and a little dirty-looking rancid butter, graced the board, which was illumined by a fresh piece of rushlight.

Revived and invigorated by these creature comforts, Miss Maclaren was able to take her visitor to task:—

"And what has brought you all this way from your wife and family, Peter?"

"We are very ill off, ma'am, and I came to see if you would give us a little help."

"You have left your work to very little purpose, then," said she, sharply.

"I had no work to leave, ma'am."

"Worse still; people may always have work if they're so disposed."

"Indeed, ma'am, I'd be very thankful to work; but times are so bad, there's very little weaving given out, and I can only have a piece in my turn; and we're all but starved."

"Humph! some people think they're starving if they're not rioting in luxury."

"I don't know, ma'am, exactly what you mean; but, as I hope to be saved, nothing has passed my lips this day but a draught of buttermilk, which a farmer's wife gave me."

"And a good wholesome drink it is; but, however, if you *are* hungry—Sally, give him the plate of minced veal which Mrs Collins sent to me the other day; here's the key."

"Why, ma'am," muttered Sally, as she took the key, "I doubt whether even *he* can eat it now."

And for a moment the famished wretch did start with loathing from the ill-savoured mess which was handed to him; but hunger conquered, and he cleared the plate. Even the miser seemed struck with the avidity with which he devoured the mouldy victuals, and with a trembling hand she cut him the crust off the loaf on her table: he thanked her humbly, and it soon disappeared.

He then ventured, with much humility and earnestness, to implore a little pecuniary aid to redeem him from his present distress. Work had been so scarce for some time, that it was all he could do to put food into his children's mouths, without attempting to lay by for his rent, which was eighteenpence a-week. This had gone on from week to week, till now his landlord would trust him no longer. They had already pawned or sold every article they could part with for food, and they had no means of paying their landlord, unless Miss Maclaren would help them.

"I cannot afford it, Peter; I cannot afford it. You see now the folly of being married."

"It's ower late to think of that now, ma'am; I've been married twelve year, and never wished it undone yet."

"Then you must take the consequences, and go to the workhouse."

"That's it, ma'am," said he, starting up; "that's it; I thought you'd save your own flesh and blood from that disgrace."

"It's no disgrace to me, Peter; nobody can answer for all their relations. I have been prudent and careful myself, and it is no reflection on me if you have been otherwise. It seems to me the best thing you can do; your wife and children will be taken care of at any rate."

"Yes, but they'll be taken away from me; I shan't see them; I shan't have them. I'd live on bread and water, and work my fingers to the very bone, and think it all right, if so be I could look at their bonny faces, and not see them starving too."

"This is all very fine to talk about; but you've brought yourself to this pass, and must get out of it as ye can. I cannot afford to pay your rent. Here's half-a-crown for you, and it's more than I ought to give you, for it's more than I can afford."

And certain it is that Sally turned in amazement at her mistress's unwonted generosity.

With a heavy heart, the disappointed Peter Hooley took his leave, and Miss Maclaren having given the usual modicum of stale bread and bad butter, and discoloured water, miscalled tea, to her servant, addressed herself to the agreeable and oft-repeated task of conning her banker's book, feasting her eyes with peculiar delight on the newly-entered figures. She then carefully took a certain well-worn parchment from a certain well-known corner of her handsome but antiquated-looking mahogany escritoire, and unfolding it, read it over for the thousandth time with unabated interest. It was the inventory of her silver plate, of which, by bequests and other means, she had amassed a large quantity, and which had now been for several years in the custody of her banker. She carefully replaced these papers in their accustomed corner, locked her escritoire, watched her servant take out the remnant of fire from the grate, gave her out a modicum of wood wherewith to relight it in the morning, and then, by her assistance, got up stairs, was undressed, and put to bed.

But not to sleep. The unaccustomed journey on a cold day, in an exposed and open cart, had a serious effect on her frame; it produced an accession of her accustomed rheumatism, which thrilled through all her joints, and she tossed and tumbled the whole night in agonising pain.

The night was cold, bitter cold, and windy, and Peter Hooley pressed forward with what heart he could muster, for he had several miles to walk. By and by, however, a shower of sleet and snow began to fall, mingled with hail, which was driven with such force

* We have here much pleasure in presenting a contribution by Mrs Stone, authoress of an ingenious volume, the *Art of Needlework* (usually advertised as edited by the Countess of Wilton), and of the recently published novel, entitled the *Cotton Lord*.

against him by the wind, that it cut his face like the pricks of needles. Miserable alike in body and in spirit, and only half clad, the poor fellow could brave it no longer, and eager as he was to get to his expecting wife, and to the wretched cellar, which, now that it could be his home no longer, seemed almost a palace to him; still he was fain to give way beneath the biting and bitter blast, and turned aside to a cluster of haystacks, hoping to find a sheltered nook amidst them. In this he was not disappointed. One was half cut away, so as to leave a sort of angle perfectly sheltered from the quarter in which the wind and snow were driving; but a traveller had been beforehand with him, and was there, apparently asleep. Peter, however, noiselessly nestled near him on some loose hay. His companion was a well-dressed young man; but Peter took little note of his appearance, for his mind was filled with other things. His eye, however, was caught by the glister of a bunch of gold seals. He started, and why, he could hardly tell; he looked again and again, and leaned down to examine them more closely. Then stooping lower, and holding his breath, he drew his hand gently, softly, over the person of the sleeper, and there—yes, he could not be mistaken—there was a purse in the trouser pocket. He looked again on the youth who slept sound as a rock; he looked fearfully round; not an eye beheld him; he shook from head to foot; he gasped for breath; but he gently put his hand into the pocket, and drew out the purse. It was heavy; he had it in his hand, and still the sleeper moved not—stirred not. Peter grasped the treasure hard, his teeth were set, and the sweat burst out in large beads on his brow. Once more he looked slowly and fearfully round, cowering, as it were, over the purse; but he saw no one. He attempted to get up, but some power seemed to hold him down; and as he slowly again raised his head toward the sky, he saw the dark cloud breaking, and a single star faintly glimmering in the blue depths beneath. That star he knew was over his own cabin; he and his wife had looked at it many a time on closing the door for the night. He started to his feet, and in his agony of feeling, shouting aloud, "God have mercy upon me," he flung the purse on the ground, and darting off at his utmost speed, he relaxed not his pace till he found himself at the door of his own cellar.

Dismal was the greeting between him and his poor wife, and agonising were the tears she shed; for, despite of her long knowledge of Miss Maclaren's character, she had clung to the hope of help from her in this strait. And thus they sat, cold, supperless, and unhappy, brooding over to-day's disappointment and the morning's anticipated sorrow, when he recurred to his walk home, and his adventure amongst the hay-ricks. Betty listened with attention, but that soon deepened to the most intense interest; and as he told of examining the watch seals, and feeling for the purse, a deep colour flushed her face, and she fixed her eye, now bright and tearless, intently upon him.

"An' ye took the purse, Peter?" asked she, in a fearful whisper.

"Oh, Betty, surely the evil one himself was at my elbow, then, to tempt me."

"An' ye *did* tak it, then?" shrieked she, starting up.

"Woman! woman! NO! The thought o' you an' our babbies cam ower me, an' I put it back."

"An' ye're sure ye havena got it?"

"Not one halfpenny o't, Betty."

"Then, thank God yet," said the true-hearted woman; "an' for the rest, Peter, we'll bear it, let it be what it may."

So they went to bed, the bed that was to be distrained to-morrow for rent. The man slept sound almost directly, as men can and do under any circumstances; but the woman lay long awake, though she smothered her sobs for fear of shaking or disturbing the four youngest children, who were huddled on the same bed with their father and mother. At length, nature did its gracious best by her, and she slept also. Unconscious of to-day's toil, or to-morrow's sorrow, free from care, unknowing of pain, the father and mother, and seven children, clustered in one damp cellar, forgot all deprivation in sound, healthy, and refreshing sleep. If they wakened in the morning to trouble, they wakened also with invigorated bodies and renewed spirits.

Not so Miss Maclaren. Scarcely had the morning begun to dawn, when she called to her grumbling and unwilling servant to procure her the refreshment which, indeed, she sorely needed, and yet which even now consisted only in weak black tea of the coarsest quality. And even this meal, slight as it was, lost all relish to Miss Maclaren, from her own inability to superintend, personally, the preparation of it, and her fear lest her servant should waste an atom of fuel or a crumb of bread. Medical advice she would have none, for she could not afford it; and, besides, she knew by experience, she said, that flannel and patience were the only cures for rheumatism; and therefore it would be merely suffering her pocket to be picked in a genteel way if she called in a doctor. Miss Maclaren had much bodily fortitude; she bore pain well. Her chief misery, during her constrained confinement, was from the idea of the peculations of her servant; and her condition was not assuaged by the intelligence of the death of her only brother, to whose well-saved property she became the sole heir. This accumulation of money seemed only to increase her cares, and she became more penurious than ever. Her maid perpetually threatened to leave her, and was as perpetually lured to remain by trifling bribes, which, however, became more frequent and more valuable, as she felt her increasing consequence to her mistress, who had become almost helpless with rheumatism. Writing or working were of course out of the question, her fingers were so disabled; and she could not see to read. Sally could not read to her, neither would Miss Maclaren have a person who could, lest her own bank-book and inventories should be looked on with unhallowed eyes. She never used her parlour in winter, because even she could not do without a morsel of fire, and she could not afford the expense of two, so she sat in the kitchen with her maid. How she beguiled the time it was not easy to say; but time did pass.

It was passing rapidly with her kinsman, Peter Hooley. On the morning succeeding that night, the occurrences of which have been described, Peter and his wife did not rise very early, for they had neither fire nor candle, nor had they work to do. They therefore lay still till the broad daylight gleamed in at the chinks of their cellar door, and the children began to stir. But they had been long awake, and had had serious and sad communing together. Their debt to their landlord amounted to seventeen shillings, and they likewise owed fifteenpence at the shop. If they had hoped that, by offering the half-crown Miss Maclaren had given them to their landlord, they could have obtained a little further grace from him, they would have taken it to him at once, and fearlessly braved the starvation of the day; but they knew this would be of no avail. They therefore resolved, that for the last time they would have the luxury of a warm and wholesome meal together. So, while Betty and her eldest daughter dressed the children, and put the cellar "a bit to rights," Peter proceeded to the shop, paid his debt, and returned home laden with threepenny worth of fuel, and sixpenny worth of oatmeal, and with yet a few pence in his pocket. A mess of hot stir-about was soon smoking on the old deal chest which usually contained the family wardrobe, and which now served for a table; and the happy children crowded round it, while the father and mother kept filling the mouths by turns with the only two spoons they possessed; and if, despite herself, the woman's tears did every now and then mingle with the porridge, the delighted youngsters saw them not. But all delights must have an end, even that, the intensity of which the famishing only can know, and the satisfied children one by one withdrew themselves from the board, and the mother put the remnants by to serve for supper, if, by any happy chance, they might sup all together again. And seating themselves on the chest which had served as table, with their children playing about them, Peter and his wife waited, with what philosophy they might, for the great event of the day.

It could not now be far off, for it was past eleven, and by noon the landlord was to be expected on his final errand; and Betty started and trembled, and caught hold of her husband's arm, for her quick ear caught the sound of voices and feet approaching their door. She was not mistaken: people drew near, stopped a moment in conversation, and finally knocked. Peter and Betty both started to their feet, but could neither of them muster voice to speak; when the knock was repeated, and the door immediately opened from without, and there entered, not the dreaded landlord and his myrmidons, but two gentlemen, one of them a young one, in whom Peter recognised, with a thrill of terror, him whose purse he had taken the night before.

"Is your name," said this gentleman, "Peter Hooley?"

"Yes," gasped Peter, trembling from head to foot.

"You robbed me of my purse last night."

Peter was ghastly pale, but did not speak.

"You took my purse, I say," repeated the young man.

"No, no, no," shrieked his wife.

Betty, though a woman who was at all times governed more by feeling than judgment, was shocked at the fearful charge thus made against her unhappy husband; while the children, seeing something was wrong, clung to her, and began to cry.

"Calm yourself, my good woman," said the elder gentleman; "my son saw your husband take his purse in a moment of temptation, but he also saw him conquer the temptation, and throw down the purse; I have it now."

Betty burst into tears, and clasping her youngest child close to her breast, sat down on the side of the bed.

"Now, Peter, tell me what drove you to this act?"

"Desperation and starvation, Sir," said Peter, who was recovering his voice; "if I don't pay my rent to-day, we go to the workhouse, and I have not a friend in the wide world."

"Yes, *you have*. You were, I must say, strongly tempted, but you strove manfully against it. My son assures me of this, for he had fallen only into a momentary doze from the fatigue of a long walk, and your exclamation wakened him, though he did not stir. Now, only observe the misery and disgrace from which you have been saved. My son followed you a part of the way, and learned who you were from a person whom he met. But of all this *you* knew nothing. Pray, let me know how much is this debt for rent?"

"Seventeen shillings, Sir."

"And what else do you owe?"

"Not a penny in the wide world."

"That's well; that looks well. Now, Peter, here are two sovereigns; take one and pay your rent, the other will provide your family with food and fire till you hear from me again, which you shall do before long."

Peter could not speak, nor did the gentleman seem to require it; he and his son were gone instantly.

Several days passed on, and the rescued family were still living happily and hopefully on the stranger's bounty, when he came again, accompanied by another gentleman, who had the appearance of a clergyman. There were no pallid faces, no tears, no alarms now. With bright and smiling faces, Peter and Betty rose to welcome their benefactor.

"So, so," said the gentleman, "this is as it should be. I have brought Mr Heartly, Peter, the clergyman of Y——, who wishes to have some talk with you."

Betty looked about, but there was not a chair to offer the gentlemen. They saw her embarrassment, and soon relieved it; one sat down on the side of the bed, and the other enthroned himself on the table, deal chest, or wardrobe.

"I have been making inquiries about you, Peter," said Mr Heartly, the clergyman; "and it is but fair to tell you, that I have heard an excellent character of you."

"I defy any one to say a word agen him," interrupted Betty. Her husband pulled her gown, to silence her.

"But I want some further information from yourself. You can read and write, I hear, and" ——

"Ay, that he can; and reckon as quick as the book-keeper at the mill. He's taught all the childer, and"——

"Whisht, woman, whisht," interrupted Peter, angrily.

"I wunna whisht, Peter; ye wull na' speak a word for thysel', I know; and why should not the gentlemen know what ye really are."

Both gentlemen laughed, but Mr Heartly begged Betty to be quiet, assuring her that he would *make* her husband speak for himself.

"You have taught your children, then, to read and write?"

"Yes, Sir, such of them as are big enough."

"I should like to examine them myself."

Some tattered remnants of initiatory books were produced, but Betty could not help intimating that the two eldest could read in the Bible. The Bible was produced, but we shall not accompany the gentlemen through their examinations; we have only to do with the result. It was the offer to Peter of the mastership of the district school in Mr Heartly's village; the salary was forty pounds a-year, and there was a small cottage attached to the school for the master's residence. The present master was leaving, having obtained a better situation; but he would initiate the new comer into his routine of duties before he himself left.

"Well, as that matter is settled," said Mr Orwell, when Peter and his wife had tried to express their joy and thankfulness, "I have a word to say to you, Mrs Hooley. This tidy girl, your eldest, what do you mean to make of her?"

"Anything, Sir, that is useful and proper."

"Very well; my wife wants a girl who has been honestly brought up, to assist the nursery maid, who has too much to do; what say you to it?"

"Sir, I should be very proud and very thankful."

"Then let her come to-morrow for a month on trial. Her clothes look in bad condition—but never mind that—we'll see to that. Can she sew?"

"A little, Sir."

"Her mother's beautiful at her needle, Sir," said Peter.

"Is she? She will have no difficulty in obtaining needlework in our village."

And in their new home they were shortly afterwards settled. Peter had enough to do through the day, but the evenings were his own. These he generally passed with his family; in summer, occasionally he rambled with them in the fields, flying their kites, and joining in their romps; but more frequently he worked in his own little garden, where the bigger ones soon learnt to be useful to him.

But in winter, about the time when Miss Maclaren would be gone to bed, to save fire and candle, and the necessity for supper, then Betty Hooley, having put her younger children to bed, would draw the checked curtain close over the window, would stir up the brisk and cheerful fire, would place a pan of potatoes on the bar to prepare for supper, would light a thicker candle than was allowed for ordinary purposes, and would address herself industriously to her needlework; while her husband sat by the fire, and the elder children clustered round. And sometimes they read aloud, and sometimes they talked, and sometimes they were too happy to do either; and more especially was this the case when the wind howled round the little tenement, and the hail beat against the window, for then memory, unbidden, would recur to the night of Peter's last

visit to Miss Maclaren, and he would say, "Oh, Betty, woman, but it was a blessing o' Providence that her heart was steeled against us that day."

"Ay, Peter, but was it not a still greater blessing that you resisted the temptation that was put before you on the way home? That was lucky, indeed, for I reckon it to have been the beginning of all our comforts."

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

RIPPLE-MARKS AND TRACKS OF ANIMALS ON ROCK-SURFACES.

Geology may in part be studied as one walks the streets. In many of our cities—we can, from personal observation, particularly instance Manchester and Edinburgh—amidst the slabs composing the foot pavement, are to be found some which present a ridgy or wavy surface. Sometimes this is a good deal obliterated, or even worn quite off; but still there generally remain certain shadings in the stone, which indicate its having originally been ridgy. Hundreds pass over these stones without observing anything particular about them, and many who observe the peculiarity do not give themselves the trouble of considering whether it be of any importance, or what may have been its cause. It is, in reality, a natural hieroglyphic, telling a most wonderful circumstance in the history of our earth. These slabs have all been dug from quarries of sandstone, of one of the kinds which split or break off in thinnish layers. Such quarries generally are profound pits, out of which vast quantities of slabs have been dug, each being, as it were, peeled off the surface of that beneath it, like leaves successively torn out of a book lying upon one side. Yet still, go as deep as you please, you here and there find extensive surfaces of the rock marked in that ridgy or wavy manner. They are so marked, let us repeat, notwithstanding that such large quantities of slabs have, till the time of quarrying, lain above them. It is only when surfaces of some extent are found thus marked, that an ordinary observer is likely to perceive the resemblance which they bear to an appearance often observed upon a sandy beach after the ebb of the tide; namely, a far-spread wrinkling or waviness in the sand, somewhat like a ripple on the surface of the sea itself. Such inequalities are found to extend over many square miles of beach in Devonshire, Lancashire, and indeed wherever the coast is composed of a gently-sloping surface of sand. They are washed out again by each successive tide, and renewed once more if the sea has receded tranquilly, being, in fact, produced "by an oscillatory motion of the lower stratum of water in contact with the sandy bottom, as communicated to it from the superficial waves."* They are easily imitated, by agitating to and fro a vessel of water, with a flat bottom on which sand has been strewed.

The ridgings of the slab-surfaces resemble those of the sandy beaches left exposed at low water; but is there anything in this resemblance beyond mere accident or coincidence? Those who have not gone through the steps by which the fact is ascertained, will be surprised to learn, that the resemblance is that of identical things. The slab-surfaces were all at one time sandy bottoms of seas, and their ridgings were as certainly made by the oscillations of those seas as the ripple-marks on the shores of Morecambe Bay, or upon Leith Sands, were made by the last fall of the tide. It matters not that the quarries are found in the centre of the country, a hundred miles from any existing sea, or that they are, or have been, covered over by piles of sandstone hundreds of feet in thickness. The earth has undergone many changes, and amongst these not the least remarkable have been changes of level in its crust, so that there is no part of its surface which has not been alternately sea and land. The rock, therefore, from which the slabs are taken, is nothing but a pile of successive layers of sand laid down by the sea, indurated into stone by heat and pressure, and ultimately heaved up into their present situation by a force from below. The immediate hardening of each surface, so far as to resist the obliterating power of the next tide, is not easily accounted for, if we are to suppose tides like those which now exist; but perhaps this supposition is not necessary in the case. A tranquil subsidence of the sea at less frequent intervals might be produced by other causes. Anyhow, the geologist, knowing what he does, cannot doubt that the markings upon the stones are ripple-marks, wherever he may find the stones now placed. They are often seen in situations where the sea, and all connected with it, is shut out from the thoughts of the observer. We remember, in a rural excursion in Lanarkshire, while bent on exploring the ruins of the ancient castle of the Hamiltons at Craig Nethan, finding in the rocky channel of the stream below, amidst a wilderness of wild shrubs, platforms of sandstone of the carboniferous formation, jutting out from the precipice, and played over by the glancing rivulet, which were entirely covered over with these infallible marks of the spot having once been the shore of some still sea of the primitive world. In the quarries of the oolite rock (more recent than the carboniferous sandstone), scattered over a broad band of country between Bradford in Wilts and Tetbury in Gloucestershire, these surfaces are found in such circumstances as to argue their being miles in extent. In that district, the mark is seen chiefly where the rock is in very thin layers (*laminæ*), but not unfrequently on the surface of slabs eight or ten inches in thickness. "It affects indifferently those which contain a large proportion of clay, those which are highly calcareous and crystalline, and others in which sand and oolitic grains, or minute fragments of shells, predominate."* Generally, the rippled surfaces are covered by a thin seam of clay, which, we may suppose, helped to preserve them; and it is worthy of remark, that the superincumbent seam, or bed, is always marked below by a perfect *cast* of the mark in all its minutiæ. In some instances, the surfaces of this oolite formation present double systems of markings, the one crossing the other; a result, probably, of changes occurring in the undulatory movement of the water by a shift in the direction of the wind.

These curious tablets of memorial of a former condition of the earth's surface, bear, in some instances, what we may call *additional inscriptions*, the work of certain animals. On the surface of slabs both of the calcareous grit and Stonesfield slate, near Oxford, and on sandstones of the Wealden formation in Sussex and Dorsetshire, Dr Buckland has found "perfectly preserved and petrified *castings* of marine worms, at the upper extremity of holes bored by them in the sand, while it was yet soft at the bottom of the water, and, within the sandstones, traces of tubular holes in which the worms resided."† Man did not exist to impress with his foot those early beaches; but there were other animals to walk over them, and, as might have been anticipated, foot-prints of some of these have been found on the surfaces of various rocks of the formations already referred to. In the lower part of Dumfriesshire, there are extensive beds of the *new red sandstone*, which are worked in various parts of the country. At the quarry of Corncockle Muir, near Lochmaben, the surfaces of successive layers, or slabs, of this rock were observed many years ago to bear marks as of the feet of animals; but the phenomenon was disregarded till, in 1827, Dr Duncan, minister of Ruthwell, presented an accurate account of it to the Royal Society of Edinburgh. It appears that the beds in that quarry dip or incline at an angle of thirty-eight degrees, a slope greater than that of any ordinary hill. Slab after slab has been taken away to a depth of forty-five feet; but one after another (though not in all instances) has been found marked by the tracks of animals, up and down the slope. These impressions are generally about half an inch in depth, and the matter of the rock is raised round them, exactly as clay or mud is seen raised round a foot-print of yesterday. The observer clearly traces the double track made by an animal which has two legs at each side, the hind foot, of course, approaching near to the fore one. The prints are about two inches in width, and present the appearance of five claws, of which the three in front are the most distinct. It is worthy of remark, that the fore-feet give the deepest impressions, as if the animal had been heaviest in that quarter, and this in the ascending, as well as the descending tracks. In one case, where the dip of the exposed surface is at an angle of forty degrees, there are clear evidences of the foot-marks having been made upon a surface very steep at the time of the impression, for the animal appears to have put forward its fore-feet cautiously, and inserted them deeply and firmly; while the marks of the hind-feet are comparatively slight, and indeed scarcely perceptible. Generally, however, there is a small rise of the substance of the rock either in front of or behind the prints, according as the tracks are descending or ascending, showing that the surface sloped more or less in its present direction at the time when the impressions were made.‡ Dr Buckland conceived it likely that the marks had been impressed by animals allied to the land-tortoises of the present day; and, on setting such an animal to walk up and down slopes of soft sand, clay, and unbaked pye-crust, he found the footsteps to be remarkably like those of the Corncockle quarry. He makes the following just remark upon the experiment in his Bridgewater Treatise:—"This evidence of footsteps is one which all mankind appeal to in every condition of society. The thief is identified by the impression which his shoe has left near the scene of his depredations. Captain Parry found the tracks of human feet upon the banks of the stream in Possession Bay, which appeared so fresh, that he at first imagined them to have been recently made by some natives: on examination, they were distinctly ascertained to be the marks of the shoes of some of his own crew, eleven months before. The frozen condition of the soil had prevented their obliteration. The American savage not only identifies the elk and bison by the impression of their hoofs, but ascertains also the time that has elapsed since each animal had passed. From the camel's track upon the sand, the Arab can determine whether it was heavily or lightly laden, or whether it was lame." It is remarkable that none of the series of foot-marks at Corncockle are across the slab; all are nearly straight up and down. This is exactly what would happen upon a sloping sea bottom or beach, which the animals had occasion to traverse in one direction only, backwards or forwards. Specimens of the Corncockle slabs have been deposited with the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

Since these curious facts were made public, foot-marks of animals have been traced upon rock-surfaces in various parts of the world. Mr Poulett Scrope found his rippled surfaces to be marked with numerous tracks of small animals (apparently crustaceous), which had traversed the sand when it was in a soft state. These tracks are in double lines, parallel to each other, showing two indentations, as if formed by small claws, and sometimes traces of a third claw. There is often, also, a third line of tracks between the other two, as if produced by the tail or stomach of the animal touching the ground; and where the animal passed over the ridges of the ripple-markings on the sand, they are flattened and brushed down. More recently, some fossil footsteps of a much more striking character have been found in the quarries at Hessberg, near Hildburghausen, in Saxony, upon the upper surfaces of beds of grey quartzose sandstone; in alternation with which, it may be remarked, there are beds of red sandstone nearly about the same age with those of Dumfriesshire. The vestiges of four different animals have been made out. One has been apparently a small web-footed animal, probably allied to the crocodile. The footstep of another bears a striking though grotesque resemblance to the human hand, from which the supposed animal itself has been named the Cheirotherium. A specimen on a slab which has been placed in the British Museum, is fully the size of a human hand, the only remarkable difference being in the comparative thickness of the fingers, and the absence of the appearance of joints. The fore-feet are less by one half than the hind-feet, before which they are always advanced about an inch and a half, an interval of fourteen inches being between each pair. Professor Ksup conjectures that this animal has belonged to the marsupial family, the oldest, it is supposed, of the families of land quadrupeds, and a link connecting these with reptiles. It is worthy of notice, that the kangaroo, a well-known specimen of this tribe, has a great disproportion between the size of the fore and hind-feet.

In the New Red Sandstone in the valley of Connecticut, there have been laid bare in quarries, along a considerable tract of country, surfaces presenting foot-prints of many various species of birds, apparently belonging to the order *Grallæ*, or Waders. The discovery is remarkable on more accounts than one, as it gives evidence, for the first time, of the existence of birds at that early period of the earth's history. "The footsteps appear in regular succession, on the continuous track of an animal in the act of walking or running, with the right and left foot always in their relative places. The distance of the intervals between each footstep on the same track is occasionally varied, but to no greater amount than may be explained by the bird having altered its pace. Many tracks of different individuals and different species are often found crossing each other, and crowded, like impressions of feet upon the shores of a muddy stream, where ducks and geese resort." The smallest of these prints indicates an animal with a foot about an inch long, and a step of from three to five inches; but they vary upwards in size, till they reach something which may well be regarded as gigantic. Let it be remembered, that the African ostrich, which weighs a hundred pounds, and is nine feet high, has a foot of ten inches, and a leg four feet long. It is the most stupendous of existing birds. But the largest of the foot-prints in the Connecticut sandstone being fifteen inches in length, exclusive of the largest claw, which measures two inches, and the steps being from four to six feet apart, denote a considerably larger bird, the legs of which, probably, were not less than seven feet in height. This has well been styled the *Ornithichnites Giganteus*. Another, ranking next to the above in size, exhibits "three toes of a more slender character, measuring from fifteen to sixteen inches long, exclusive of a remarkable appendage extending backwards from the heel eight or nine inches, and apparently intended, like a snow shoe, to sustain the weight of a heavy animal walking on a soft bottom. The impressions of this appendage resemble those of wiry feathers, or coarse bristles, which seem to have sunk into the mud and sand nearly an inch deep; the toes had sunk much deeper, and round their impressions the mud was raised into a ridge *several inches high*, like that round the track of an elephant in clay. The length of the step of this bird appears to have been sometimes six feet."*

That in all these instances the marks are really vestiges of animals which lived on earth long before man, there can be no doubt whatever; but we still need facts to make the whole subject clear, particularly as to the circumstances under which the successive layers were imposed one above another. Perhaps we have some light from an account which has been given of a peculiar formation occurring on the shores of the island of Anegada, one of the group called the Virgin Islands, in the West Indies. Not having access to the original document, we borrow from a small book which has fallen into our hands. "The beach of Anegada is found in many places to be coated with a grey siliceous and calcareous substance, apparently deposited by the waves, which, as the tide retires, hardens, and slowly assists in increasing the size of the island. In some parts of the interior of the island (but where, perhaps, at no very remote period, the waters depo-

* We here use the explanation given by Mr Poulett Scrope, in a paper in the Journal of the Royal Institution: 1831.

* Mr Poulett Scrope. † Bridgewater Treatise, i., 260.
‡ Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, xi., 199.

* Buckland, quoting an article by Professor Hitchcock, in the American Journal of Science and Arts: 1836.

sited this peculiar substance), the impressions of birds' claws and of human feet are distinctly visible: the latter from the outward turn of the toes, are supposed to be those of the Indians, who inhabited the neighbouring coasts. These impressions are not of very recent formation, for they have existed beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant of the island, and in some places grass has grown over them; but they are highly interesting, as proving to the student in geology that such impressions, frail and perishable as they usually appear, may, under some circumstances, become permanent. And if these footsteps have been preserved for fifty or a hundred years, we may as well suppose those in the Red Sandstone to have remained unchanged for untold ages."*

We may remark, in conclusion, how well these detections of the presence of early animals correspond with the other facts of geology. We have an evidence now familiar to us as to the animals which existed at the time of the deposition of the New Red Sandstone beds, in the remains of them found imbedded in the rock. There were fishes and certain other marine animals, but no creatures walking on the land and breathing the atmosphere. If on these slabs we had found the mark of the hoof of one cow or horse, we should have been as much startled by it as Robinson Crusoe was by seeing the foot-print of an Indian on the beach of his lonely isle. But what are the creatures whose foot-prints we actually find? *Tortoises*—an order of reptiles—other reptiles being already found in the very next series of strata above—namely, the Shell Limestone. *Grallæ*—an order of birds, and the commencement of that class of the Vertebrata, but the very order that might have been expected to be created first, seeing that the earth then presented much swampy surface. *Marsupialia*, an order of mammifers linking with the reptiles, and, of course, that which might have been expected to appear first on earth. In all this there is a harmony delightful to a scientific observer—delightful not only as confirming a beautiful system, but as reflecting light on the perfections of Creative Wisdom and Omnipotence.

EQUESTRIAN AMPHITHEATRES.

Homer, in the fifteenth book of the Iliad, employs the following comparison, as rendered by Pope:—

> "So when a horseman from the watery mead,
> (Skill'd in the manage of the bounding steed),
> Drives four fair coursers, practised to obey,
> To some great city through the public way;
> Safe in his art as side by side they run,
> He shifts his seat, and vaults from one to one;
> And now to this and now to that he flies,
> Admiring numbers follow with their eyes."

In this passage, the old Greek poet gives a clear and correct description of an equestrian performance which modern times have seen revived as something entirely new. So long ago, it appears, as the sixth or seventh century before Christ—for such may be said to be the era of Homer—the feats of Mr Ducrow were in vogue in Greece. The education of horses for these singular purposes has been brought to the highest perfection at the Cirque Olympic (Olympic Circus) of Paris, and the Amphitheatre of London. To use the words of a French writer, "the stable of the Messieurs Franconi (proprietors of the Parisian establishment) is for quadrupeds what the Royal Academy of France is for learned men. It is the hot-bed of equine genius, the conservatory of the classic step, of the antique trot—the sanctuary of the brilliant gallop." Indeed, the Cirque Olympique latterly possessed the high honour of being a kind of government establishment. As the steeds of Astley's Amphitheatre are lent to the citizens of London on Lord Mayor's day, for the use of the men in armour who figure in the procession, so the French circus is charged with the supply of animals to princes and sovereigns during any great official solemnity. And these horses, like certain courtiers, have always been at the service of every possible dynasty or shade of political opinion. Thus, in 1814, at the temporary restoration of the Bourbons, a dapple-grey, called "La Noble," bore the future Charles X. (the Count d'Artois) on his entry into Paris, and afterwards the Dukes of Berri and Angoulême. When Napoleon escaped from Elba, the same charger carried him on the 20th of the following March, at the time of his triumphal return to the city by torch-light. After the well-known "hundred days," this identical horse conveyed into Paris the princes of the Bourbon family, deporting itself with the same pride and enthusiasm, as on former occasions.

Equestrian performers of the present day feel the effects of the march of intellect quite as much as others. Feats of horsemanship, which anciently excited the greatest admiration, now appear vulgar and commonplace; and it has become as difficult to acquire distinction in equestrianism as in literature. Formerly, a simple change of feet during full gallop, or an epigram, were sufficient to earn a high reputation for a horse or a poet; but now celebrity is only to be obtained by the aid of difficult dances on three legs, or by means of several thick volumes of prose and verse. On the other hand, could the wonders exhibited by Mr Ducrow in England, and by the Franconis in France, have been witnessed by our forefathers, their astonishment might have had a fatal effect upon the prosperity of the equestrians, as may be inferred from the following anecdote of an event which took place in 1664:—

A Neapolitan, called Pietro, possessed a little horse, by whose docility and sagacity the master obtained a good livelihood. He called it Mauracco, and exhibited it without saddle or bridle, and with no rider to guide its motions. The diminutive animal would lie down, fall on its knees, bound, curvette, or, in short, do whatever its master desired. It would carry a glove or anything of the kind to any person pointed out in the crowd. In a word, it would perform all sorts of amusing tricks.

After having so profitably travelled over a great portion of Europe, as to have saved a sufficient fortune, the master made up his mind to retire; but in passing through Arles, he determined to make a last exhibition of his clever pony. The marvellous animal astonished the whole town, but the people carried their wonder to such a height, that they denounced both the horse and his master as sorcerers, and poor Pietro, with his faithful Mauracco, were burned as such in the public square of Arles.

* Recreations in Geology, by Rosina M. Zornlin: 1839.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

The life of Allan Cunningham, which terminated on the 29th October last, was a fine example of native talent and perseverance overcoming all obstacles, and undebased by any of the alloys which too often accompany their exertion. Our countrymen are sometimes charged with an undue and overweening nationality, and it must be admitted that we occasionally lay ourselves open to attacks on this score. Blood is warmer than water, as our homely proverb says, and the keen winds of our mountains seem to bind us closer together in amity and concord, that we may present a united but friendly front to the more populous and wealthy ranks of the Southron. We have cause, however, to be proud of many of our native authors. In historical composition, Scotland long bore off the palm; and in the wide realms of fiction, who but Shakspeare can compete with Scott? In science and philosophy, we have many eminent names. Jeffrey still lives to vindicate our right to stand at the head of modern criticism; and, above all, we may feel an honest pride in reflecting, that our country has produced a ploughman like Robert Burns, a shepherd like James Hogg, and a stone-mason like Allan Cunningham. Allan was born (December 7, 1784) at Blackwood, in Dumfriesshire, a beautifully situated mansion on the Nith, two or three miles from Ellisland, the farm soon after tenanted by Burns. His father, at the time of his birth, was gardener to Mr Copeland of Blackwood, but soon after, from his superior intelligence and abilities, was preferred to take a charge of the estate of Mr Millar of Dalswinton, the landlord of Burns, to which place the family was accordingly removed. Allan's recollection of his early days was remarkably vivid and distinct. Every incident—every scene and person—was impressed on his memory; and he used to delight in telling that, when about six years old, he heard Burns recite Tam O'Shanter to his father, while he stood by his knee, and looked up to the robust frame and animated eyes of the poet with childish wonderment and enthusiasm. He received the common education of the country, being merely taught to read and write, and cast accounts, without any tincture of classical or grammatical instruction. His father's family was numerous, and two of them, besides Allan, rose to some distinction. Thomas became foreman to Mr Rennie, the engineer, and was a man of great scientific talent, as well as a tolerable poet and song-writer. Peter is now a surgeon in the navy, and author of a work, "Two Years in New South Wales," which is still one of our best books on that country. From the humble home, thus honoured and endeared by the virtues and intelligence which prevailed under its roof, Allan went forth, when a boy, to learn the business of a stone-mason. He was an insatiable reader, and the summer mornings and winter nights were spent in poring over books. While yet a stripling, he tried his hand at versifying, but we are not aware that any specimens of his earliest productions have been preserved. An accidental event was soon, however, to call him into the field of print, though under somewhat extraordinary circumstances.

Mr R. H. Cromek, a London engraver, and an enthusiastic admirer of Burns's poetry, had devoted himself to the task of collecting unpublished remains of the Ayrshire bard, in the course of which he was led to Dumfriesshire. There he became acquainted with Allan Cunningham, who ventured to lay before him some of the lispings of his muse. Cromek regarded them with an indifference to which perhaps they were only justly entitled, but gladly availed himself of Mr Cunningham's services in gathering relics of Burns and of popular traditionary poetry. In 1810, he published a volume, entitled, "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," in the preface to which, after much rather turgid sentimentality about Scottish cottages and their tenants, he says—"To Mr Allan Cunningham, who, in the humble and laborious profession of a mason, has devoted his leisure hours to the cultivation of a genius naturally of the first order, I cannot sufficiently express my obligations. He entered into my design with the enthusiasm of a poet; and was my guide through the rural haunts of Nithsdale and Galloway; where his variously interesting and animated conversation beguiled the tediousness of the toil; while his local knowledge, his refined taste, and his indefatigable industry, drew from obscurity many pieces which adorn this collection, and which, without his aid, would have eluded my research."

Let no London engraver ever again venture to collect Scottish poetry! The finest pieces in Mr Cromek's volume, to which he refers with the highest admiration as genuine relics of antiquity, were in reality compositions by Mr Cunningham himself, which, Chatterton-like, he had composed in imitation of the old manner, in order to gratify a taste which he thought prejudiced against what was acknowledgedly new, but which appeared ravenous for whatever was presumedly old. There was a warmth and glow of the language in these pieces which might have warned the collector against the deception, for nothing could be further removed from the simplicity and directness of the genuine ancient ballad; but in his eagerness for relics of the eldern muse, he had overlooked all critical warnings. Apart from all consideration of the history of Mr Cunningham's ballads, they are exquisite effusions of a young and overflowing fancy. We transcribe one entitled "Bonny Lady Ann," with Mr Cromek's prefatory note:—

BONNIE LADY ANN.

[A fairer specimen of romantic Scottish love than is contained in this song, is rarely to be met with. It was first introduced to Nithsdale and Galloway about thirty years ago, by a lady whose mind was deranged. She wandered from place to place, followed by some tamed sheep. The old people describe her as an amiable and mild creature. She would lie all night under the shade of some particular tree, with her sheep around her. They were as the ewe-lamb in the Scripture parable; they lay in her bosom, ate of her bread, drank of her cup, and were unto her as daughters. Thus she wandered through part of England, and the low part of Scotland; esteemed, respected, pitied, and wept for by all! She was wont to sing this song unmoved, until she came to the last verse, and then she burst into tears. The old tree, under which she sat with her sheep, is now cut down. The schoolboys always paid a kind of religious respect to it. It never was the "dools," nor the "butt;" nor were the "outs and ins," nor the hard-fought game of "England and Scotland," ever played about it; but there, on fine Sabbath evenings, the old women sat down and read their Bibles; the young men and maidens learned their psalms, and then went home full of the meek and holy composure of religion.]

There's kames o' hinney 'tween my luve's lips,
An' gowd amang her hair,
Her breasts are lapt in a holie veil,
Nae mortal een keek* there.
What lips dare kiss, or what hand dare touch,
Or what arm o' luve dare span
The hinney lips, the creamy loof,
Or the waist o' Lady Ann!

She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose,
Wat wi' the blobs o' dew;
But nae gentle lip, nor simple lip,
Maun touch her Ladie mou.
But a broider'd belt wi' a buckle o' gowd,
Her jimpy† waist maun span,
O she's an armfu' fit for heaven,
My bonnie Ladie Ann!

Her bower casement is latticed wi' flowers,
Tied up wi' silver thread,
An' comely sits she in the midst,
Men's longing een to feed.
She waves the ringlets frae her cheek,
Wi' her milky, milky han',
An' her cheeks seem touch'd wi' the finger o' God,
My bonnie Ladie Ann!

The morning cloud is tassel'd wi' gowd,
Like my luve's broider'd cap,
An' on the mantle which my luve wears
Are monie a gowden drap.
Her bonnie eebree's a holie arch
Cast by no earthlie han',
An' the breath o' God's atween the lips
O' my bonnie Ladie Ann!

I am her father's gardener lad,
An' poor, poor is my fa';‡
My auld mither gets my wee, wee fee,
Wi' fatherless bairnies twa:
My Ladie comes, my Ladie gaes
Wi' a fou and kindly han',
O the blessing o' God maun mix wi' my luve,
An' fa' on' Ladie Ann!

Another, entitled "Hame, Hame, Hame," referring to the feelings of a Jacobite exile of the last century, was stated to be from Burns's Commonplace-book, "in the editor's possession," yet is understood to have also been the production of Cunningham.

HAME, HAME, HAME.

Hame, hame, hame, Hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame hame, to my ain countrie!
When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf is on the tree,
The larks shall sing me hame in my ain countrie;
Hame, hame hame, Hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The green leaf o' loyaltie's begun for to fa',
The bonnie white rose it is withering an' a';
But I'll water't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
An' green it will grow in my ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame, Hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

O there's naught frae ruin my countrie can save,
But the keys o' kind heaven to open the grave,
That a' the noble martyrs wha died for loyaltie,
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame, Hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame hame, to my ain countrie!

The great are now gane, a' wha ventured to save,
The new grass is springing on the tap o' their graves;
But the sun thro' the mirk, blinks blythe in my ee,
'I'll shine on ye yet in yere ain countrie.'
Hame, hame, hame, Hame fain wad I be,
Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

* To peep, to take a stolen glance. † Slender. ‡ Lot, fate.

The morality of the whole transaction will be viewed differently: those disposed to take a severe view of it should consider at least the youth, circumstances, and temptations of the poet. Cunningham had long admired the tact of Burns in pouring his genius into the outlines of our rude lyrics. "He could glide," he said, "like dew into the fading bloom of departing song, and refresh it into beauty and fragrance." Admiration soon led, as in most young minds, to imitation, and Cromek supplied the enticement and the opportunity. In later years, Allan wrote several songs, but they were not pitched in a key to be popular; and only one, "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea," seems to be generally known or sung.

About the year 1810, Allan left his native county, led probably by some vague hopes of improving his fortune. He worked for a time in Edinburgh, where, we have been told, he hewed many of the stones which constitute one of the most beautiful places in a city of palaces—Charlotte Square. In time he reached London, abandoned his art, and commenced literary life in earnest, by obtaining an engagement in connexion with a newspaper called "The Day." The late hours and slavish labour of reporting were foreign to his taste and habits, and he left the press to become foreman to a sculptor named Budd. Shortly afterwards (about the year 1814), he was without employment, and threatened with some of the evils of poverty, which were the more alarming, as he had now attached to himself for life a sweetheart from the banks of the Nith, and was the father of several children. At a moment when his pecuniary resources were sunk to almost the lowest ebb, an advertisement of Mr Chantrey, the sculptor, for a superintendent of his workshop or place of business, met the eye of the poet; he applied, and was immediately accepted. This was a situation highly agreeable to Cunningham in all respects, and in none more so than as concerned the character of his employer, which included all that was amiable and respectable. Chantrey modelled the bust or figure in clay, and Cunningham overlooked the artisan who transferred it to marble—wrote letters, paid accounts, and attended to business of all kinds. The friends—for such they became—were useful to each other. In Chantrey's studio, the poet had opportunities of meeting with men of talent of all grades and distinctions; while the artist, in the early part of his career, was not a little indebted to the friendly critiques and encomiums which his assistant scattered through the magazines and newspapers. Cunningham soon became known. Walter Scott was, from the first, certain that he was the author of the pseudo-antique songs in Cromek's work, and Professor Wilson expressed the same opinion, in a paper in Blackwood's Magazine. Allan now wrote a series of tales for Blackwood—was a contributor also to the London Magazine—and published two volumes of "Traditional Tales," and a dramatic poem called "Sir Marmaduke Maxwell." There was genius in all he did, but it was wild and undisciplined—diffuse in style, and improbable in fable. He also threw off some novels—edited a collection of Scottish songs—and wrote a copious and manly memoir of Burns. Sir Walter Scott honoured him with a flattering notice in the introduction to the "Fortunes of Nigel," and thus, as Cunningham remarked, "gave his name to fame." The atmosphere of art in which he now breathed, imparted a new tone to his tastes, and he set to describing picture galleries, and writing memoirs of eminent painters, sculptors, and architects. These lives were published in five volumes, in "Murray's Family Library," (1829), and are by far the best of his prose compositions. The style is free and vigorous, the narrative lively, and the reflections interspersed throughout the work marked by originality and penetration. His attainments in the fine arts are perhaps a more remarkable feature in his history than his early ballad strains.

He made but one more effort in verse, by the publication, in 1832, of "The Maid of Elvar," a poem in twelve parts, founded on a Dumfriesshire story of the sixteenth century. This poem is in the Spenserian stanza, and more carefully elaborated than almost any other of his works. It is thus closed:—

> My song is ended: may my country see
> Order and beauty in my rude design:—
> My song is ended; I have poured it free:
> May they who read it deem its roughest line
> Tastes of fresh nature like well-flavoured wine.
> My song is ended: it was long to me
> As light to morn—as morn to Solway brine—
> As showers to corn—as blossom to the bee;
> And *dearer since, dear wife, 'twas pleasant unto thee.*

But in literary matters, it often happens that that which is most studiously toiled for is most disappointing, and the "Maid of Elvar" fell almost still-born from the press.

All this time, Mr Cunningham was attending to his daily duties in Chantrey's establishment. He was engaged there from six in the morning till six in the afternoon—often later; and in the evenings he poured out his mind on paper with the regularity and never-failing copiousness of a machine. His little study in Belgrave Place might truly be denominated *his forge*, the name by which Sir Walter Scott used at one time playfully to designate the apartment in which he wrote. The result of this industry was seen in the increased comfort and importance of the poet's household—in his well-filled library—and his daily extending reputation and acquaintance. He was familiar with almost every person eminent in art and literature. His conversation was rich, various, and full of anecdote. There is a dark, as well as a bright side, however, to the distinction conferred by such unremitting exertion. The daily business of the sculptor's establishment was full occupation for any man ordinarily constituted, or even for one more robust than the average, and the literary labours pursued at night were so much over and above what a due regard to health would have sanctioned. The industry and self-denial were admirable, and the glory was precious to a poet's soul; but nature's institutions are not to be outraged in vain, even by those who seem her favourite children. Here it may be remarked, that, while Allan Cunningham had made wonderful acquirements in the criticism of both literature and art, he had advanced less in more solid pursuits: he knew nature only in her external beauty and expression, not in those mysteries by which she leads us to contemplate the perfections of her own Author. The remark has often painfully occurred to us, that a slight knowledge of what modern science has elicited on the subject of mind—what, unfortunately, he and many like him only deem fit matter for ridicule—would have, in all probability, saved him for a hale old age, since it would have made him aware that the brain is no more to be misused with impunity than any other organ of the system. The consequence of his extreme labours—his being a man of business by day and an author by night—was, that, about three years ago, paralysis paid him a premature visit. The week after Sir Francis Chantrey had been struck on one side of his body, Allan was struck on the other; and thus, as the latter used to remark, with a melancholy smile, they made but one man between them, and that a damaged one. Both partially recovered: the intellectual power remaining uninjured, they were able once more to attend to business, and even to enter into society; but they never appeared quite the same men they had been. Even in gay society, Allan bore a sad and still expression affecting to look upon, and the flow of cheerful anecdote and remark for which he used to be remarkable, was gone

In November 1841, Sir Francis sunk under another attack, leaving Cunningham intrusted with the duty of winding up the affairs of his studio, and bequeathing a handsome annuity to him and his wife conjointly, a tribute by no means more than deserved, seeing how much of the best of his life he had given to the testator. Allan was then engaged in writing a memoir of his friend, Sir David Wilkie, and this task he had brought to a conclusion, when death stepped in to claim his part.

Allan Cunningham left, besides his excellent widow, three sons and a daughter, all grown up. Two of the former were provided for many years ago by appointments in India. The other, Peter, who has a government situation, has already shown an aptitude for the pursuits of his father. His acquirements in our literary history pointed him out lately to Mr Murray, as a fit editor of "Campbell's Specimens of English Poetry." The life of Allan Cunningham affords excellent lessons, but of an opposite kind; it shows a man of talent and pure worth rising to distinction through many difficulties, and thus may nerve the minds of many who sigh, as he once did, for distinction; and it warns against that excessive application to mental labour, which, though an error that leans to virtue's side, is scarcely less fatal to genius in these days, than were dissipation and vice in the days of our fathers.* A further specimen—a very beautiful one—of the poetry of Cunningham is here appended.

THE TOWN CHILD AND THE COUNTRY CHILD.

> Child of the country! free as air
> Art thou, and as the sunshine fair;
> Born, like the lily, where the dew
> Lies odorous when the day is new;
> Fed 'mid the May-flowers like the bee,
> Nursed to sweet music on the knee,
> Lull'd in the breast to that glad tune
> Which winds make 'mong the woods of June;
> I sing of thee: 'tis sweet to sing
> Of such a fair and gladsome thing.
> Child of the town! for thee I sigh:
> A gilded roof's thy golden sky,
> A carpet is thy daisied sod,
> A narrow street thy boundless road,
> Thy rushing deer 's the clattering tramp
> Of watchmen, thy best light 's a lamp;
> Through smoke, and not through trellis'd vines
> And blooming trees, thy sunbeam shines:—
> I sing of thee in sadness: where
> Else is wreck wrought in aught so fair?
> Child of the country! thy small feet
> Tread on strawberries red and sweet;
> With thee I wander forth to see
> The flowers which most delight the bee;
> The bush o'er which the throstle sung
> In April, while she nursed her young;
> The den beneath the sloe-thorn, where
> She bred her twins, the timorous hare;
> The knoll, wrought o'er with wild bluebells,
> Where brown bees build their balmy cells;
> The greenwood stream, the shady pool,
> Where trouts leap when the day is cool;
> The shilfa's nest, that seems to be
> A portion of the sheltering tree;
> And other marvels, which my verse
> Can find no language to rehearse.
> Child of the town! for thee, alas!
> Glad nature spreads nor flowers nor grass;
> Birds build no nests, nor in the sun
> Glad streams come singing as they run:
> A maypole is thy blossom'd tree,
> A beetle is thy murmuring bee;
> Thy bird is caged, thy dove is where
> Thy poulterer dwells, beside thy hare;
> Thy fruit is pluck'd, and by the pound
> Hawk'd clamorous all the city round;
> No roses, twinborn on the stalk,
> Perfume thee in thy evening walk;
> No voice of birds—but to thee comes
> The mingled din of cars and drums,
> And startling cries, such as are rife
> When wine and wassail waken strife.
> Child of the country! on the lawn
> I see thee like the bounding fawn;
> Blithe as the bird which tries its wing
> The first time on the winds of spring;
> Bright as the sun, when from the cloud
> He comes as cocks are crowing loud;
> Now running, shouting, 'mid sunbeams,
> Now groping trouts in lucid streams,
> Now spinning like a mill-wheel, round,
> Now hunting echo's empty sound,
> Now climbing up some old tall tree
> For climbing's sake. 'Tis sweet to thee
> To sit where birds can sit alone,
> Or share with thee thy venturous throne.
> Child of the town and bustling street,
> What woes and snares await thy feet!
> Thy paths are paved for five long miles,
> Thy groves and hills are peaks and tiles;
> Thy fragrant air is yon thick smoke,
> Which shrouds thee like a mourning cloak;
> And thou art cabin'd and confined
> At once from sun, and dew, and wind;
> Or set thy tottering feet but on
> Thy lengthen'd walks of slippery stone,
> The coachman there careering reels
> With goaded steeds and maddening wheels;
> And commerce pours each poring son
> In pelf's pursuit and hollos' run.
> While, flushed with wine, and stung at play,
> Men rush from darkness into day.
> The stream's too strong for thy small bark;
> There nought can sail save what is stark.
> Fly from the town, sweet child! for health
> Is happiness, and strength, and wealth.
> There is a lesson in each flower,
> A story in each stream and bower:
> On every herb on which you tread
> Are written words which, rightly read,
> Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod,
> To hope, and holiness, and God.

* In the above memoir, we have introduced a few passages from a sketch published in the *Inverness Courier*.

A VOICE FROM THE PAST.

It is certain that the mode of settling disputes by sound arguments is superseding that of deciding them by hard blows. Right used to have its knight-errants and mailed champions, who vicariously, or in their own vindication, entered the lists in defence of truth and justice. Men discuss more and fight less, and the club and the spear have yielded to the pen and the tongue. As supply follows demand, so this second reign of Saturn has called into action a class of combatants different from those who signalised the age of physical force. It is not Theseus or Hercules, Guy of Warwick, Amadis de Gaul, or the noble Cid, whose aid the injured seek, but certain braves, denominated gentlemen of the press, who do not use missiles that kill the body, but discharge volleys of paragraphs, aimed often with deadly effect at the ethereal part of the oppressive foe. Columns of words, not of warriors, fill the arena; reasons, not battalions, are placed in hostile array; interests are weighed, not armour or weapons of mortal strife; and the public voice, not the thunder of the battering-ram or arquebuss, proclaims, in harmonious concord, and without appeal, on which side is the right, that of the victor or the vanquished

Reflecting on this great change, this superseding of force by intellect, the thought naturally arises, whether many of the corporal struggles of these latter days have not been wasted efforts; whether they have secured a single object which might not and would have been attained by the quiet diffusion of intelligence. France offers on this question a very pertinent illustration. Here she is, after swinging over the fiery gulf for half a century, reposing under a Bourbon, under a constitutional prince, under a representative legislature, under responsible ministers, and under a responsible judicial administration. These are nearly the limits which the Constituent Assembly of 1789 assigned to her, and which the science of the period indicated as her legitimate boundary. All efforts to force her beyond this, apparently her natural position, have proved nugatory. The military glories of the empire were illusive; the alarm and slaughter of her Reign of Terror were fruitless of abiding results. Both fill pages of deep interest in her annals, but the interest arises more from the wildness and stirring character of the incidents, than any lasting influence they have exerted on the progress of the community. They were, in truth, surplusage—a noisy but needless accompaniment in the development of her chief drama; and it may be doubted whether they either averted or essentially altered any of the fixed conditions to which our neighbours seem des-

tined. They lacked steady support in the general taste and sentiment; and, like a pendulum, without sustaining power, the impulses, though violent, of necessity ultimately ceased. France, through all the vicissitudes of her civil convulsions, has been seeking a resting-place, and that place seems marked for her, as for every other community, by the weal and knowledge of her people.

Anterior to the burst of the French Revolution, great meliorations were in progress in the chief European states, under the quiet influence of a long peace and inquiring spirit. Whether that event tended to arrest or accelerate their march, is a problem unsuited to our pages to investigate. But it is certain that violence never made such illustrious and influential converts as were made by reason and philosophy. Under the auspices of the chief continental sovereigns, and those of the vast body of men of letters whom they patronised, the character of European society had been changed, partly in its outward forms, in its institutions, laws, and usages, but more in its inward spirit and substance. The influence of a powerful priesthood had been circumscribed; the Jesuits driven out; the monastic orders greatly reduced in number; and the flames of religious persecution quenched in their ashes. The odious practice of judicial torture had been abolished in Germany in 1776 by Joseph II., and his example was soon after followed by his brother Leopold in Italy. The Spanish Inquisition had been rendered almost innoxious—its last victim being an unfortunate woman at Seville, who, in 1781, was burnt alive for a crime which was absolutely supernatural. In Hungary, Bohemia, and Russia, personal slavery was being gradually alleviated. Agriculture was promoted, and the pursuits of commerce no longer esteemed degrading. Artificial distinctions and titles of honour had still a ceremonious precedence allowed them in private life; but the nobility indulged as little in supercilious pride and exclusiveness as in the barbaric pomp of their feudal predecessors. In competition with the more intrinsic realities of industry, historical recollections had abated of their pride of place; and whatever prescriptive rights might remain to the privileged orders, they formed no impassable barrier to a more equal and kindly intercourse among the different ranks of society.

In our own island, contemporary advances had been made in justice and wholesome policy. There was less of selfishness and monopoly; and the conviction had become apparent, that social benefits, to be enduring, must be common, not partial or exclusive. This spirit was evinced in the new treatment adopted towards Ireland—in unfettering her commerce, in giving greater scope and encouragement to her domestic industry, and in treating her, not as a colonial dependency subservient only to the greatness of the parent state, but as a partner having co-equal rights, and alike identified in the general prosperity of the empire. While these and many other encouraging circumstances were occurring, all at once a check was given by the riots of Lord George Gordon. By these fanatical outrages, the metropolis was brought to the brink of destruction. People became alarmed at the evidences of ignorance and violence which these disorders afforded; and before the panic had faded from remembrance, out burst the French Revolution in all its unhappy fury. Altars, thrones, and privileges, were all menaced with destruction. Even private property and persons hardly seemed safe. These fears might be groundless, they might be unreasonable, but they existed, and were the means of uniting all possessed of weight and influence in defence of what was termed peace, law, and order. So great was the panic, that reason was silenced. No talk of meliorations could be listened to, and the slightest approach to imitation of our Gallic neighbours, in the way of change or amendment, was resolutely opposed, as pregnant with undefinable ruin.

The lesson has often been repeated in subsequent domestic history. Inquiry and discussion have been gradually working their way in the public mind, when their fruits have been lost, or indefinitely deferred by some sudden explosion of popular excess or extravagance. Violence always recoils on itself; unreasonable claims seldom attain their purpose; they only cement and strengthen the power of resistance. These are natural results. If men seek only what is useful, or pertains to them, the common sense and feeling of mankind plead for them, and procure co-operative support; but if they seek that which is hurtful, or compromises antagonist rights, then they either lose adherents, or rouse into activity and combination an insurmountable opposition. From these obvious and commonplace principles, may generally be predicated the success or failure of every public enterprise. We have only to balance conflicting interests—those likely to be benefited, and those likely to be endangered—to arrive at the ultimate issue of the impending struggle.

According to this test may be tried the remarkable popular agitations which followed in quick succession the general peace of 1815; and, descending from national examples to minor illustrations, derived from the conflicts of capital and industry, we shall find further confirmations of our general conclusions in favour of peace, moderation, and respect for mutual rights. The great contest between machinery and manual industry is now almost a century old. It began with the discoveries of Watt, Wyatt, and Hargraves, soon after the accession of George III. Riots ensued, lives were lost, but opposition was fruitless. Resolutions were drawn up by the chief magistrates and manufacturers, stating that, if the new inventions were not adopted in Lancashire, they would in some other county, or in some other country; so that other people would reap the benefit if they did not.* Had the populace been successful in preventing, by tumults, the introduction of the new machinery, it is not likely they could have prevented the introduction of the cheaper commodities it had produced elsewhere. Competition would thus have wrought far more depressive effects on the condition of the spinner and weaver than mechanical ingenuity, and would have involved in its superseding tendency not the operatives only, but their employers, merchants, manufacturers, and tradesmen. This, indeed, is the general law (though we do not recollect to have seen it adverted to before) of all new contrivances for the abridgment of labour. Workmen must meet them either as competitors in the market of labour or as competitors in the market of commodities; in the former case, they may suffer temporary inconvenience, but in the latter both they and their employers are sure to be ruined, with the further disadvantage, that a benefit which science might have conferred on their own town or their own country, is lost without equivalent, and passes to the stranger or foreigner.

A permanent excess in the supply of labour has the same operation on the condition of the workmen as contrivances for its abbreviation. It tends to lower its price, and for this we fear there is no allowable or feasible preventive, except either lessening the redundancy of the commodity in excess, or finding new outlets for its employment. In the work just referred to, the subject is examined in its chief bearings, and many instances given of futile attempts to keep up wages, in the face of an overstocked market of industry, by turnouts and combinations. Of these, the disastrous results seem mostly to have been either to force trade from places where it was thriving, to stimulate contrivances for superseding skilled occupations, or to entail great pecuniary sacrifices on trade-unionists. The last is a serious and certain consequence, of which there has recently been some bitter experience. In the strikes of late years, there has been expended by the Glasgow cotton-spinners, L.47,000; the Manchester cotton-spinners, L.375,000; the wool-combers, L.100,000; the Leeds mechanics, L.137,000. The recent turn-outs in Lancashire must have been far more costly than all these, and yet have ended, we regret to say, without satisfactory results either to men or employers—leaving only to both an augmentation of difficulties to contend against.

The commercial and industrial position of the country seems such as not to need any addition to its perplexities by profitless dissensions. Violence, as we have endeavoured to show, has rarely or ever abated public wrongs; nor is it likely to do so in the existing juncture. It has seldom achieved, but often frustrated or delayed, relief. Discussion and inquiry are the natural resources of a civilised age; and if to these be superadded mutual concession and forbearance, there seems little doubt that both the body politic and the body physical would soon be convalescent.

* Wade's History and Political Philosophy of the Middle and Working Classes, p. 41, Chambers's People's Edition.

AN OLD HOUSE IN THE MERSE.

WITHOUT derogating from the interest attached to the more magnificent class of ruins—castles, abbeys, and cathedrals—we often feel that there is as much, or more, associated with the remains of some simple dwelling, at least if it be one which stands in some situation not vulgarising. Even the ruined cottage which we encounter in shooting over some lonely hillside, is an object which cannot be passed without an effusion of human sympathy, for within its walls hope, fear, joy, and sorrow, have been felt; and we can never forget, what a celebrated living writer has remarked, that the death of every peasant is the fifth act of a tragedy. But I know no object that comes home to the heart with more power, and to which I would more willingly devote a summer's day, than some deserted family residence, which has seen generation after generation flourish and decay, where love has shed its purple light over hearts long buried, where the still sad music of humanity has been heard, but is now silent for ever, where beauty has pined into an early grave, where fiery youth has ripened into sober maturity, where noble minds have been o'erthrown by sad vicissitudes, where hope deferred has sickened the heart, where the return of the long-absent has shed light and gladness, where age has indulged its recollections of the past, and childhood its bright anticipations of the future, where marriages have been celebrated with song and with dance, where birth-days have been kept with befitting carousals, and where the dead have been carried forth with solemn ceremony, and amidst all the pageantry of woe.

I say this much by way of preface to an account of an old house in the Merse, or lower district of Berwickshire, which, from particular circumstances in my own history, I regard with an unusually lively interest. About six miles above the junction of the Whitadder with the Tweed, on the south side of the former, stands the now uninhabited house of Hutton Hall. It is built on the top of a steep bank, beautifully wooded, between which and the river stretches a large green *haugh*, as a strip of alluvial ground is called in Scotland. Around this the Whitadder makes one of those windings which occur so frequently in its course, and from which it is supposed to derive its name. Farther up are the woods of Whitehall—another uninhabited house—which in autumn are variegated with the richest hues. In front of the house is a large and beautiful park, containing some of the finest trees in the district, and which has that quiet and venerable look of age more common in English and in Scottish pleasure-grounds. Behind the house, in the bank overhanging the haugh, is an extensive rookery, whose sounds alone now break the silence of a place where, in olden times, a castle stood in feudal pride, and which, in modern days, was enlivened with the sounds of gaiety, and brightened with the smiles of beauty. The visitor, after passing through the well cultivated fields of the Merse, in which industry is at work on every hand, and of which the rich plains and valleys show like so many gardens, is surprised to find himself suddenly in a spot where there is nothing to tell of the present generation, but where everything carries him back to those which have been.

It was a little to the west of the present house that the ancient castle of Hutton Hall stood; and, judging from its situation, it must have been a place of considerable strength. The house has still much of the old border aspect, and part of it was obviously erected at a period when security from hostile attacks was more looked to than comfort or elegance. The part to which we allude is a square tower with frowning battlements, built in that massive style which was necessary for defence against the "Northumbrian prickers fierce and rude." Whether this was an appendage to the ancient castle, or was erected immediately after its destruction (for of its having seen at least three centuries there can be no doubt), we shall not take upon us to determine. The rest of the house is more modern, and marks the transition period of architecture, as well as of society.

The ancient castle of Hutton Hall was destroyed in the year 1497. It was taken and sacked by the Earl of Surrey, who led the English forces against Perkin Warbeck, when that impudent pretender had inveigled James IV. into a war with England. It is curious to find Ford, in his drama of "Perkin Warbeck," mentioning Hutton Hall, along with several other places in the neighbourhood, in the tirade which he puts into the mouth of Surrey. The orthography of the ingenious Templar is perhaps as correct as could have been expected.

> "Can they
> Look on the strength of Cunderstine defaced?
> The glory of Heydon Hall devastated?—that
> Of Edington cast down?—the pile of Fulden
> O'erthrown; and this the strongest of their forts,
> Old Ayton castle, yielded and demolished,
> And yet not peep abroad?"

According to a date which was recently to be seen above the principal door, the present house of Hutton Hall was built in 1573. It is somewhat in the Elizabethan style, though with less architectural embellishment than is to be seen in the old family residences of the south of a similar age. The interior is fitted up in a comparatively modern style, some of the rooms being after the manner of the last century. But the concealments, the narrow and winding stairs, and the involved passages, tell of an earlier period. The kitchen and servants' hall are arched, and present something of a monastic appearance. The principal stair is of stone; but having been worn away by the footsteps of many generations, it has been covered, at an apparently recent period, with plain wood. There is no furniture remaining in the house; and having been uninhabited for several years, it is fast going to decay.

Our readers will remember the Seven Spears of Wedderburn, who are mentioned in the Lay of the Last Minstrel, as having come to the aid of Branksome against Belted Will Howard and Lord Dacre. To one of these Hutton Hall belonged in former times. Of this we believe there is sufficient evidence furnished by the charter chest of Wedderburn; and above the principal door the arms of the Homes are still to be seen engraved in stone. But of those times there is no tradition preserved with regard to Hutton Hall. Indeed, when we consider that the country all around must have been the scene of many a hard-fought encounter between the rival borderers, it is strange that this kind of lore should be so rare among the people of the neighbourhood. The early period at which systematic agriculture was pursued in this district, and the complete change in the character and habits of the people that in consequence ensued, is the only circumstance that seems adequately to account for the fact. The plough, no less than the loom and the steam-engine, dispels the old stories of prowess and romance.

From the Homes, Hutton Hall was purchased about the beginning of the seventeenth century by the Johnstons of Hilton, whose family seat it was until a few years ago. The first of the family of Hilton was a cadet of the famous house of Annandale. The Johnstons had property in several of the surrounding parishes, and, along with the Homes and Swintons, were the leading gentry of the Merse. During the reigns of Charles II. and James II., they were on the side of the government. At that time Daniel Douglas was minister of Hilton, a man whose memory is still preserved among the people of the neighbourhood. He was a staunch Presbyterian; and tradition tells that his faith was so strong, that he would sow

chaff, doubting not that wheat would grow. In the small rural church of Hilton, of which the ruins still remain, the congregation had assembled, among whom was Johnston. Douglas was addressing the people; and, perhaps, in preaching to the times, expressed some sentiment which gave offence to Hilton. Suddenly the latter rose from his seat, drew his sword, and marched up to the pulpit. He seized hold of the clergyman, and dragged him down. Douglas was slightly wounded, and some blood was shed. The preacher was filled with indignation, and, giving vent to his feelings on the spot, he prophesied against him the prophecy of Elijah against Ahab—"In the place where *thou hast done this*, shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine."

Time rolled on; Douglas, getting into trouble with the government, had retired to Holland, and Johnston had forgotten the prophecy. It happened one winter, that the Earl of Home had gone to London, where he tarried long; and his lady, to relieve her solitude, had invited some of her friends to spend the Christmas holidays with her at Hirsel. Among these were the Laird of Hilton, and his neighbour the Laird of Ninewells—the latter, it may be remarked, was ancestor to the celebrated David Hume. These two were playing one evening at cards with Mr William Home, the earl's brother, and sheriff of the Merse. The sheriff had bad luck; he lost a great deal of money, and he felt as men generally do on such occasions. Some high words passed, reflections were thrown out, and in this humour they separated for the night. Hilton had retired to bed, when suddenly the sheriff entered his room, with a candle in one hand and a drawn sword in the other. He called on the sleeper to rise and give him satisfaction. As Hilton was getting up from his bed, Home ran him through the body with his sword, and gave him several other severe wounds. In the mean time, Ninewells, who slept in an adjoining chamber, hearing the noise, came to see what had happened, but was stabbed by the sheriff as he entered the room, and instantly expired. The murderer, who had horses at command, immediately fled. Johnston lingered for a few days, and died. His remains were put into a temporary coffin, to be conveyed to Hutton Hall for interment. On their way to that place, the persons who were intrusted with them being overtaken by a storm of snow, stopped for a while at Hilton. The coffin, for greater decency, was put into the church, where the men waited until the storm should abate. In a short time, they were surprised to observe blood flowing from the coffin on the ground. The dogs that accompanied them ran forward to the spot, and in spite of all efforts to prevent them, fulfilled the prophecy of Daniel Douglas.

The part of this story which relates to Daniel Douglas and his prophecy rests only on popular tradition; but the murder of Johnston is fully related in a letter written at that period by the steward of Lord Derwentwater to his lordship in London, and has also been particularised in "Law's Memorials." The writer of that work adds the following note:—"Before his death, he [Mr Home, the murderer] is said to have returned to Scotland, smitten with remorse, and anxious to obtain pardon from a near relation of Johnston's, then residing in Edinburgh. This gentleman, in the dusk of the evening, was called forth to the outside stairs of the house, to speak with a stranger muffled up in a cloak. As he proceeded along the passage, the door being open, he recognised the murderer, and immediately drawing his sword, rushed towards him, on which the other nimbly leapt down from the stairs into the street, and was never again seen in Scotland." Lord Fountainhall states, that the unhappy man was killed in the wars abroad. His name has been omitted from the account of the family in the peerage.

The sisters of the last proprietor of Hutton Hall were distinguished beauties in their day, some fifty years ago. There were four of them. One was Mrs Oswald of Auchencruive, the subject of Burns's "Wat ye wha's in yon town?" and of whom a portrait has been introduced into the work entitled "The Land of Burns." Like many ladies of that period, they were distinguished for their equestrian skill, and for their zeal in fox-hunting. Of the true Diana Vernon school, these qualities did not impair their grace, their delicacy, and their wit. They all made good marriages. On the wedding-day of one of them, Lady Baird of Saughton, a tragical incident occurred, which must have thrown a mournful shade over the marriage festivities. The bridegroom had not arrived before the appointed day, and, when on the morning he came to the other side of the Whitadder, which it was necessary for him to cross, the river was in flood. To ford it would have been attended with the utmost danger; but the wedding was not to be delayed. A rope was attached to a boat, which was held by persons stationed on the bank. Four domestics of the establishment entered the boat, with directions to shout if there was any danger, when they would be immediately drawn to land. They had rowed to about the middle of the stream, when those on shore imagined that they heard the signal which they had directed to be made. They pulled the rope; but whether from the force of the stream, or from some other cause, the boat upset, and the four men were drowned. The story is still current in the neighbourhood, as one of the many instances that show how, in the midst of life, we are in death.

Many other tales connected with this old house our space forbids us to narrate; nor can we now describe the popularity which the last proprietors enjoyed in the neighbourhood, their connexions with other distinguished families, and that gradual diminution of their lands, which marks their history like that of so many others of our old gentry. "As is the race of leaves, so is that of men," says the great poet of Greece. The philosopher will acquiesce in the wisdom of that arrangement of the social system by which generation succeeds to generation, and family to family; and he will perceive how necessary the change of property is for maintaining the health and energy of a great and free nation. But however paramount the views of reason and utility ought to be in such considerations, there are feelings of melancholy interest connected with particular instances, which it is good to cherish. Thus, amidst the "glory of Heydon Hall devastated," and the desolate beauty of its grey walls and neglected park, whence have passed for ever the warlike prowess of the Homes, and the gaiety and elegance of the Johnstons, it is well to reflect that families, no less than individuals, have here no continuing city or place of abode. And salutary thoughts will be suggested by the contrast between the changes of many-coloured life which such a spot has seen, and the goodly spectacle still presented by its noble trees, its green fields, and its beautiful river. But it is needless, in the vein of sentimentalism, to regret the barbaric splendour of the feudal times, or the one-sided civilisation of the ages that followed. The one and the other have passed away, never to return. Ancient families may fall, splendid houses may sink into ruins, and the cherished memorials of the past may yield to the plastic influence of the spirit of the times; but the spread of knowledge among the people, the social progress of the great mass of the community, commercial enterprise, manufacturing skill, wise and salutary laws, science, art, and peace—these form the glory of our age, and the earnest of still brighter days.

IMPORTATION OF FOREIGN LEECHES INTO ENGLAND.

[From the *Medical Times*, November 19.]

It is not generally known, that the leech trade is one of very great extent in this country, and few people are aware from whence this most useful amphibious animal is procured, to supply the great demand that is made for it by private patients, as well as the public medical institutions that abound in this metropolis, and throughout Great Britain. In former years, Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, and other fenny counties, were able to supply the demand; but since the letting of blood by means of the lancet has been partially exchanged for the more efficacious application of the leech to the injured parts, they have been entirely exhausted. At the conclusion of the peace with France, in 1815, several dealers and speculators visited Paris, where they found leeches were easily to be obtained, and at a moderate price. The herbalists and apothecaries who supplied the hospitals, used then to purchase them in small quantities from the conductors of the Diligences coming from Niort, Tours, Orleans, St Quentin, and other parts of the interior, not as an article of commerce, but only sufficiently to meet their demands. The arrival of Englishmen in the French capital soon excited their suspicions *that money was to be made;* and the conductors were soon on the *qui vive*, that they might make a good market with John Bull. At that time they charged only 10 or 12 francs per thousand, leaving themselves a good profit, as they were able to procure them from the peasantry at 5 or 6 francs. There are various species of leech—the grey or *sangsues grises*, commonly called the speckled, the green, and the black. The first was the only one much in use, being the same species as that formerly caught in England, although the green are equally as good; but the bite being more acute than the speckled, there was a prejudice against them. The black, or horse leech, was strongly depreciated by medical men, as it is considered rather venomous, and sure to cause inflammation: that species is never used either in England or France. The demand from 1815 to 1823 for the London market was, on an average, annually from 3,000,000 to 10,000,000. This increased call soon made the French conductors and dealers turn the leech into an important article of commerce. From 15 francs they gradually rose to 25, 30, 40, 50, 100, and, at last, by their becoming exhausted throughout the whole country, to 200 francs. The departments that, in 1815, were so abundant in leeches, are now dried up, and the French themselves are obliged to import them from other countries, so as to meet the demand for their own consumption. The great cause of this annihilation of the species, is the over-eagerness of the fishermen to take them, whereby millions were destroyed before they came to a state of puberty, being only *cocons*, or spawn. Such has been the profit in the leech business, that many of the Paris conductors and petty apothecaries, who had but a few hundred francs, are now independent men, and extensive *proprietaires*, worth L.20,000 to L.30,000 in funded and landed property. The deficiency in the supply of the leech made the London dealers turn their attention to Hamburgh, where it was found a great traffic in this useful creature was carried on to a very great extent by the Jews: it is, therefore, from that commercial city that the English market is now supplied through the expeditious communication by steam. The Hamburgh merchants procure them at a great expense (as the mortality is very considerable) from Hungary, Poland, Wallachia, and the borders of Turkey; but it is expected that the species will, in a few years hence, be entirely exhausted throughout Europe. They are caught in Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, and Italy, but of the green species only, and of so very sickly a constitution, that they will not support the fatigue of a journey to any distance, although they are well packed in wet canvass bags filled with moistened moss. Such is the scarcity of the speckled leech, that it is with difficulty they are now procured; and although there has been for years a prejudice against the green, they are the only species that can now be obtained, and that at an enormous price, being sold in the London market at L.8 per thousand, when they formerly could be purchased for 10s. and 12s. This high price, added to the scarcity, has caused a most astonishing falling off in the demand; and on an average, the annual importation from Hamburgh and Paris is not more than 3,000,000 to 4,000,000—as the hospitals and other institutions are only enabled to use them but in cases of the greatest necessity, where bleeding by the lancet would not be so efficacious. Nothing can be of more general use than the leech in a surgical point of view, as it can be applied with the greatest safety to the parts affected, and it is deeply to be lamented that it is so near becoming extinct. The mode of taking the leech used to give employment to thousands of men, women, and children, who entered with their bare legs into the gentle running streams, and disturbing the water with a stick, these blood-suckers soon attached themselves to their bleeding legs, when they were instantly placed into jars. Many attempts have been made to propagate them in *reservoirs*, but without effect, as they will not breed except in marshy grounds and undisturbed running waters. The mortality among the peasantry who are engaged in the leech fishery is very great; not so much from the constant loss of blood, but the effects of exposure in the unhealthy swamps, thereby causing agues and premature death.

BURYING ALIVE.

Not many years since, in St Petersburg, a young nobleman who had squandered his fortune found his sister, to whom he had applied to relieve his wants, not in the least inclined to sacrifice her patrimony to his taste for dissipation. As he considered himself her heir, he determined to destroy her, and, with this view, found means to give her a draught, which was probably intended to kill, but only produced a deep sleep. The news, through his means, being publicly circulated that she was dead, he prepared, with all the external show of the deepest sorrow, for her interment. The arrangements being completed, the corpse, as is the custom, was placed upon the altar, and the priest was already in the act of pronouncing the last blessing, when one of her friends, who was passing through the place, and had been informed of her death, went into the church with the intention of pressing one farewell kiss on her cheek previous to the interment. Hastening to the coffin, she seized her hand, and found it rather flaccid, but not rigid. She then touched her cheek, and imagined that she felt some natural warmth on it. She therefore desired that the ceremony should be postponed, to try if her friend might not be recalled to life; but her request was refused, and neither the brother nor the priest would listen to her solicitations, but, on the contrary, ridiculed her suggestions, and treated her as an insane person. In the hurry of her feelings, and in the anxiety of the moment, she hastily threw herself into her carriage, and drove to the neighbouring seat of government. Here she found a hearing, proper persons were appointed to accompany her to investigate the affair, and she returned back with all convenient speed. But the lady had been buried from the day before, and the inhuman brother had already taken possession of her property, while there were hosts of priests and crowds of suborned witnesses ready to attest that the unfortunate woman was really dead; and as among the Russians it is accounted heinous impiety to disinter a corpse, the desire of the generous friend to satisfy herself, by ocular demonstration, of the truth or falsehood of her suspicions, for a long time experienced the most violent opposition. At length, from some circumstances which transpired, the commissioners of inquiry conceived some suspicion of the case, and determined on opening the grave, when it was discovered that the lady had been buried alive, as her face was much lacerated, and impressions of her nails were found on the coffin-lid. The brother and a priest were then taken into custody, confessed their crime, and underwent the punishment they so richly deserved.—*Binns on Sleep.*

OTHER IRONS IN THE FIRE.

Mrs B—— desired Dr Johnson to give his opinion of a new work she had just written; adding, that, if it would not do, she begged him to tell her, for she had other *irons in the fire*, and in case of its not being likely to succeed, she could bring out something else. "Then," said the doctor, after having turned over a few of the leaves, "I advise you, madam, to put it where your *other irons* are."

A NEW USE FOR SLAVE-SHIPS.

It is a fact, which must be gratifying to every individual who rejoices at the downfall of slavery, that out of twenty-six Wesleyan chapels in Sierra Leone, the roof-timbers, the flooring, and other wood-work of twenty is composed nearly exclusively of slave ships, which have been taken by her majesty's men-of-war on the coast, and condemned by the Mixed Commission Court.—*Sierra Leone Watchman.*

CORN-STALK MOLASSES.

By taking off the ear of corn early, the farmers in Indiana (America) are enabled to make molasses from the corn-stalk in considerable quantities—two gallons from eight of juice. They are about to try the experiment for sugar.—*Literary Gazette.*

Column for the Boys.

A YOUNG HERO.

About eighty years ago, there lived a little boy in Ireland, of the name of Volney Beckner, whose heroic conduct deserves to be commemorated, as a model for young persons. Volney was born at Londonderry, in 1748; his father having been a fisherman of that place, and so poor, that he did not possess the means of giving his son a regular school education. What young Volney lost in this respect was in some measure compensated by his father's instructions at home. These instructions chiefly referred to a sea-faring life, in which generosity of disposition, courage in encountering difficulties, and a readiness of resource on all occasions, are the well-known characteristics. While yet a mere baby, his father taught him to move and guide himself in the middle of the waves, even when they were most agitated. He used to throw him from the stern of his boat into the sea, and encourage him to sustain himself by swimming, and only when he appeared to be sinking, did he plunge in to his aid. In this way young Volney Beckner, from his very cradle, was taught to brave the dangers of the sea, in which, in time, he moved with the greatest ease and confidence. At four years of age, he was able to swim a distance of three or four miles after his father's vessel, which he would not enter till completely fatigued; he would then catch a rope which was thrown to him, and, clinging to it, mount safely to the deck.

When Volney was about nine years of age, he was placed apprentice in a merchant ship, in which his father appears to have sometimes sailed, and in this situation he rendered himself exceedingly useful. In tempestuous weather, when the wind blew with violence, tore the sails, and made the timbers creak, and while the rain fell in torrents, he was not the last in manœuvring. The squirrel does not clamber with more agility over the loftiest trees than did Volney along the stays and sail-yards. When he was at the top of the highest mast, even in the fiercest storm, he appeared as little agitated as a passenger stretched on a hammock. The little fellow, also, was regardless of ordinary toils and privations. To be fed with biscuit broken with a hatchet, sparingly moistened with muddy water full of worms, to be half covered with a garment of coarse cloth, to take some hours of repose stretched on a plank, and to be suddenly wakened at the moment when his sleep was the soundest; such was the life of Volney, and yet he enjoyed a robust constitution. He never caught cold, he never knew fears, or any of the diseases springing from pampered appetites or idleness.

Such was the cleverness, the good temper, and the trust-worthiness of Volney Beckner, that, at his twelfth year, he was judged worthy of promotion in the vessel, and of receiving double his former pay. The captain of the ship on board which he served, cited him as a model to the other boys. He did not even fear to say once, in the presence of his whole crew, "If this little man continues to conduct himself with so much valour and prudence, I have no doubt of his obtaining a place much above that which I occupy." Little Volney was very sensible to the praises that he so well deserved. Although deprived of the advantages of a liberal education, the general instructions he had received, and his own experience, had opened his mind, and he aspired, by his conduct, to win the esteem and affection of those about him. He was always ready and willing to assist his fellow-sailors, and by his extraordinary activity saved them in many dangerous emergencies. An occasion at length arrived, in which the young sailor had an opportunity of performing one of the most gallant actions on record.

The vessel to which Volney belonged was bound to Port-au-Prince, in France, and this voyage his father was on board. Among the passengers was a little girl, daughter of a rich American merchant; she had slipped away from her nurse, who was ill and taking some repose in the cabin, and ran upon deck. There, while she gazed on the wide world of waters around, a sudden heaving of the ship caused her to become dizzy, and she fell over the side of the vessel into the sea. The father of Volney, perceiving the accident, darted after her, and in five or six strokes he caught her by the frock. Whilst he swam with one hand to regain the vessel, and with the other held the child close to his breast, Beckner perceived, at a distance, a shark advancing directly towards him. He called out for assistance. The danger was pressing. Every one ran on deck, but no one dared to go farther; they contented themselves with firing off several muskets with little effect; and the animal, lashing the sea with his tail, and opening his frightful jaws, was just about to seize his prey. In this terrible extremity, what strong men would not venture to attempt, filial piety excited a child to execute. Little Volney armed himself with a broad and pointed sabre; he threw himself into the sea; then diving with the velocity of a fish, he slipped under the animal, and stabbed his sword in his body up to the hilt. Thus suddenly assailed, and deeply wounded, the shark quitted the track of his prey, and turned against his assailant, who attacked him with repeated lounges of his weapon. It was a heart-rending spectacle. On one side, the American trembling for his little girl, who seemed devoted to destruction; on the other, a generous mariner exposing his life for a child not his own; and here the whole crew full of breathless anxiety as to the result of an encounter in which their young shipmate exposed himself to almost inevitable death to direct it from his father!

The combat was too unequal, and no refuge remained but in a speedy retreat. A number of ropes were quickly thrown out to the father and the son, and they each succeeded in seizing one. They were hastily drawn up. Already they were several feet above the surface of the water. Already cries of joy were heard: "Here they are, here they are—they are saved!" Alas! no—they were not saved! at least one victim was to be sacrificed to the rest. Enraged at seeing his prey about to escape him, the shark plunged to make a vigorous spring; then issuing from the sea with impetuosity, and darting forward like lightning, with the sharp teeth of his capacious mouth he tore asunder the body of the intrepid and unfortunate boy while suspended in the air. A part of poor little Volney's palpitating and lifeless body was drawn up to the ship, while his father and the fainting child in his arms were saved.

Thus perished, at the age of twelve years and some months, this hopeful young sailor, who so well deserved a better fate. When we reflect on the generous action which he performed, in saving the life of his father, and of a girl who was a stranger to him, at the expense of his own, we are surely entitled to place his name in the very first rank of heroes. But the deed was not alone glorious from its immediate consequences. As an example, it survives to the most distant ages. The present relation of it cannot but animate youth to the commission of generous and praiseworthy actions. When pressed by emergencies, let them cast aside all selfish considerations, and think on the heroism of the Irish sailor boy—Volney Beckner.

GAS LIGHTING.

The Drummond light, the Gurney, or Bude light, and the Boccius light, exclusive of the "Light of All Nations," are the Great Lights of the Age. The first is the oxy-hydrogen, the union of oxygen and hydrogen gas on lime, and at a very high temperature. The second is the oxy-oil, a jet of oxygen being introduced by means of a very peculiarly shaped conical jet into the centre of an ordinary oil-wick flame; this was perfected, we believe, under the auspices of the Trinity Board, having been intended to be used in light-houses; and we have heard it designated to that view by a high authority, as an arrangement affording the greatest possible amount of light in the smallest possible space. The third is a coal-gas light; and of this we make the chief mention. This light, of course, is no recent discovery; it was known so long ago as 1688; but since then, what an increase of knowledge of the properties of coal-gas has been gained, and what great mechanical improvements have been arranged for its combustion! Of the latter character is the Boccius light, or, perhaps, more correctly speaking, the Boccius gas-lamp. The one set up opposite Northumberland House, crowned with ugliness, consists of three ring-burners, large, lesser, and less, perforated so thickly with holes, that the flames form, as it were, three leaves of light; these are protected from the lateral currents of air by a glass screen, and are thrown down and around by a metallic reflector. The illuminating power is very considerable. Contemplating the vast establishments, in the present day, for the manufacture of coal-gas—the numerous improvements for its thorough combustion, mechanical and chemical, of the latter especially—Lowe's naphthalised gas, the perfection of artificial light—we cannot help reverting to the extent of the knowledge of gas and its properties, as mentioned in a letter addressed to the Royal Society, May 12, 1688, by Mr John Clayton, rector of Crofton, at Wakefield, in Yorkshire, and contrasting the bladders of 1688 with the gasometers of 1842. Speaking of the thunder in Virginia, and its dreadful effects, the writer says—"I have been told by very serious planters, that thirty or forty years ago, when the country was not so open as now, the thunder was more fierce; and that sometimes, after violent thunder and rains, the roads would seem to have perfect casts of brimstone; and it is frequent, after much thunder and lightning, for the air to have a perfect sulphureous smell. Durst I offer my weak reasons, when I write to so great masters thereof (meaning the Council of the Society), I should here consider the nature of thunder, and compare it with some sulphureous spirits which I have drawn from coals, that I could no way condense, yet were inflammable; nay, would burn after they passed through water, and that seemingly fiercer, if they were not overpowered therewith. I have kept some of this spirit a considerable time in bladders; and though it appeared as if it were only blown with air, yet if I let it forth, and fired it with a match or candle, it would continue burning until all were spent."—*Derham's Miscel. Curiosa*, vol. iii., p. 290. Mention is farther made of gas in another paper, about the year 1691, sent by the same writer to the Royal Society; and we do not remember seeing these remarkable facts mentioned by any writer on the subject.—*Literary Gazette.*

NEW MANUFACTURE OF CLOTH.

At the last meeting of the Society of Arts, a very interesting communication was made on a new process of the manufacture of cloth by felting, in which all the processes formerly effected by manual labour are performed, and cloth of much greater dimensions can be produced. The bat of wool is formed by means of a travelling apron, 37 yards in length, which receives the thin slivers of wool from the carding machines; which process is continued until the slivers are accumulated, one upon another, throughout the whole length of the apron, in sufficient numbers to give the degree of substance necessary for the purpose for which the cloth is intended. The bat is then cut and transferred to a machine called a "hardener," in which it is made to pass through a series of rollers, by which it is compressed, the felting being effected by an alternating motion of the upper rollers, while the cloth receives the requisite heat and moisture from steam issuing from perforations in pipes placed between the rollers. The cloth, after passing a second time through this machine, is transferred to a third, where it is farther compressed by rollers, which work in a bath of soap and water, by which it is so thoroughly cleansed, that the time required for beating it in the fulling-mill is very short compared with that required for woollen cloth. After these operations, the cloth is susceptible of any degree of finish that may be required, and this by the ordinary methods. The manufacture is peculiarly fitted for carpets, horse-cloths, and such fabrics as pilot coats, and it can be made at a much less cost than woven cloth. —*Newspaper paragraph.*

FRENCH LABOURERS.

From my daily habit of riding or walking through the retired parts of this country, I am, to a certain extent, able to speak of the situation of the labouring poor. It is, in one respect, superior to that of my own countrymen; inasmuch as, should the cow be wanting, the large garden-plot and the pig are pretty general among them. Their wages, it is true, are lower than those of the English labourers; but then their wants are fewer, and thus the account is balanced. They make their articles of food go much farther than an English labourer does; and what they do gain by their daily labour is never wasted in intemperance, but spent on their families, for the real necessaries of life. I am told that some of their employers give them cider to drink in harvest; but I confess I have never seen them supplied with it. A French labourer, however, having made his repast of either soup or coffee, is not tormented with thirst, as those of our country are, after eating solid and exciting food. That occasionally the extremities of indigence are to be found in a French labourer's cottage, is too true, and there is much suffering from severe weather; so much so, I am informed, that it is not unusual to see several entire families huddled together in one house, to avail themselves of the animal heat emanating from their own bodies. The children of the labouring poor appear to me to be better dressed than those of our own country. —*Nimrod Abroad.*

THE CROPPING SYSTEM IN FRANCE.

According to the Parisian journals, it appears that the wholesale dealers in human hair have had a most successful harvest this year, not less than 200,000 lb. weight having been procured. Brittany is the province of France in which the traffic is mostly carried on, and all the fairs are regularly attended by purchasers, both male and female. The Breton peasants have particularly fine hair, and generally in great abundance; their beautiful tresses they are perfectly willing to sell; and it is no uncommon sight to see several girls sheared one after the other like sheep, and many others standing ready for the shears, with their caps in their hands, and their long hair combed out and hanging down to their waists. Every successive crop of hair is tied up into a whisp by itself, and thrown into a large basket, placed by the side of the operator. The highest value given by these abominable hair-merchants for a fine crop of hair is twenty sous, but the more frequent consideration is a gaudy but trumpery cotton handkerchief, worth about sixteen sous. The profit thus netted by these hairmongers must be enormous.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

NAPOLEON'S COMPASS.

A small compass has lately been offered for sale to the French government by a Chevalier Auriol, to which a curious history is attached. This little instrument, which is in a plain gilt case, and of English manufacture, was first sent, with other astronomical instruments, to Louis XVI., by a descendant of Sir Isaac Newton. It appears that it was afterwards given by the unfortunate monarch to the Dauphin, who had it with him in prison, and while there gave it to a faithful dependant who had tried to assist him to escape. This party had been at school at Brienne with Napoleon, and accompanied him to Egypt. There he happened to show the little compass to Napoleon, who admired it, and it was accordingly presented to him. Napoleon, on returning to France, and having become emperor, being, as is well-known, superstitious, set great value on the instrument; had the letter "N" and his imperial crown engraved on it, and made use of it in his campaigns, and never parted with it until his captivity in St Helena; and then, either considering it as a useless talisman, or as the best means of acknowledging the disinterested kindness of the party, he presented it to Madame Auriol. Marshal Soult is now in treaty with the Chevalier d'Auriol for the purchase of it, with the view of placing this royal and imperial relic among the other objects preserved in the Hotel des Invalides, as having been about the person of Napoleon.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

HUGE WIRE ROPE.

A friend of ours, who has just returned from Antwerp, informs us that he saw landing on the quays there, from a vessel arrived from Newcastle, a huge coil of wire rope, which excited much astonishment. It was stated to be 5300 yards in length, and to weigh twelve tons, and he understood that it had been purchased by the Belgian government for the celebrated inclined plane on the railway from Antwerp to Liege. It is with pleasure that we record this instance of the superiority of British manufacture, as we understand that wire ropes are also manufactured in Belgium, and have only lately been introduced into this country. This rope was made by Messrs Newall and Co. of Gateshead, and is the longest and strongest rope ever made. Mr Newall is a native of Dundee. A rope made for the Glasgow railway, of hemp, is not so long as the one referred to by nearly half a mile.—*Dundee Courier.*

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THE FUTURE.

AN inclination to pry into the future seems to be as natural to man, as it is for him to look back to, and dwell with a mournful interest upon, the past. And many have been the efforts made, and means adopted and put faith in, for bringing before us and realising the events as yet buried in the womb of time, particularly those which bear upon our own individual interests. The superstitions and quackeries which have thus been set on foot amongst mankind, present no exalted view of our common nature; but we must not be too ready, on this account, to overlook them. In history, they take an important place amongst moving and influencing causes, from the days of Roman augury down to modern fortune-telling. The disregard paid by a Roman naval commander to the omen of the sacred chickens refusing to eat, and his throwing them contemptuously into the sea, proved the cause, by dispiriting his forces, of his losing a battle; and Montaigne tells us that the predictions circulated in favour of Charles V. in Italy, actually terrified a French commander, who had seemed an honest man, out of his allegiance to his own king; and, by inducing him to revolt, nearly caused the loss of an immense number of fortresses to the enemy. Nor must we overlook that, though the well educated are generally exempt in our days from these follies, there are still a vast number of persons who either fully believe in the possibility of ascertaining future events by supernatural means, or at least have not their minds quite made up to the opposite conclusion.

The most prevalent form of this delusion is that of common fortune-telling, the mention of which almost induces us to recall what has just been said with respect to the educated classes; for we believe the fact is, that there never is wanting in London or Paris a seer, male or female, who is in the receipt of a large income entirely drawn from the pockets of the wealthy. The present practitioner in the latter capital is a Madame Normand, who not only tells those who come before her in person of many wonderful things, but, after the manner of another class of pretenders, transmits fortunes by post, a due fee having previously been transmitted to her. We have been assured, upon excellent authority, that a very large proportion of the trade of this mystic personage is with the English of the upper classes who visit Paris. It seems almost absurd to enter into a reasoning against such delusions; but we shall merely adduce the pointed argument which has been urged against the reality of all such pretensions to supernatural knowledge; namely, that, if it were real, the possessor of it might be expected to turn it to account in fund speculations, an obviously more rapid and efficient means of acquiring wealth than taking guineas from weak people of fashion. After such examples of credulity, the faith which serving maids place in gipsies is not to be wondered at, however much it may be deplored. It may be sufficient at present to point out to them the absurdity of expecting fortune from persons who are themselves so little blessed with it as to be in rags and beggary; how easy it is to promise where there is no personal obligation to fulfil the promises: how much reason there is to suspect only an interested motive in such promises; in one word, the Vicar of Wakefield's answer to his daughter on being told that she had given her half-crown to a vagrant who foretold her marrying a squire, "You fool, I would have given you an earl for half the money!"

There is still a considerable inclination to believe that a presentiment, or vague consciousness of coming evil, occasionally arises in the minds of individuals. Many believe or half believe in this form of divination, who deny all others. Many striking instances could be adduced. For example, a widow lady resident in Edinburgh, where she was the delight of a brilliant literary circle, spent an evening in the company of her friends previous to the day when she was to pay a visit to a nobleman in the country. Though apparently quite well, she left her friends with desponding language upon her lips, saying that she would never see them again. In about a fortnight, they heard the sad intelligence of her sudden death at the house which she was visiting. This seems a very good example of the anecdotes told about what are called presentiments. The explanation is, that where a real feeling exists, it is a physical sensation premonitory of the actual event—something perhaps not easily describable, but which is, nevertheless, essentially connected with the result prognosticated. Though this lady seemed in perfect health, yet it is not unlikely, since she did die suddenly a few days after, that she had a dim experience of some sensations betokening what did befall, or perhaps only depressing her spirits and raising melancholy ideas. But in a vast number of cases there is probably no real feeling, but only a casually excited idea, which the mind is too weak at the moment to shake off. In the multitude of cases, one now and then proves true, and is cried up as something wonderful, while the failures are forgotten, or pass unnoticed. The only way in which presentiments could be proved as things of possible occurrence, would be to note all the instances of vague apprehensions of evil arising in the mind from no observable causes, and ascertain a vast disproportion of the instances of failure to the instances of realisation; but this plan has never yet, as far we are aware, been adopted.

A reference from dreams to future events is perhaps amongst the earliest and most natural superstitions of mankind. A dream presents a state of things, at least as to arrangement, quite different from ordinary realities; and as this proceeds from no act of will on our part, but is apparently forced upon our observation, it has been of course presumed that the strange phenomena connected with dreaming must have some meaning. The notion has probably derived support in many instances from the ideas of the dreamer being occasionally realised in the manner which we shall presently advert to. Happily, the days are now past when the ladies of a family in the middle walks of life would regale themselves every morning by a relation of the dreams which they had experienced during the past night; but a faith in this kind of divination still prevails extensively amongst the less educated classes. There is a class of cheap publications, called *Dream-books*, giving explanations of every kind of dream—as how fire denotes sudden news, losing teeth the death of a friend, seeing a dead horse good luck, and entering into water some impending evil; these, we can state with confidence, are amongst the most widely circulated of all existing books. Probably not two female servants in ten, at an average, wants one in her chest. The folly of all such means of discovering the future is so great, that we can scarcely condescend to use an argument on the subject. One, however, being ingenious and appropriate, is worthy of being noticed; namely, that we dream less frequently of the living as dead, which is an event likely enough to happen, than of the dead being alive, which is impossible. No doubt, a dream may occasionally be verified, and that in two different ways. For instance, we may dream of the death of a friend who we know is seriously ill; but this is a mere transcript of a series of ideas which has gone through our mind when awake, according to the ordinary laws of dreaming. We know, awake, that the friend is dangerously ill, and have probably imaged the event of his death. This recurs in sleep, with only this change, that the event is supposed to have happened. Or it may even be, that the idea of a probably fatal termination to the illness has only occurred in sleep, for such processes of reasoning are within the powers of the mind in that state. The only difference between the conclusion drawn awake and that in the dream is, that, in the latter, the event comes before us generally in a more decided manner, with images which we shrink from in our ordinary moments, and thus makes a greater impression upon us.

On the other hand, the knowledge of an event not looked for, and which does not come within the ordinary range of probability, may at a rare time be acquired through the medium of a dream; but this can only be considered as a mere casual coincidence. Thus, we may dream of a person being drowned whom we did not know of even being at sea. This may turn out to be true, and we then conceive that something supernatural has happened, not taking into account that there are innumerable dreams portending similar events which prove not to be true, excite but a momentary sensation in the dreamer himself, and are soon forgotten. In the dreams of even a healthy person, everything seems confused and distorted, and hardly a night passes but we connect things together in our dreams in such a manner as we never do in our waking moments. We find ourselves in familiar conversation with people we never saw, and who are totally out of our sphere. We find ourselves in a church, and see persons in the pulpit the most unlikely to take their station there. It is not surprising that, amongst the infinite variety of improbable circumstances continually presenting themselves, it may happen, at a rare time, that a real event quite unlooked for may be announced to us.

The kind of vaticination called Second Sight—the only wonderful thing about which, is its being local to the Scottish Highlands—may be disposed of much in the same manner. Men of imaginative character and melancholy temperament, living in a solitary manner, and brooding over their own thoughts till the mind gets into a morbid state, announce that they see visions of tragical occurrences happening, or about to happen; as, for instance, the perishing of a friend in a distant boating excursion, or the funeral of one now in perfect health. A very common form of such visions is the person referred to, with a shroud more or less drawn up towards his head. Probably such visions are in many instances as real as they are alleged to be, but only so in the natural manner now familiar to medical men. It is now perfectly understood that, in particular diseased conditions of the mind, its notions take the form of actual objects of sense, or appear as a picture before the eyesight. Such is probably the explanation of most cases of alleged second sight. The realisation of the vision is probably an occurrence of the same rarity as the realisation of a dream, and to be accounted for in the same manner. We hear only of the lucky hits, but never of the much more numerous failures.

Having now discussed all the false modes of looking into the future, let us inquire what are the true, and how far we may really, by sound inferences, calculate upon what is to come.

It may be pretty safely set down as a general proposition, that man, in possession of his ordinary powers, only divines or supposes the future by the light which he derives from experience. From the regularity and perseverance of certain occurrences up to this time,

he presumes that they will continue to occur, and considers them, therefore, as certain. Some which occur with less unvarying regularity, he considers as probable; some of still less constancy of occurrence, he deems only possible. Thus there are the Certain, Probable, and Possible.

The Certain are again of two kinds, Definite and Indefinite. The motions of the heavenly bodies, which can be exactly measured, and the very eccentricities of which are regular within a certain range, are examples of Definite Certainties. So, also, are the divisions of time into days, lunar months, and years, and the periodical recurrence of seasons, which flow from those motions. The term certain, it may be remarked, is only comparative. Man is not, strictly speaking, certain of any of these events; for anything he can tell, the whole of the sidereal motions may stop to-morrow. But, as compared with any knowledge we have of (for example) the weather of to-morrow, the anticipation of the phenomenon of sunrise may be held as a certainty.

While the recurrence of seasons is, as a general fact, a definite certainty, it is indefinite also, because no one can be sure of the exact time when any season is to commence or end. Other examples of Indefinite Certainties are presented in the destruction and reproduction of animal and vegetable life. We know that all living things will die, but we cannot say when with certainty. In our times, however, though the termination of the individual life remains as indefinite as ever, diligent observation and calculation have enabled us to form tolerably accurate conclusions with regard to the average duration of life amongst men and women, and this knowledge has been applied to various useful purposes.

The next class of future events is the Probable, which is a very large one, since a vast number of the common affairs of life supply matter for it. A great proportion of probable events come so near the certain, that, in the ordinary course of things, men must treat them as such. For example, in proposing to travel by a stage-coach, we deem the event of our arrival at our destination so certain (though it is only probable), that we never scruple to pay our fare beforehand.

What we here mean by Possible is the reverse of Probable, and might rather be termed Improbable, since it is an exception to the ordinary course of probability. An event happening, which we reckon merely possible, but improbable, may be, or rather in general must be so, from our ignorance of minute circumstances connected with it. For instance, a person may set out on a day's journey, apparently in good health, thus rendering his accomplishing the journey highly probable. When we discover afterwards that he has been stopped half-way by illness, we call this stop an improbable occurrence; while, if we were fully acquainted with the state of his health, the delay might be reckoned rather probable than improbable. But here we must act upon our limited knowledge, and it would be quite absurd to do otherwise. If the journey we have mentioned was a highly necessary one, and the traveller himself not aware of any approaching ailment, it would be improper to tell him to put it off, merely because it was possible he might be stopped by illness.

This acting upon ordinary probability need not be dwelt on, as it is almost the whole business of our life. There are cases, however, where it would be imprudent to act upon probability; for possibility, though ranked as improbability, must always be taken into account in looking forward to what is to come after, for it will sometimes take place when we least think of it, and it may be seriously injurious if it overtake us unprepared. A ship-master, in traversing a wide ocean where there was no intermediate port at which to stop, would be much to blame if he had not provision for his ship's company during what may be called an improbable length of voyage.

If the minor or least probable be of much greater importance than the major or most probable contingency, it is then the former we chiefly look to in our calculation. For instance, if, in the case of some adventure, our total ruin were to be in the proportion of one to ten, and a partial gain in the opposite proportion, few people would like to run the risk. But, reverse matters, and suppose, as in the case of the lottery, the minor or least probable was a great gain, and the major a small loss, few would object to such a chance; still, as in the other instance, it would be the improbable to which our attention would be directed.

The Scripture expression, "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," would, for a ready apprehension of its meaning, be more correct if thus paraphrased, The race may not be to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. For probability is in favour of swiftness and strength, though, in the course of providence, cases may happen otherwise. Making the best of contingencies is a great part of the business of life.

In using the experience of the past as a guide to a knowledge of the future, great care is necessary, for fallacies beset the inquirer on every hand. Physicians of the most extensive practice admit that medicine is still in an imperfect state. Acute diseases, such as fevers, are often assuming new appearances, where experience is completely set at naught. Even diseases, which are pretty uniform in their symptoms, affect different constitutions so variously, that the same treatment proves beneficial to one person and hurtful to another.

In short, as to those probabilities which approach to certainties, we are allowed to look but a short way forward. This is particulary the case with respect to the weather, as to which there are so many methods of prognostication. We have, at the most, but a few hours' certain indication of changes as to temperature or moisture, and often no time at all. To plan out the seasons for years, or even for months, has never yet been attempted upon principles acknowledged to be scientific. There is nothing wonderful in guesses occasionally proving true; but this is the most that has been done. Even the barometer, though unerring in indicating the existing condition of the surrounding atmosphere with regard to moisture, gives but a short, and for the most part uncertain, notice of the future. Sometimes we have a very low state of the glass, with hardly any change in our own locality; though we afterwards learn that there have been storms and earthquakes elsewhere. Still, this is rather an indication of the present than the future.

It appears from the whole inquiry, that it is given to man to have but an obscure perception of the future; and this is only consonant with that wise benevolence which reigns over all mundane things; for it is easy to see, that it would not be well for man to anticipate future events too clearly. There are, however, some of the probable class of events which he may, without any great effort, calculate upon, and which it is only a duty to provide for. From our experience of the past, we know what are the necessities and duties to which we may in certain circumstances look forward; as, for instance, if we marry, we may presume that there may be a family to support; or, if we incur a debt, that the creditor will in time be claiming its payment; and for these contingencies every wise and good man will be anxious to be prepared. Vaticination upon events of this order may, therefore, be considered as laudable; and it may safely be said, that if the one half of the attention had been paid to them which has been bestowed in divining who is to be the future spouse, or whether life is to be crowned with fortune, there would have been much less misery in the world.

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

ANIMALS CHARACTERISTIC OF THE DIFFERENT QUARTERS OF THE GLOBE.

THIRD ARTICLE.

North America, the next division of the globe whose peculiar zoological features are to be noticed, possesses a very extensive Fauna, a considerable portion of which does not range beyond its boundaries. Widely separated from the old continent, except at points where few animals are capable of existing, the resemblance its zoology bears to that of Europe, is owing to the circumstance of a large portion of it occupying corresponding parallels of latitude. Extending from the arctic circle to the equator, its climate and productions are infinitely varied; and still further scope is allowed for diversity by the character of the surface, which consists of lofty mountains, immense rivers, inland lakes of such dimensions, that they may almost be called a series of Mediterranean seas, elevated table-lands, and extensive grassy flats, or prairies, to which there is nothing precisely analogous in the Old World.

The most remarkable and characteristic animal of the northern regions is the musk ox, or ovibos, which, as the latter name implies, combines, to a certain extent, the properties of the ox and sheep. It congregates in small herds, and is scarcely ever seen to the south of the 70th degree. In most of the icy regions which it frequents, grass or herbage of any kind is but scanty, and it therefore feeds chiefly on lichens—plants of low organisation, and capable of existing in almost any climate. The flesh of this animal is well flavoured, but highly impregnated with the odour of musk. Regarding the elk, or moose deer, as distinct from the elk of Europe, it forms one of the most conspicuous quadrupeds of the northern parts of this continent. It frequents swampy ground, assembling, at certain seasons, in small herds. Its northern limit is nearly where the southern range of the musk ox terminates; but it formerly extended far to the south, although now, receding before the advancing tide of population, it is never seen but to the north of the great lakes. There is some reason to suppose, that the reindeer of North America is specifically distinct from that of Europe and Asia: at all events, two well-marked varieties exist of this invaluable animal, one of which is named the caribou deer. The prairies stretching from the base of the Rocky Mountains, still support immense herds of bisons (*Bos Americanus*), although the rifle has extirpated these singular looking animals from many of their former haunts. The grizzly bear, familiarly called "Caleb" by the hunters, by much the largest land species of his tribe, and the most formidable of the American carnivora, has his principal seat among the Rocky Mountains, although examples have occurred as far south as Mexico. The American black bear, and the barren ground bear, are the other species; but it is doubted by many whether the latter be more than a variety of the first mentioned.

The districts of North America so well-known as the fur countries, are inhabited by a numerous race of the smaller animals, chiefly belonging to genera found in other continents, but, for the most part, peculiar to America as species. They consist principally of the Canadian otter, the sea otter, raccoon (remarkable for a singular instinct of eating nothing which has not previously been dipped in water), badger (very distinct from our own animal of that name), the taxels, several kinds of martens, in particular that which yields the sable of commerce (*M. Zibellina*), a fur which, with other good qualities, has the peculiar one of lying in any direction in which it may be turned;* various weasels, squirrels, marmots, foxes, wolverines, the beaver, and the Canadian lynx. Of the latter, about 9000 skins are annually obtained by the Hudson Bay Company, and an immense number of many of the others; yet, such is the prolificacy of these animals, and the extent of the country over which they range, that there is little chance of the supply becoming exhausted.

Nearly allied to the martens are the skunks, a tribe exclusively American, and pre-eminently distinguished by the intolerable fetor they emit when irritated or pursued. The intensity of this odour is described as being almost incredible; if a single drop of the liquid producing it fall on any article of dress, it is rendered quite useless, as no washing will remove it, and the stench is diffused throughout the whole house. Several singular animals, allied to the mole, occur in America, particularly the shrew-mole, the long-tailed mole, or star-nose, and Forster's shrew. Our European field mouse is represented by an analogous species, the *mus leucopus*. A rather remarkable kind of porcupine, the urson of Cuvier, the coendous, the souslik, a kind of marmot with cheek-pouches, no fewer than sixteen species of lepus or hare (of one of which, the American hare, no fewer than 25,000 have been killed in a single season at one of the stations of the Hudson Bay Company), the musk rat, and the neotoma of the Rocky Mountains, are a few others of the more remarkable smaller quadrupeds peculiar to North America.

The Rocky Mountains are inhabited by a large and strong-bodied sheep, which has been thought well fitted for being introduced into this country, and also by a goat of a peculiar species. Of the other ruminants, one of the most conspicuous is the stately Canadian stag or wapiti (the elk of the Anglo-Americans), which is one-fourth larger than our stag, and inhabits all the temperate regions; similar to it is the *C. occidentalis*, found in the north-western countries. The Virginian stag is less than ours, but more elegantly formed; its name indicates its chief locality, although it occurs over a considerable portion of the continent. It is remarkable for its enmity to the rattlesnake, which it kills by suddenly stamping upon it with its fore-feet, then bounding away, and returning again to the attack, till the reptile be completely disabled. The prong-horned antelope inhabits the hills and open plains around Hudson's Bay, as well as the banks of the Columbia; its northern range being about the 53d degree. The long-tailed and the black-tailed deer, are two other species deserving of being named.

Such are a few of the more characteristic quadrupeds of this continent; many others deserving of notice of course occur, but of these some of the more remarkable, such as the puma, or American lion, as it is called, have their chief seat in South America. To the North American birds, of which the catalogue is very rich, we can devote only a few sentences. Perhaps the most noticeable in the more northern regions is the grouse family, of which about a dozen peculiar species inhabit the fur countries. The most important of these is the cock of the plains, which has long and sharp-pointed tail feathers, giving it the appearance of a pheasant. The Turkey buzzard, very common in the United States, the great Californian vulture, nearly the size of the condor, numerous kinds of *Falconidæ*, the great cinereous owl, and the arctic horned owl, claim precedence among the accipitrine birds; the king-bird, remarkable for its bold and pugnacious disposition, the mocking-bird, so celebrated for its power of imitating almost any sound, the American robin (very different from our own domestic bird), the blue-bird, the Baltimore bird, which constructs an elegant pensile nest, and the tanager, are among the best known of the passerine tribes. The common turkey occurs in profusion over a considerable portion of this continent, and another splendid species has been discovered in Honduras. The two latter may be considered the most characteristic birds of North America. No fewer than sixty-eight different species of birds are peculiar to Mexico alone.

Of the numerous reptiles found in this continent, the rattlesnake and syren may be mentioned as the most distinctive.

South America possesses every imaginable attribute favourable to the existence of an extensive and diversified system of animals. This may at once be inferred from its geographical position, and its general physical aspect and properties. But even when every allowance is made for these, the reality is found greatly to transcend the highest expectation. It is difficult for one who has never been out of Europe, and especially for an untravelled native of Britain, to form an adequate conception of the teeming exuberance of vege-

* The fur of the common mole is set vertically in the skin, by which it has no grain or particular direction—an admirable provision for enabling it to run backwards and forwards in its galleries with equal facility.

table and animal life in some of the tropical portions of this continent. In many places, the surface of the ground seems actually alive with living creatures. You can scarcely take a step without running the risk of destroying some form of animated existence. The air is filled with insects, most of them of the most brilliant colours, and not a few of such a size that they would cover nearly half of the page on which the reader's eye now rests. Birds of the richest hues are seen in every direction. The trees are peopled to overflowing; and their dense foliage, often continued for many miles together without break or interruption, forms a platform, on which multitudes even of large animals habitually dwell, never voluntarily descending to the earth. A much greater proportion of peculiar animals exist here than in any other quarter of the globe; indeed, a full enumeration of them would be nearly tantamount to a complete Fauna of the country. In these circumstances, only a few of the more remarkable can be mentioned.

On the American continent, as we proceed southwards, monkeys first begin to appear in the vicinity of Mexico; in many parts of South America they occur in the greatest profusion. Brazil alone, in which may be said to be concentrated the zoological wealth of the whole continent, produces about seventy species. The whole of Cuvier's great section of Quadrumanous animals, entitled *Platyrrhini*, is, with very few exceptions, South American. The stentors, or howling monkeys, utter their hideous yells in the night; the spider-monkeys, so called from their slender limbs and sprawling movements, occur in Guiana and Brazil; the beautiful little marmosets are found in small parties in different quarters of the continent. The bat family is here represented by two very extraordinary groups, the Phyllostomes, which have immense ears and a large leaf-like membrane placed perpendicularly on the nose, which gives them a most unearthly aspect; and the true vampires, which appear to feed entirely on blood, piercing their victims with their exceedingly sharp-pointed canine teeth, which are so arranged, that they inflict a triple puncture, like that of a leech. Of the feline Carnivora, by far the most conspicuous are the jaguar and puma; the former of which may be said to represent the tiger, the latter the lion of the Old World. The jaguar, or American panther, as it is frequently called, is confined to South America, but it occurs in almost every part of it, and often in very great plenty. The puma, although most plentiful here, ranges northwards as far as Pennsylvania. Next to these may be mentioned the ocelots, graceful and beautifully-marked animals; as well as the colocolo and chati, species of similar size, and scarcely inferior elegance. The marsupial mammalia (so named from the female having a pouch or fold of skin on the abdomen, in which the young are carried) occur only in America, New Holland, and a few of the islands of the Indian Ocean. The whole of that section containing the opossums, amounting probably to between thirty and forty different species, is exclusively American, and, with one or two exceptions, confined to the southern portion of it. The Virginian opossum is nearly the size of a cat, but the majority are small, and, were it not for their pointed muzzle, might be mistaken for rats and mice. One of them, the yapach, has semi-palmate toes, and resembles an otter in its habits. Of the South American Rodent animals, we may mention the echymyds, small rat-like species with rough hair intermixed with spines; the coypu, of which thousands of skins are sent to Europe, where they are used by hatters like those of the beaver; the capybara, the largest animal of this section; the well-known cavies, or guinea-pigs, of which six or seven species are known; and the beautiful little chinchilla of the Peruvian and Chilian Andes, so celebrated for the delicate fineness of its fur. Among the most extraordinary of South American quadrupeds are the sloths: a want of knowledge of their peculiar habits has led even such men as Cuvier to make the strangest assertions regarding them. They live habitually on trees in the most densely intertangled forests, hanging to the branches by their limbs, and moving about with the utmost facility. All their peculiarities are most fully developed in the species named the Ai. The whole tribe of armadillos are South American, as well as the largest known species of ant-eater. The South American tapir was long the only animal of the kind known; it occurs throughout the whole continent, and often in great abundance. Its flesh is eaten. This, also, is the exclusive locality of the peccaries, animals allied to the hog. The lamas are by far the most remarkable of the Ruminants. They have the peculiar structure, internally, of the camel, and a good deal resemble that animal in external appearance. They inhabit the Peruvian Andes, have been long domesticated, and, besides being used as beasts of burden, yield both food and raiment to the inhabitants. The best known of the Ruminants is the alpaca, or Peruvian sheep, which, there is every reason to believe, would thrive well among our Scottish mountains, and has therefore been strongly recommended for introduction; the cloth manufactured from its fleece has a beauty and lustre resembling silk.

The great majority of the feathered tribes of South America are peculiar to it, and they are the most remarkable, whether viewed in relation to structure or external appearance, of any quarter of the globe. The king-vulture inhabits the Pampas and the other warmest regions of the continent; the condor, which flies higher than any other bird, the most elevated regions of the Andes. The harpy, or destructive eagle, frequents the thickest forests: its claws and beak are of terrific size and strength, and it has been known to cleave a man's skull with a single blow of the latter. Sloths are its ordinary prey. Paraguay produces what is called the burrowing owl, which takes up its residence in the deserted holes of a species of marmot—a singular deviation from the ordinary habits of its kind. Tyrant fly-catchers, manakins, trogons, tree-creepers, tanagers, chatterers, and multitudes of other smaller birds, exhibit examples of the most splendidly ornamented of the feathered race. The largest of the parrot tribe, the superbly-coloured macaws, have their metropolis in Brazil; so, also, the toucans, so remarkable for the enormous dimensions of their beak. The curassows and guans (*Penelope*) are large gallinaceous birds, domesticated in South America; and bearing some relation to these, the hoazin, perhaps the most insulated bird of the whole class. Two species of rhea, or ostrich, occur here; the largest is about half the size of the African ostrich, and is much less plentiful than the latter. The scarlet ibis, entirely of a bright-red colour, is a very conspicuous bird; and scarcely less so is the screamer, larger than a goose, and having a long, slender, horny stem springing from the top of its head. The fairy humming-birds may be regarded as among the most characteristic of South America. A hundred and ninety species are now known, and that number is constantly receiving accessions. The smallest, when stripped of its feathers, is less than our common yellow-banded humble bee, and the largest is nearly equal in size to our common swift. Two species only range to the northwards of the isthmus of Darien, one of which (*T. colubris*) is well known by its annual migrations to the United States and Canada, pushing at times so far northwards as Saskatchawan and the banks of the Elk river.

Caymans, or alligators; dragonets, which are huge lizards with caudal crests, often attaining a length of six feet; and boas, of enormous dimensions, are among the most remarkable of South American reptiles.

New Holland, with the adjoining island of Van Diemen's Land, is, in many respects, one of the most remarkable portions of the globe. The peculiarity of its vegetable productions is well known; in most cases, they are altogether *sui generis*, having little resemblance to those of any other region. A like peculiarity is observable in its animal productions, scarcely one of which are common to it with any other country. Almost the sole indigenous mammalia consist of marsupial animals, varying in size from nearly the dimensions of a wolf to those of a small mouse. Most of them bear a considerable resemblance to each other, and the number of different species is very great; probably not less than a hundred. Of these the best known are the kangaroos, the largest of which is the great kangaroo (*Macropus giganteus*); but the most common is Bennett's kangaroo, called the brush kangaroo in Van Diemen's Land, which is much esteemed as an article of food, and its skin used for making boots and shoes. The thylacinus is not unlike a large dog, and is called by the colonists of Van Diemen's Land the tiger, hyæna, and zebra-wolf; it preys on kangaroos and other small animals: and the ursine dasyure, which somewhat resembles it, and is invariably called the *devil* by the colonists, is very destructive to sheep and poultry. Many of the smaller marsupials are exactly like the flying squirrel, and are, in fact, so denominated. The wombat is a lumpish, inactive animal, which burrows in the sand, and feeds on roots and grasses; the echidna is covered with spines like a hedgehog, which it resembles, but it has not the power of rolling itself into a ball. Few animals have excited more attention than the duck-bill, or ornithorhynchus, which was at first thought to partake of the properties both of a quadruped and a bird. It is the lowest in the scale of the mammalia yet discovered, and even evinces, in many of its anatomical characters, a considerable approach to the class of reptiles.

The most characteristic bird of this great island is the emu, a tall and remarkable animal, fleeter than the swiftest greyhound. Its flesh has nearly the same consistency and flavour as beef. The cereopsis is allied to the geese, but it has longer legs, and never enters the water. Several groups of very remarkable parrots are peculiar to this island; in particular, a tribe of large cockatoos (*Calyptorhynchus*), with black plumage, a very powerful beak, and whose food consists of the seeds of the eucalypti; many kinds of white cockatoos; and a race of long-tailed parroquets, with very beautifully mottled plumage, which have their feet adapted for running on the ground, and are therefore called *ground-parrots*. The maenura, or lyre-tailed pheasant, is another singular bird, and seems to be the largest of the singing tribes.

The islands of the Indian Archipelago exhibit, in several respects, a very distinct zoology, quite dissimilar, at least in some of its features, from that of the nearest continental land. Perhaps every one of the larger islands will be found to produce something peculiar to itself, both in the vegetable and animal kingdom. The great island of Borneo is the headquarters of the huge apes called ourangs; at least three species are known to occur here which have been found nowhere else. The largest of the bat-tribe, called rousettes, goblins, or flying dogs, some of them measuring five feet and a half across, inhabit the Moluccas and Sunda Isles. The galugos, or flying lemurs, are confined to these islands; so also are several small bears, of gentle and playful disposition, called sun-bears. They produce also several large spotted cats, of which the tiger-cat of Sumatra may be mentioned as an example. Not a few small marsupials occur in the Moluccas and New Guinea. Sumatra and Java have each a peculiar kind of rhinoceros; and there are not a few peculiar species of small deer and antelopes; among the latter, the best known is the cambing-outan, or antelope of Sumatra. Of the numerous and very remarkable birds which frequent these islands, we can only mention the most characteristic group; namely, the superbly plumed birds of Paradise, which consist of many different kinds, all of them of very rich colours, and presenting singular developments of some portion or other of their feathery covering; and the cassowary, the largest species of bird, next to the African ostrich.

The great island of Madagascar, while presenting some analogy in the character of its animals to the opposite coasts of Africa, may be said to have a zoology in some measure its own. It is the sole residence of the lemurs, which are numerous in species, and appear to replace here the monkey tribe, which are said not to exist in this island. The structure of the aye-aye is so peculiar, that systematists have had great difficulty in assigning it a proper place in their arrangements. The insects and lower animals of this comparatively little known island, appear to be even more peculiar than the quadrupeds.

The preceding details (although necessarily limited, considering the extent of the subject) will enable the reader to determine what groups of animals are most strikingly characteristic of the different quarters of the globe.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

Some time since, a little article was given on the subject of Familiar Quotations—that is to say, on lines and phrases known to everybody, yet of unknown origin. A few additional examples have since occurred to us. For instance, how often do we use, and see used, the phrase of "Though last, not least," the alliterative aptitude of which is peculiarly tempting. It occurs in literature, for the first time we believe, in Shakspeare, being addressed by Lear to his youngest daughter, the unflattering Cordelia.

> "Now, our joy,
> Although the last, not least,"

says the aged king. After all, when her father was so markedly fond of her, Cordelia, without any detraction from honesty and rectitude, might, we think, have been a little more warm in her expressions of filial affection. But this is a digression.

In Young's tragedy of *Revenge* occurs a line much quoted, though the poet, we imagine, only put into pointed form an idea previously shadowed forth by others. The line is—

> "Beyond all Greek, beyond all Roman fame."

Still more frequently is the following couplet seen in writings, and heard in conversation:—

> "For he that fights and runs away,
> May live to fight another day."

Collet, in his curious book entitled "The Relics of Literature," tells us that these lines were, on one occasion, the subject of a heavy wager at Bootle's Club. The scholars present were all of opinion that the lines were from Butler's Hudibras, and twenty to one was laid in support of that side of the question. Dodsley, the noted publisher and writer, was referred to as the arbiter, but he ridiculed the idea of consulting him on the subject, saying, "Every fool knows that the couplet is in Hudibras." George Selwyn answered, "Pray, sir, will you be good enough, then, to inform an old fool, who is, at the same time, your wise worship's very humble servant, in what canto they are to be found?" Dodsley turned to the volume, but he could not find the passage; on the next day he searched with no better success: and, at last, the sage bibliopole was obliged to confess, that "a man might be ignorant of the author of this well-known couplet, without being absolutely a fool." In reality, the lines occur in a small and obscure collection of Miscellaneous Poems, written by Sir John Mennes, and published in the reign of Charles II. Butler, nevertheless, has an expression extremely like the one in question:

> "For those that fly may fight again,
> Which he can never do that's slain."

Scylla and Charybdis are allusions almost as common as the frying-pan and the fire, though the line in which the simile is originally made is in a dead tongue, not universally known. The majority even of scholars imagine Virgil or Ovid to be the source of

> "Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim,"

which may be Englished,

> "Shunning Charybdis, you on Scylla strike."

But the line is to be found in an obscure writer of Latin verse, by name Philip Gualtier, who flourished in France in the sixteenth century.

Familiar to every one is the fine thought in Benjamin Franklin's epitaph on himself, in which he compares his condition, when dying, to that of a work about to undergo a republication at the hands of its great author. Franklin was not the first, however, to use this simile. He had before him two epigrams,

turning on the same idea, from the pens of older English authors. The first runs as follows :—

" The world's a book, writ by th' eternal art
Of the great Author; printed in man's heart;
'Tis falsely printed, though divinely penn'd,
And all the *errata* will appear at the end."

The second is an expansion of the thought :—

" The world's a printing-house; our words are thoughts;
Our deeds are characters of several sizes;
Each soul's a compositor, of whose faults
The Levites are correctors; and heaven revises;
Earth is the common press, from which being driven,
We're gather'd, sheet by sheet, and bound for heaven."

Franklin, it must be allowed, has greatly improved on these first draughts, both as regards expression and application.

In all the long roll of stray quotations, few have been so often repeated as one traceable to Spenser, which paints the lovely heroine of his Fairy Queen as making

" A sunshine in a shady place."

The exquisite glow of loveliness figured forth in this image renders it worthy of all reiteration. A line of Wordsworth, referring to the same heroine, has been scarcely less quoted, and has been pronounced by a great critic to be indeed "divine." The thirty-ninth of the miscellaneous sonnets, on Personal Talk, ends thus :—

" The gentle lady married to the Moor,
And *heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb.*"

Immense numbers of Wordsworth's sonnets contain lines and phrases which of late have been again and again the subjects of citation. For example, in the same sonnet just referred to, occur the following lines, which have been selected ere now, and very appropriately, as a motto to books :—

" Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow."

But to quote at length from Wordsworth, whose poems, to the redemption of their endangered credit, his countrymen are now beginning fully to appreciate, would be a departure from the purpose of this little paper.

It was formerly mentioned that Dryden's strong, sententious lines were often cited by many who knew not to whom they were contracting a debt in so doing. Absalom and Achitophel, for example, abounds in passages familiar as the following :—

" A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay."

" Was every thing by turns, and nothing long."

Another writer, of sententious repute, Dr Samuel Johnson, has given amazingly few lines of verse to the general stock of quotations. In his tragedy we do not find one well-remembered phrase; and in the Imitation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal, which might have been expected to be rich in citabilities, we discover only one or two old friends, such as—

" Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage."

" In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise?
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driveller and a show."

" He left a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale."

These are certainly among the "old familiar faces," but they are positively nearly all the noted lines of verse which we owe to Samuel Johnson. Goldsmith, who, through inferior powers of display, was compelled to figure as second fiddle all his days to the literary Colossus of Bolt-Court—though Irene and Rasselas are not for a moment to be compared with She Stoops to Conquer and the Vicar of Wakefield, and even the Rambler is far inferior in genial wisdom to the Citizen of the World—Goldsmith, we say, has left numerous lines which the world deem worthy of keeping in remembrance, to supply a better point to an occasional sentence than they themselves could hope to furnish. Loved acquaintances, indeed, are such lines as—

" And learn the luxury of doing good."

" Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade,
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied."

" And even his failings leant to virtue's side."

There is so much manly and generous sensibility, however, in Goldsmith, that scarcely any one can fail to tell his lines from those of any poet in the language.

A window-pane immortality has fallen to the lot of the subjoined quatrain.

" Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Whate'er its stages may have been,
May sigh to think that he has found
His warmest welcome at an inn."

This stanza came from the pen of Shenstone, and is a confession scarcely to have been anticipated from him, seeing that his home at Leasowes has been often described as a very model of comfort and even of luxury.

Finding it difficult to speak its admiration of Shakspeare in language commensurate with the subject, the world has for a long time been contented to use certain phrases, left cut and dry for the purpose, by a variety of authors. For instance, we very frequently say that he

" Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new."

For this we are indebted to an address written by Samuel Johnson (another line due to the doctor, by the by), and spoken by Garrick at the opening of Drury-Lane Theatre. Churchill has the same idea in the Rosciad. Shakspeare, it is there said,

" Called into being scenes unknown before,
And, passing nature's bounds, was something more!"

Churchill was only a boy at school when the great Sam, who afterwards hated him so heartily, penned his prologue for Garrick: so he must be considered as the imitator in this case. Churchill also uses a well-known phrase,

" A noble wildness flashing from his eyes."

Gray comes in with a familiar line on the same great subject—

" To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face."

Scarcely less familiar are the lines of Milton and Ben Johnson on the wonder of the Avon.

We believe that many people would ascribe the line

" Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn"

to Lord Byron, though it really occurs in the Ode on Poesy of so old an acquaintance as Gray. Both Gray and Collins are rich in quotable lines, but are too well known for our present aim. To some of the waifs traceable to others of our poets, we shall turn on another occasion. In the mean time, instead of indicating the source of any further lines at present, we shall point to one of which we *cannot* tell the origin. It is a familiar friend—

" Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

Goldsmith or Parnell, one would at first say, must be the author of this fine hospitable line, but it neither occurs in Sweet Auburn nor The Hermit.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTION AT LIVERPOOL.

When we had gone over the humble Lyceums of Manchester, a detail of which appeared in a previous number, a striking contrast was presented to us on our arrival at Liverpool, in the admirable Mechanics' Institution of that town; which is, out of all question, the most extensive and complete establishment of the kind in Great Britain. Its exterior appearance is far more imposing than many buildings of higher pretension, exhibiting towards Mount Street, where it is situated, a massive stone front of Ionic architecture, and from which, at the principal entrance, a bold pediment projects. In the interior, the vestibule, so lofty and capacious, with its fluted pillars and marble statues, gives the visitor the idea of a structure raised by affluence, for the resort of highly-cultivated taste, rather than for the accommodation and advantage of mechanics. The secretary's office is entered from the left side of this hall; and even here the business-like appearance of the desks and account-books is relieved by art; a picture representing Britannia crowning a mechanic, is hung in a conspicuous situation. The library, entered on passing through the office, though spacious, is not large enough to contain all the books belonging to it, and a gallery is already thrown up around the four sides of the room; shelves for the 10,000 volumes that form the library requiring no little space. It appears that the average circulation of books amongst the 3767 members, who, according to the last report, subscribe to the institution, is 274 volumes per day throughout the year; but in winter, which may be called the reading season, a far greater circulation of books takes place. Busts of several literary and scientific worthies are tastefully distributed in various parts of the library. The board-room adjoining is adorned with paintings and engravings.

Before describing other parts of the building, it will be necessary to say a few words on the educational system which is pursued within its walls. This may be said to consist of three schools; the higher and lower, held in the day-time, for the children chiefly of members; and the evening school, for the benefit of members themselves, in common with their children and apprentices. In the high school, there are at present 311 pupils; in the lower, 575. The average attendance at the evening classes is 400 persons. Every useful and polite branch of education is taught in this institute, by no fewer than forty-five instructors. Nearly the same routine which is gone through in the schools during the day is repeated in the evening, so that here the office of teacher is no sinecure. The funds of the institution, however, enable it to offer adequate remuneration to the most eminent instructors that can be procured; and they have generally, according to the official reports, given great satisfaction. Besides these, normal teachers are admitted who are instructed and trained by the masters, and who receive a small salary whenever they are able to afford material assistance. This establishment is fortunate in possessing a business-like, zealous, and scholarly secretary.

The preparatory schools are situated in the west wing of the building. Being designed to prepare pupils for the senior schools, they are occupied by very young scholars, who are taught the rudiments of education exactly after the plan adopted towards the more advanced pupils. Each department of education has, besides its separate teachers, its separate room, and the students move in classes from one to the other at hourly intervals. Even in the play-yard, a wholesome system is adopted; at the moment of entering school, each class assembles at a stone sunk in the ground, and they march in to their studies with a degree of order and precision almost military. These juvenile pupils are provided with a library adapted to their acquirements, and under their own management. Besides a museum, which contains objects for the illustration of their lessons, the walls of this department are hung with diagrams, illustrative of natural history, physiology, the arts, and manufactures.

Returning to the vestibule, we pass the board-room door to arrive at the laboratory, where all the instruments are to be found necessary to performing the most essential chemical experiments; near to it are the classrooms of the mathematical and philosophical departments; also a philosophical apparatus room, in which the chemical class is taught, containing models for the purpose of illustrating the leading principles of chemics. On opening a side door in the passage between those rooms, we find ourselves upon the platform of the lecture theatre, one of the most capacious and best adapted for its purpose we ever saw. It is capable of holding 1500 persons, and is not unfrequently filled with auditors. Besides lectures on two evenings in each week, musical entertainments are sometimes given in it, and to make them of greater effect, an organ is intended to be placed in a loft constructed for its reception. The principal entrance to the theatre is in the hall, between the two staircases, which ascend, opposite each other, to the upper rooms. The right-hand side of the building, on the ground floor, is occupied with the English, mathematical, writing, and drawing departments of the lower school.

Ascending one of the staircases, we are introduced to rooms occupied chiefly by the high school. The first apartment, appropriately surmounted by a bust of Socrates, is that in which the classics are studied. Two rooms are devoted to the acquirement of the French language, which is taught upon a most advantageous system. The pupils are instructed simultaneously; no books are used, the oral method being substituted. The master pronounces, in a loud and distinct voice, a French sentence, which the students render into English, re-translate into the original language, and, having repeated it after the master, they write it on their slates, whilst he is himself inscribing it on a black board, which, being visible to all the pupils, enables them to correct their own mistakes. "Thus," in the words of the report for 1841, "the ear, the organs of speech, the memory, and, to a considerable extent, the judgment, are all exercised. The hand and the eye being kept in almost constant employment, the temptation to listlessness is greatly diminished. The simultaneous repetition saves time; the impression of the sounds on the ear and memory is stronger and more lasting; and the pupils are more easily guarded from a faulty imitation of each other's accent. The practice, besides, of loud speaking for a moderate time, is eminently healthful, and in some degree counteracts the evil of a sedentary occupation. The object constantly aimed at is to economise the time, by devoting it to those exercises which seem best calculated to give to a large class a facility, not only in reading and translating from books, but in understanding spoken French, and in speaking the language. It is conceived, that the structure of French is best learned from the living words and phrases of the language itself, as exhibited by its best authors. No suitable opportunity is neglected of comparing the language with those of which the pupil may be supposed to have some knowledge, but chiefly with their own native tongue, so as to make the study of a foreign language contribute indirectly to a more correct knowledge, and a juster appreciation, of the power and beauty of their own." That, however, the elements of this "language of phrases," as it has justly been called, shall be duly impressed on the mind and memory, tables of the principal declensions and conjugations, legibly written upon black boards, line the walls of the class-room. The classics are taught upon a rigidly analytical principle, each sentence being demanded from the pupil in Saxon English wherever it is possible, the phrase in each language being afterwards compared. The number of pupils at present on the roll of the day schools is 893.

The east wing of the building includes one of its most interesting apartments—the sculpture gallery—where all kinds of drawing are taught. The collection of casts, models, &c., for the use of pupils in every department of the art, forms quite an exhibition. Indeed, we question whether a more judiciously selected set of models—a more admirably furnished drawing academy—elsewhere exists. Opposite to the door of this room is the museum, which, although in existence but for a short period, has a large gallery, and is well filled with carefully arranged objects. It divides the preparatory high school from the other apartments. This is one large room, ninety feet long, each set of classes being separated from the other by cloth curtains. A long passage conducts us to the top of the right-hand staircase, which is here connected with the other by a corridor ornamented with six well executed pictures by Rippingile, illustrating the progress of intemperance. This staircase is surmounted with a full-length portrait of one of the greatest benefactors to the institution, Mr Fawcett, the celebrated engineer. In the centre of the corridor is a clock which strikes, so as to announce to the pupils their periodical changes from one class to another. In short, two things are fully apparent in every part of this establishment—tasteful ornament and rigid sys-

tem. With these elements, its success, above all others, need not excite wonder.

Members pay one guinea, or, if they be ladies, half a guinea a-year, which entitles them to attend the lectures, library, and evening schools, and to all the privileges of the establishment, except the day schools, which are charged for extra. The sons or apprentices of members become members by paying five shillings; those of non-members by subscribing half a guinea per annum. Each of the schools is superintended by a special committee, who make their reports to the general board. An exhibition of fine arts, manufactures, and natural history, occasionally takes place: that in 1842 occupied twenty rooms, five of them nearly ninety feet in length: it was only open six weeks and two days, yet realised the handsome sum of L.4000, which left a clear balance of L.2000, having attracted nearly 100,000 visitors—the charge for whose admission varied from sixpence to a shilling each. The gross annual revenues of the institution, including the sums contributed to the building fund, and those paid by the school pupils, amount to about L.7000, while the salaries of officers cost at least L.5000.

The Mechanics' Institution of Liverpool, from what has been above stated, must certainly be regarded as a truly noble institution—the most complete educational establishment, of an elementary nature, in Great Britain; but we should be leading readers into an error, if we did not explain to them that its advantages are embraced almost exclusively by the middle classes, those of a humbler rank, for whom it was more specially designed, and whose name it bears, having given it, we are sorry to understand, but a very slender measure of support.

THE STRUGGLES OF PETER HOOLEY.

PART II.

HOW HE STRUGGLES WITH WEALTH.

It was on a beautiful summer evening, somewhat more than three years from the time we last saw him, that Peter Hooley, the schoolmaster of Y——, was lounging in his little garden, with his family about him. His eldest girl, Alice, who still remained in Mr Orwell's family, as assistant to the nursery-maid, had called to see him, and was lingering moment after moment on taking leave, partly to gossip with her mother and father, but partly also to fondle a little sister, a few months old, whom Mrs Hooley was nursing. She was now a fine girl of fifteen. The eldest boy, too, was placed with a shoemaker on trial, and had slipped down the street on his way to the Hall with a pair of shoes, just to bring one of his younger brothers a kite which he had made for him. The evening, as we said, was beautiful; but the sun was declining fast, and the dew was falling, and Peter, with good-humoured determination ordering his wife to take her baby into the house, fairly pushed the laughing truants from his garden gate, and was closing it after them, when he was hailed by the postman, who was seen at a few yards' distance holding a letter towards him. The wife returned from the house, and the boy and girl re-entered the garden, all eager to know what tidings this unwonted messenger—a letter—could bring to them. Peter opened it, started as he read it, and becoming very pale, folded the letter, and turned away.

"Nay, Peter man, tell us what it is," said Betty.

"Miss Maclaren's dead," said Peter.

"Well, peace be with her; but that's little matter to us, Peter, that ye should look so grave upon it, if that be all."

"But it's not all, wife: the letter says that we are to have all her money."

"Praise be for that," said Betty; "and how much is there, Peter?"

"More than we can easily count, Betty; and more than we shall know how to spend."

"No fear of that; no fear of that," said the mother, as she exchanged a glance of pleasure with her daughter, and kissed her baby's soft cheek, as if congratulating it also.

"Go home, my children; go home to your places," said Peter to his two eldest.

"But, father, I suppose I shan't be a shoemaker now?" said Jem.

"Go home, boy; go home to your work," said Peter somewhat angrily.

The boy *said* no more, but he looked what his father might not quite have approved, had he noticed it. Alice was already whispering some earnest requests to her mother, but turned away with her brother, and the two proceeded down the lane, at a snail's pace, and in earnest conversation.

Miss Maclaren had died alone, unfriended, untended. When her illness assumed a threatening aspect, and she knew that it did so, she called in medical advice, indeed, but she could not be prevailed upon to engage a nurse, or to purchase any of the delicacies which were usual in her circumstances. Sally was her only attendant; and Sally, who was naturally selfish, had become hardened almost to brutality by her several years' training with Miss Maclaren. She attended her carelessly and grudgingly, and at the moment she breathed her last, was engaged in one of her numerous peculations, having, during the course of her mistress's illness, removed, by degrees, at various times, everything that was removable by her, or saleable. As soon as she found that all was over, she hastily informed some neighbours of the fact, and went away, lest she should be taken to task for the thefts she had committed.

Without prayer or blessing, Miss Maclaren breathed her last; and no tear watered her grave. As nearest of kin and heir-at-law, Peter Hooley was chief mourner at her funeral; but it were absurd to attribute any reality of mourning to him. His mind was in a tumult; he was agitated by many contending feelings, but certainly no grief for the deceased found place. The other hired attendants of the funeral scarcely restrained their jests and merriment within the bounds of decency during their professional services at the obsequies of one who had outraged every holy charity of life.

Peter, or, as we must now call him, Mr Hooley, scarcely believed in the reality of his position; it seemed like a dream, and bewildered him. Last week, he was a humble industrious village schoolmaster, "passing rich with forty pounds a-year:" this week, he was the possessor of some thirty thousand pounds in the funds, besides plate and various other property in mortgages, bonds, &c. His first thought, his very first thought, was, that his industrious wife need no longer wear her decaying eyes with fine needle-work; she might live at ease and have a servant. His second thought was, that he could now afford to pay apprentice fees with his children to lucrative trades. These were his first ideas on obtaining his wealth, and they were natural and honourable, and such as might be anticipated from a humble-minded worthy man, who had never heretofore indulged a thought or a wish beyond the station in which he was placed. Things were now entirely changed. He and his family were thrown into a condition of which they had no previous experience. They had never been accustomed to have more than a few shillings, or at most pounds, at command, and now they had the disposal of what seemed an inexhaustible treasure. Peter's natural sagacity might have accommodated him in time to his altered position; but it was otherwise with his wife and family, who, guided by no sense of propriety, and regardless of admonition, were prepared for plunging into the most ridiculous excesses. As may be supposed, Peter's cares now really began. His first trouble was, his son and daughter's desertion of their place, in which step both were countenanced by their mother. Remonstrance was vain. In a storm of hostile and perplexed feeling, the distressed father left the family circle, and went, almost for the first time, to the public-house, where he spent several hours ruminating over his sorrows.

Through sickness, through sorrow, through adversity, through starvation, through deprivation of every kind, this family had clung—closely clung to each other. Tears there had often been, but they were tears of sorrow and of natural sympathy, not of indignation, of opposition, or of anger. Those were balm from heaven, and softened and soothed the heart as they fell; these were like scorching lava, which irritated and fostered the evil passions in which they took their rise. That sacred bond which no poverty or privation could sever, had melted beneath the first touch of unaccustomed prosperity.

The next morning, Peter waited on Mr Orwell, to apologise for his daughter's conduct, and to express his own thanks for that gentleman's undeviating kindness to her and to them. Mr Orwell good-humouredly excused the girl; said, that doubtless her head was a little turned at the sudden change in her father's position; that it was very natural, &c. He concluded by congratulating Peter on his change of circumstances, venturing, however, to express a hope, that it might eventually prove a subject for congratulation. In the conversation which ensued, Peter was recommended by his kind friend to remove from the present scene as soon as his successor in the school could be installed; and that, above all things, he should place his son and daughter with persons able to undertake their education on a liberal and rational footing.

To all these plans Peter thankfully assented; but he was no longer the controller of his household. To any project for the education of his children, Mrs Hooley objected as useless; and to the removal of the family from Y——, she put in a point-blank refusal. Peter's persuasive eloquence was thrown entirely away in combating these resolutions. Mrs Hooley had her own reasons for wishing to remain on the spot. She had long looked with secret envy at the dashing parade of the butcher's wife, whom she was now resolved to outshine, both as to dress and domestic elegances. Peter gave up the point; staid in the place, removing only to a villa in the neighbourhood, to which he had been recommended by the law agent, in whose hands he felt it necessary to put himself. Henceforth this gentleman acted the part of friend of the family—the general counsellor in all things touching the proper mode of spending the money in a gentlemanly way.

Mrs Hooley was now wallowing in delights; she had everything she wished; and yet she was far from happy. No sooner was one whim gratified, than another rose to view; and to be told that any one had things more splendid or higher priced, threw her into a fit of discontent. She purchased articles, not because she wanted them, but because others had articles of the same kind; and many things she bought, of the use of which she was altogether ignorant. A still worse torment afflicted her; nobody whom she had been in the habit of envying paid her any court; worst of all, the butcher's wife laughed at her. A circumstance occurred which shocked alike the self-love of mother and daughter. Alice, or, as she was now called, Miss Hooley, fully more inflated by change of circumstances than her mother, and far more offensive in her assumption of it—Miss Hooley was passing the butcher's shop one afternoon, when his wife, who was standing on the step with her knitting, good-humouredly asked her what joints her mother would want. Now, this was a familiarity which the ex-schoolmaster's daughter would, under any circumstances, have felt to be offensive; but it was just now peculiarly so, as she happened to be in company with a gentleman, an officer with whom she had become acquainted. Burning with vexation, therefore, that the butcher-wife's familiarity should be seen by her companion, and such a companion, she determined to repel it in lofty and dignified style; and for this purpose imitating, *as she thought*, the manner as well as the expression of the young ladies, whose attendant she had been, she replied, with a toss of the head, "That her *mamma* would send the order by the footman." The scornful laugh of the butcher's wife resounded along the street, a laugh of contempt and enmity, but Alice heeded it not; she saw a smile on Ensign Barnett's countenance, and that, doubtless, was caused by admiration of her spirit.

This Ensign Barnett, and a young brother officer, had, partly from curiosity, partly as a frolic, to relieve the tedium of country quarters, called on the Hooleys, thinking, correctly enough, that the want of etiquette, or, in plain English, the impropriety of the action, would not be understood by the *nouveaux riches*. Poor Mrs Hooley, taking it all as a compliment, was flattered beyond measure, and Alice was out of her wits with joy at associating with red-coated officers. The young men were loaded with civilities, pressed to stay to dinner, to which they, nothing loath, and highly amused, consented; detained till a late hour in the evening, and pressed to return next day. This the one, rather ashamed of himself, eluded, but Ensign Barnett came again and again.

One of the most flaring exhibitions which our newly-elevated family made was at church, when they appeared there for the first time in the pew attached to the house which they now inhabited, and which pew happened to join Mr Orwell's, in front of the gallery. Mrs Hooley and her younger children were as fine as money and feathers could make them; and if Alice were not so too, it was not because she had in reality a much better taste than her mother, but because she had the shrewdness to guess that Miss Orwell's dress would be correct, and the cleverness to have hers an exact model—a thing which her long residence in their family, and her acquaintance with their tradespeople, rendered easy. The feelings of the young ladies and their mother may be imagined on seeing their late under-nurse, placed so close as to appear one of their party, in a dress precisely copied from their own. The puce silks seemed off the same piece; the dark feather drooped in precisely the same way; and they had caught a glimpse even of the same delicate-hued pale primrose gloves, which, however, Nancy soon took off, unaware that her sprawling hands were red and coarse, but conscious of having them garnished with some sparkling and dashing rings. She behaved with tolerable decorum through the service; the more especially, as she had still some regard for her father's displeasure, who was wont to keep a strict eye on their conduct at church. He, though by no means unconscious of, or indifferent to, his new dignity, yet conducted himself here with unobtrusive propriety, until his attention was somewhat disturbed by the evident notice his own family attracted. He could not account for it. The children were smart, to be sure; but they had a right to be so; he could afford it. Alice, somehow, they looked at her—but she was a very pretty girl, and no wonder. His wife—he wondered, indeed, to see her keep her seat, but, perhaps, she was a bit put out with the strangeness, and so sat to keep quiet; the fact being, that Mrs Orwell, from extreme delicacy of health, being obliged to remain in a sitting posture during the service, Mrs Hooley, who supposed it must be *genteel* to do so, adopted the same position. Peter saw none of the glaring absurdities and inconsistencies of his family, which were so obvious to others; yet so strongly did nature and habit work in him, that he could never again be prevailed upon to present himself in this conspicuous pew with them; and as he felt the strangeness of going to another part of the church, the result was, that the hitherto exemplary Peter Hooley was seldom seen in church at all.

The next Sunday, the Misses Orwell came in an entirely new costume of dark-green silk. The sight took Alice's breath away at first, but she soon recovered her composure, and addressed herself to the task of impressing on her mind the exact colour, shape, and style, of these dresses. On Monday she proceeded to the *modiste* of the young ladies, and, by dint of powerful persuasions, prevailed on her to let her have a suit to correspond with theirs. Her mother gave some intimation about needless expense, but was not at all regarded; she had herself been the first to disregard that consideration.

When Alice appeared at church again, the Misses Orwell could scarce believe their eyes. Their father, too, who had good-naturedly smiled away their vexation before, and most effectually soothed it by giving them a *carte-blanche* on his purse for new dresses, even he felt that this coincidence could not be accidental.

He had been somewhat vexed and disappointed that his old protegé had so entirely disregarded his advice with regard to residence, and to the disposal of his eldest daughter; and he felt now justly irritated to see that very girl offensively aping his daughters, and that also, as he naturally supposed, with her father's consent and approbation. He judged of matters by the weight that that father's opinion *once* had in his family, little guessing his present diminution of authority; and still less supposing, that of the present matter of complaint, Peter had not the slightest knowledge or suspicion.

It was not surprising that, under these impressions, Mr Orwell's manner, when he again met Hooley, should be marked by a very unusual degree of haughtiness and coldness. Peter, unconscious of offence, was vexed, and, in consequence, less respectful than usual; his patron quickly noticed the change, and ceased to speak at all. And thus in a very short time was the schoolmaster sundered from his hitherto fast friend.

But the vexation this caused him was lost in a heavier one—no other than the expulsion of his eldest son from the school where he had placed him. His vulgar pride and insolent and ignorant conduct had embroiled him with his schoolfellows from the first day; his master's admonitions had been totally disregarded; severer punishments proved also ineffectual; and finding all his endeavours unavailing to maintain the wonted harmony of his school, its conductor at length took with reluctance the only step left him, and expelled the black sheep. Jem returned, fortified with a very small modicum of Latin grammar, much knowledge of dogs, horses, and fighting cocks, which he had acquired in a neighbouring stable-yard (where all his real holidays, and a good many which he took without leave, were spent), and a wonderful facility in smoking cigars. He soon struck up a friendship with Ensign Barnett; and in the hope of a commission, which he was resolved, by hook or by crook, to obtain from his father, he began to assume the costume *militaire*, of which the most distinguishing marks were the riding-switch in his hand, the cigar in his mouth, the spur screwed into the high heel of his boot, and the most insufferable swagger and assumption in his gait.

These things hurt and grieved his father, whose good sense pointed out the folly of them; but domestic vexations were crowding thick upon Peter, who was not himself certain of the right course to adopt, and who wanted firmness to enforce his commands, even when he knew they were right. His good friend, Mr Orwell, had soon forgotten his own vexation, and had spoken to him seriously and feelingly of the wrong course he and his family were adopting, and most especially of his daughter's intimacy with Ensign Barnett, whose character was profligate, and whose only object in his attentions to Miss Hooley was the money her father might give her. Shocked and alarmed, the anxious father hurried home, and told his wife and daughter what he had heard, supposing he had only to name it to obtain their concurrence in the young man's instant dismissal. He was mistaken, however. Miss Hooley affected to disbelieve the charge altogether. Her mother did not go so far; but she went far enough, in saying, that "young men would be a little gay;" that "there was no putting old heads on young shoulders," &c. &c. The conference terminated, as such conferences often did now, very angrily, and Peter forbade the young man his house, and peremptorily commanded his daughter to abstain from meeting him. It was too late. A few days afterwards, Alice did not appear at table; search was made for her, and she could not be found; and it was not till pursuit was hopeless, even if her heart-broken father had had spirit for pursuit, that it was discovered that she had eloped with Ensign Barnett, her brother being also the companion of her flight, to Gretna Green. But the bitter, the dark and bitter drop in this cup of sorrow, was, that Mr Hooley feared his wife was not ignorant of her daughter's intention to elope; he did not seek to ascertain the point, for he *feared* to do it.

As to the minor troubles of his ever-turbulent home, we have not time to dwell on them. Not a few of them arose from Mrs Hooley's utter incapacity to superintend such an establishment as in her folly she had insisted on having, instead of the respectable but quiet and unassuming *ménage* which Peter wished to have, and which his wife, with a little patience and practice, might have become fully adequate to regulate. Now, Peter saw her familiarly sitting amongst and gossiping with her servants one hour, and the next her voice might be heard lecturing them with most insufferable disdain. She was perpetually dismissing them for not showing her proper respect, an omission which it never enters the head of a lady to conceive possible; of course, as soon as the nature of the household became known, respectable servants ceased to offer themselves; then all sorts of frauds and peculations were committed, which, when discovered, raised the ire of Mrs Hooley to the utmost. At first Peter tried to regulate these matters, but he soon gave up the attempt. He gradually yielded more and more to circumstances; interfered less and less in arrangements, external or domestic; and acquired the habit of passing the long evening hours alone with his wine bottle.

It may seem strange that Betty Hooley, the industrious wife, the affectionate mother, whose exemplary conduct no adversity could touch, should appear so different now. But it is not so in reality. We referred, in a former sketch, to that peculiar juxta-position of petitions in our solemn litany, for deliverance "in all time of our tribulation, in all time of our wealth." One trial Betty Hooley had stood unscathed, under the other she sank. Unwonted riches called forth those latent tendencies in her character, self-will and a love of display, which, hitherto dormant and unexcited, had been harmless and unsuspected.

Yet is the evil not in the money itself, which is a great boon to those who want the comforts of life, a great blessing to all around, when placed in hands which know how to apply it usefully, honourably, and ornamentally. This knowledge or art poor Betty did not possess. She had been nurtured in penury, had lived the chief part of her life in penury, and her ideas were naturally and necessarily limited by the range of objects to which she had been accustomed. Wealth was a new world to her, and her course was as erratic as we might suppose his to be, who, without nautical skill, or even knowing the points of the compass, should be left to navigate a ship on the ocean.

But all her follies, and blunders, and extravagances, might have been laughed at or overlooked. Her error, her sad and irretrievable error was, making light of the authority of her husband. This led to her own degradation; this paved the way for the disobedience of his children, and their subsequent ill-doing; this made Peter's home unhappy, and drove him to solitary habits, and to drinking. But we have lingered too long over our details, and must hasten to the conclusion of our tale.

One day, as Peter was rejecting his son-in-law's application for money—importunities which came thicker and faster, and more in the shape of demands than petitions—and while the young man was enforcing his demand with insolence, Alice with pertness, Mrs Hooley with crying, and as Jem and a younger brother (the former with a cigar in his mouth) were tying a dog and a cat together by the tails in a corner of the room, a stranger was announced, and it was evident by his countenance that his tidings were full of import.

They were so indeed. He came to say that a first cousin of Miss Maclaren's, long supposed to be dead, had seen in his distant abode in India the announcement of that lady's death, and had hastened home to take possession of her property. He was the real next of kin, being the son of her father's brother. Peter Hooley's claim was more remote; he was the grandson of an aunt.

Peter Hooley could only, of course, yield up every thing to the new claimant; things were in the greatest confusion; and the intriguing agent in whose hands he had placed everything, saw fit to abscond. Mr Maclaren met with some heavy losses in consequence of the roguery of this gentleman; but he behaved with kindness and consideration to his unfortunate cousin, and settled a hundred pounds a-year upon him. He also had means, owing to his connexions in India, to obtain for Jem a situation there; and thither, without his own consent asked, the youth was speedily shipped. Alice, his companion in disobedience, went with her husband to a distant station, whither his regiment was ordered, and there we leave her.

The latter part of Peter Hooley's career was unhappy. He had acquired habits which he could not shake off, though no longer able to indulge in them as formerly. With a spirit broken, and a body enfeebled, he became a prey to intemperance, and sunk so low as to be even despicable to himself. His once vain and foolish wife, on whom might be charged the disgrace of bringing the family to ruin, was now equally broken-spirited, and fully more debased. But why extend the picture? Impoverished, wretched, unconsoled, and unpitied, were the last years of a pair who manfully battled with *poverty*, but proved themselves incompetent to struggle with the embarrassing obligations of *wealth*.

POPULAR ENGLISH FESTIVALS.

CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS—the Day of the Nativity of our Lord—may be said to stand at the head of Christian festivals, in all sections of the church in which festivals are observed. As the celebration of an event the happiest that ever took place on earth, it is peculiarly a festival of joy, and this has always been particularly the case in "merry England," though not so much in these latter days as in those of the Tudors and Stuarts. Another feature of the day—the mingling in brotherhood of all classes, baron and retainer, servant and master, "gentle and semple"—was beautifully appropriate to the great feast-day of a religion which proclaimed all men to be brothers, and, alike in its promises and threatenings, is no respecter of persons. Perhaps we have no poetical recollections more perfectly pleasing than those which refer to the Christmas of old times, when

"'Twas merry in the hall, *because* beards wagged all."

The celebration of Christmas is all but traced to apostolic times. Clement, who lived in the first century, exhorts the brethren to "keep diligently feast days, and truly, in the first place, the day of Christ's birth." Church services for the day were ordained in the *second century*, when Theophilus, bishop of Cæsarea, recommends its celebration on whatever day *the twenty-fifth of December* shall happen. This shows how early the particular day of the year, which is still celebrated, had been adopted, and makes it extremely probable that the 25th of December had been handed down from the apostles as actually the birth-day of Christ. So early as the middle of the fourth century, the festive observance of the day had been carried to such a pitch of excess, that Gregory Nazianzen deemed it necessary to exhort the Christian community to celebrate the day somewhat more spiritually, and less temporally.

On the spreading of Christianity to the northern nations, it found a grand heathen festival observed at this season, namely, that of *Iol*, or *Yule*, which appears to have been simply a rejoicing at the *turn* of the season, and the re-ascending of the sun through the tropics—Iol being considered as a word signifying revolution, and the root of the Latin *vol-vere*, to turn, and of the English word *wheel*. The missionaries took advantage of this Pagan festival to engraft the Christian festival upon it, so as to give as little disturbance as possible to popular habits; and thus Christmas is still called *Yule* in the north of Europe, as well as in Scotland and the northern counties of England. Perhaps the French *Nuel* is from the same source, and it is curious to find that *Jul-lom* is the term used by the Arabians for the first day of the year. The Greenlanders, who came from a Norwegian stock many centuries ago, still keep a *sun feast* about the *twenty-second* of December; and the Icelanders commence the year with Yule, or Christmas. Yule, like all the other festivals of the northern nations, was celebrated by the kindling of great fires; those in summer out of doors, those in winter within; and the Yule fire was retained in the Christian festival, in the form of what was called, and is still called in some parts of England, the *Yule Clog*; that is, a huge block of wood thrown upon the chimney on Christmas eve, and which a reserved brand from the preceding Candlemas fire was always employed to kindle. As the servants were entitled to ale at their meals while the block lasted, they usually endeavoured to get as large a one as the fire-place would admit of; and hence it is scarcely surprising to learn, that, in the time of the Civil War, a good house in England (that of Hagmond Abbey, near Shrewsbury) was burnt down in consequence of the kindling of a too large Yule clog. It was either a general or local custom to have the block bandaged round in nine places, and as each bandage, in succession, was burnt off, to hand round a service of ale, mingled with spirits, to the party assembled.

The festivities of Christmas Eve seem to have been altogether, or nearly, as lively as those of Christmas itself. Towards evening the parish-bells rung out merrily; blithesome parties gathered round the fire; all the more blithesome if they could really sit round it, which was the case in most country houses a century or two ago: the Yule clog was brought in and kindled; and convivialities and sports then commenced. Listen to the chirruping of divine Robert Herrick—

> Come, bring with a noise,
> My merry, merry boys,
> The Christmas log to the firing;
> While my good dame she
> Bids ye all be free,
> And drink to your heart's desiring.
>
> With the last year's brand
> Light the new block, and
> For good success in his spending,
> On your psaltries play
> That sweet luck may
> Come while the log is a-teending.*

At the house of Sir —— Holt, Bart, at Ashton, near Birmingham, and perhaps in others of the same sort, there was a particular amusement practised on Christmas Eve, down to the end of the last century, as thus described:—"As soon as supper is over, a table is set in the hall. On it is placed a brown loaf, with twenty silver threepences stuck on the top of it, a tankard of ale, with pipes and tobacco; and the two oldest servants have chairs behind it, to sit as judges if they please. The steward brings the servants, both men and women, by one at a time, covered with a winnow sheet, and lays their right hand on the loaf, exposing no other part of the body. The oldest of the two judges guesses at the person, by naming a name, then the younger judge, and lastly the oldest again; but if they do not, he takes off the winnow sheet, and the person receives a threepence, makes a low obeisance to the judges, but speaks not a word. When the second servant was brought, the younger judge guessed first and third; and this they did alternately, till all the money was given away. Whatever servant had not slept in the house the preceding night, forfeited his right to the money. When the money is gone, the servants have full liberty to drink, dance, sing, and go to bed when they please." Furmety was always the supper on Christmas Eve, and there was a prevalent superstition that bread baked then never would turn mouldy.

In the Romish church, immediately after midnight, there is a grand mass to usher in Christmas morn; and, at an early hour in the morning thereafter, the birth of our Saviour is celebrated by another service. The Reformation abolished such services in England, but could not extinguish certain simpler customs of the people. The peasantry in the south-western counties, and perhaps in other districts, still believe that, if you steal quietly into the cow-houses at midnight of Christmas Eve, you will see the cattle kneel down immediately after twelve o'clock, as commemorating the

* Burning.

supposed similar procedure of the oxen in whose resting-place Jesus of Nazareth was born. It is also supposed that the bees will be heard to sing at the same hour in their hives. These are superstitions, but superstitions based on the principle of adoration, and as purely poetry as the Iliad. It has also been the custom of the common people in England, for many centuries, to go about in bands at an early hour in Christmas morn, serenading the neighbours with what are called *carols*, namely, songs referring to the event of Christ's birth. A collection of these, from the popular voice, and from old manuscripts and books, has been made by Mr William Sandys, and published in an octavo volume, with several of the airs, which are extremely pretty, as are many of the carols themselves, although generally in the simplest strain of popular poetry. The custom is undoubtedly a memorial of the "Gloria in Excelsis" of the Bethlehem shepherds, which Jeremy Taylor, in his fanciful way, calls the first Christmas carol. One can enter into the feelings of a writer in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1811, who tells us that, visiting a town in the North Riding of Yorkshire, about six o'clock on Christmas Day, he was awakened by a sweet singing under his window: "surprised," he says, "at a visit so early and unexpected, I arose, and looking out of the window, I beheld six young women and four men welcoming with sweet music the blessed morn." Goldsmith, it will be recollected, says of the rustic parishioners of his immortal vicar, "They kept up the Christmas Carol." One of these simple compositions is as follows:—

God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray.
O tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ our Savour
Was born on Christmas day.

In Bethlehem in Jury
This blessed babe was born,
And laid within a manger
Upon this blessed morn;
The which his mother Mary
Nothing did take in scorn.
O tidings, &c.

From God our Heavenly Father
A blessed Angel came,
And unto certain Shepherds
Brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name.
O tidings, &c.

Fear not, then said the Angel,
Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour
Of virtue, power, and might;
So frequently to vanquish all
The friends of Satan quite.
O tidings, &c.

The Shepherds at those tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding
In tempest, storm, and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway,
This blessed babe to find.
O tidings, &c.

But when to Bethlehem they came,
Whereas this infant lay,
They found him in a manger
Where oxen feed on hay,
His mother Mary kneeling
Unto the Lord did pray.
O tidings, &c.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth deface.
O tidings, &c.

Another is even more fanciful, though of perhaps a lower character in composition:—

I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas day in the morning.

And what was in those ships all three,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day?
And what was in those ships all three,
On Christmas day in the morning?

Our Saviour Christ and his lady,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
Our Saviour Christ and his lady,
On Christmas day in the morning.

Pray whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day?
Pray whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas day in the morning?

O they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
O they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the Angels in Heaven shall sing,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the Angels in Heaven shall sing,
On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the Souls on Earth shall sing,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the Souls on Earth shall sing,
On Christmas day in the morning.

Then let us all rejoice amain,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
Then let us all rejoice amain,
On Christmas day in the morning.

Some of the poets of the early part of the seventeenth century condescended to write Christmas carols: there is one of most delightful poetry by George Wither; and it is probable that the following, which was presented at court with music, was not by a meaner hand than that of Jonson. It is called the "Star Song, a Carol to the King."

The flourish of music; then followed the song.

1. Tell us, thou clear and heavenly tongue,
Where is the Babe but lately sprung?
Lies he the lily-banks among?

2. Or say, if this new Birth of ours
Sleeps, laid within some ark of flowers,
Spangled with dew-light; thou canst clear
All doubts, and manifest the where.

3. Declare to us, bright star, if we shall seek
Him in the morning's blushing cheek,
Or search the beds of spices through,
To find him out?

Star. No this ye need not do;
But only come and see Him rest,
A princely Babe, in 's mother's breast.

Chor. He's seen! He's seen! why then around
Let's kiss the sweet and holy ground;
And all rejoice that we have found
A King, before conception, crown'd.

4. Come then, come then, and let us bring
Unto our pretty twelfth-tide King,
Each one his several offering.

Chor. And when night comes we'll give him wassailing;
And that his treble honours may be seen,
We'll choose him King, and make his mother Queen.

It is to be remarked, that Christmas carols are sung in France, Spain, and Italy, as well as in England. No trace of the custom exists in our northern region.

Christmas Day itself had first honour due paid to it by its appropriate service in church, which was decorated with ivy, holly, and other evergreens for the occasion. Worship over, the spirit of festivity and gambolment broke forth, and prevailed throughout the remainder of the day. A sprig of the misletoe being put up in some porch, door-way, or passage, any clever fellow who could inveigle a maid under it was privileged to kiss her, a practical joke which never failed to excite an immense deal of merriment. "Then," says an old writer, "were servants running here and there with merry hearts and jolly countenances; every one was busy in welcoming of guests, and looked as snug as new-licked puppies; the lasses were as blythe and buxom as the maids in good Queen Bess's days, when they ate sirloins of roast beef for breakfast. Peg would scuttle about to make a toast for John, while Tom ran *harum-scarum* to draw a jug of ale for Marjory." The leading feature of the afternoon was a feast given by men of consequence to their families and dependants, a feast presenting good cheer in almost wasteful abundance, and of which all partook on a footing of comparative equality. In the middle ages, the kings, and leading lords spiritual and temporal, together with the colleges and inns of court, "held their Christmas," as the phrase went, on a scale which might be called stupendous, as far as meat and drink were concerned, and attended with revels, plays, and diversions not ceasing, in many instances, till Twelfth Night. Whatever might be said of the propriety of the festivities, it is certain that they led to a community of feeling between high and low. "The comforts and personal gratification of their dependants were provided for by the landlords, their merriment encouraged, and their sports joined. The working man looked forward to Christmas as the portion of the year which repaid his former toils; and gratitude for the worldly comforts then received would occasion him to reflect on the eternal blessings bestowed on mankind by the event then commemorated."

The dishes peculiar to Christmas were brawn, capon, turkey, pudding, and mince-pie, the last being composed of neats' tongues, chicken, eggs, sugar, currants, lemon, and orange-peel, with various sorts of spices; and in great houses, a boar's head was presented. Roast-beef and plum-pudding have latterly, we believe, been the favourite Christmas dinner in England; but two hundred years ago, it was as has been stated. A *wassail-bowl*, filled with *lamb's-wool*, a liquor composed of warmed ale, with roasted apple, toast, sugar, and nutmeg, was carried round amongst the guests, and largely indulged in.

The religious service of Christmas Day receives but a small share of attention from old writers. In fact, the day was chiefly distinguished by the popular festivities. Besides those features of its celebration to which we have alluded, there was another not to be passed over in silence. In England it was customary to elect a person as *Lord of Misrule*, who went about taking the lead in every kind of extravagant sport and merriment which the wit of man could devise. The election and functions of this personage were perhaps the most singular part of the festival. According to Stow, "at the feast of Christmas, there was in the king's house, wherever he lodged, a Lord of Misrule, or Master of merry Disports, and the like had ye in the house of every Nobleman of honour or good worship, were he spiritual or temporal. The Mayor of London, and either of the Sheriffs, had their several Lords of Misrule, ever contending, without quarrel or offence, who should make the rarest pastime to delight the beholders. These lords, beginning their rule at Allhallond Eve, continued the same till the morrow after the Feast of the Purification, commonly called Candlemas Day: in which space there were fine and subtle disguisings, masks and mummeries, with playing at Cards for Counters, Nayles, and Points in every house, more for pastimes than for gaine."

The management of the plays usually acted at Christmas in the halls of colleges and law societies, fell to the care of the Lord of Misrule. The particular functionary elected in the inns of court in London, after exercising all the duties, and going through the parade of royalty for a fortnight, at an expense of a couple of thousand pounds, was knighted at Whitehall by the real sovereign of the land. In Scotland, before the Reformation, the religious houses had a similar officer for the Christmas revels, called the *Abbot of Unreason*, whose particular functions are graphically portrayed by Scott in his novel of "The Abbot." The custom was suppressed by statute in 1555.

Though kept up in England as a religious festival, and as a day for the assemblage of all the scattered members of a family at dinner, Christmas has shrunk into something very different from what it was in days of yore. We will indulge but in one remark, that, whatever improvements may have been made during the last two hundred years in England, the extinction of a festivity which in so peculiar a manner bound all ranks and conditions of men together, cannot surely be considered as one of them. We conclude with the delightful passage in Marmion about the Christmas of ancient times:—

On Christmas Eve the bells were rung;
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dress'd with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
To gather in the misletoe.
Then open'd wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And ceremony doff'd his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose.
The lord undergoating, share
The vular game of "post and pair."
All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.
The fire with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubb'd till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
By old blue-coated serving-man;
Then the grim boar's-head frowned on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell,
How, when, and where, the monster fell;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baitings of the boar.
The wassol round in good brown bowls,
Garnish'd with ribbons, blithely trowls.
There the huge sirloin reeked: hard by
Plumb-porridge stood and Christmas pye;
Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce
At such high tide, her savoury goose.
Then came the merry masquers in,
And carols roar'd with blithesome din;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note and strong.
Who lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery;
White shirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visors made:
But O! what masquers, richly dight,
Can boast of bosoms half so light!
England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

CONSTRUCTION OF GRATES.

These important articles of our domestic wants have been afforded little of the attention of qualified persons since the time of Rumford, whose successful efforts were an instance of the advantageous application of science to such objects. But there has not been enough of such knowledge prevalent amongst those concerned in the manufacture of them, even to preserve attention to the rules he laid down; hence by degrees grates have become more and more defective in their construction. The surrounding the fire with brick instead of metal, which he so rigidly enforced, has, on account of the trifling reason of the former not lasting so long, been very generally given up. To place burning fuel in such an iron receptacle as an ordinary grate, is as wasteful and ignorant an act, though not commonly perceived to be so, as to employ a cracked vessel or a cullender to hold an expensive liquid. So large a part of the heat leaks away, that the fuel is chilled into extinction where it touches the metal, and much of it smoulders away instead of burning at a high temperature, which would cause it to consume more oxygen, and give out much more heat. From a fire which burns dully, all that can be volatilised passes off unconsumed; and of the solid carbon, a large part unites with oxygen in the first proportion, forming carbonic oxide; and thus giving out little more than half the heat developed when the combustion is complete, and carbonic acid is the product. This evil has been increased by the immense mass of continuous metal of which modern stove-grates are made.—*Medical Gazette.*

[The object aimed at in the above, is to induce people to employ fire-places with brick sides. But this involves building; and as brick is less neat in the eyes of a housewife than smooth iron, it will not be easy to cause an alteration of the present practice.]

Column for the Boys.

GASSENDI.

Success in life depends very much on powers of observation, and whatever these may be originally, it is certain they may be greatly improved by use and cultivation. Some boys are so dull, that thousands of things pass under their notice without attracting their attention, or causing them to inquire into their meaning, while to others almost nothing takes place which is not sharply observed and made the subject of inquiry.

About two hundred and fifty years ago, there lived at Chantersier, a village in France, a little boy called Peter Gassend, a name which has been changed by learned men into Gassendi. Young Gassendi was so observant, that nothing escaped his attention. While yet a child, and before he was able to read, he drew knowledge from every object in nature and art that came under his notice. He was particularly sensible to the magnificence of a starry sky. When only seven years old, he felt a secret charm in the contemplation of the stars, and, without the knowledge of his parents, he sacrificed his sleep to this pleasure. One evening, a dispute arose between him and his young companions about the motion of the moon and that of the clouds. His friends insisted that the clouds were still, and the moon moved. He maintained, on the contrary, that the moon had no sensible motion, and that it was the clouds that passed so swiftly. His reasons produced no effect on the minds of the children, who trusted to their own eyes rather than to what could be said on the subject. It was therefore necessary to undeceive them by means of their eyes themselves. For this purpose Gassendi took them under a tree, and made them observe that the moon still appeared between the same leaves, while the clouds sailed away out of sight.

His father was so struck with these happy dispositions, that he resolved to cultivate them. He spoke to the clergyman of his parish, who engaged to give him the first elements of letters. This was the food that the mind of young Gassendi demanded, and he applied to study with so much ardour, that, not contented with working in the day, he also studied during part of the night by the light of the church lamp. His progress was extremely rapid. At the end of three years he understood and spoke Latin very well. M. de Boulogne, bishop of Digne, coming upon a visitation to Chantersier, Gassendi, who was then only ten years old, harangued him in Latin with so much grace and vivacity, that the prelate, equally surprised and charmed with his premature talents, said aloud, "That child will one day be the wonder of his time, and before he has attained the age of maturity, he will be cause of admiration to the learned." Young Gassendi fulfilled these predictions. So accomplished was he as a scholar, that, at sixteen years of age, he was invited to become professor of rhetoric at Digne; and from this he was, in three years later, promoted to a professorship at Aix. His reputation as a scholar and natural philosopher becoming widely spread, he was, in 1645, appointed royal professor of mathematics at Paris. After this event, he wrote many works of great merit, and died, in 1658, at the age of sixty-three, leaving a name which stands in the foremost rank of men of science.

If, when a boy at Chantersier, Gassendi had occupied himself in frivolous pursuits, and been unmindful of the great operations of nature passing before him, he could never have risen above the rank of a cowherd, and his valuable services to science would have been entirely lost to the world.

BENEVOLENCE.

A disposition to grasp, and keep entirely for their own use, money, toys, or any other articles, is always odious in children; while, on the other hand, it is delightful to see young persons liberally sharing with their brothers, sisters, and companions, any good things which fall to their share. A fine anecdote, exemplary of this species of liberality, is told of two boys, the sons of the Earl of Elgin, who were permitted by their father to associate with the poor boys in the neighbourhood. One day, the earl's sons being called to dinner, a lad who was playing with them said, that he would wait till they returned. "There is no dinner for me at home," said the poor boy. "Come with us, then," said the earl's sons. The boy refused; and when they asked him if he had any money to buy a dinner, he answered "No!" When the young gentlemen got home, the eldest of them said to his father, "Papa, what was the price of the silver buckles you gave me?" "Five shillings," was the reply. "Let me have the money, and I'll give you the buckles again." It was done accordingly, and the earl, inquiring privately, found that the money was given to the lad who had no dinner.

HONESTY.

Boys placed in circumstances of temptation cannot be too deeply impressed with the conviction, that "honesty is the best policy;" that is to say, that in the long run they will make more by being honest than by taking that which is not their own. The following is a case in point. A nobleman travelling in Scotland, a number of years ago, was asked for his alms in the High Street of Edinburgh, by a little ragged boy. He said he had no change; upon which the boy offered to procure it. His lordship, in order to get rid of his importunity, gave him a piece of silver, which the boy conceiving was to be changed, ran off for the purpose. On his return, not finding his benefactor, whom he expected to wait, he watched for several days in the place where he had received the money. At length, the nobleman happened again to pass that way; the boy accosted him, and put the change he had procured into his hand, counting it with great exactness. His lordship was so pleased with the boy's honesty, that he placed him at school, with the assurance of providing for him.

OLD DIRECTORIES.

An old street directory of any of our large cities may be said to be as productive of interesting recollections as the tombstones in a churchyard. We learn from it who were the notables of their day, where they lived, and what were the professions in vogue in days gone by. We also get at some curious facts in family history; who were the fathers and grandfathers of the present race, and whether the existing members of a family have risen above, or are depressed beneath, the circumstances of their predecessors. The principal matter of interest, however, is the great change which has taken place in the character of localities. Streets which had been fashionable half a century ago, are so no longer. Houses which had been inhabited by men of high professional standing, are now, alas! the dwellings of the humblest class of citizens; the change affording a fine lesson as to the transitory glory of all earthly things. We have been induced to make these few remarks from a perusal of the following notice of certain old Glasgow directories, which appeared a short time ago in the *Glasgow Herald*:—

We have had lately in our possession two records of the olden time, which show us, as it were, in their everyday business aspect, a race of Glasgow citizens who have almost all passed to their long account, namely, the Glasgow Directories for 1783 and for 1790, the former printed and published by John Tait, and the latter entitled "Jones' Directory," and printed by Joseph Galbraith. Though the value of these little books is now great in the eyes of those who own them, their appearance in point of paper, style, and printing, is scarcely more respectable than the old penny histories and ballads which used to inundate the country before the palmy days of cheap literature came upon us; and they as little resemble the goodly tome which now annually issues from the office of Mr Graham, as the tiny Glasgow of 1783 resembles the vast city of 1842. And to make the comparison understood, it may be proper to state, that the population in 1780 was 42,832; in 1735, it was 45,889; and in 1791 it was 66,537; while, by the last census, the population of the city and suburbs falls very little short of 300,000. The directory of 1783 appears to have been the first ever published in Glasgow, and it is "dedicated with the greatest submission to the magistrates and town council." The publisher does not give his guarantee that it is absolutely perfect; and he accounts for any imperfections in the following quaint paragraph in his preface:—"As the difficulty of a private person knowing every one and his connexions, without the assistance of the people themselves, must be apparent to every one, it cannot be expected but that some errors and omissions will appear, which he hopes the indulgent public will excuse; notwithstanding the publisher did make an actual survey of a great number of houses, shops, warehouses, &c., in Glasgow, with a view to be as exact as possible; but many had scruples of giving information, as they imagined it was for another purpose he was taking up their names." The book begins by enumerating the public bodies, or important professional characters in the city: first, the magistrates and council; second, the "reverend ministers of the gospel," of whom there appear to be only 18, both established and dissenting, in the whole city; third, the professors in the university; fourth, the faculty of procurators; fifth, the officers of excise; sixth, the physicians, of whom there are 16; seventh, the midwives, of whom there are 10; and lastly, the messengers at arms, of whom there are 11. Having made these honoured distinctions, the compiler then sets out by giving merchants, manufacturers, grocers, vintners, lint-hecklers, "hocksters," &c., *in cumulo*, but at the same time in something like alphabetical order. At this time the great bulk of the business community seems to have been gathered in High Street, Saltmarket, Trongate, Gallowgate, Candleriggs, Bridgegate, and the Wynds. Queen Street, which must have been in course of formation, is occasionally mentioned, but it was then much better known by its olden name of the "Cow-loan." For instance, we find "John Marshall, sheriff-substitute," residing in the Saltmarket; "John Wilson, one of the city clerks," resides in Gallowgate; there are no fewer than four members of the legal profession to be found in the Laigh Kirk Close: others are located in the New Wynd, Moodie's Wynd, &c.; and one of them "hangs out" at the Saracen's Head Inn—then, we believe, the principal hostelry in the city. We find that the town's hospital and infirmary are placed in Clyde Street, where the former is situated up till this time; but now even its days are numbered. Compared, however, with the splendid temple which benevolence has reared adjoining the cathedral, for the cure and alleviation of disease, we cannot well divine what must have been the infirmary of 1783 in Clyde Street.

"Jones' Directory" for 1790-91 brings the business-history of the city, so to speak, a little further down, and the numbers are now appended to the houses, which are not given in the former publication. It is a crown 12mo., and consists of 82 pages. To give some notion of the extent of the business population in these times, we may mention that under the letter B there are only 170 names; while in the directory published in the present year, the number of business people in the city whose names begin with this capital amounts to as near as may be 1000. Truly, this little book, read at this distance of time, proves as convincingly as the longest homily, that the days of frail man are as the grass; for out of the long lists of the university and city clergy, there are now only two in the land of the living, and even these have ceased to be, so far as regards their public labours. John Campbell, junior, Esq., the Lord Provost of the city, has his "lodgings" in Jamaica Street; the well known and highly respected (late) Kirkman Finlay is found at "James Finlay's, Bell's Wynd." David Dale, merchant, has "lodgings" in Charlotte Street; and David Dale, junior, manufacturer, has "lodgings at the head of the Green." This, it must be remembered, was nearly a generation before Monteith Row was called into existence. Then we have Andrew Foulis, the celebrated printer, who has his office in Shuttle Street, and his lodging in the College. And there is Captain Archibald Paton, whose name has been wedded to heroic verse by Lockhart, and who has a "lodging facing the Exchange." We notice the name of one gentleman still alive, who is known to all over the west of Scotland for deeds of manufacturing enterprise and munificence, who has been a member of parliament, and is the owner of a princely estate in the upper ward; who has been the architect of his own fortune, which enables him to "close a youth of labour by an age of ease;" and yet, in these early times, he appears to have lodgings in the modest suburb of Anderston. There are also designations here which now-a-days would look very queer in a directory, such as, "Miss Dunlop keeps a mangle, Copland's Close, High Street," and "Miss Aird, dealer in dead crapes." The coaching advertisements are not the least curious things in the little book. It appears that two or three of the principal inns despatched coaches to Edinburgh daily; but we select the announcement from the Black Bull, which says, "A coach to Edinburgh at 10 o'clock, to the White Hart Inn, Grassmarket, for 8s. per seat. A neat diligence, containing three passengers, to Mr Cameron's hotel, 2 Prince's Street, at 12 noon; if taken in whole, at any hour the company pleases, 10s. 6d. per seat." Here is another: "The Glasgow and Edinburgh Mercury 'setts' out from A. M'Gregor's, Candleriggs, at 11 o'clock every day. If taken by any party in whole, will 'sett' out two hours sooner or later." Here we have some Greenock "Flys," the fare of which is 5s. 6d. per seat, which "sett" out on stated days, but, like the others, will move at any hour the company thinks fit, if taken in full. What would these venerable Jehus say to see the Greenock railway on a Saturday afternoon and Monday morning, in sea-bathing time, when thousands are whirled along on the wings of the wind? or what would they have said to have witnessed the business done by the Edinburgh and Glasgow railway on the week of the queen's visit?

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND A SCOTCH BLACKSMITH.

It happened, at a small country town, that Scott suddenly required medical advice for one of his servants, and, on inquiring if there was any doctor at the place, he was told that there were two, one long established and the other a new comer. The latter gentleman, being luckily found at home, soon made his appearance—a grave, sagacious looking personage, attired in black, with a shovel hat, in whom, to his utter astonishment, Sir Walter recognised a Scotch blacksmith, who had formerly practised, with tolerable success, as a veterinary operator in the neighbourhood of Ashestiel. "How, in all the world!" exclaimed he, "can it be possible that this is John Lundie?" "In troth is't, your honour; just a' that's of him." "Well, but let us hear; you were a horse-doctor before; now it seems you are a man-doctor; how do you get on?" "Ou, just extraordinary weel; for your honour maun ken my practice is very sure and orthodox. I depend entirely upon twa simples." "And what may their names be? Perhaps it is a secret." "I'll tell your honour," in a low tone; "my twa simples are just laudamy and calamy." "Simples with a vengeance!" replied Scott. "But, John, do you never happen to kill any of your patients!" "Kill?" Oh ay, may be sae! Whiles they die, and whiles no; but it's the will of Providence. Ony how, your honour, it wad be lang before it makes up for Flodden!"—*Reminiscences of Sir Walter Scott.*

GOOD CONFERRED BY OMNIBUSSES.

The individual who first started an omnibus thought of nothing beyond the conveyance of passengers in this novel fashion from one end of the town to another, and sharing the profits of hackney-coach and cabmen. He did not fancy that he was going to change the face of London, extend its suburbs for miles, and contribute essentially to the health of its population. But such is the case. The rental of the city, in the shape of residences or dwelling-houses, is reduced to an extraordinary degree; there is a daily and hourly migration of tens of thousands to the outskirts, where they live and breathe a healthful air, instead of being smoked and smothered in narrow courts and alleys. To receive them, innumerable cottages and villas have been built, and a wonderful mass of property created; and with a change in their mode of life, there has arisen a change in their feelings and manners. They mix more with general and chance society, and they learn much from every day's casual intercourse with strangers. Their amusements and their domestic habits take a different turn; and, in short, an Iliad of alteration may truly be ascribed to *the starting of a buss!*—*Literary Gazette.*

SLEEP SEEKERS.

Macnish often coaxed himself to sleep by repeating some well-known rhyme half a dozen times; and a gentleman in the town of Milford has learned to fall asleep at will, by fixing his eyes in one direction for a few minutes. Dr Elliotson knows a lady who often remains awake till her husband rubs her foot: and to many persons the having their hair combed is a soporific. John Philips, the poet, delighted, when a boy, to have this office performed for hours together; and Isaac Vossius was so critically curious in combing, that he preferred its performance rhythmically. He liked to have it done by barbers or other persons skilled in prosody, so that their pectinating movements might imitate iambics, trochees, &c., to his great delight. In these cases, reverie rather than sleep was produced; but in other instances the effect is that of a simple narcotic. Thus, Sir John Rennie, the architect, was regularly put to sleep by having the hair at the back of his head combed, and rubbed with the palm of the hand.—*Medical Times.*

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"MY LITTLE ROOKERY."

I HAVE had a kind of sneaking affection for crows as long as I remember. Their convocations on the green fields and the ploughed furrows; their twilight migrations, precisely at the same hour, to their nightly roosts in the old plantation; their weddings, funerals, and other festivities; all that I saw of them during a boyhood spent in the country, has given me an enduring interest in these clergy of the feathered world. True it is and of verity, that these early predilections were not incompatible with certain acts of depredation on my part, accompanied with some risk, and producing loud and prolonged remonstrances, amidst their domestic establishments. Yet, upon the whole, we have generally lived on good terms; and of late years, in particular, my intercourse with at least one of the species—the rook—has ripened into mutual trust and confidence. My knowledge of the vocabulary of that portion of the family* has been enlarged, and their haunts and sentiments have become familiar to me. They, again, on their part, take no notice whatever of my presence or absence; and I walk in and out amongst them, a second Mr Spectator, unchallenged and unsuspected.

When one surveys a large community, his attention is distracted and confused by the multiplicity of movements which are going on at the same time. There is such a succession of action and reaction, of influences, modifications, and results, that the mind is bewildered, and the judgment brought to a stand. But when the subject is viewed as it were in miniature, and the elements are simplified and reduced in number, a more distinct and satisfactory result is obtained. This last alternative I have been lucky enough to realise, in my possession of a little rookery, consisting of some fifteen or sixteen families, which, for these fourteen years, have been submitted to my daily and hourly inspection. Nor can I have the smallest doubt, that the same phenomena which are exhibited in this reduced field of observation, obtain in larger communities and establishments.

On or about the 1st of March, in ordinary seasons, the rooks, which have been absent all winter, come down all at once upon their old settlements, with a loud and varied discharge of vociferation. Long and severe is the contest amongst them for tree, branch, and even twig. Everything is disputed, and everything changes possessors with amazing rapidity. The struggle continues from day dawn to the gloaming, when quiet is at length restored only by the departure of the contending parties. But with a new day commences anew the war of sounds and movements. At last some one ventures to twist a twig from the top of the yet unleafed tree, and places it in a cleft where three branches meet; but, ere he has succeeded in adding a second, the first has become the property of another, who rejoices in the maxim, "that they should take who have the power, and they should keep who can." This leads to a duel, and many feathers are shed on both sides; at last, a cessation of hostilities takes place, and the work of nest-building recommences. But the law of gravitation, as well as the rocking blasts, are sad disturbers; and days and weeks are often spent by an anxious pair, ere the foundation twigs have been fairly fastened, and the future nest has assumed shape and meaning, if such terms can be fairly applied to what is at best a kind of hovel, no more to be compared with the neatly wrought dwellings of the hedge birds, than an Irish cabin with an English gentleman's mansion. Some one has said, that man is by nature a thief. However this may be, I am quite sure that the rooks are so, and that they exercise very considerable talents in carrying their dishonest impulses into execution. They will carefully watch the time when the owner of the advancing erection is absent, and in a very few minutes the whole shall have disappeared. Then back come the true owners of the property; but there is not a stick left to mark the spot where their future progeny was to be hatched and reared. Astonishment seems at first to paralyse exertion; but the desire of revenge is strong in the heart of rook and man: so, woe be to the depredator. His ill-got gains are recovered without process of law, and he is forced to retreat to a distant tree. Often have I thought how lively an illustration the rooks afford of the general loss which unavoidably arises from individual dishonesty; for it is evident that nests for the whole of my rookery might be provided in half or a fourth of the time, if each abstained from molesting or robbing the others. Enormous is the misexpenditure of labour from this cause, and I may say of capital also, for, in the struggle, vast quantities of twigs fall to the ground, whence, from a strange instinct of the bird, none of them are ever again raised.

At last, after innumerable failures and back-goings, the work of building the nest is completed; and, with the complacency of a young goodwife, the female seats herself in her home, tries it in all directions, east and west, north and south; she is all bustle and importance, whilst her lord sits in a dignified attitude upon the topmost branch, cawing her into moderation. The great work of incubation commences, and her nature and habits seem to have undergone a complete change; she is now all silence and sobriety; no ejaculation of anger or of triumph, of victory or revenge, although, perhaps, other five or six ladies, in equally interesting circumstances, are nestled in adjacent branches of the same tree. There she sits, like patience on a monument, from morn to night, and from night to morn, whilst her beloved helpmate is abroad in the newly-turned-up furrows or freshening fields, collecting the necessaries of life for her and himself. He comes home at wonderfully short intervals; and his arrival is announced by a peculiar crow of recognition, which passes between them. His bill is instantly in the throat of his partner, and the process is repeated three or four times, till he has emptied his own throat of its contents. All this while, the wings of the female bird are in motion, and her expressions of gratitude and satisfaction are loud and long. But her kind and considerate partner knows that exercise is conducive to health; so, without any fine speeches, he at once takes her place in the nest, whilst she is occupied in adjusting her dress, and essaying her powers of flight. But her heart is at home; and, in the course of a few minutes, you observe her with her tail feathers projected at one side of the mansion, and her bill at the other, motionless as a mummy.

But one fine morning you hear a small, sharp, chirping noise. It is her eldest child, who has just found the shell too narrow for his amplitude, and has burst his way into daylight. He is, in a few days, joined by a second, and a third, and a fourth, till the whole nest teems with noise. Now is the time for increased activity and providence on the part of both parents; they are ever going and returning; yet their cawing brood seem never to be satisfied. "Oh, ma'am," said a female black servant to my wife one day, "they never resses in their nesses!" alluding to the incessant flutteration going on in a tree level with, and very near, our nursery windows. And here I may remark, that a rookery very near a house, though a venerable and somewhat aristocratic-looking appendage, is apt to be a little troublesome from the noise, if not the motion, constantly going on in it. "Why are you so out of humour to-day?" said one gentleman to another whom he was visiting, seeing him every now and then walk fretfully to the window. The person addressed pointed to a rookery, which, having been originally fixed in a grove near a suburban mansion, was now in the centre of a suburban square, and said, "Don't you *hear* the cause [caws]?" He was quite worried, in short, with our friends the rooks, which, nevertheless, were rather liked by the inhabitants of the square generally; so that, on a proposal being made to extirpate them, and a paper handed about in which all concerned were desired to express their sentiments, it was carried "Crows" against "No crows" by a considerable majority. But I am digressing. I was speaking of the wakeful appetites of the young brood, and the anxiety of the parents to satisfy them. At this stage of affairs, I am quite within mark, when I say that you cannot look into a rook's nest at any time, without seeing at least four bills held up, open, ready, and clamorous. Here the justice which is so sadly wanting in the matter of nest-building, reigns supreme. The parent birds deal with rigid impartiality amongst their young, giving each a mouthful in turn, and never two to any one till all the rest have been once served. Young Hopeful, the eldest cheeper, may be a favourite of mamma for anything I know, as eldest sons are apt to be with human mothers; but, nevertheless, let him clamour as he will, he must wait his turn.

About the middle of May, the now feathered progeny begin to entertain an ambition for travel. They not only look over the nest, but even venture at last upon a projecting branch; their parents, meanwhile, giving them every encouragement to go the whole hog—to take it boldly. But all will not do; the young navigators of air have an idea, seemingly, that the earth is at an immense distance from them, and that a fall would be fatal. And, in some instances, it is so. A young *brancher*, more lively than prudent, essays a flight, and lights by the side of the garden wall. Grimalkin has him in an instant; and, in spite of most vociferous remonstrances from the whole rookery, bears off his victim to that retreat whence no live birds or mice are seen to return. But what are all the war-depredations of grimalkin to those of man? It makes my very blood boil within me when I hear, in passing some old manor house with its surrounding rookery, the frequent report of the murderous fowling-piece. Young master is at home from school, and his leisure hours, and those of his young companions, are spent in murdering, mangling, and torturing every live thing that their elders do not set a value upon. Rooks, old and young, parents and children, fall beneath their weapons, and many are the childless and the orphan left mourning in despair. But nature will avenge herself; and I almost rejoice to think that the snail and the grub-worm will, for this, do their work of destruction upon

* Most people have rather confused notions about the crow tribes. We shall endeavour, in a very few words, to clear up the matter. There is, first, the Raven, the *Corby* of the Scottish peasant, a large and voracious bird, found in every clime. Secondly, there is the Carrion or Common Crow (*Corvus Corone* of Linnæus), somewhat less than the raven, and remarkable for the distance at which it learns (by sight, not smell) the existence of that particular kind of food from which it takes its name. This is more particularly the bird which is seen flying in such vast flocks of an evening towards the woods. Then there is the *Corvus Cornix*, the *Duncrow* of the English, and *Hoody Craw* of the Scottish rustic, remarkable chiefly for its migrations. Next is the Rook (*Corvus Frugilegus* of Linnæus), comparatively a domestic bird, since it generally builds in groves near houses. This is the bird chiefly referred to in the above paper. The Jackdaw, Pie, and Jay, are the chief remaining species.—ED.

the neighbouring fields unmolested. It is dangerous to break a link in the chain which nature has fabricated. The very flies are her scavengers; and the rooks are not less useful in the ploughed field, and amongst the brairding grain.

In spring 1827, I had occasion to witness a fact which interested me not a little. One of those beings who go about early in the morning with fire-arms, seeking what they may deprive of life, happened to mark two rooks on one of my trees feeding their young The fatal tube was immediately levelled, and, in an instant, both birds lay gasping in the agonies of death at my feet. An idiot laugh, and a hurried retreat upon observing that I was a spectator of his morning's achievement, were all that I could make of him; but I observed the poor orphan progeny, all unconscious of the calamity which had so suddenly reached them, still stretching out their bare, featherless necks, and raw, open mouths, in expectation of the wonted supplies. My heart sunk within me at the sight; and I could not help moralising on that cruel unthinking disposition which marks so many of our race. For twelve long hours, whenever a returning rook intimated that food was in the act of being supplied to surrounding gullets, did these poor, hungry, and seemingly perishing nestlings solicit supply. At last I observed a bird, seemingly more considerate than the rest, in the act of surveying the perishing family. With much difficulty, a small dole was brought up from the throat-reservoir, which was devoured with screams of delight; another and another succeeded in this work of charity, till, I verily believe, the best fed progeny in my little rookery were these pauper dependants on common charity. "Here, then," said I—"here, at least, there is no use for poor laws! since nature has established a principle even in the breasts of rooks, which leads them to feed the hungry and support the orphan."*

While thus shocked at the barbarity of shooting crows during the infancy of the young, I should only be affecting a virtue which I have not, if I pretended to be superior to the relish which my countrymen have, in general, for a *crow pie*. But this is a delicacy which is never indulged in till the new brood are fully reared, and the number of the tribe is at its greatest. Early in June, it is a favourite amusement of old and young in Scotland to proceed to some ancient crow wood, and climb the tall trees for a selection of young branchers, wherewith to make a crow pie. For this purpose there is no nice discrimination as to species: I suspect that three kinds, at least, are liable to be popped into the mess. It is not quite so good as pigeon pie, but yet has its charms, especially for those who do not often get anything so delicate as birds to regale upon. And it is sometimes even seen upon the tables of the country gentry. Ideas as to what is good for food are, after all, extremely local. Some French officers, prisoners living upon parole in a Scottish country town, were one day entertained at dinner by a gentleman of the neighbourhood. Amongst the dishes was a crow pie. Great was the amusement of the company, to observe the tokens of repugnance manifested towards this dish by a set of gentlemen who were known to dress frogs for dinner in their own lodgings whenever they could get them. On comparing notes, it was found that the corvine tribes were as much objects of loathing to the French, as the batrachia were to the Scotch; so, the two portions of the company had to acknowledge, that, in this respect, their several countries were quits.

I return to my rookery, only to suppose the survivors of the new generation to have left it, and followed their parents to the fields. There, for some time longer, their screams of satisfaction may be heard, as they either get an occasional dole of food from their parents, or pick up an unfortunate larva for themselves. At last all is silent; and crows are only to be met with during summer in large convocations, consulting, no doubt, for the good of the community, or planning projects of future improvements. When harvest is over, and the days and nights are again equalised,

"Down comes a deluge of sonorous crows."

There they are seen about the beginning of November surveying their old residence, and, in some instances, commencing the operation of nest-building, with all the suitable accompaniments of crowing, croaking, and quarrelling. They manifestly have mistaken the thing, and because the temperature, and the length of day, and the general aspect of matters over the earth's surface, correspond with the month of March, they are resolved to improve the appointed season. But snow, and frost, and shortened days, at last convince them of their mistake, and they return reluctantly to such shelter and such supplies as plantations, shores, and fields supply.*

Thus have I traced the history of "my little rookery" from spring to spring, and if anything I have observed and stated shall impart a deeper interest in this much-injured and ill-used bird, I shall be amply rewarded. Rooks are long-lived. Many of those with which we hold daily intercouse, were the intimate acquaintances of our grandfathers; and it ought certainly to have its weight, that, during so long a period, they have kept up a friendly intercourse with succeeding generations; and that, when we who now discuss their merits shall long have ceased to occupy place and portion in this lower world, many of these rooks, which witnessed our first sports, will still enliven with their awakening clamour the habitations of our distant descendants.

* The writer of this paper labours under the prevailing Scottish prejudice against poor-laws. The rooks here did exactly what the enlightened advocate of poor-laws wishes by these laws to effect, but in a way which shall burden the whole community alike, and which shall be sure and regular in its operation.—Ed.

* "Among the favourite articles of their food is the grub of the chafer or dor-beetle, which, if allowed to multiply unchecked, would lay waste whole meadows and corn-fields. It must not be dissembled, however, that rooks themselves are sometimes very injurious to new-sown wheat, just when it begins to germinate. The severity of winter, when accompanied by a heavy fall of snow, sometimes drives them down to the sea-shore, when they are observed to feed on shell-fish, particularly the common periwinkle. Having raised these last into the air, to about the height of fifty feet, they let them fall among stones, stooping instantly after their prey. If the shell is unbroken, they lift it again and again; and when the wind happens to carry it out of the perpendicular direction, they toil much and gain little. Frauds in the mode of procuring their livelihood, as well as in that of building their nests, are sometimes attempted among them, but which, when discovered, meet with instant and condign punishment."—*Edin. Encyclopædia.*

ACTION OF WATER UPON LEAD.

The mode employed to convey water into houses for domestic purposes is, almost universally, by means of leaden pipes, and it may startle our readers to learn that this plan—persevered in for years without apparent injury—is, in reality, fraught with a certain degree of danger to life. The researches of Professor Christison have proved, that water which is exposed to the action of lead by continually running through pipes of that metal, becomes impregnated with a carbonate of lead, to an excess which, when the water is habitually made use of, exposes the drinker to a disease called the lead-colic. If it be asked, how it is that so many persons are daily partaking of the so-called "harmless beverage," without experiencing any ill effects? the answer is, that it is only very pure water which is liable to deteriorate; that the impure water, which is decidedly in most frequent use, generally carries a protection in certain neutral salts containing saline matter, which prevents the lead from impregnating the water in proportion to the quantity of acid contained in the salts. Thus, the greater the original purity of the water, the greater its danger of developing carbonate of lead.

The proof of these statements is contained in two circumstances, minutely detailed by Dr Christison in a paper read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and published in vol. xv. of their "Transactions:"

"A few years ago," he says, "the water of a spring was introduced into the mansion of Dalswinton in Dumfriesshire, by a lead-pipe, from a distance of three quarters of a mile. While on a visit there in the autumn of 1834, only a few days after operations were finished, and the water was flowing into the great cistern for supplying the house, my attention was called one morning, by one of the guests, to the water-bottle on his dressing-table, and a tumbler of water which had been poured from it. The bottle was lined with a thin white incrustation of a pearly lustre; and the water, which had stood some time exposed to the air, presented a thin film of the same appearance over its whole surface. The cause being at once suspected, we proceeded with our host, Mr Leny, to examine the great cistern into which the water was discharged directly from the pipe. Here we found the water entirely covered with a similar film, and the bottom and sides of the cistern lined with a loose pearly white incrustation, in such quantity as to appear as if painted with white paint. It was also remarked, that water fresh drawn from the pipe was perfectly transparent at first, but, on exposure to the air, quickly presented the white film seen in the tumbler. It need scarcely be stated, that the appearances now mentioned were recognised as the result of the action of the water on the lead of the pipe. And it may be added, that the white substance was afterwards ascertained to be a carbonate of lead."

After stating, as the result of experiment, that upon water left at rest on lead no ill effect is produced, and that a certain degree of exposure to the atmosphere is necessary to indicate the presence of the carbonate when the fluid *has* imbibed it, the learned professor proceeds to give an account of the remedy applied in this case:

"When a similar instance happened at Tunbridge, in 1814—with the additional circumstance, that its nature was not discovered till lead-colic began to appear among the inmates of the houses supplied with the water—the only satisfactory remedy which could be thought of, was the expensive one of removing the pipes, and replacing them with others of cast-iron. This was accordingly done. Reflecting, however, upon what I had observed in many experiments with weak solutions of neutral salts, and remembering, that, in general, after the action had gone on slowly for some weeks, it gradually became less and less, while, at the same time, a firmly-adhering film formed on the lead, consisting of carbonate mingled with a salt of oxide of lead in union with the acid of the salt in solution, and that, when lead so lined was transferred even into distilled water, no action seemed to take place, I conceived that an effectual remedy might be provided by producing, in like manner, an incrustation of the same kind on the inside of the pipe. For this end, it was proposed to leave the pipe for some months filled with a weak solution of phosphate of soda, in the proportion of a 25,000th part, which is somewhat stronger than what had seemed sufficient to prevent the action of distilled water on the small scale. It was hoped that a fine film of mixed carbonate and phosphate of lead would thus be formed while the water was at rest, which would adhere so firmly as not to be swept away when the water was allowed to flow, and which would serve as a lining to prevent the contact of the running water with the metal. Circumstances prevented this plan being tried at once; and, in the mean time, it was judged right to try the effect of forming a lining of carbonate of lead, by leaving the water at complete repose in the pipe, so as to allow the carbonate to crystallise slowly and firmly on its interior. This experiment was attended with complete success. The pipe was kept full of the spring-water, and without water being drawn from it, for four months. The pipe was then found to flow without any impregnation of lead, and has done so ever since."

The other incident puts the case in a stronger light. It occurred at Buchan-ness Lodge, the cottage residence of the Earl of Aberdeen:

"In the beginning of June last, Mr Johnston of Peterhead was requested to visit professionally the housekeeper of the Lodge, who was affected with indigestion and constipation; from which, however, under his directions, she speedily recovered on this occasion. Six weeks afterwards, he was requested to visit her again, and found her then affected with vomiting, constipation, severe spasmodic pain at the pit of the stomach, retraction of the umbilicus towards the spine, great weakness of the limbs, and other symptoms of less note, which it is scarcely necessary to particularise in this communication, but which are proper to the severe form of colic occasioned by slow poisoning with lead. After treating the case judiciously for three days, Mr Johnston was surprised to find that, notwithstanding frequent temporary benefit, no permanent amelioration had taken place. At last, on the third day, while considering the circumstances of his patient's illness, his attention was drawn to the water-bottle on her dressing-table. It was lined with a white shining incrustation, and the surface of the water was covered with a film of similar appearance. On inquiry, he learned that the water always presented this appearance after being exposed for some time, but that it was quite transparent when first drawn; and he afterwards personally verified these facts.

Being well aware of the action of water on lead, and of the consequences of the insidious introduction of the compounds of that metal into the human body, Mr Johnston, with much discernment, although he had never seen a case of lead-colic before, was strongly inclined to believe that he had to deal with that disease. He suspended his ultimate decision, however, until he had an opportunity of examining chemically the substance deposited by the water. This he found to be soluble in weak acetic acid; and the solution gave a white precipitate with sulphuric acid, a white one with carbonate of potash, a yellow one with iodide of potassium, and a black one with sulphuretted hydrogen. The last test, an extremely delicate one, likewise made the water itself brown. As these results left no doubt whatever of the presence of lead in the water, he could as little entertain any doubt of the nature of the housekeeper's illness. She was treated accordingly, recovered slowly but steadily, and in October was quite well. She had resided in the house, and constantly used the water for eight months before her final severe illness; but for some months previous to that attack, she had been often annoyed with stomach complaints and constipation. Her niece, a girl of twelve, who had been residing with her for a few weeks only, was also attacked with these premonitory symptoms of lead-colic; but she soon recovered under Mr Johnston's care. No other person had resided for any length of time at the Lodge during the period in question. Lord Aberdeen had been there with some friends for a few days only.

Mr Johnston, with whose approbation, as well as the sanction of Lord Aberdeen, the facts of this incident are made public, consulted me respecting it about the middle of September, and afterwards communicated much additional information—partly, indeed, in reply to suggestions made by me. The following is a short narrative of the whole particulars:—The water was first introduced into the house in the summer of 1840, by a lead-pipe from a spring at the distance of rather more than half a mile. The spring was purchased for the purpose, as it had been represented to be of fine quality; and an analysis, by a chemist in the neighbourhood, appeared to show that it was of unusual purity, and contained very little saline matter. This will presently be seen to be by no means the case.

The pipe had been in use for several months before the housekeeper went to reside at the Lodge. When Mr Johnston first examined the water, it had been in constant use for twelve months. And yet it continued to impregnate itself with lead to the last. In the water, when fresh drawn, he could detect lead by sulphuretted hydrogen, even without concentrating it."

Dr Christison caused some of this water from the spring to be transmitted to him. Though clear, colourless, and without taste, he found it to be by no means so pure as the water of Dalswinton; but minute examination proved, that its impurities were of a nature to afford little protection from the influence of the lead, inasmuch as the salts they partly consisted of contained but little acid; hence it was found that the protective power resides in the acids alone, and not in the bases of the salts.

"When," he continues, "the fact of the water being

poisoned with lead was clearly ascertained, it was at first proposed at once to substitute iron pipes for those of lead. But Mr Johnston suggested that a trial should be made of a weak solution of phosphate of soda, as explained above, and recommended in 1836 in my 'Treatise on Poisons.' The experiment was accordingly tried by keeping the pipes constantly full of a solution containing a 27,000th of phosphate of soda. For three weeks no improvement took place; but it was found that, owing to a leakage in the pipe, the solution required to be constantly renewed, and was therefore never completely at rest. As it appeared essential to secure this last condition, the leak was found out, though not without difficulty, and was properly stopped. Fourteen days afterwards the spring-water was re-admitted, and a manifest improvement was ascertained to have taken place, although lead was still contained in the water. The solution being replaced, another trial was made in the course of six weeks more; and sulphuretted hydrogen then barely tinted the water. A third examination was made fourteen days later; and after the water had been running for some time, sulphuretted hydrogen did not in the slightest degree affect it. The last report I have from Mr Johnston, dated the 27th of January, states that the solution had been withdrawn for a month previously—that the water had been kept running constantly for several days before it was subjected to examination—and that no trace of lead could be detected in it by careful analysis."

These facts, together with the results arising from them, are, perhaps, of greater importance at the present time than they would have been formerly, from the wholesome taste for pure unalloyed water which is happily spreading far and wide. So that all interested in the progress of temperance, will feel not a little indebted to the learned professor for his well-directed researches.

A SCENE AT THE AREOPAGUS.

A LETTER FROM AN ANCIENT ROMAN, TRAVELLING IN GREECE, TO A FRIEND AT ROME.

In attempting to furnish you with an account of the judicial system of Athens, it may appear strange that I should pass over the minor courts, and commence with the Areopagus. But my mind is so totally engrossed with what I lately witnessed at this remarkable tribunal, that I cannot resist beginning where I more properly should have ended. This most august of Athenian judicatories, composed of archons of the most approved character, is traced to the age of Cecrops. For its present constitution, however, it is mainly indebted to Solon, who invested it with the superintendence of morals, subjecting to its decisions every species of immorality, as well as crime. As it displays the most unrelaxing vigilance in reforming manners, and the greatest firmness in suppressing delinquencies of an aggravated character, it never applies punishment until slighted admonition and menaces call for the exercise of more coercive restraints. From its strict and acknowledged adherence to justice, it acquires the love and esteem of the Athenians, even when it exerts the most absolute and irresponsible authority. Innocence, summoned before it, approaches without apprehension, and the guilty, convicted and condemned, retire without daring to murmur.

The origin of the name is involved in considerable obscurity. Some affirm that it has been so denominated from the Amazons—the daughters of Ares, who encamped in this place when they attacked the Cecropian citadel; while others assert that this designation arose from its being the place where sacrifices were anciently offered to the god of war. But the truth or falsity of these and similar conjectures is of inferior moment; for the celebrity of the Areopagus depends on more important considerations—the character of the judges, the equity of their decisions, and the unlimited confidence reposed in them by their countrymen.

This far-famed seat of justice occupies a rocky eminence, separated from the western end of the Acropolis by a hollow, forming a communication between the northern and southern divisions of the city. The area of the court is of a quadrangular form, and large enough to contain a vast crowd of spectators. It is sunk a few inches lower than the rest of the craggy elevation out of which it is excavated. Massy equidistant pillars are placed around its entire extent, intended to support a temporary covering, should the inclemency of the weather render such a protection requisite. The seats of the Areopagites, fifty-one in number, are also scooped out of the rock, in that part of the area which overhangs the city.

A few nights ago, my long-cherished desire of witnessing a capital trial at the Areopagus was gratified. It was, no doubt, the ideas of justice, integrity, and awe, associated in my mind with the name of this venerated judicatory, that led me to remark a sombre stillness pervading the entire day, ominous of the distressing scene with which its duties were likely to terminate. I could read, moreover, an expression of thoughtful seriousness in the countenances of the Athenians, darkening and deepening as the eventful hour approached. About sunset, individuals from all parts of Athens could be seen slowly directing their steps towards the winding stony stair that leads to Mars' Hill. Business of every description became suspended by edict. One subject formed the conversation of all. The loungers abandoned their favourite haunts in the streets and market-place. The curious and interested were all proceeding to the place of trial; and I, although in violation of my better feelings, soon found myself moving along in the silent and gradually increasing stream of human beings. Ere I reached the summit, the last faint streaks of the sun had for some time faded on the horizon, which now appeared of the same deep blue tint with the rest of heaven. The moon moved high in the serene sky of Athens in unclouded brilliancy. My eyes never rested before on so magnificent a spectacle. Around me in every direction, as far as my glance could pierce, stood citadels of massive strength, or, in lighter architecture, more graceful structures, indicating science, elegance, and ease. To the west, and in close proximity to where I stood, arose the Acropolis, Propylæa, and Erectheium, with their gigantic colonnades and domed roofs bathed in the moonlight. Through the plain of Athens, the Ilissus in a flood of light, fantastically interrupted by the lofty trees which at intervals interlace their boughs across its current, rolled its winding volume to the sea. At a distance somewhat greater could be seen the three Athenian harbours, still crowded with the fleets that had won for Attica the empire of the sea. Immediately below lay fair Athens herself, with her rows of palaces and costly temples; whilst here and there could be seen the statue of a god or godlike hero, exciting mingled feelings of patriotism and veneration, as they presented themselves successively to my view, dimly discovered in the silvery radiance. As I was contemplating this diversified prospect with intense emotions of wonder and delight, the stern voice of a herald dissipated the spell. This officer, in accordance with a custom long established in Athens, announced to the assembled multitude that the Areopagites had left the Temple of Truth, where they were wont, on such occasions, to assemble, and were on their way to sit in judgment. The former hum of mingled voices was instantly succeeded by the deepest silence. The spectators, who, in groups, were eagerly discussing the probabilities of condemnation and acquittal, immediately separated, and falling back towards the sides of the area, left for these venerable functionaries a free uninterrupted passage. The Areopagites, walking in single file, with their heads uncovered, soon after appeared, preceded by the eldest of their number, for whom a central seat is by law assigned. Up to this hour, I must confess that I remained comparatively unimpressed by the gloomy preliminaries which had already been performed around me; but now the grave demeanour of the Athenians, the increasing solemnity of the scene, and the appearance of these venerable and inflexible ministers of justice, advancing with slow step and uncovered heads, indicating, as it were, a consciousness of being under the immediate inspection of the tutelary gods of Athens, awoke within me feelings kindred to those of the multitude with which I was mixing, and suited to the consecrated locality on which I stood. There is a principle of gross curiosity in our nature, which delights in the contemplation of the awful and terrific; and these, when neither we nor ours are endangered, sway our feelings and judgments no less powerfully than the beautiful and the sublime. How often do the more material elements of our moral nature hurry us eagerly along to gaze on spectacles, at which our finer sensibilities are revolted; and how frequently, when our more elevated sympathies regain their rightful influence, do we feel ashamed of the callous unimpressibleness that induced us to regard with selfish apathy what we should feelingly commiserate! Remorseful thoughts of this description were passing through my mind as the Areopagites silently and devoutly took their seats, from which they were likely not again to arise until they had fixed the irreversible destiny of a fellow-mortal.

In front of the Areopagites, and at the distance of a few feet, stand three small pillars; on the central one, which is somewhat higher than the others, are inscribed the crimes of which the court takes cognisance, and the penalties annexed to each. The remaining two are the seats of the pursuer and the pursued. Midway between the seats of the judges and these pillars, there stands a tabular mass of stone, on which the urns are placed, in which, when giving judgment, the Areopagites deposit their suffrages. One of these is termed the Urn of Mercy, the other the Urn of Death. Whilst these things were being explained to me, the parties—the impeacher and the impeached—appeared at the top of the flight of steps that leads to the Areopagus. They had no sooner entered the court than they proceeded to the seats already mentioned, as by law and custom assigned them. Timarchus, the criminal, was to be tried on a charge of murder. He had faithfully and successfully discharged the various civil and military duties which entitled him to the archonship, and had begun, consistently with his right, to sue for that distinguished office. Timon, an influential archon at the time, had rendered his canvass unsuccessful by a wide and active circulation of calumnious reports. Timarchus, writhing under the chagrin of disappointment and defeat, rushed upon him, it appears, in a moment of frenzied excitement, and deprived him of life. Clearchus, the brother of Timon, took up the cause, and arraigned Timarchus as an assassin before the Areopagus.

The more important preliminaries now commenced. The aged priest of the Temple of Faith led forward a victim, among the torn and bleeding members of which he placed the parties, who, after imprecating the most fearful curses on themselves and their children, in attestation of their innocence, swore solemnly to the truth of their respective asseverations. The horror of the oath was augmented by their calling mutually to witness the inexorable Furies, who, from a neighbouring temple, seemed listening to their invocations, and ready to punish the perjured. The parties were no sooner seated, than the eldest of the Areopagites placed the urns before them, which were soon to declare an absolving or condemnatory verdict. But why do the Areopagites deliberate and decide under the bare canopy of heaven, and in the silence of night? These arrangements are characterised alike by an exalted love of purity, and a scrupulous regard to unbiassed justice. So strongly is murder execrated by the Athenians, that they would consider the very walls of a court polluted, had they but received an assassin within them, and themselves tainted with his crime, if they inhaled the air which his breath had infected. They meet and adjudicate in the night-time, lest the appeals made to their feelings by the supplicating glances of the culprit himself, and the silent yet powerful eloquence of the tears and sighs of relatives, may sway their judgment, and lead them to sacrifice to false sentiment what is justly due to impartial justice. The mode of conducting a trial in the Roman Forum and in the Athenian Areopagus is widely different. At Rome, the speakers are allowed to avail themselves of all the power of eloquence; they may resort to every persuasive wile and rhetorical artifice. At the Areopagus, eloquence is no less dreaded than falsehood. The advocates must banish from their harangues all exordia, digressions, perorations, and ornaments of style; nay, even the language of feeling is rigorously interdicted, lest it may operate on commiserating minds.

The speaker for the pursuer now entered on the business of the trial, by a simple well-arranged statement of facts. There was no colouring, no intentional exaggeration, no assertion but which the most irrefutable evidence seemed to corroborate. The pleader for the defender pursued a course exactly similar. A little mystery, it must be admitted, hung over the whole case, and the judges, no less than the spectators, seemed divided in opinion. The friends of the different parties at length concluded, and the portentous silence that prevailed, broken at intervals by a sigh, or the stifled expression of more significant sorrow, seemed to anticipate the nature of the verdict. During this period of painful uncertainty, Sophroniscus, the eldest of the Areopagites, arose, and in the following words, couched in the usual form, proffered the criminal a choice of alternatives:—"Timarchus, the laws of thy country now empower thee to withdraw from the trial if thou fearest the result; but a withdrawal convicts thee of the revolting crime for which thou art impeached—strips thee of all thy honours and possessions—banishes thee for ever from Athens and her soil, and subjects thee, shouldst thou hereafter be discovered lurking within her territories, or detected as a spectator at her festivals or games, to the most ignominious death at the hand of any—even the meanest of her sons. How sayest thou, Timarchus; dost thou retire, or do we proceed to judgment?" Timarchus retired not. Sophroniscus now, as his duty required, proceeded to distribute to each Areopagite a black and a white pebble, the former to condemn, the latter to acquit, and demanded of his fellow-judges, in a firm authoritative voice, to throw their suffrages into the urn of Death or Mercy, according as their convictions dictated. The Areopagites were proceeding to vote; but ere they began, I observed—for I stood near—a venerable old man, one of their number, station himself before the urns. Night prevented me from tracing distinctly anything in his countenance that might account for such unusual conduct. I thought, however, that I observed a keen anxious wistfulness glistening and trembling in his eye; for his fellow-judges shunned his glance, either struck with horror, or melted into pity. He seemed wishful to conceal his sorrow; for, as the pale light fell on his hoary head, I could see the decayed remnants of his silvery locks, now tossed about in the breeze, as if they had been intentionally thrown over his features. He stooped much under his heavy load of years, and as he often raised his hand to his face, I thought he wept. With the most eager vigilance he counted each successive pebble as it dropped in the urn of Death. The votes were at last all tendered save his own, and it, if thrown into the death-decreeing urn, would equalise the numbers. The final decision would consequently devolve on Sophroniscus; and his unbending integrity, and general leaning to the side of severity, left the nature of that decision no longer doubtful. And why, it may be asked, did the aged Areopagite hesitate? I shudder while I explain the cause. He was the father of Timarchus, who was an only son. The rest had fallen gloriously in the service of their country, and now, in the waning evening of his existence, a doom of the direst disgrace was to dissever him for ever from the only object that gave declining life a charm, and leave him alone in a dreary, friendless, companionless world. Thrice in the heart of the bent, frail, weeping old man, did the agonised feelings of the father prevail, for a time, over the rectitude of the judge; thrice did his withered trembling hand essay the terrific duty; thrice it instinctively recoiled. Memory was busily crowding into his mind her gathering hosts of mellowing melting associations. All that was bright in his past, and gloomy in his future existence, intermingled their joys and terrors, and for a little his

resolution wavered; but at last, and as if the genius of Athenian justice had whispered a chiding remonstrance in his ear, an effort that tore asunder the very heart-strings of the holiest sympathies, and a revulsion of feeling that uprooted the most deeply-seated elements of parental affection, raised him erect, and fired, as he seemed, with a suddenly-inspired enthusiasm, he advanced with unfaltering step, and threw the destiny-fixing pebble in the urn of Death. Brutus, I exclaimed, no longer enjoys the undivided glory of the high-souled patriotism that adjudged death to his sons for their attempted restoration of the banished Tarquinii; and Justice, thought I, dwells no longer at Rome alone; she is a denizen of the world.

At this moment, when all eyes seemed fixed on Sophroniscus, the priest of Minerva, advancing rapidly from the body of the court, approached the Areopagites, and thus addressed their leader: "Sophroniscus, the numbers are equal; they have not been so before in the memory of the oldest man in Athens. There is an ancient custom, instituted by Minerva, now fallen into desuetude; the propriety of which, however, has never been questioned. When Orestes was tried at this court, the pebbles placed him in the present condition of Timarchus. The goddess suddenly appearing, overruled the decision of the president, recorded a casting vote, and turned the scale of justice in favour of Orestes. By the precedent thus established, she invested my office with a discretionary power of acquitting, but never of condemning the culprit, should a like emergency again occur. As one of the duties, therefore, attaching to my priesthood, I give the suffrage of Minerva in favour of Timarchus." The applauding shout ascended to the ears of the goddess, and the late funereal silence was followed by prolonged and deafening acclamations.

THE BOORS OR DUTCH FARMERS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

WHOEVER has read the History of New York by Washington Irving, under the assumed name of Knickerbocker, will have obtained a not exaggerated notion of the Dutch emigrant, wherever settled. As he was in the days of the renowned Wouter-von-Twiller of New York, so he remains at the present time in the Cape Colony, notwithstanding that he exists under an English government, and might have profited by the example of our more energetic fellow-subjects. The same love of idleness still possesses him. "What," said a Dutch farmer to Mr Latrobe, "would you have us do? Our only concern is to fill our bellies, and to get good clothes and houses; to say to one slave, 'Do this,' and to another, 'Do that;' and to sit idle ourselves and be waited upon; and as to our tillage, or building, or planting, our forefathers did so and so, and were satisfied; and why should not we be the same? The English want us to use their ploughs, instead of our heavy wooden ones, and recommended other implements of husbandry than those we have been used to, but we like our old things best."

This class of agriculturists has been traced from the Dutch East India Company having originally formed a settlement at the Cape of Good Hope, merely as a place of refuge and refreshment for their spice fleets trafficking to and from the eastern islands. By degrees, however, the few servants the company placed in their garrison entered into barter with the Hottentots; and, finally, by means of spirits and tobacco, they contrived to juggle the natives out of the whole of their flocks and herds. The company, placing no value on the land, particularly such parts as lay behind the mountains, dealt it out to the boors, or agricultural emigrants from Holland, with a liberal hand; as much as 5000 acres of it being granted upon a perpetual leasehold for about L.5 per annum. Attracted by this promising mode of colonisation, other farmers emigrated from Holland, and spread themselves over the country, which they continue to occupy in a large majority over the English settled in the colony since the period of its conquest.

The three staple commodities of South-African production are wine, wheat, and wool, so that there are three different kinds of Dutch farmers, the *wyn-boor*, the *koorn-boor*, and the *vee-boor*; in other words, the wine-grower, the corn-grower, and the grazier. The best wine grounds lie northward of the Cape, and those inherited from the early Dutch settlers are the most extensive and fruitful. The establishments of the wyn-boors are generally large, their dwellings more resembling villages than homesteads; for, being in many cases far remote from a town, mechanics of all descriptions are kept on the spot, for the construction and supply of implements of husbandry, furniture, clothes, &c. In describing one of these comfortable retreats, Lichtenstein says, "Its situation directly under the lofty, steep, and craggy mountains, the bright green of the broad avenues of old oak, the excellently husbanded pastures and corn-fields, the nice-dressed vineyards, orchards, and orangeries—the sight of numberless well-fed cattle, and the widely-extended circle of neat buildings for barns, stables, wine-presses, and workshops—formed altogether a most delightful assemblage of objects. Easy affluence, rational utility, prudent caution, and useful attention to everything being kept in the most exact order, were everywhere conspicuous throughout this little domain."

Their horses and cattle, of which they have generally a sufficient stock for the supply of their numerous families, are usually kept at some distant loan-farm, held by them in addition to their freeholds, which are generally about 120 English acres. They visit their friends, or go to church or market, in waggons covered with tents, and drawn by six or eight horses, which they drive, sitting on the front seat, more by the exercise of a long whip than by the rein, guiding them with wonderful dexterity on a full gallop, over heathy and deep sands, or up and down the steep and stony passes of high and rugged hills. The wealthiest gentleman-farmer in England cannot be more independent than one of these old family freeholders of the Cape of Good Hope.

The corn-boors chiefly inhabit that part of the country which lies more to the north-eastward, and although some of them are able to send from four to five thousand bushels of wheat annually to market, yet their circumstances seldom appear so comfortable as those of the wine-boor. Their houses are mostly inferior, and may be recognised by a row of six or eight trees, generally oak, planted before them. The corn-grower usually cultivates a little wine for the use of his own family, and for sale among his more distant neighbours. His vineyard is the only patch that is enclosed, unless he should have, which is not often the case, a small garden with a few straggling cabbages, or, as is still more rare, an orchard of oranges, peaches, and the more common fruits of the country. Generally speaking, these farmers are extremely unskilful; the richness of the soil, and their natural disinclination to exertion, preventing them from making any advance in agricultural art. The chief drawback to the cultivator in these latitudes is the want of rain; yet, by a little extra skill and labour, water might, in many instances, be raised to irrigate the land from the rivers, which generally run in deep chasms. On one occasion, Captain Andrews offered to lead the water of two copious springs into the grounds of a Dutch boor, which would then be available for the growth of corn; but the man shrugged his shoulders, and coolly observed, "that it was not worth while, as he could purchase what flour he wanted from his neighbour, who lived *only* five days' journey off." It may be mentioned here, that the distance intervening between the farms in this country is to be accounted for from the terms of the original grant. The farmer having selected an unoccupied spot, fixed a *baaken*, or landmark, upon it, on a spot most convenient to become the centre of his territory, the boundaries of which could never be within an "hour's walk" (three miles for a Dutchman) of the limits of an occupied tract. Hence it happens, that the nearest neighbours were, some years ago, five or six miles apart, and in some places, particularly in the grazing districts, a whole day's journey.

The vee-boors, or graziers, may be looked upon as a distinct class from the other two; their character, habits, and mode of life, are altogether different. Far removed from the seat of authority and civilisation—generally to the east of Cape Town—they have always been troublesome subjects, both to the Dutch and English governments. Under pretence of seeking game beyond the limits of the colony, and of exploring grazing-grounds for his cattle in the dry season, when his farm is exhausted of fodder, the vee-boor commits unequalled cruelties on the unoffending Hottentots. In the former case, he often sets out alone to kill time, and break the tenour of a lazy life. His enormous *roer*, or musket, is his inseparable companion, and with it he travels with confidence; for so expert is he in hitting the mark, that he seldom fails to bring down his object with a single ball, whether it be a Hottentot or a wild beast—a sort of skill which seems to be essential to existence in all the remote parts of this region; for even the most peaceful farmer occasionally receives unwelcome visits from lions and elephants, who seldom fail to commit the most frightful ravages. When the near advance of such an enemy is suspected, the whole establishment turn out with every kind of weapon to engage in a regular hunt, and hair-breadth 'scapes of the most romantic kind are recorded by nearly every South-African traveller. The following poetical summons to one of these hunts, is by the late much lamented Pringle, and gives a more lively impression of such proceedings than the most detailed prose narration:—

"Mount—mount for the hunting—with musket and spear!
Call our friends to the field, for the lion is near!
Call Arend, and Ekhard, and Groepe, to the spoor;
Call Muller, and Coetzer, and Lucas Van Tuur.

Ride up Eildon-Cleugh, and blow loudly the bugle:
Call Slinger, and Allie, and Dikkop, and Dugal;
And George with the elephant-gun on his shoulder—
In a perilous pinch none is better or bolder.

In the gorge of the glen lie the bones of my steed;
And the hoofs of a heifer of fatherland's breed;
But mount, my brave boys! if our rifles prove true,
We'll soon make the spoiler his ravages rue.

Ho! the Hottentot lads have discovered the track—
To his den in the desert we'll follow him back;
But tighten your girths, and look well to your flints,
For heavy and fresh are the villain's foot-prints.

Through the rough rocky kloof into grey Huntly Glen,
Past the wild olive-clump where the wolf has his den,
By the black eagle's rock at the foot of the fell,
We have tracked him at length to the buffalo's well.

Now mark yonder brake where the blood-hounds are howling;
And hark that hoarse sound—like the deep thunder growling;
'Tis his lair—'tis his voice!—from your saddles alight;
He's at bay in the brushwood, preparing for fight.

Leave the horses behind—and be still every man:
Let the Mullars and Rennies advance in the van:
Keep fast in your ranks;—by the yell of yon hound,
The savage, I guess, will be out with a bound.

He comes! the tall jungle before him loud crashing,
His mane bristled fiercely, his fiery eyes flashing;
With a roar of disdain, he leaps forth in his wrath,
To challenge the foe that dare 'leaguer his path.

He couches—ay, now we'll see mischief, I dread!
Quick—level your rifles—and aim at his head:
Thrust forward the spears, and unsheath every knife—
St George! he's upon us!—Now fire, lads, for life!

He's wounded—but yet he'll draw blood ere he falls—
Ha! under his paw see Bezuidenhout sprawls—
Now, Diederick! Christian! right in the brain
Plant each man his bullet.—Hurra! he is slain!

Bezuidenhout—up, man!—'tis only a scratch—
(You were always a scamp, and have met with your match!)
What a glorious lion!—what sinews—what claws—
And seven-feet-ten from the rump to the jaws!

His hide, with the paws and the bones of his skull,
With the spoils of the leopard and buffalo bull,
We'll send to Sir Walter. Now, boys, let us dine,
And talk of our deeds o'er a flask of old wine."

The domestic life of one of these boors is infinitely less civilised than that of the wine and corn growers. "His hovel, generally perched on an eminence that no hostile attack may be made on it unperceived, whether by man or beast, has neither tree, nor shrub, nor blade of grass near it. A few straw huts, with a number of Hottentot women and children, naked or half-clothed in sheep-skins, are the principal objects that attract the eye. Between these huts and the boor's house, and immediately in front of the latter, surrounded by withered bushes of the thorny mimosa, is the pen, or *kraal*, in which his cattle and his sheep are shut up at night, to protect them from the wolves and hyenas, or to prevent their straying. The dung of these kraals, the accumulation of years, sometimes rises to the very eves of the house; this, however, gives no concern to the boor, who would probably see it overtop them with equal apathy. The only chance, in fact, of its ever being cleared away, is its taking fire, which, in damp weather, sometimes happens. The lambing season in this country is the season of rains, and it generally happens that not a few of the little ones, on being dropped, are smothered in the bog; a fate which sometimes attends the young calves; and this takes place within reach of woods or thickets of natural growth, where poles for constructing sheds might be had without trouble or expense! But a suggestion of this kind, leading to a deviation from the good old rule of doing exactly what *vader* had done before him, would be lost on the Cape boor."

Latrobe, in his Travels, gives the picture of an interior, which fully bears out the above description. Having heard that the wife of a vee-boor, a lady of enormous bulk, had a desire that he and his friends should visit her, they "went in a body to pay the lady a morning visit, at her own house, if the hovel she inhabited may be dignified by that name. It consists of an oblong square, enclosed in a wall of unburnt bricks, one-half of which was covered with a roof of rushes. The entrance was through the uncovered part. In this vestibule three or four naked slave-children were crawling about; a woman, partially clothed in rags, with a child strapped to her breast, was cooking some victuals at a fire, and dirt, guts, old shoes, rags of sheep-skins, and other filth, occupied every part of the premises, out and inside. On entering the main apartment, the first thing that met the eye was the carcass of a sheep just killed, hanging from a cross-beam, with a pool of blood on the clay floor, under the head; five fox-coloured cats were sitting round, watching for their share of the spoil: a milk-pail, churn, and some other kitchen utensils to the right; and to the left, the lady herself, who kindly invited Sister Schmitt to come and sit down on a stool, between her and the pendant carcass. Her husband, a very civil old man, with a grey beard, and a large straw hat, sat at the table, and a bench was placed for us between the carcass and the door. The lady herself entered freely into conversation, told us, that notwithstanding her enormous bulk, she was only forty-three years old, and good-humouredly observed, that Sister Schmitt looked now only like a little girl, passing several jokes on the difference between them. Her face still retained some vivacity and comeliness. Her body entirely filled the vast chair she sat in, on the arms of which her elbows rested. She intended soon to remove to another habitation on Serjeants Revier. When once hoisted into the waggon, she can no more quit it till she arrives at the place of her destination. From her wooden throne, she issues her commands to her slaves, Hottentots, and brutes, with the same shrill voice for which the African ladies are noted. Close to the dwelling was the beast-kraal, and the surrounding premises exhibited a congeries of lumber, rags, ruin, and disorder, not to be described. Through all this chaos ran a small stream of spring-water, clear as crystal, in vain offering its aid to cleanse the Augean stable. The lady, however, conscious of mortality, had already provided herself with a coffin of immense size, which, with her gigantic bed, is screened off the apartment by a bulk-head of matting."

In their earlier years, before attaining the unwieldy size, which generally distinguishes them, the boors spend much time, as above described, in the chase of wild animals; but there is a more atrocious species of hunt, to which they are addicted. Placed, many of them, at the very edge of the colony, and some even beyond its limits, they too often exercise an authority independent of the government, and

make war upon the neighbouring natives, whom they kill, and then drive away their cattle. The latter sometimes attempt reprisals; and thus, from the earliest date of the colony, a constant border warfare has been kept up; for, upon the least alarm of the Caffres or the Hottentots, the vee-boors are ready to assemble in *commandos*, or fighting-parties, and attack or repulse the natives with every circumstance of ferocious cruelty. In short, from the time of the first settlement down to the recent Caffre war under our own government, the colony has been kept in a continual turmoil by these Dutch graziers.

The most recent of their exploits rose to the consequence of a political rebellion. A community of vee-boors, having attracted the notice of the Cape government by their lawless depredations upon the surrounding natives, retired to Natal, to establish themselves as an independent people, and made terms with the Zoolu chief for that purpose. When this became known, a party of British soldiers were despatched to bring them to their allegiance, which, after some hard fighting, and severe privations endured by the gallant little band of soldiers, was fortunately accomplished.

It appears that these rebels had made a judicious choice of the locality for their new state. Natal, which had been already colonised by English settlers to a small extent, is favourably situated both as regards climate and conveyance by sea, besides possessing, in several parts, a productive soil. It extends along the coast of the eastern side of the African continent, commencing at the northern boundary line of the Cape Colony, and ending at Delagoa Bay. Its shores are low and sandy for some miles inland, when the land rises abruptly, till, farther west, the country attains an average elevation of nearly a thousand feet above the sea. There are numerous rivers, which, after a limited course, fall into the sea along the shores of Natal. Their beds being narrow and deep, cause them, in the wet season, to rise with great and sudden rapidity, and to bring down quantities of sand, which is deposited at their mouths to form bars across the stream, that diminish the general facilities of navigation. The elevated country is always covered with grass—a tempting advantage to the graziers—as the want of rain is seldom felt there. A few missionary stations have been established, and the missionaries have introduced several European exotics, which thrive extremely well in the rich soil of the country. It is not unlikely that this tract will be, after a time, included within the jurisdiction of the Cape local government, when it will offer a new and tempting field for emigration.

MISS MARTINEAU'S "RIOTERS."*

All who are acquainted with the powers of Miss Martineau, and the peculiar tone and temper of her works, will be glad to learn that she has turned her attention to the subject of the late riots in England. She is just the person, every one will say, to draw an impressive lesson from these unhappy events, and to convey it in a style combining interest for the general reader with the fullest possible measure of practical advice for the parties more deeply concerned. Miss Martineau has re-produced a little work calculated not to disappoint such expectations. As far as she could do so, without incurring the risk of being charged with writing fiction, she has given her account of the riots in the shape of a story; or, rather, she relates what is to appearance a real case, in a style mingling dialogue with description. A commercial traveller is the party supposed to be the narrator, and probably he was such to Miss Martineau. He comes to Manchester on one of his frequent business-journeys, and finds the shops all shut, and the people in great alarm, the rioters being actually in the place, and engaged here and there in demolishing the obnoxious factories. The traveller left his inn, and went to the streets. "I went," he is made to say, "through several by-streets, where not a man was to be seen. But I observed here and there a woman, standing in the cold and rain, at the door of a hovel, and looking anxiously up and down the street. One of these, a young woman, with a child in her arms, was standing so that the light of a lamp fell upon her features, which were so pinched by cold and misery, that I could not help stopping to speak to her. 'My good woman,' said I, 'surely your child would be better in bed than out of doors this cold night?'

'If you'll find a bed for it, and welcome,' was the answer.

'Do you mean that you are without a bed?' I inquired.

'Look in and see, if you don't believe me,' said she, stepping back. 'Here's a place for Christian people to live in. This is the way we work-people starve, while the masters get wood and iron to do their work for them. Here we sit perishing with cold and hunger, and our children dying before our faces, while they set up their machinery, and pocket the wages we ought to have.'

I followed her into the house, as she made way. It was only a small room, without any article of furniture but two old chairs. There was a grate, with no signs of fire in it, the floor was damp and dirty, and the whole appearance was as melancholy and desolate as can be imagined.

'Is this where you live; your only room?' I inquired.

'This is where we live—where we shall soon die,' answered she. 'That bit of bread,' pointing to half a loaf which lay on one of the chairs, 'is all the food we are to have till next Saturday.'

'Your husband, yourself, and your child, I suppose?'

'And my two boys. Fine boys they were, sir, six months ago; but they are so changed! I thought they had been too old for mischief; but the times have crazed them, I think; and that's my worst trouble.'

'Where are your husband and your sons?' I inquired, suspecting her meaning.

'They are where all the weaving lads are, I suppose,' said she; 'at least I have not seen them since the morning. I was looking out for them when you passed; I had nothing else to do with myself. Sir, you won't let this child die of cold before the morning? to say nothing of myself?'

'I was thinking,' said I, 'what I can do to help you. I have left my purse behind me; and, besides, money would be of no use to-night. It is too late for you to buy fuel or food. Have you any neighbours better off than yourself, who would take you in for the night?'

'There's a woman I know, who lives up those stairs opposite. She has got a fire, I see, by the light in the window. She would take me in for the night, I daresay, if you would please to ask her. But she's badly off too.'

'She shall not lose by it,' replied I. 'Let us go and ask her.'

We climbed up the steep stairs, and soon made our arrangements with the old woman, who readily consented to make up a brisker fire, to warm some broth, and to give up half her bed, on my promising to come again in the morning to pay her for her services. Before I quitted the room, I inquired the name of the poor creature whose destitute state had so deeply moved my compassion. Her name, she said, was Mary Brett."

The narrator left this poor woman, whose family fortunes form the main thread of the subsequent story, and again went to the streets, where he saw the riots in full action, and the rioters, till checked by the soldiery, wildly destroying property. Their main excuse, such as it was, was to be found in their famished faces. "Kill me at once," said one to the soldiers, "for I am dying of starvation already." He again went to give some help to the Bretts next morning, and a neighbour thus described them:—"She told me the Bretts had been very industrious, respectable people; but that, since the distresses of the times had begun, they had sunk lower and lower, till they were so changed, their neighbours scarcely knew them. Mary used to be a kind-hearted, civil-spoken woman as need be; but now she was soured by want, and was never asked a question but she answered roughly. Her sons used to be quiet, orderly, steady youths; but since they had been forced to be idle, they had been sadly apt to get into mischief. Sometimes they did not come home for three days together; their neighbours never knew what they had been after, and often prophesied that they would come to no good end."

The elder Brett ascribed all the existing mischief to the power-looms, saying that if wood and iron did the work of men, men *must* want work and starve; whence he, like others, conceived the destruction of power-looms to be essential to the relief of the prevalent distress. His kind visitant thus reasons with him:—"If the power-looms are destroyed, the masters lose all the money that was spent in setting them up; and the less money the masters have, the fewer men they will be able to employ; so that the rioters who destroy their masters' property, are actually throwing away the money that would pass through their own hands when better times come. If the masters are rich enough to build up their machinery again, the money which they would have spent in employing weavers, goes into the hands of engineers and carpenters. If they are *not* rich enough to repair the damage, they will, of course, be unable to carry on their trade; so the weavers will be ruined either way; and will find out, too late, that they brought the ruin upon their own heads." The same friendly reasoner adds, that, to check the use of inventions being impracticable, if it were even advisable, the sole and true preventive of distress to the workman was the cultivation and extension of trade, and that to impede that object by destroying machines, was a step fatal to the operatives themselves.

Still, when the narrator of our story went out to visit the father of Mrs Brett, a labourer or farmer on a small scale, he met a riotous crowd, from whom the cry arose, "Down with the looms!" The soldiers dispersed them after a painful scene, and Miss Martineau's traveller rode on to the house he sought, and found out the old man, who, in consequence of the statements made to him, carried to town some provisions for his poor daughter and family. But, alas! the two sons of the Bretts were in prison, and our traveller found, on inquiry, that two young men, whom he had noted as peculiarly desperate in the factory-attacks, were these very lads. Food was given to the Bretts and their younger children, and knitting-work was provided; but these sad circumstances formed a bar to returning hope. In answer to a question from the elder Brett, "The law must take its course upon them," I replied. "All that you can do now is, to beg of them, and to try yourself, to submit without complaint to the sentence of the law on them, and to take care that you never again do anything to the injury of public justice. If, besides this, you can preserve any misguided neighbour from crime and destruction, I am sure you will exert yourself to do so. Tell him what I have told you. Tell him that, by rioting, he sins against himself, by endangering his life and liberty; he sins against his family, by exposing them to misery and disgrace; he sins against society, by violating public order, and invading the security of property; he sins against the state, by despising its laws; he sins against his king, by denying his authority and disobeying his commands; he sins against God, by breaking his solemn oath of allegiance to his sovereign, and by neglecting the sacred precepts, 'Be subject to them that are in authority. Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man, for the Lord's sake; whether it be to the king as supreme, or unto governors as unto them that are sent by him. Fear God; honour the king.'"

Our traveller left Manchester, but had returned at the time of the Lancaster assizes, at which the rioters were to be tried. He went, of course, to see the Bretts, and found the wife anxious and pale, but not in starvation, as formerly. She had done her knitting-work, and had been paid for it; and her husband had had a little work, though the regular weaving-trade was as low as ever. It was the fate of her boys, however, that made Mary Brett pale and anxious. She exclaimed, "'Oh, sir! you have been so kind to us, I am ashamed to ask for more. But if you could lend us some money to pay a lawyer, it would be doing what we most want. My husband will pay you when better times come, and the lads themselves, if they get off, will work their fingers to the bone for you. Sir, I would lay down my life for theirs, if I could; and think what it is for me to be sitting here, unable to do anything for them, and forced to see them go to destruction for want of timely help. Think, sir, 'tis not as if they had murdered or robbed, though rioting is a crime. They knew little of what they were doing, and I am sure they will repent as soon as they do know; and then they may get up their characters again, and work for us, and be a comfort and pride to us again. Oh, sir! if you would'——

'I will take care, Mary, your sons shall not suffer for want of counsel. I am going over to Lancaster to-night, and I will see about it.'

'God bless you, sir!'"

The traveller went over to Manchester, and found the poor lads sincerely penitent. They were found guilty. On being called on in form, the elder of them, before sentence, stood up, and said, "'Please your worship, I have only one thing to say, and that not so much on my own account, as for a warning to others. I was led away by some bad people, who came among us to delude us by saying what was false about the laws. I don't say but what I did very wrong, particularly as I have a younger brother who was led into trouble at the same time; and, between us, we have almost broken our father and mother's hearts, just at the time when they most want us to comfort them, for they are very poor. If, on their account, or on account of my sorrow for what I have done, your worship could have mercy on me, I solemnly promise not to break the laws any more, and to do all I can to prevent others breaking them. That's all I have to say.'"

The elder, George, got three years' imprisonment; the younger, whose chief crime was a bold attempt to rescue his brother, was sentenced to but six months' confinement. The meeting between father and sons is most affectingly pictured. "Poor George was leaning over the table, with his face hid, when we entered the cell; and he did not look up till I spoke to him. He then started, and was going to speak, but seeing his father, he turned his back to us, and leaning against the wall, sobbed aloud.

'George, my boy,' said the old man, 'don't turn from me. Why should not you speak to your own father?'

'Don't come near me, father; don't speak kindly to me; I can't bear it, when I have almost broken your heart.'

'No, George, no. Consider, I did as wrong as you, and at the very same time; it was both for want of knowing better. Though you have met with punishment, and I have escaped it, you did no worse than I, and so I cannot reproach you, even if I wished it. But I had rather bear your punishment for you, if I could, than reproach you with it, except on your mother's account. It's well for her that I got off.'

'To think of her!' said George; 'so fond and so proud as she was of us! And now to see us both disgraced, and put into prison, to waste our best days, when we ought to be working for her.'

'How I wish,' thought I, 'that the mischievous leaders of the mob, and the poor deluded creatures that are led astray by them, could see all that I have seen, and learn the consequences of their unlawful violence! I have seen the produce of ingenuity and industry destroyed; I have seen the wealthy brought down to poverty, and the poor to starvation; I have seen alarm and distrust spread over the whole face of a populous and once happy country; the minds of the

* The Rioters; a Tale, by Harriet Martineau. London: Houlston and Stoneman. 1842.

young perverted and corrupted; the hearts of the old wrung with sorrow; I have seen children bring anguish on their parents, and parents compelled to behold the best years of their children's lives wasted in a prison. What poverty, what violence, what ruin, what grief, what remorse, have I beheld! These are the consequences of rioting.'"

Of the important lessons conveyed in the dialogues of this little work, we have been unable to give anything like a fair specimen. But we have perhaps given enough to attract that attention to this new token of Miss Martineau's philanthropy and talents, which it so well merits.

THE ROUND TOWERS OF IRELAND.

THE twenty-third number of Mr and Mrs Hall's beautiful and most interesting work on Ireland brings the subject of the celebrated Round Towers prominently into notice, and suggests our giving our readers some general account of those extraordinary and mysterious buildings.

For the benefit of those who never have heard of the subject of this paper, let us explain that the Round Towers of Ireland are ancient structures, of a peculiar and striking form, scattered all over the sister island, with no distinct record of their original use or purpose. The number formerly existing was much greater than it now is, when only about eighty-three can be enumerated, of which little more than twenty are entire. As may well be supposed, they are objects of no small degree of popular wonder, and a highly interesting study for the local antiquary. And, indeed, they are not unworthy of attention beyond the shores of Ireland; for, overlooking for the meantime two specimens in Scotland, there is no example of the same class of buildings in any part of Christian Europe. They clearly bespeak an age far beyond the dawn of history in our portion of the world, and in this respect are scarcely less remarkable than those wondrous and forlorn cities of central America, with which Mr Stephens has of late made us so well acquainted.

One peculiar and unvarying figure attaches to all the Round Towers of Ireland, as well as to the two which exist in Scotland. They are in every instance tapering as well as round, generally about a hundred feet in height, having a conical cap on the top. The diameter at the bottom varies between eight and fifteen feet; the door is generally ten or twelve feet above the ground; there are usually appearances of three or four floors having been placed in them, each provided with a small window; and, generally, close under the cap, there are four small windows corresponding to the cardinal points (only two towers having six in this situation). Though a hundred feet is about the average height of the perfect towers, there are some considerably shorter (one at 84, another at 60), and some considerably taller, one being imperfect at 110. The variations of form are very limited: the tower at Kinneagh is hexagonal at the base, and rotund above; Ardmore has three external belts, Dysart one, and Devenish presents a belt of sculptured work under the cap. The door is in some instances arched, in others a plain oblong. The masonry is, in all cases that we are acquainted with (and this description includes the two Scottish towers), composed of regular courses of freestone, neatly laid and finely joined, while the interior is rougher, the mortar invariably appearing of the finest and firmest consistence. It may therefore be readily imagined that the Round Towers do not appear the production of a rude people. They bear evidence, on the contrary, of having been reared by a nation which had made considerable advances in the arts, and perhaps also in science. On this last point, the arrangement of the windows seems to afford strong proof. The entireness of so many of these buildings after a lapse of centuries, probably not less than twelve, but probably several more, and the neatness of the workmanship, strike the mind very forcibly. It has been stated, with respect to that at Brechin in Scotland, that its upper part is observed to bend backwards and forwards in a high wind, and we have no doubt that such is the fact. One peculiarity of position is also attached to all these structures—they are invariably situated in the close neighbourhood of churches.

It was not till a very recent period that the Irish antiquaries first turned their attention to the Round Towers. In the absence of all record of their origin, conjecture has been busily employed respecting them, and they have been represented by different writers as belfries—as beacons—as penitentiaries—and as anchorite stations analogous to the pillars of the eastern saints. In 1830, the Royal Irish Academy proposed a prize for a satisfactory essay on the subject, and ultimately gave prizes to two gentlemen who advocated different views with superior ability, Mr O'Brien and Mr Petrie. The former has since published his essay, and that of the latter gentleman is, we understand, about to appear. By Mr O'Brien, the Round Towers are represented as the production of a heathen people, and connected with the East. Mr Petrie considers them as of less remote origin, as in fact built by the early Christians in Ireland as belfries and places in which to store valuables belonging to churches and monasteries.

We suspect that Mr Petrie's theory only proceeds from a wish to diminish the sense of wonder respecting the origin of the Round Towers. Such a wish is generally laudable, but it should not be carried too far. If the Round Towers were of Christian origin at all, it is incomprehensible that the history of the early priesthood of Ireland says so little about them, and does not speak of the building of a single individual of the number. The few notices of them obtained in early Irish history mention them under the names of *Turaghan* and *Feidh nemedh*, but make no mention of their *erection, era*, or *use*—thus seeming to show that they were ancient buildings of unknown origin a thousand years ago, as they are now. One of the earliest events of Irish history, the overthrow of the Firbolg power by the Danaans, is stated to have occurred at a place called, from the vicinity of towers, *Muigh Tuireth na bh Fomorach* (the plain of the Fomorian Tower). *Tor inis* (Tory Island), the Island of the Tower, is also noticed at a like early period, and so is the Tower of *Temur* or Tara, &c. The annals of the four Masters, at 898, mention the Turaghan Ancoire (the Fire Tower of the Anchorite) at Inniscailtre, or Holy Island, already mentioned. The Ulster annals at 996 say that lightning destroyed Armagh, sparing neither the infirmaries, the cathedral, the *Erdam*, nor the *Fedneamead*. The same has Tigernach at that year, except for *Erdam* he substitutes *Cloichteach* (a belfry). Of the erection of churches we have abundant mention in these annals, whilst of the towers we have only those just given; and comparing the magnitude and importance of the respective buildings, we may reasonably suppose that, did these towers appertain to the same era with the churches, the annals would not have been so silent regarding them—a further evidence, in our estimation, of their extreme antiquity.

We must confess that at one time our own opinion was in favour of their being anchorite establishments; but against this and the belfry theory alike, very strong objections are adduced. If they had been designed for anchorites, "there was no necessity for raising them to so great a height, and of such materials; whilst the adjoining churches were low and small, and many of them of *timber*. It is true that Anchoritism did greatly prevail in early Ireland, but the recluse selected far humbler retreats than lofty towers. We have still near many of our older churches small cells, which served them as hermitages, as at Ardfert, Scattery, and Glendalough. The cell of Declan at Ardmore—his residence in life, his grave in death—still subsists, and is called the *Bonachan*. The cell of Marianus Scotus was a similar lowly building. But although the towers were assuredly not erected for the reception of Anchorites, yet in after ages some few of them may have been used by these people for their penitential abodes. Such was the case with the *Turaghan Ancoire* (the Fire Tower of the Anchorite) on Holy Island, in the Shannon. The name refers at once to its original Pagan, and subsequent Christian use. Harris mentions the tradition, that an Anchorite lived at the top of the tower of Drumlahan, in Cavan, which on that account retained the name of *Cloich-Ancoire*, or the stone building of the Anchorite.

Probability is not in favour of their having been originally raised as belfries; their *form*, as well as their *separation* and *distance* from the church, being so unlike to the belfries of all other countries. As at periods long subsequent to their foundation, in some few instances they may have been availed of by hermits, so in others a bell may have been suspended; this has been the case at Cloyne for the last 150 years, and at Castledermot. In the Irish annals, after the introduction of belfries into Ireland at the close of the ninth century, we have frequent notices of the Cloichteach, or Campanile. It is expressly distinguished from the *Turaghan* or *Fidneimhedh*. The Cloichteach, or Clochier, seems to have been generally of timber, as mention occurs of some of them having been consumed by fire. These buildings, so recorded, are placed in localities where no round tower appears to have ever been; as at Slane, Clonard, Emly, Telcha, &c. We have still subsisting two specimens of the Cloichteach at Cashel—the earliest structures of the kind probably in Ireland. They stand at either side, and form part of Cormac's chapel, a structure of the ninth century; are square, and built with well cut stones. A round tower, of very different stone and architecture, built in layers not horizontal, stands several yards north of these structures. If its purpose had been that of a belfry, there was scarcely any necessity for building the two towers just mentioned. A similar instance of a round tower near a square steeple occurs at Swords, and at Devenish. We have, adjoining several other towers, old churches with bell gables; as at Donaghmore, Killicullen, Tulloherin, Kilree, Fertagh, &c. These would not have been thought necessary if the round tower had been a belfry.

Their situation next to churches (keeping out of view, however, their severance and isolation from them) it is which has mainly led into the error of supposing that they were the works of Christian ecclesiastics. But, as remarked by Mr Weld, 'it might be stated conversely, perhaps with as much propriety, that the churches were built contiguous to the towers;' and he illustrates this by the well-known disposition manifested by the early Christian missionaries to accommodate their worship to that of their Pagan proselytes; amongst many evidences of which was the eager appropriation of heathen temples and places consecrated to their gods, to Christian uses."

One thing contends strongly against any supposition of their being of Christian origin—they are unlike any structure in use by the Christian clergy of any other country. It is most unlikely that this peculiar form of building would be invented by the missionaries who Christianised Ireland and Scotland; for, if such had been the case, we might have expected that some of the holy men of Ireland, who became distinguished on the continent, would have transferred the same form of building thither, which in no instance have they done. Three of the towers, it is true, namely, Donaghmore, Antrim, and Brechin, have Christian emblems on the doorways; but in two instances these have been shown to be modern. "It is certain that the early ecclesiastics, in appropriating to themselves the old Pagan places of worship everywhere, took care, very generally, to impose emblems of their religion on the converted structures." Supposing, then, that the round tower was not an invention of the Irish missionaries, we are forced to presume for them an origin in some earlier heathen system, and perhaps a different race.

The opinion of Mr Windele, author of "Historical and Descriptive Notices of Cork," who seems to have furnished the materials for Mr and Mrs Hall's treatment of this subject, is that the round towers were temples used in the system of fire-worship, which anciently prevailed in Ireland. The arguments by which he supports his hypothesis are very plausible. It appears that in India there still are similar round towers, formerly used by the fire-worshippers. "Lord Valentia was particularly struck by the resemblance which he observed between two round towers at Bhangulpore, in India, and those of Ireland. The doors were elevated; there were four windows at top, and the roofs were arched with stone." "Pennant, speaking of the Polygars of India, says that they retain the *old religion;* and he describes their pagodas as buildings of a cylindrical or round tower shape, with their tops either pointed or truncated, frequently ornamented with a ball or spike, intended to represent the sun—an emblem of the deity of the place." "Hyde has given a drawing of one of the Eastern structures, with its four upper windows emitting volumes of smoke." Caucasus, the country of the ancient Iberians, of whom were the first colonists of Ireland, still abounds in round towers; and in Sardinia, which was colonised by Iberians, such structures are numerous under the name of *nuraggi*. Some countenance is afforded to this view by the vernacular name given to the round towers of Ireland, *cillcagh* or *golcagh*, a compound of two sacred words meaning fire and divinity. The particular names of several bear, likewise, allusion to fire. It is also to be remarked that "the worship of fire by the ancient Irish is a fact sufficiently vouched by the Irish annals and saints' lives, as well as by existing practices on the eves of May, Midsummer, &c. Its votaries were divided into two sects, one which lighted the sacred fire in the open temple, as at *Gall-ti-mor* (the flame of the great circle), *Gall-Baille* (the flame of the community), &c.; and the other which enclosed it in the *Sun-Tower* (*Turaghan*) or in low over-arched buildings, such as the *Boens*, the cells at *Gall-erous*, &c. The tower and low square temple were equally common to the Persians, with whom, as well as, indeed, with most of the other early Pagan nations, fire or the sun formed a main object of adoration."

"The researches conducted in 1841 by Messrs Odell, Abell, Hackett, Wall, Horgan, and Windele, by which nine of these structures have been examined, have established the sepulchral character of many of the Irish towers. In the base of the Tower of Ardmore the remains of two skeletons were found deposited in a bed of sifted earth. Above this was a floor of concrete, over which were four successive layers of large stones, closely fitted to each other, and over these was laid another floor of smoothed concrete. Here a care and precaution were displayed indicating the importance of the personages interred, whilst the absence of any remains of coffin, or crosier, or ring, or other ornament, afforded a fair presumption that the deceased were not Christian. Three skeletons have been found in the base of Cloyne Tower. Human remains were also discovered in the Tower of Ram Island (Antrim). Similar discoveries have been recently made in the Tower of Roscrea, by E. Wall, Esq., of that town. The Tower of Dromboe has been submitted to a like examination. In this, at several feet below a deposit of rubbish, earth, human bones, horns, and stones, which had undergone the action of fire, a concrete floor similar to that found in the towers of Ardmore, Cloyne, Roscrea, &c., was reached. Beneath this was found a stratum of dark loamy earth, under which, even with the foundation of the building, lay a skeleton nearly perfect. Of the skull, a cast has been taken for the Belfast Natural History Society. But what beyond all question decides the Paganism of these buildings, is the discovery of an *urn*, in the Tower of Timahoe, and of fragments of others in those of Brechin and Abernethy, in Scotland; in the latter, beside a portion of an *urn* of *green* clay, Mr Black, the author of a "History of Brechin," says that bones were got laid below flat stones; thus in the same sepulchre exhibiting cremation and inhumation together, as has been found in Etruscan tombs. These discoveries justify the name of one of the Irish towers, *Fertagh*, the sepulchral fire-tower; and clearly assimilate those structures to the Nuraggi, the Gozo Tower, the Dagobas of Ceylon, and other most ancient structures appertaining to sun worship."

It may be remarked, in connexion with this subject,

though not in illustration of it, that the Irish have a mythic hero of the art of architecture, to whom, in their popular legends, they attribute many of these curious buildings. They call him the Goban Saer, and allege that he was employed in his professional capacity in other countries besides Ireland. The name of this imaginary being, observes Mrs Hall, "will live while the Irish race shall retain their vernacular tongue, or his maxims of wisdom are the oracles of unlettered instruction. I have not learned the particular period at which he flourished, but tradition says that he was superior to all his contemporaries in the art of building; even in that dark age, when so little communication existed between countries not so remotely situated, his fame extended to distant lands."

SCHOOL FOR RECLAIMING BOYS.

In October 1841, an institution of a somewhat peculiar nature was opened in Aberdeen, its object being to reclaim the most destitute children from a life of crime, or at least of street vagrancy and wretchedness. In its character, the institution, which is connected with the House of Refuge, partakes of the nature of an asylum and a school. It feeds and educates, but does not lodge or clothe, leaving these duties to the parents of the children. No money has been laid out in erecting a building for the institution, but a place is hired for its accommodation, which answers every desired purpose. For all who are admitted, the entire cost of management and education is L.103 a-year, exclusive of the expense of food, which is about 3d. per day for each boy, or L.4, 10s. per annum. To meet the general expenditure, the inmates are required to give their labour, such as it is. By working at net-making, picking oakum, hair, and senna, each boy earns at least 1d. a-day, or 30s. a-year. It is expected that the profits from the labour will in future exceed this sum, as the children are now partly trained, and a plentiful supply of work has been procured. The routine of a day's employment embraces five hours for work, four hours for instruction in reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and singing, and three hours for meals and play. On Sundays, the pupils attend for religious instruction. Another important fact connected with the institution is, that the benevolent founder of the school, Mr Sheriff Watson, has, at his own expense, hired a garden containing about an acre and a half, for which he pays a rent of L.9, 15s. a-year; and it is believed that from this field of labour no small benefit in many respects will be derived.

In the lately issued Prison Report for Scotland, in which these particulars are enumerated, a statement respecting the progress of the institution is given by its superintendent, Mr Reid, from which we make the following extract:—"The number of names on the roll is about sixty, and the average attendants fifty. This state of matters is accounted for, by observing, that attendance is quite voluntary, and that many of those who have been brought forward by the police officers and others, as proper objects of the charity, preferring their old ways, have, after a very limited period (say two or three days), left us. Those, however, who have continued any time, have in general been most regular, and their conduct deserves marked approbation. These appear to be making very considerable progress in education and good order. To speak definitively of the effect of the school scheme from so short an experiment, seems unadvisable; good, doubtless, in various ways has resulted from the means used, but the permanence of the effect produced has yet to be seen. Indeed, it would scarcely be fair to expect, taking all the circumstances into consideration, that a very distinct and lasting impression should be produced by a period of training so brief. It may be mentioned, by way of encouragement, in passing, that of the boys brought forward by the police officers at the opening of the school, two have got employment, and two boys, very unpromising in appearance, have continued in attendance during the eight months with the greatest regularity. The one has not been absent a single day, and the other only twice or thrice. The former is a good scholar, attentive and very industrious at work, although very untidy in his habits; in these, too, a slight improvement is apparent; the latter is more backward at his lessons, and more thoughtless in every way, but still, from his steady attendance, improvement in due course may reasonably be expected. A boy, who had been thrice convicted of theft, attended with considerable regularity for six months, and then obtained a small piece of work; but, as his character was very unsettled, it is to be feared that little durable effect can have been produced in his case. As, however, he has gone on hitherto pretty well, it may be hoped good advice has not altogether been thrown away on him.

Another boy, who had a very bad character also, when brought forward by the police officers, and who was one of three found pilfering from the school (the only cases known since the commencement), has seemingly become much more steady, and is making improvement in knowledge and good conduct. Two brothers may also be mentioned, who had no means of living but by begging. Nothing bad was known of their character. These boys and their mother appear very grateful for the privileges of the school, by which they are saved the necessity of asking charity from door to door, and are enabled to do a little for their own maintenance. These appear good docile boys, rescued, for the present, from a degrading occupation.

Some boys who had been inmates of the House of Refuge, but who, according to the determination of the committee of management, could not be continued longer, were transferred to the school, by which means their previous training is continued, and their steadiness put to the test. In their case, it is surely of great importance that the connexion which had been of advantage to them has not been entirely severed; their continued improvement is confidently looked for.

In conclusion, there cannot be a doubt of the utility of the scheme. It has hitherto wrought much more pleasantly than was anticipated; and while there has been little to discourage, there has been much, very much, which can be better felt than expressed by those who come in contact with these poor children, to animate to still greater exertions for their advantage. Without being over sanguine as to the effects that may flow from this and similar schemes, looking with confidence for the Divine blessing, we hesitate not to believe that the beneficial results will be, ultimately, fully commensurate with our largest expectations."

The following encouraging statement is from the report of the superintendent of police in Aberdeen for the year 1841, and was written when the Industrial School had been opened three months:—

"In the cases of theft for the by-past year, the property stolen was, for the most part, of very trifling value, and consisted principally of small sums of money taken from the person, and articles of wearing apparel; and it may be mentioned, that, in many of the cases, the offenders were wives who had been deserted by their husbands; boys and girls deserted by their parents; and, in many cases, by boys and girls who were known to have been sent out by their parents to beg, and, as is suspected, in many instances, to steal.

During the last three or four months, however, thefts by these juvenile offenders have been less frequent than during the previous months of the year; indeed, I may say that, during the former period, only three boys, two of whom were previously known to the police, have been convicted of that crime; and I am only able to attribute this state of things to the School of Industry, in connexion with the House of Refuge, lately established under the superintendence of Mr Reid. There are upwards of sixty boys at present attending that institution, from 9 in the morning until 8 in the evening, a great number of whom, previous to their being admitted into it, had no visible means of earning a livelihood, unless by begging or stealing; and whose parents, from their situation and habits of life, were unable to render them assistance, but, on the contrary, sent them out to beg, or at least under that pretence.

Previous to the opening of this establishment, numerous complaints were made at the watch-house by families in town regarding these young offenders, and on market-days in particular, by country people, as well as the inhabitants, of having had money or other articles stolen from their baskets or persons. These complaints, however, during the period alluded to, have not been so frequent.

It is much to be regretted that a similar establishment has not been set on foot for the reception of young girls, a number of whom are constantly prowling about the streets, under the pretence of begging, but who generally avail themselves of every opportunity to steal. Unless they be secured in some way against bad example and advice, their reformation will be in a great measure hopeless.

In addition to the above, it may be stated that no boys were tried at the last circuit, except two, who had been committed before the Industrial School was opened, and that not a single boy has been brought before the sheriff for trial since that period. That the local authorities think the Industrial School serves to diminish crime, is shown by the fact, that the town council have contributed L.20 to it out of the fund used for the prosecution of offenders (called the Rogue Money fund), and by the Commissioners of Police having given 20 guineas out of their funds."

Mr Hill, the framer of the Report, concludes the subject with the following judicious observations:—"Although the foregoing report cannot be regarded as highly satisfactory, and although I am convinced that such an institution as the Industrial School of Aberdeen is productive of a large balance of good, it must not be forgotten, that any institution, which, like this school, is open only to the destitute, is attended with danger, and that unless great caution be taken, such an establishment may silently be weakening the motives to industry and providence among the working-classes, and thereby impairing the general framework of society. Parents who have brought children into existence, whom, from their own idleness, drunkenness, or improvidence, they are unable to maintain, and whom they cast as a burden on others, ought, in my opinion, themselves to be placed in a state of discipline and restraint, so that the evil may at least be stopped. But the double object of training neglected and destitute children aright, and of putting their parents under control, can scarcely be attained in the present state of the Scottish poor law."

A PROFESSOR OF MINERALOGY AT CHRISTIANIA.

I found the learned gentleman in a low room about ten feet square, at the end of a dark covered way, which was entered from the street, and across which was a gate with broken hinges; the window of this apartment looked on a dirty courtyard lumbered up with tubs, an old cart, and a barrel or two of earth containing ore to be analysed. But the room itself was even worse than its situation, and its multifarious contents more difficult to analyse than the ore. It contained in one corner a small dirty bed; and on one side was a book-case, from the dusty top shelf of which, by mounting upon one of the three old crazy chairs, he handed a book down to me. On another side stood an antique clock, its face covered with figures and divers circles, emblematic, no doubt, of the mystic religion of Norway. On the wall were hanging thermometers, barometers, and hydrometers, and every other sort of *ometer*, numberless, dusty, and mysterious; loadstones with weights attached to them: scales, pendulums, and an endless *et cetera*. Opposite to these was an old bureau full of mineralogical curiosities, among which he showed me an earth previously unknown, which he had lately discovered, and a crystal not yet observed by any other person, and such like marvels. All these were lying in confusion confounded, amidst pots and pans, basins, crucibles, receivers, retorts, bottles of every sort, shape, and size, and flanked with glasses of every kind and form. His large table, covered with tablets, manuscripts, and books, cups, funnels, and every denomination of vessels, baffled all description. When I disturbed him, he was engaged in analysing some specimens of minerals; but, to my taste, he was by far the most extraordinary specimen of all. Fancy a little dirty old man, with blear eyes, whose face looked as if it had not been washed any more than his originally white, now dark brown, night-cap, since his spectacles were made; and the furrow they had worn upon his nose showed their use had been of some years' standing: and to augment his beauty, a huge black plaster was stuck on one temple. He wore a dirty shirt crusted with snuff, a gay coloured waistcoat reaching over his hips, a brown coat and trousers far too wide for his shrunken shanks, while a pair of immense slippers completed the costume of this subterranean octogenarian, or, I may say, Mediterranean prodigy. Despite his rough and unpromising exterior, his manners were not only agreeable, but polished; and he very kindly showed me his collection of minerals, which is valuable and well arranged. He was a pupil of Werner's, and is a man of considerable talent.—*Milford's Norway.*

CONDITION OF WEAVERS IN AMERICA.

[From Thomson's *Travels of a Tradesman.*]

THERE are numerous handloom weavers throughout all these [Western] states, who make a very comfortable living. The way they carry on their work is pretty much the same as that of the country weavers in Scotland, only they have longer webs, and are rather better paid. The kind of work most common is wincey, satinets, and flannel; the latter article is very generally used by the country people for shirts to the men and petticoats to the women. It is always woven white, and the yarn is very good. An ordinary hand with the fly-lay can weave ten or twelve yards easily; the usual price is about sixpence sterling per yard; no allowance for warping or gearing. In the agricultural districts, any man that can do this kind of work may get through the world very easily. Many of the farmers have looms in their own houses; but this is more a matter of necessity than choice, and they consider a weaver in the neighbourhood an acquisition; will help him to build a house, sell him a few acres of land, and take an interest in his success. I have been told by weavers and people about the mills, that a good many leave their places and buy—even sometimes get—a few acres of land, and commence in this way.

Emigrants of the handicraft class come crowding to the manufacturing towns and well-known districts, where they frequently cannot get work until their means are expended: besides, they glut the labour market, when other places are in want of them; instead of which, if they would just shut their eyes, and walk twenty miles straight into any ordinary well-settled district, they would find profitable employment in this and many other ways.

A number of weavers find employment in all the cities and towns, weaving clouty carpets; but this field is pretty well occupied. Still, there are hundreds in New York, Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, &c., who make a living in this way.

I wrought at two carding-mills in Canada, and had twenty dollars a-month in both places, and boarded. These establishments are of great value to the farmers, many of whom have looms in their houses, from which they have a supply of home-made stuffs; and here, too, as in the States, there is a numerous class of country weavers, who make a very good living, working for the farmers, and cultivating a piece of land for themselves. There was one of these, in the last-named township, that I used to visit, of whom I shall take particular notice, as he is a fair example of this class of tradesmen. His name was John Kelly, an Irishman: he came out here five years ago, and all the knowledge he had of the business was learned in weaving linen dowlas at a factory near Belfast. He had a wife, two children, and five sovereigns when he arrived in Toronto. He said himself he had only thirty shillings, but his wife told me he had five pounds, and I believed her; besides, he had some friends to advise and assist him. Now he has a nice little frame house, with a *butt and a ben*, and a stair leading between the apartments up to a roomy garret, where he has his warping stakes. He has also a cow and a calf, two swine, lots of cocks and hens, four children, with dogs and cats, and all the et ceteras of a thriving household. His loom was in a corner of the apartment they lived in, just beside the fire-place, and all around were heavy bundles of woollen yarn. He

wrought with the hand-shuttle; his children filled the *pirns*, and he taught them to read while at work. He has four acres of cleared land, plenty of potatoes, oatmeal, Indian corn, &c. The wife said, such a thing as wanting provisions for themselves or children never came into her mind, for John had more work than he could do; and she would be perfectly happy if she could just see *Ould* Ireland once more before she died.

I often thought it a pity that so many of my countrymen, who have been brought up to the weaving business, should have to labour twelve or sixteen hours a-day for the privilege of being half-starved, and brought to a premature grave, when there is such a wide and continually increasing field open to them all over Canada and the northern and western states of the Union; although Lower Canada is probably not the best place to emigrate to. The condition of the customer weavers all over the States and Canada is equal, if not superior, to that of the country weavers in Scotland some forty years ago, when every one had a cow and a little bit of land, and when they spent the long winter evenings as often by the fireside as they did between what is now appropriately called the "four *stoops* o' misery." But although there are as good prospects for this class of tradesmen, both in the United States and Canada, as for any other, I feel great hesitation in advising any to emigrate; so much depends on individual courage, perseverance, tact, and management. Their previous habits, too, are much against their chance of comfort and success, in beginning a comparatively new mode of life; but the greatest difficulty of all is in the want of means. I cannot conceive how a weaver, with even a small family, could leave this country and commence as a customer weaver in any part of America, unless he could raise some L.30 or L.35 at the least; and where is he to get it?

WEEDS.

[From the "Gardeners' Chronicle."]

Is there any manure that will kill weeds? is a question that is not unfrequently put to us. Will nitrate of soda, or nitrate of ammonia, or guano, or urates? That such questions should be asked proves one thing at least, that there is a general desire to know how to extirpate weeds. We wish we could add, that they also indicate some acquaintance with the rudiments at least of vegetable physiology.

Weeds, like other plants, have each their peculiar constitution, prefer certain kinds of food, and perish upon the application of others. We have seen a pound of nitrate of soda administered to a seakale plant without visible effect; half an ounce would probably destroy a rhododendron. Common stable manure is prejudicial to coniferous plants, and in over doses will kill them; an oak feeds greedily upon it. So it is with weeds. Excessive doses of salt will destroy all ordinary vegetation, weeds included, but promote the growth of asparagus in a most remarkable degree, as has been shown by one of our correspondents; thus proving itself to be a poison to one plant and a nutritious food to another. But salt cannot be used in large doses to extirpate weeds generally, because some may imitate the asparagus, and may flourish under its action, and most crops will certainly be destroyed by it. Professor Henslow succeeded in destroying moss and weeds on gravel walks by means of corrosive sublimate, green vitriol, and blue vitriol, especially the last. But corrosive sublimate destroys every living form of vegetation as well as the weeds; and the two sorts of vitriol have no permanent action, encouraging the subsequent growth of many plants, and so promoting the vegetation of weeds rather than destroying it.

In practice, these chemical agents can only be employed for the destruction of weeds in certain special cases, such as the asparagus, which thrives under doses of salt which kill most other plants; or as seakale, which seems to be affected in the same way; or as tobacco, which feeds greedily upon quantities of nitrate of soda which would destroy any ordinary vegetation. In general, we must look to other means for ridding ourselves of troublesome weeds, and we shall find those means in industry and common sense. The two, separate, are good things, but they are better mixed together.

Among the more troublesome weeds are common annuals, such as chickweed, groundsel, sowthistle, and fat hen. In slovenly gardens they are abundant; in a well-kept garden they are unknown; in neglected places they overrun everything for a time. It is discreditable to a gardener that any one of them should ever be seen upon the premises bigger than a seedling; in that state they must be found, because their seeds are brought from a distance by the air, by manure, and by other means. Yet we do see them, far too often, in full bloom, and in places where better things should be expected. When the slovenly gardener is remonstrated with for their presence, his answer usually is, "Why, I am always hoeing them up; but they breed so fast, that there is no keeping them down." To be sure they do. They were created to produce food for small birds, and an unusual power of reproduction is given them, in order to furnish such creatures with a constant supply of seed. But there is no occasion to make a garden into a bird-farm; the woods and the fields afford ample space for the harvest of our feathered friends. "But," says the slovenly gardener, "I am always hoeing them up; what can I do more than that?" and this, he thinks, settles the question. If, however, we cast only a glance at the sloven's proceedings, we find those weeds which he is always hoeing up lying on the ground in full flower, ripening there, and scattering all around them a new crop of seedlings; so that the sloven, by his own act, is perpetually renewing his labour. The ancients had a fable of a hero, named Sisyphus, a great freebooter, who, for his misdeeds, was condemned by Pluto to the punishment of pushing to the top of a mountain a large stone, which, as soon as it reached the summit, rolled back into the plain below, whence the unlucky Sisyphus had to push it up again. Now, our gardener, who cuts up his weeds just in time to let them sow themselves again, is only a Sisyphus in a small way; with this difference, however, that he rolls his stone at his master's expense, and not his own. When the master complains of the scandalous state of his garden, our horticultural Sisyphus bustles about; exclaims, "I'll put it all to rights directly, sir;" plies the hoe and rake, and, presto, the garden is clean, and, in seeming, what it should be; but the first shower of rain brings up all the seeds that have been sown, and there is a green carpet of groundsel, chickweed, and their fellows.

There is no excuse for this sort of mismanagement, because it costs less to destroy such weeds in the right way than in the wrong. The plain and obvious rule is to pull them up as they appear, and while still in the state of seedlings. Then, every plant that is removed is effectually destroyed, and leaves no young ones behind it. Any boy, at half-a-crown a-week, can be taught to distinguish them; and if the plan is persevered in, there will very soon be nothing for the boy to do. Strict attention must, however, be paid to their thorough extirpation when young; it will not do to pull up almost all, and to leave the remainder to seed; for in that case the labour has to be all gone over again, just as if a gardening Sisyphus had been at work.

People are hardly aware of the rate at which such a plant as groundsel increases. A little calculation will make that evident. Each flower-head of the groundsel produces about sixty seeds, furnished with feathery wings, whereon to fly from place to place. A very moderate specimen of the plant bears twenty heads capable of producing ripe seeds at the same time, even when cut up; therefore, every neglected plant of the groundsel, even if eventually destroyed, fills the soil with twelve hundred seeds, every one of which will in all probability grow. This, however, is a very low computation; and if a single plant, instead of being pulled up, is allowed to stand and flourish, and scatter its seed abroad upon the wings of the wind, twelve thousand, or even ten times twelve thousand, seedlings will be produced; and that is a pretty considerable stone for a garden Sisyphus to roll up-hill again. Every precaution should therefore be taken to prevent one single specimen of the groundsel producing even its flowers, not to say seeds, in a well-managed garden.

What is true of groundsel is equally true of sowthistle, chickweed, shepherd's-purse, sun-spurge, and the whole race of weeds, whether annual or perennial, multiplied by seeds. A little labour, well applied at first, and steadily persevered in, will save a large amount of it at last, and is the only effectual means that exists of extirpating this large class of plants.

Perennial weeds, which multiply by their creeping stems, or their roots, require special considerations, which we must defer till another opportunity.

ON SEEING A CHILD FALL ASLEEP AMID ITS SPORTS.

BY MISS PARDOE.

WEARIED with pleasure! Oh, how deep
Such slumber seems to be—
Thou fairy creature! I could weep
As thus I gaze on thee;
Ay, weep, and with most bitter tears,
Wrung from the spirit's core,
To think that in a few short years
Thou'lt sleep that sleep no more.

Wearied with pleasure! what a sound
To greet a world-worn ear!
Can we who tread life's giddy round,
Sleep like the cherub here?
Alas! for us joy's brightest hours
All fever as they fly,
And leave a blight—as sun-struck flowers
Of too much glory die.

Wearied with pleasure! Does the wing
Of angels fan thy brow?
Sweet child, do birds about thee sing,
And blossoms round thee blow?
Is thy calm sleep with gladness rife?
Do stars above thee shine?
Oh, I would give whole years of life
To dream such dreams as thine!

EXTRAORDINARY MECHANIC.

In the town of Alyth, there lived a man of much provincial celebrity, of the name of James Sandy. The originality of genius and eccentricity of character which distinguished this remarkable person have rarely been surpassed. Deprived, at an early age, of his legs, he contrived, by dint of ingenuity, not only to pass his time agreeably, but to render himself a useful member of society. He soon displayed a taste for mechanical pursuits, and contrived, as a workshop for his operations, a sort of circular bed, the sides of which being raised about eighteen inches above the clothes, were employed as a platform for turning-lathes, tables, vices, and for tools of all kinds. His genius for practical mechanics was universal. He was skilled in all sorts of turning, and constructed some very curious lathes, as well as clocks and musical instruments of every description, no less admired for the sweetness of their tone than the elegance of their execution. He excelled, too, in the construction of optical instruments, and made some reflecting telescopes, the specula of which were not inferior to those furnished by the most eminent London artists. He suggested some important improvements in the machinery for spinning flax; and we believe he was the first who made the wooden-jointed snuff-boxes, generally called Laurence-kirk boxes, some of which, fabricated by this self-taught artist, were purchased and sent as presents to the Royal family—one, in particular, was returned from Brighton to the maker, with a request to be opened. To James's other endowments, he added an accurate knowledge of drawing and engraving, and in both of these arts produced specimens of the highest excellence. For upwards of fifty years, he quitted his bed only *three* times, and on these occasions his house was either inundated with water or menaced with danger by fire. His curiosity, which was unbounded, prompted him to hatch different kinds of bird's eggs by the natural warmth of his body: and he afterwards raised the motley brood with all the tenderness of a parent, so that, on visiting him, it was no uncommon thing to see various singing birds perched upon his head, and warbling the artificial notes he had taught them. Naturally possessed of a good constitution and an active mind, his house was the general coffee-room of the village, where the affairs of both church and state were discussed with the utmost freedom. This singular man had acquired by his ingenuity and industry an honourable independence, and died possessed of considerable property. He married about three weeks before his death. From the brief history of James Sandy, we may learn these very instructive lessons, that no difficulties are too great to be overcome by industry and perseverance; and that genius, though it should sometimes miss the distinction it deserves, will seldom fail in the end, unless by its own fault, to secure competency and respectability. —*Perth Courier.*

ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK AT STRASBURG.

An astronomical clock, of remarkable ingenuity, has lately been constructed at Strasburg, by a M. Schwilgué. It is composed of three parts, respectively indicating the time of the day, the day of the month and year, and the movements of the constellations. The central moving power, which is another and very exact time-piece, shows on the face the hour and its subdivisions, strikes the hours and the quarters, and puts in motion several curious allegorical figures. The cock-crow, which had been mute since 1789, has been reproduced, and a procession of the apostles takes place daily at noon. The calendar shows the months, the days, and the dominical letter, as well as the Catholic calendar, showing every saint's day in the year. The plate or face on which these figures and signs appear, makes one revolution in 365 days for the common, and 366 for the bissextile year, always reproducing the irregularity which takes place three times in every four secular years. The moving fasts and feasts are shown by an extremely ingenious process. On the 31st of December, at midnight, Easter-day, and the other moving feasts for the year, appear in the calendar. The third division is the triumph of the artist's skill. A complete orrery, after the Copernican system, is produced. The movements of all the planets, visible to the naked eye, are represented. The earth is shown accompanied by her satellite the moon, which accomplishes her revolution in one month. The different phases of the moon are represented on a different and separate globe. Another globe represents the apparent movement of the heavens, making one revolution in the sidereal day. This movement is subjected to that almost imperceptible power, known by the name of the procession of the equinoxes. The mechanism, besides many other things, shows the apparent movements of the sun and moon with wonderful precision, and for an indefinite period, so that the rising and setting of the sun, its passage to the meridian, the eclipses of the sun and moon, &c., are all represented on the face of the apparent time in a most ingenious manner.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

GAMBLING IN MANCHESTER.

In an article in the North of England Magazine for December 1842, pointing out the impropriety of detaining young shop-assistants till a late hour, the following observations are made on the appetite for gambling which prevails among this order of persons:—"There are about 143 houses in Manchester, where public gambling of some sort is carried on; there are three or four men, known to the police, each of whom makes in this town at least L.1000 a-year by betting, and an immense number who, from the same source, add considerably to their income. Those who are fleeced by them, or the 'pigeons,' as they are sportingly and sportively termed, are principally young men who have charge of the property of their employers, and three out of five embezzlers have betting books found on their persons. Now, of 357 persons taken into custody for gambling (and 'principally young men who have charge of the property of their employers'), *not one* has received a good education. We might, did the nature of the subject permit, pursue such inquiries further, and prove that, in other departments of vice, with a minute reference to which we will not sully our pages, the educated employés of Manchester are equally conspicuous above their uneducated brethren; from the facts above given, the conclusion, we think, is undeniable, that *it is the direct interest of the employer to give to his dependents full opportunity for instruction.*"

We do not doubt that much petty gambling is caused by lack of education; but as it is notorious that well-educated persons gamble to a greater extent than those in inferior stations, the conclusion of the writer is illogical. To root out the practice, severe police regulations ought to be enforced, and the higher classes should cease to set that example of betting and gambling—at horse-races, for example—by which they systematically corrupt the morals of the humbler orders.

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*** No communications in prose or verse are wanted. Messrs Chambers would feel particularly obliged by correspondents attending to this frequently repeated announcement.

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THE HELPFUL AND HELPLESS.

"OH! if I had but the power—if I were but rich—I would do so much good, I would be so charitable!" is a phrase, if not exactly expressed, very often implied, in the conversation of well-meaning people; and undoubtedly wealth is a possession for the use of which we are accountable in exact proportion to the extended range of action it affords. Still, few individuals are so unhappily placed as not to have in some degree the power of benefiting their fellow-creatures; and as a long list of insignificant items will make up a large sum, so is it astonishing how large an amount of happiness arises from the small charities and trifling kindnesses of life. The sphere may be limited; but for those who really take pleasure in doing "a good turn" to a fellow-creature, the opportunities are innumerable; and despite the dark colours in which some writers love to paint human nature, we believe the proportion who do take such pleasure to be a very large one. "Ah, but there is so much ingratitude in the world!" exclaims some reader; "to be a philanthropist is one of the 'young dreams' of early life, which we wake from at the touch of the rough teacher—experience. There is so much ingratitude; and even if you do not mind this, your efforts are often in vain, for you cannot help people *if they will not help themselves*." Exactly so, and herein lies the pith of our argument. Benevolent persons who, lacking judgment, indiscriminately bestow their money or time—the latter often the more generous gift—not only frequently meet with ingratitude, but find their kindest intentions prove abortive. There is little wonder that such results sour the temper, and wither up the best feelings of the heart; and it is to avoid them, as well as to increase the amount of good that would be effected, that, on the one hand, we urge the expediency of helping those who are willing to help themselves, and, on the other, the desirableness, or rather *necessity*, of the helpless becoming equally helpful.

In the little town of Sinton lived two ladies, almost equally noted for their charitable and amiable dispositions; and certainly there never beat two warmer hearts, or existed two better-intentioned persons; and yet were they in almost every other attribute very different characters. As the perfect metals come undefiled from the furnace, so are the nobler characters strengthened and purified by the fire of adversity; and so had Margaret Bromley been tried, and *not* found wanting. To be sure many people would say that a little old maid who told the year she was born, and so allowed the inquisitive to calculate that she was far advanced on the shady side of forty—who retained, save in a soft but lustrous eye, no traces of beauty, and yet called in neither rouge nor false hair to her assistance; and, moreover, had neither high connexions nor a large fortune, must be a very uninteresting person; but we know that there is yet in Sinton many a heart that thrills at the mention of her name, and many an eye that moistens at the recollection of her goodness. Miss Bromley's own history may be told in few words. She had been left a portionless orphan, or dowered only with a good education, and on that was she thrown, when under twenty, for her support; and the next fifteen years of her life she passed as a governess in different families. For the last seven years of that period, however, she had given her affections to one who was in every respect worthy of her, but, unfortunately, he, too, was poor; and when, after long years of patience and toil in a foreign land, he came into the possession of a few thousand pounds, bequeathed to him by a cousin, and hastened to England to claim his bride, his death, only one week before the marriage was to have taken place, dashed from her the cup of happiness which had lately seemed so brimming. Among his papers, however, a will was found, dictated by tenderness and affection, and rendered doubly prudent by the consciousness he felt that his constitution had suffered from the wear and tear of a hot climate. His lately acquired three hundred a-year thus passed to Miss Bromley, and, in the bereavement of a really widowed heart, she received an independence not only as a consoling proof of his love, but, after long years of suffering and dependence, as a talent for which she must henceforth be accountable. She longed for leisure and retirement, and the opportunity of doing good; and nowhere could she have found them more pleasantly than in the picturesque neighbourhood of Sinton.

Her friend, Mrs Greville, was a widow lady, some few years her junior, who, reared in the lap of affluence, and surrounded for many years with the blessings that affection scatters, had known no real trouble, until deprived, by death, of her husband. She was childless; and by some of those accidents which often befall the most estimable, she had, within a few years, gradually become separated from her dearest associates. Bowed down by an affliction so similar to that of Miss Bromley, and choosing Sinton for a residence from motives very like her own, there is little wonder that the two ladies soon became intimate. At the time, however, to which this sketch refers, ten years had poured their healing balm upon the two sorrowing hearts; and though they were allowed to be equally amiable and benevolent, ten years had presented many opportunities of contrasting the schooling of adversity with that of prosperity.

"If I were inclined to be superstitious, my dear friend, I should consider you a very *lucky* person," said Mrs Greville, as the two ladies were sauntering down one of the green lanes near Sinton, in the "incense breathing" month of May. "Every one you assist or advise," she continued, "seems from that day forward to be successful; while I am constantly discovering that my humble attempts at assistance produce, after all, no good result. Do counsel me, my dear Miss Bromley, how I had better act with regard to the Smiths. I have promised that they shall not want; and though I do not wish it talked about, you know, when I took them from the workhouse, I furnished the cottage for them, clad the mother and children from head to foot, and recommended Smith himself to farmer Wilson, and so procured a regular employment for him. When I returned from my trip to Brighton last month, I suspected, from the appearance of the children, that there was something wrong, but could get no direct answer to my questions; and only yesterday did I find out that Smith lost his situation while I was away; and as nobody in the place would trust them for a loaf of bread, they have been selling the furniture bit by bit, till they are just as destitute as when I found them in the workhouse."

"Why did farmer Wilson discharge him?" asked Miss Bromley.

"Why, I am sorry to say, I am almost afraid it was from—because he was found tipsy," replied Mrs Greville, in a hesitating tone, almost as if the kind-hearted lady were confessing some offence of her own.

"If I remember rightly," said Miss Bromley, "it was drunkenness that brought him to his former destitute condition?"

"Yes; but I really believed he was quite reformed, or, of course, I would not have recommended him to Wilson."

"Dear Mrs Greville, will you let me tell you where I think you erred?"

"Pray do, for I only wish I knew how to do as much good as yourself."

"Well, then, I must tell you that you were wrong in surrounding Smith and his family *all at once* with the comforts of which his own faults had deprived him. It would have been wiser to have, in the first place, ascertained whether he was willing to help himself properly, if put in the right track; and at least to have bestowed assistance by degrees, and made him feel that continued aid depended on his own good conduct. Things too easily obtained are little prized; and I think you were wrong in recommending him to Wilson, until the certainty of his reformation had been tried by exposure to temptation."

"That is what pains me. I feel that, in trying to serve Smith, I have injured the honest farmer. And yet, Miss Bromley, only last year you saved from destruction that poor Williams who had actually been confined in the penitentiary for some petty theft."

"True; but though the offence seems greater, and the consequences were more dangerous, yet, in my humble opinion, the cases bear no comparison."

"Why not?"

"In the first place, I ascertained that, before the offence for which he was punished, he had borne an excellent character, and that the bread he stole was literally to save a young wife and her infant from starvation. It appeared to me precisely the case in which a helping hand should be stretched forth to reclaim the offender. Yet I acted very cautiously. I first found him some trifling employment in the garden, paying him but a very trifle for his services; yet I remarked that he was early and late at his work, assiduous to please, and grateful even for the poor earnings, which yet kept actual starvation from his door. I next admitted him occasionally into the house, leaving little articles of plate or of small value, unprotected by lock and key; and when this state of things had lasted for a few weeks, I chose him to be the bearer of my watch, the spring of which I had broken, to W——, where I had it repaired. I shall never forget the morning I intrusted him with this commission. While I was giving him the message he was to deliver, the tears sprang to his eyes, though he checked rather than made any parade of his emotion; and when he wiped them away with his rough sleeve, and murmured in a husky voice, 'God bless you, ma'am,' I felt certain that he was not only thankful for the confidence I placed in him, but that he understood the value of it the better from having won it by degrees; and that he had recovered in some degree that proper feeling of self respect, which is no mean aid in keeping people from crime or error. In short, before I procured Williams the situation of trust he now fills, I assured myself, as far as human reason could be assured, that he was worthy of confidence, and willing to *help himself;* and by leading an honest and industrious life for the future, make the best atonement for the past. But here I am at home; do walk in, dear Mrs Greville, and see some finery I received yesterday from London."

The "finery" consisted in dresses, bonnets, and other articles of ladies' attire, which, according to her request, a friend of Miss Bromley's had selected for her; and with kind thoughtfulness, several paper patterns of new-fashioned capes, sleeves, &c., which Miss Bromley had not ordered, were packed up also. In a little out-of-the-way country place, this was quite a valuable acquisition; and the possessor, with her usual kind consideration, had bethought her that the new patterns would be of great service to a certain Mary Allan, who was endeavouring to establish herself, and support her mother, as a humble village dress-maker.

Accordingly she had been sent for, and Mary was awaiting Miss Bromley's return home, when the two ladies entered the house. Her pretty face sparkled with pleasure and animation as the all-important papers were unrolled; but just as, with much dexterity, she was on the point of cutting their precise shapes, it occurred to Mrs Greville that she should very much like to have them herself, as she had a workwoman at home making up some summer dresses, and she thought she might just as well have them made in the fashion as not. Perhaps Mary Allan, in her heart of hearts, was not quite pleased to think that a rival should also have the advantage of the new patterns; but her good sense reminded her that they were given to herself only by an act of kind condescension, and she cut the paper double without any visible signs of regret. When this was done, however, a difficulty beset her, for two or three of the patterns were very complicated, and she could not understand how they were to be put together; a certain sleeve, especially, on which was written "very pretty"—as if to make the case more vexatious and tantalising—baffled her comprehension completely. Still, she was not daunted, but packed up her treasures, with hearty and sincere thanks to Miss Bromley for her acceptable gift.

The next day Miss Bromley paid Mrs Greville a visit, and in her turn was shown some recent purchases of the latter. "Miss Gibbons, dress-maker," as she styled herself on the brass plate which ornamented her door, "not being," as she said, "very busy just then," had condescended to come to Mrs Greville's house to make the dresses, instead of working at home. It was quite true that she was "not busy," for, somehow or other, she had latterly failed in giving her employers perfect satisfaction. It was not that they found any great and prominent faults with her, but the truth was, she was more prone to be satisfied with, and adhere to her own notions of things, than follow out the wishes of her patronesses. She referred everything to the "time when she was apprenticed," and instead of cheerfully striving to keep up with those changes of fashion which she could not, in her humble sphere, control, either from indolence, or a dogged self-sufficiency, she had fallen sadly behind in the race; and dress-making is not by any means the humblest occupation — though, from its peculiar subjection to change, it is well suited for the illustration of the fact—in which, in an age essentially progressive, constant watchfulness, and an active spirit prepared to advance, are necessary to maintain a fortunate position, even if it be once achieved. The portals to every arena are thronged with eager aspirants, ready to rush in and take the place of the faltering; and many there are who are made painfully conscious of this truth, although they do not perhaps pause to reason on cause and effect.

"After all, I have been obliged to have the old make," said Mrs Greville, in a slight tone of regret; "Miss Gibbons could not understand the pattern at all."

"But you have been in a sad hurry about it, my friend," exclaimed Miss Bromley, who saw, at a glance, that, from the advanced state in which the new dress was, that very little time could have been spent in *trying* to overcome the difficulty: "perhaps Mary Allan could have assisted you, for she is very persevering, and if she should have succeeded in finding out what seems such a riddle, I am sure she is good natured enough to tell you; at least I think," continued Miss Bromley, after a pause, and then broke off abruptly, for she did not feel quite sure that, under all the circumstances, she had a right to demand, even if Mary had the power to grant it, such a concession to her rival. Miss Gibbons, however, had no idea that this could possibly be the case, for she replied in a manner that, considering all things, might have been a little more respectful. "It is not very likely, ma'am, that Mary Allan should understand those Frenchified patterns; for you know she never regularly served her time, and the little she has learnt she has picked up nobody can tell how."

It was precisely because Mary had the habit of "picking up" information, and making good use of it when acquired, that Miss Bromley had a strong hope she would overcome the present difficulty; and as, on her return home, she must pass the door of her protegé, she determined to call and inquire. It was not till after she had entered the cottage, that Miss Bromley discovered what it was that had made the exterior wear a strange appearance, but she felt there was something to which her eye was unaccustomed. The scantily-furnished room in which the lady found herself was scrupulously clean, and perfectly neat, save in that sort of litter which more or less must accompany the handicraft of the sempstress, though Mary seemed recently to have finished some employment, instead of being at that moment occupied. She looked rather paler than usual; and her hair, which commonly fell in two or three curls from under her neat cap, was braided straight across her forehead; nevertheless, her face lighted up when she recognised Miss Bromley, and it did not seem to have been either sickness or sorrow which had paled her cheek.

"Oh, ma'am," exclaimed Mary, "I was just coming to your house, to show you the beautiful patterns—they are *so* beautiful, now they are made up; and so simple too; do look how *lovely* this sleeve is!" and continuing with all the enthusiasm of a *modiste* to indulge in strong terms of panegyric, she removed from their imposing situation at the window the all-important sleeves and capes made up in some cheap material. No wonder Miss Bromley had failed to recognise the results of her gift, though these appendages, suspended by almost invisible twine within the bright little window, which never before had been graced by anything but a white curtain, produced the change in the exterior of the cottage which Miss Bromley had noticed, without being able to define in what it consisted.

"You see, ma'am, the mistake was in thinking this was the front, though it really looked so in the flat paper pattern. Seven times did I put it together, making some alteration every time, but always finding something more like a bag than a sleeve, before I thought of twisting it round; but then I had got the top wrong; however, I persevered, for I was determined to try *every possible* way. I think that it was the twelfth or thirteenth time that I made it as you see, and I am sure it is right, it is *so* beautiful. I wish I could remember whether it was the twelfth or thirteenth, for I am sure it was a lucky number."

"*Merited success* and *luck*, Mary, are sometimes confounded," said the lady, with a smile. Mary blushed at the implied praise, and Miss Bromley continued—"You must have worked very hard; when did you find out the right method?"

"She has scarcely been in bed at all, ma'am," said Mary's mother, who had hitherto remained silent, but who had stood listening with a sort of tearful pleasure; "it was late last night before she succeeded; and notwithstanding my intreaties that she would take proper rest, she was up again at four o'clock this morning."

"Mother, I was afraid of forgetting," interrupted Mary, as if rather ashamed of her own perseverance; "besides, I thought it would be a great thing to have the patterns in the window to-day, because, as Miss Gibbons also"—— and here the young sempstress stopped abruptly, fearful that she had said something which might offend. Miss Bromley, however, had too much sense to misconstrue her words, and good naturedly supplied their meaning, saying, with a smile, "The truth is, you were afraid Miss Gibbons should be beforehand with you—was it not so?"

"Yes, Miss Bromley, that is the real truth; not that I wish to injure her, but I have nothing to look to but my own industry, and I must do the best I can for myself; indeed, ma'am, I think you wished to be of service to me when you sent for me yesterday."

"You are quite right, and I must commend you for your exertions. I am afraid, however, you are tempting me to a piece of extravagance, for I really must have another new dress, if only for the sake of wearing your beautiful sleeve. I am going to spend Friday evening with some friends; if I purchase the material to-day, can you make me a dress by then?"

Of course a grateful promise was given, and the kind-hearted lady selected a dress on her road home. We are afraid she had reason to plead guilty to the charge of extravagance, inasmuch as she stood in no need of a new dress; but it occurred to her that she could not more appropriately assist Mary Allan, and reward her perseverance, than by giving her the opportunity of displaying her skill. The event proved her judgment, and was even more fortunate for Mary than her patroness could have expected. The company who composed the tea-party she graced with her presence, were quite astonished at the stylish appearance of the usually plainly-dressed little old maid; for a decidedly new mode in a lady's dress, particularly if it be graceful and becoming, strikes the eye very forcibly, and often gives an air of fashion, although the fabric may not be costly. The few strangers who were in the room admired in silence, but her intimate acquaintances ventured openly to express their approbation, and to inquire of Miss Bromley the name of her dress-maker. Briefly, then, to shorten a long, and perhaps a trifling, story, Mary Allan obtained two fresh employers from the admiration bestowed on Miss Bromley's dress, who, on her part, felt quite repaid by such a result, for having submitted for a whole evening to be "the observed of all observers."

A scene which might have been witnessed late in the autumn of that year, will perhaps afford some clue to Mary Allan's future fortunes. She and her mother had formerly occupied but two rooms (the cottage consisted of four); now, however, the whole was at their disposal. One room was exclusively used as, and called the work-room; and on the present occasion, Mary being extremely busy, Miss Gibbons had been engaged to assist her. Whatever feeling of rivalry had once existed, it was now apparently over; for though it is probable that Miss Gibbons never forgot that Mary had once condescended to be her assistant, she now quietly submitted to receive instructions from her, and execute the work under her direction. Certainly she often felt astonished at the daring manner in which the inexperienced Mary slashed the rich silks and satins with which she was now not unfrequently intrusted; nay, she had even had "a wedding outfit," a lucky hit, as Miss Gibbons remarked, which had never fallen to her own lot. Altogether, the cottage was pervaded by an air of comfort which is more easily felt than described. The fire burnt brightly, and a sleek well-fed cat purred lazily before it. As Puss seemed to be well taken care of, it is probable her mistresses were able to take care of themselves; in short, that they were prosperous, as the industrious deserve to be.

The pleasing consequences of well-directed industry which have been exemplified in the preceding sketch, may be taken to heart by all who are seeking the path to competence. It is clear that success, though often promoted or retarded by adventitious circumstances, is, in the long run, chiefly dependent on circumstances under one's own control. How impossible it is to assist beneficially those who take little pains to help themselves, is painfully evident to many who almost may be said to spend a fortune in the exercise of a boundless philanthropy. The very assistance which we afford is often calculated to make the helplessness more fixed and ineradicable. Either incompetent or unwilling to think and act determinedly for themselves, they fondly cling to all sorts of aid held out to them, and, if left but for a short period to their own resources, are full of complaints that friends do so little when they could do so much for them. While, therefore, to many, all that is done in a spirit of benevolence seems to be little better than thrown away, the amount of good is quite incalculable which often results from a slight but timely aid to those who are eager and ready to make stepping-stones of the opportunities which present themselves. These mount to fame, honour, fortune, or competence, as the path or their own powers may lead; while the former remain at or near the starting-place. To the benevolent mind, it is the highest pleasure to do good to others; but in the one case, the kind and charitable seem to sink capital—in the other, to make a lucrative investment. We cannot wonder that the wise prefer helping those *who are willing to help themselves.*

"RURAL AND DOMESTIC LIFE IN GERMANY."*

THE indefatigable William Howitt, husband of our amiable and gifted friend Mrs Mary Howitt, has presented to the world a new and goodly specimen of his literary industry, in the form of the elegant volume whose title heads the present article. Resident for some years at Heidelberg with his family, and occasionally making excursions into southern and northern Germany, Mr Howitt has been afforded ample means for investigating the national manners of the great Teutonic family of central Europe, and of picking up characteristic sketches of its cities and its scenery. Germany has been so frequently written about, that to many the subject may seem hacknied; but innumerable points of an exceedingly pleasing and instructive kind, as it is now seen, have remained to be gathered, and we can conscientiously say, that a more agreeable book of fire-side gossip than that of Mr Howitt, has not appeared during the present season.

But such books as these effect, beyond their amusing qualities, higher objects. By affording an intimate insight into the domestic state of foreigners, they furnish tests by which to compare our own social condition. Every-day habit blinds us to the defects, and causes us to undervalue the benefits, of our native social manners. Such works are as mirrors in which we see our own features reflected by the side of those of another people, with whose help we can perceive, by comparison, our own deformities or excellences. Nor do books of this kind give—like some of higher pretension—distorted views of what they pretend to reflect. The man who goes to a country, and places himself for two or three years in continual intercourse with its people—who eats, drinks, talks, lodges, bargains, and enters into amusements with them; and then gives a faithful and plain account of what he has seen and heard, and will keep his own opinions as much as possible in the back-ground—is, of all others, the person to write a useful and instructive book on foreign countries. The present is essentially a work of this class, and for faithful delineation, may be placed alongside Lane's "Modern Egyptians," Davis's "Chinese," and Kohl's "Russia," all of which give a clear, because plain and unsophisticated account, of what the authors saw and experienced. This it is which creates the charm of Mr Howitt's sketches of German life. Upon every page truth is legibly stamped, and, lest the reader or the writer himself may be led away from it, even unintentionally, the first chapter commences with an essay on a principal source of error. This should be perused not only by every writer, but by every reader of travels. It is entitled,

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

"It is only in the first moments in which you witness something which is entirely new to you, that you feel that novelty in all its vividness, and perceive really how widely divided is the nature and aspect of what you then contemplate from the objects of your former knowledge. Every hour that you continue to regard what strikes you with its newness, carries off that newness, and your impressions fade and bedim themselves in proportion. You are soon surprised to find how little there is to surprise you; how familiar all about you is become, as if you had conversed with it all your life. This is especially the case in regard

* Rural and Domestic Life in Germany. By William Howitt. 1 vol. 8vo. Embellished with wood engravings. London: Longman and Co. 1842.

to the novel aspect and manners of a foreign country. It is only by noting down on the spot, and at the moment, what strikes you, that you can secure the force of these first impressions; and when you afterwards refer to these notes, you are often no little astonished to find amid what really curious people and things you are existing, and yet how completely all the strangeness has vanished from your consciousness."

First impressions will be, of course, most vividly made by those objects or manners which differ the widest from the national habits or customs of the traveller. Mr Howitt, a wanderer from England, where the public ways are the best paved and best kept in the world, is sorely perplexed by the

STREETS OF GERMANY.

"As you proceed through the streets, you find around you gabled and picturesque white buildings, old squares and markets, with avenues of limes, or of dwarf acacias; people, many of them in the garb of centuries ago; and dreadful pavements. Coleridge has celebrated the six-and-thirty stenches of Cologne, and the invention of Cologne water to cover them; but a wide acquaintance with German towns leaves me the conviction, that Cologne can boast no more queer odours than any other of the towns of the nation; for in most of them, as we shall have to show, every street, almost every house, and every hour, has its own appropriate, peculiar, and by no means enviable smell. The pavements, with a few exceptions, are of the most hobbly and excruciating kind. There appears no evidence of any systematic attention to them, or management of them. To pass through a German town or village in a carriage is one of the most rib-trying events in this life. But to walk through one is not much less hazardous. Russell, in his day, tells us, that to avoid being run over on the pavé by a barrow, you often step into the peril of getting your head split with an axe, or your arm torn off by a saw, from the people who are cutting up piles of firewood before the doors. This is pretty much the case yet. The pavés, where there are any, seem appropriated to every purpose but that of walking. There is a bit of pavement here, a bit there, or rather not a bit there. It looks as if the causeway was left entirely to the care, or want of care, of the householders. Here is a bit of good pavement; in a few yards is a piece of the worst and most uneven pitching, evidently done ages ago. Here you go up a step, and there you go down one. If an Englishman, accustomed to his well-paved and well-regulated towns, was suddenly set down in a German town at night, he would speedily break his neck or his bones, put out an eye, or tear off a cheek. The towns, and that only on dark and moonless nights, are badly lit by lamps, hung, as in France, from a rope across the street. Here one twinkles, and at a vast and solitary distance, glimmers another. Even Vienna is lighted up with oil; and Dresden, and one or two other towns, are the only ones where we have met with gas. All manner of trap-doors, leading down into cellars, are in the pavés, and none of them very carefully levelled with the flagging or pebbles. Their covers often cock up their corners, faced with iron in such a way that you strike your toes most cruelly against them. All manner of flights of steps, from shops and houses, are set upon the pavement, are pushed out one-third of the width across them, and sometimes wholly across them, so that a man, whom daylight and a few trips over them had not made aware of them, would blunder headlong. As he fell, a strong iron bar, about a foot long, sticking out of the wall of the house, would probably strike his face, and give him a desperate wound. These bars of iron are what the worthy shopkeepers rear their shutters upon in the day-time; and at night, when the shutters are put up, they stand out naked from the wall about the height of your face or shoulders, and give you the most horrid shocks as you inadvertently strike against them. Then, every hundred yards, you are stopped by a great wood-heap, and its busy sawers and cleavers, or by a wagon, or a carriage, which is set on the trottoir to be out of the way. These nuisances, which would not be tolerated in the worst-regulated country towns of England for a single week, here remain for ages. The Germans, accustomed to them, avoid them as we should avoid walking into a fire or a horse-pond; and when you point them out, are not at all surprised that such things should be, but that you should think them anything extraordinary."

Though the Germans might take a lesson from us in the management of their streets, we may derive another from them in providing wholesome and necessary recreation for the people. This they do by means of

PUBLIC GARDENS.

"There is one advantage that their towns universally possess over ours; and that is, in the abundance of public walks, and public gardens and promenades, where every citizen can wander, or can sit and rejoice with his family and his friends. All round their towns, in general, you find these ample public walks and promenades planted with trees and furnished with seats. The old walls and ramparts, which formerly gave security to the inhabitants, are now converted into sources of their highest pleasures, being thus planted and seated, and made scenes of the gayest resort, and whence the finest views are obtained over the surrounding country. The suburbs and neighbourhood of all large cities, again, are full of public gardens; with alleys and extensive woodland walks, where the people all summer flock out, and find refreshments at coffee-houses, and bands of music, presided over by the first masters in Germany. The cities being seldom very large, the people thus enjoy a sort of half city half rural life, but refined and beautified with social and artistical influences, of which ours is too much stripped. In England, every man takes care of himself, and makes his own nest snug; besides lighting and paving, little seems done for the public in our towns. Here, on the contrary, the public enjoyment seems to be the favourite and prevailing idea, and you see around you perpetual evidences of its working. The people have in the outskirts of their cities their vineyards, and their summer-houses in them, where they can go with their families and friends. But they have, again, their great public gardens and woodlands all round their large towns, to ten or a dozen miles' distance. They have similar places of more rustic resort, often on the most beautiful mountain heights, and in mountain valleys, to which they pour out on Sundays and leisure days, in carriages and by railroads, by thousands. Here they have wine, and curds, and often dinners. Here they even come with their families, taking whole troops of children with them; and there you find them in old orchards, amid castle ruins, under the trees, and, in short, through all the surrounding hills and valleys. They dine in great family groups, the men sitting often in their shirt sleeves; the children rolling in the grass; and the landlords hurrying about, dealing out plates and viands to hungry people, in a broil of what seems hopeless hurry. They afterwards smoke their pipes, drink their coffee, and go home at an early hour as happy as this earth can make them.

In every country town and village it is the same. You can go into few or none of the former, where you will not find public walks and gardens; and will not hear of charming places, some four, six, or ten miles' distant, where all the world goes in the summer, in parties, to walk about, to drink coffee, to pic-nic in the woods, and so on. There is not a country inn in a pleasant place, but it has its orchard and its garden fitted up with seats and tables for this simple rural festivity. There is not a ruin of a castle, or old jäger-house, where you do not find walks and seats, and every provision for popular enjoyment. Everywhere the Germans have seized on all those picturesque points and scenes of rural beauty which afford means of carrying out and cultivating this mingled love of nature and of social pleasure. You come upon seats in wild spots, where you would otherwise never have dreamed of many besides yourself coming, and there you are sure to find that before you lies a beautiful view.

All royal gardens, too, are open, and the people walk in them, and stream round the palaces, passing, in many instances, through their very courts and gateways, just as if they were their own. Nay, the royal and ducal owners walk about amongst the people with as little ceremony as any of the rest. The emperor of Austria, or the king of Prussia, does the very same. You may meet them anywhere; and little more ceremony is used towards them than is used towards any other individual, simply that of lifting your hat in passing, which is done to all your acquaintance, and is returned as a mark of ordinary salutation. You will see princes sitting in public places with their friends, with a cup of coffee, as unassumingly and as little stared at as any respectable citizen. You may sometimes see a grand-duke come into a country inn, call for his glass of ale, drink it, pay for it, and go away as unceremoniously as yourself. The consequence of this easy familiarity is, that princes are everywhere popular, and the daily occurrence of their presence amongst the people prevents that absurd crush and stare at them which prevails in more luxurious and exclusive countries."

Though the subject of appropriating open spaces for promenades has long occupied public attention in this country, yet the plan has not been carried out so successfully or extensively as it might have been. The causes to which this might be traced present a strong and unfavourable contrast in the English character to that of the German. This arises in a great measure from the horror evinced by the wealthier classes of mixing with the so-called "vulgar"—an evidence of *real* vulgarity, which goes by the name of "exclusiveness." It is this unworthy selfishness which keeps out the English commonalty from many places to which they would otherwise be admitted. It is at the same time to be acknowledged, that when parks and suburban plots *have* been thrown open, they were made but little use of. We are all creatures of habit, and English artisans are especially so. It is not till they have become accustomed to a recreation that they will indulge in it; yet if opportunities were given more generally for healthful exercise, the custom would gradually increase. Again, a poor person, used all his life to the humblest scenes, often feels himself uncomfortable and out of place in an elegantly laid out park or an aristocratic promenade. So that the repellant principle which keeps the high from the low is not all on one side: it is in many cases mutual. The masses feel equally uncomfortable in the presence of the higher grades as the latter do in theirs, because neither have been accustomed to mix even in public. Hazlitt relates, in one of his essays, having overheard a London working-man say to his wife, as they were walking amidst a host of well-dressed passengers in Regent Street, "Oh, this place is too fine for me; let's walk down some comfortable alley!" If all classes in this country were to mix as freely as the above passage describes them to do in Germany, the tastes and manners of the lower orders would refine and improve.

In a book of this kind, which touches upon every variety of topic, it is difficult to select passages for extract. We cannot resist, however, amusing our readers with the following incident which occurs in a journey made by the author:—

CHEAP JUSTICE.

"We dined at the house of the forstmeister, near which is also an inn, and were waited on by his pretty and merry daughter; and on leaving, experienced a striking instance of good sense in a village bürgermeister. The man with the vorspan had contrived, while we were looking at the castle and dining, to persuade our kutcher that we had another hill to ascend, and that it would be impossible for him to reach the next village without taking him farther.* The forstmeister's daughter said, 'Nothing of the kind; it was all descent, and most of it steep.' Still the kutcher was so much frightened, that he would not go on without the man. I therefore told the man that he might go on at a fixed price, and if there proved to be up-hill, I would pay him; if nothing but down-hill, I would not. He went on, and all was rapid down-hill. When, therefore, he took off his horses at the point where his homeward way diverged, I refused to pay him, and he became very violent and menacing. I told him, that, if he insisted on the payment, he must come to the next village to the bürgermeister, and ordered the coachman to drive on. He attempted to stop the horses, the coachman appeared frightened, and it seemed likely in that wild spot to be a troublesome affair. My firmness, however, prevailed; the coachman drove on, and the man followed. At the village inn I inquired for the bürgermeister, and the wirth cried out to a servant, 'Hole den schmied'—fetch the blacksmith. I replied I did not want the blacksmith, but the bürgermeister. 'It is the same man,' said he. Presently appeared the blacksmith in his shirt-sleeves, and tolerably smutty, from the forge. When he had heard the case, and the man was running on very volubly in his Swabian dialect—'Stop!' said the worthy welder of iron. 'There needs only one word. Did you put your horses before the carriage or behind it?' 'Before, to be sure,' replied the man, very confidently. 'Then,' answered honest Vulcan, 'you can go about your business. Everybody knows that it's all down hill from Lichstenstein hither, and who wants a vorspan to pull him down hill? Had you put your horses behind to drag, I would have awarded you your money.' A number of people in the inn before which this primitive administration of justice took place, and amongst them some genteel-looking travellers, all applauded this judgment. Not the highest minister of the realm could have given a more prompt and better one, and certainly not a cheaper; for the good man refused to receive anything for his trouble, even to partake of a bottle of wine; but wiping his mouth on his shirt-sleeve, drank a glass of beer at his own cost, expressed his satisfaction in being able to prevent imposition on a stranger, and only begged, that if we saw a countryman of his in similar need, we would help him if we could."

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

JOAN OF ARC, the Maid of Orleans, was a person of so much distinction in her own times, and has been so often named in song and story, that the details of her career must possess interest for the majority of general readers. She was born about 1410 or 1412, at Domremy, a village situated in a smiling valley, watered by the Meuse, on the border-lines of Champagne and Lorraine. The father of Joan was a humble peasant, named James d'Arc, and her mother was Isabel Romé, which latter designation applied to the daughter in youth, according to the custom of the country. The education of Joan corresponded with the scanty resources of her family and the unenlightened habits of the time. She was taught neither to read nor to write. Sewing and knitting, the care of cattle, and the labours of the field, formed the occupations of her youth. She was trained up in virtuous principles, and showed a marked tendency to devotion from her earliest years, shrinking from the sports of her equals in age, and preferring to spend her hours in solitary prayers and meditations.

Such were the habits which nursed in the mind of Joan d'Arc the flame of religious enthusiasm; and the miserable condition of her native country at the time of her rising into youthful womanhood, was sufficient to mingle with it the fire of patriotic zeal, in a mind so ardent and susceptible. The English held a great part of France, retaining the conquests of their recently deceased king, Henry V. Charles VII., commonly called the Dauphin, from being yet uncrowned, in vain strove against the English; he could scarcely maintain a footing anywhere with his party; and at length his main stronghold of Orleans was besieged, and hard pressed by the Earl of Salisbury. Joan d'Arc was at this period about eighteen years of age. For some time previously, she had been haunted by dreams and visions, which in that age it was not unnatural

* It may be necessary to observe, that the *vorspan* means additional horses attached to a carriage to draw it up steep hills.

for herself and others to regard, with perfect sincerity, as direct revelations from heaven. And here a remark may be made, once for all, on this point—"That Joan believed herself inspired, few will deny; that she was inspired, no one will venture to assert." Such are the words of Mr Southey, who also points out the strong improbability that she was, as she has been called, the tool or puppet of a party.

After in vain attempting for some time to repress the promptings of her visionary fancy, the friends of Joan at length carried her to Baudricourt, governor of the neighbouring town of Vaucouleur; and that personage, impressed by her manner, consented to send her to the dauphin himself, in order that the latter might hear from her own lips the revelation which she professed to have to make to him. We may well suppose that the proffered aid of a poor peasant girl, without power, friends, or influence, would seem no great matter to Charles, apart from that supernatural aid which men would naturally hear of, in the first instance, with doubt and discredit. The prince, accordingly, when he assented to her being brought before him at Chinon, which Joan reached through the midst of enemies, resolved to test her penetration by a simple expedient. He put on a comparatively humble dress, and made some of his courtiers attire themselves in splendid robes. Before the circle thus prepared Joan was led. She wore a warlike masculine garb, assumed by her for secrecy and security on her journey. In looks, to use the words of Holinshed, "she was counted likesome, and of person strongly made;" and the glow of excitement and devotional fervour gave an additional interest to her appearance. A courtier was indicated to her as Charles, but Joan disregarded him, and kneeled before the true prince. "I am not the king," said Charles. "Gentle prince," said she, "*thou art he*, and none other." She then addressed him in a lofty tone, announcing herself as divinely commissioned for the relief of France, and assuring him that he should be crowned and consecrated its independent sovereign in the city of Rheims. To test her still further, Charles took her apart, and put some questions to her. The result was, that he declared her to have communicated things known but to himself and to heaven.

All this made a deep impression on the adherents of Charles, and the high tone of Joan's general speech and conduct strengthened them in the belief that a divine communication had been accorded for the relief of the suffering land of France. Yet Charles dared not to accept her proffered aid without consulting the church, since the idea that Joan was inspired, not by good but by evil spirits, might have been spread abroad, to the ruin of his general interests. He therefore caused her to be examined by an ecclesiastical conclave, and the issue was, that they pronounced her mission to be a true and heavenly one. Her main professions were, that if a body of soldiers were put under her charge, she would relieve the city of Orleans, then reduced to the last extremity, and would accomplish the coronation of Charles at Rheims, as the full and lawful sovereign of France. So, she said, her "voices" or visions had assured her. The doubters demanded a sign or miracle from Joan; she told them that the relief of Orleans would be sign and miracle sufficient. However, she *did* give something which the people believed to be a direct proof of her supernatural prompting. A small force was granted to her, with a white banner, made and consecrated according to her own instructions, and she arrayed herself in complete armour for the enterprise; but a sword for her use was still wanting. She desired those around her to go and bring her the sword which lay buried behind the altar of the church of St Catherine of Fierbois; and she described certain marks upon it, which were found to exist when the sword was searched for and discovered.* Armed with this weapon, she set out for Orleans, and was received with enthusiasm by the besieged citizens. A proof of the reality of her enthusiasm is found in the fact, that her first step, in accordance (as she said) with the revelations made to her, was to summon the English peaceably to give up their conquests, and quit the land of France. It may well be supposed that men, triumphant over their adversaries in every quarter, scorned such a summons. But they, and the world at large, were destined to see how vast an influence imagination may exercise over human doings. On the 29th of April, 1429, Joan of Arc, mounted on a white horse, armed at all points, and preceded by her snow-white standard, had entered Orleans, and soon afterwards she commenced a series of attacks upon the enemy. The confidence exhibited on the part of the French produced a corresponding depression among the English. The superstition of the times came into play; and the spectacle of Joan, mounted on her white charger, with her standard in hand, struck her foes with mysterious affright. Several direct attempts were made to cut off the enthusiast on her first entrance into the field, but it was noticed that, with a small battle-axe, she warded off with seeming ease the strokes of her opponents. Though foremost in the ranks of her party, she showed also an anxious desire to save lives and check the effusion of blood. From the moment of her entrance into Orleans, the English began to lose ground. They had been in possession of the greater number of the forts and outposts of the city; but, one by one, Joan took these from them, and at length left them masters of but one tower, that of the "Tourelles," the strongest around the place. The French captains wished to wait for succours ere they attacked this stronghold, but Joan of Arc pressed an immediate assault, and her assurances of victory inspired the French soldiery with similar confidence. When the attack of the Tourelles occurred, the English fought with desperation, and their opponents were again and again repulsed. Joan seized a ladder, and in person attempted to scale the walls; but she was struck down, seriously wounded. A gloom spread over her party, and the leader Dunois, commonly called the Bastard of Orleans, ordered a retreat. But when Joan heard of this, she summoned up her strength, and again mounted her horse. The sight of her, with her standard waving in her hands, reassured her friends, and they renewed the siege of the fort with a degree of spirit which overwhelmed all resistance. In an hour, Orleans, and all its fortifications, were in the possession of the French, and Joan entered the streets of the city amid the triumphant shouts of the inhabitants, having fulfilled her promise of the morning, that Orleans should, ere night, be free.

The Maid of Orleans, as she may now be rightly termed, continued her career of victory. She had announced that Charles should be crowned at Rheims; but ere that could be done, it was necessary to free Champagne from the presence of the enemy, the city of Rheims being the capital of that province. Aided by the French generals, Joan accordingly attacked various places of strength, and took all of them in succession, defeating and capturing the renowned warrior Talbot, and other distinguished soldiers of England. Finally, Charles entered Rheims in triumph, the English garrison disappearing at his approach; and he was anointed with the holy oil of Clovis in the famous cathedral of Rheims, Joan of Arc standing by his side the while, clothed in complete armour, and holding aloft her victorious banner.

Joan was now rendered famous over all Europe by the part which she had thus played in the struggle between its two most powerful nations. The discomfited English accused her of deriving her aid from demons, and ascribed to her all manner of personal vices. Their most impartial historians, though not sanctioning, of course, the first charge, have spoken with little respect of the character of the Maid of Orleans; and even Shakspeare, a century and a half later than her era, seems to have found it necessary to flatter the prejudices of his countrymen by a similar course of disparagement. In reality, however, Joan of Arc, if we may trust to the best informed annalists, merits a high place among the pure and patriotic heroines of the human race. Though foremost in the attack, and continuing to take that position in spite of bodily wounds, which should have quenched the ardour of any woman of common mould, she ever retired with humility from the public gaze, when the time of service had ended. Much of her leisure was spent in prayer and other pious exercises; and she was often observed to rise from her couch by night, and address herself to these tasks. She sought the company of those of her own sex wherever it was procurable, and shared her couch with them. When such companions were not beside her, she lay down to sleep without undressing. She greatly improved the morals and the manners of the French army, discouraging all license, and prohibiting pillage. Of the blood both of friends and foes, she was to the last degree sparing.

Joan showed the purity of her motives at the close of the coronation ceremony of Rheims. She there fell on her knees before the king, and, with tearful eyes, begged permission to retire to her humble home and occupations, since her mission had been accomplished. "If it please heaven," she said, "I would now abandon arms, and, returning to my father and mother, serve them by tending their flocks, as I did before." But Charles and his captains had felt the advantage of her aid too strikingly to assent to this lowly request, and Joan was prevailed upon to continue with the army, until the English should be completely expelled from France. At the same time, the king granted the only other request made by her. This was, that the villages of Domremy and Greux, her native scenes, should be exempted from taxes in time to come; and the privilege remained in force till the subversive days of the Revolution. Charles also ennobled Joan and her whole family, men and women.

New enterprises were set on foot after the coronation at Rheims, and were for the most part eminently successful. The towns of Laon, Neufchatel, Soissons, Crespi, and others, were wrested from the English, but an attack made on Paris proved fruitless. On this occasion, the Maid of Orleans would not fly with her repulsed friends. Wounded severely, she preferred to lie down and meet her death rather than retreat before the enemy; but the Duke of Alençon persuaded her to depart from that resolution. Again, however, she in vain sought leave to return to her home. It is remarkable, that after Charles was crowned, she no longer made herself responsible, as she had done, for the events of the war. She showed no diminution of courage, but she conducted herself like a common adherent of the army. After consenting to remain in the field, she took the town of St Pierre-le-Moutier, and engaged a noted partisan leader, Franquet d'Arras, who, being defeated and taken, was executed against her most earnest solicitations. Joan was then sent, at the head of a force, to defend Compiegne against the English and Burgundians. Not contented with throwing herself into the town, the heroine of Domremy attempted, by a sortie, to cut off her adversaries. She was intercepted in her return, and fell into the hands of the English. Before she was made captive, however, though left alone by her party, she performed prodigies of valour. Clothed in armour, and holding her white standard, she was well-known to the enemy; but several of those who sought to seize her fell beneath her hand ere she was ultimately made a prisoner.

The unfortunate end of the Maid of Orleans is well-known in history, and the affair reflects no credit on the English name. The regent, Duke of Bedford, brought her to trial, before an ecclesiastical commission, for the crimes of sorcery and impiety, and obtained the countenance of the clergy and university of Paris to the prosecution. She was also charged with the death of Franquet d'Arras, and other secular acts of presumed criminality. For four months, she withstood all that the malice of her enemies could inflict upon her. But at length human nature gave way under the trial, and, deserted apparently by her friends, she endeavoured to avert the cruel fate with which she was menaced, by confessing her revelations to be fanciful. Her sentence was then mitigated to perpetual imprisonment; but this issue of the affair did not satisfy her adversaries. They insidiously placed in her apartment the suit of masculine armour in which she had gained so much glory. Tempted by the force of inspiring recollections, Joan put on the suit laid in her way. Her jailors were on the watch. They seized her in the attire of manhood, and her assumption of it was interpreted as a relapse into her former errors. She was condemned to die; and in June 1431, suffered at the stake in the market-place of Rouen. All her courage revived in the last hour; and she died with a noble constancy, which drew tears from the eyes of her persecutors.

Joan of Arc has been honoured by statues and monuments in her native country; and to this day, the people of Orleans hold an annual fête in her remembrance. If patriotism be a virtue in man or woman, the memory of Joan of Arc is not undeserving of such testimonials of respect and admiration.

* Such is the tale, scarcely credible, told by historians.

THE ARMENIAN PELISSE-MAKER.

BY MISS PARDOE.

Assuredly the Arabian Tales are much nearer to the truth in their details, and their authors have less imaginative merit, than we, in our sober English judgments, have been accustomed to cede to them. Remove the superstitions—the peri, geni, and enchanters of the "Thousand and one Nights"—and they are faithful and lively pictures of every-day life among the orientals. The wonderful mutability of fortune, the precarious tenure of life, the incongruous mingling of the mean and the magnificent, all the distinctive features which stand out in broad contrast from our own more methodical usages, rather prove the wonderful accuracy of the artist's perception, than the power of his fancy—a fact which substantially increases the value of that most extraordinary production. Nothing, perhaps, can more fully act as a demonstration of this assurance on my part, to such as may be inclined to doubt its exactness, than the narration of an incident which took place during my own residence in Constantinople, and which created much mirth among the Franks at the time.

The pelisse-maker to the palace had completed a garment for one of the court-buffoons, which he sent to the individual for whom it was designed by an Armenian apprentice—a simple-hearted, timid young man, of two or three and twenty—to whom the dwelling of the Grand Seignior was an object of trembling admiration, a species of gilded bastile. On his arrival, the facetious followers of the eastern emperor proceeded to exercise their wit upon the unlucky messenger; and oriental wit is about as practical, as uncompromising, and as inconvenient, as anything intended for pastime can well be. One plucked him by the hair, another seized him by the throat, a third lifted him from his feet by a strong grasp of his ample trousers, a fourth thrust his fingers into his ears, and then wrung them so violently, that they appeared likely to remain in his hand as trophies of his prowess; and, in short, their mirth became at length so vehement and so agonising, that the poor fellow threw himself on his knees before his tormentors, and begged them, for the love of their prophet, to have mercy upon him; but when was mischief ever merciful? His humility and terror only afforded fresh food for sport; and in the intensity of his suffering, he at last found energy to declare, that, should he ever have the good fortune to encounter the sultan, either in the streets of the city, or in any of the avenues of the palace, he would throw himself at his sublime feet, and ask for justice on his persecutors. His threat was received with shouts of laughter; and the victim only escaped when the imperial idlers became wearied by their own follies.

On the entrance of the sultan (Mahmoud)—to whom the absurdities of the official buffoons afforded so much amusement, that he occasionally spent several consecutive hours in their company—they detailed to him, with much unction, the diversions of the morning; enlarging on the terror-stricken agony of the poor tailor, and his pain-wrung threat, with such exquisite humour, that his sublime highness became infatuated

by the narrative, and anxious to share, in his turn, in so delightful a diversion. An excuse was accordingly found to bring the laughter-moving apprentice once more to the palace; the pelisse, of which he had been the bearer, did not fit, and it was the will of its wearer that it should be reclaimed by the same individual by whom it had been delivered. The palace messenger once despatched, the sultan, concealed by the tapestry which veiled the entrance to an inner apartment, was enabled, on the arrival of the victim, to enjoy at his ease the right regal spectacle that he had been promised; and long did he stand behind the screen, admiring the dexterity of the tormentors, and making merry over the groans, and expostulations, and terror, of the tormented; until at length the intreaties of the poor youth once more changed, in his despair, as on the former occasion, into a threat of appeal to his imperial master. The words were no sooner uttered than the sultan emerged from his concealment, and presenting himself in all the awfulness of frowning majesty, declared his identity to the trembling tailor, affected extreme indignation at his temerity in threatening the officers of his household, and desired him to proffer his petition upon the spot, and without the delay of a moment. The panic-struck Armenian, to whom the Padishah had ever hitherto been a fearful idea rather than a palpable reality, instantly fell prostrate; and when his tormentors sought to raise him from the earth, it was discovered that he was senseless. Nothing flatters the great so much as an unequivocal demonstration of this description; and accordingly the terror of the tailor served him well in his emergency; every care was taken to restore him to animation, the sultan himself standing by, in order to mark his emotion on awakening from the faint.

Joyful was the greeting which accompanied his convalescence, for it was an assurance from the "Lord of the Three Seas," that his physiognomy pleased him (a common expression among the Turks), and that, moreover, he was indebted to him for a hearty laugh—always a weighty obligation to an Osmanli—a fact which must not pass unrewarded; and thus he declared him to be from that moment his *pelisse-maker-in-chief*, a post of high honour and infinite profit. He was, with all celerity, sent to the bath, invested with an official costume, and his head covered by a cap bearing the insignia of his office, consisting of a needle threaded with coloured silk, and a small fur-brush, neatly wrought on the right side.

Only a few days elapsed, ere the fortunate Armenian found himself not merely the possessor of a spacious shop filled with merchandise, but also so thoroughly the fashion as to be overwhelmed with business, and placed in a position to secure great profit and honour, and to supply the exigencies of his parents and brethren. In another fortnight, he had laid in a handsome stock of pipes for the accommodation of his customers, and, through the energetic agency of his mother, provided himself with a wife, young, pretty, and obedient; who, with her two female slaves, composed his modest harem. In short, long before we left the city, the cidevant-butt of the imperial buffoons was a prosperous and busy merchant, to whom many a head was bent as he threaded his way, gravely and silently, as became the importance of his calling, through the thoroughfares of Stamboul.

AMERICAN CURIOSITY.

[From M. Lowenstern's "Les Etats Unis et Le Havane."]

When ascending the Delaware in a steam-boat, I had the honour to excite the attention of one of these inquisitive gentlemen. As soon as he had discovered that I was a stranger, he began by standing in front of me, and examining me from head to foot.

"A foreigner, no doubt," he began; "but from what country?"

This was the grand question, but I left him to ponder on it. He continued his survey; I changed my place; he followed me; I looked hard at him to express my dissatisfaction at his staring. Far from understanding me, he avails himself of this to come up and address me. Putting on as agreeable an expression as his pinched-up features would allow, he abruptly began in a snuffling drawling tone—

"Sir?"—then, after a pause—"Where do you come from?"

I replied, as sternly as possible, "From Europe."

"Yes, I know; but from what part?"

"Pray, sir," said I, in my turn, "where *do you* come from?"

"I! oh, I am from Connecticut; I am an American."

"I have not the least doubt of it."

"Yes, sir; but what country in Europe do you come from?—that is what I wanted to know."

"Exactly, sir; but allow me to inquire, are you in trade?"

"Yes, sir, I am a merchant; but I was asking"——

"Ah, you are a merchant; business pretty good in Connecticut, eh?"

"Pretty well, sir; but may I?"——

"How many miles from here to Philadelphia?"

The American scratched his head vigorously with his right hand, raising the left side of his hat a little.

"Twelve miles, sir. But, sir, you were forgetting. I asked you"——

"I am delighted to have made your acquaintance, sir."

Then politely turning from him, I exclaimed, "I beg your pardon, but I see a friend below," and I left him completely bothered.

Forthwith a crowd of Americans fell upon the unhappy inquisitor.

"What's the gentleman's name?"

"Who is he?"

"Where is he going?"

"He wears mustachios. Is he a colonel?" &c. &c.

The American, No. 1, recovering from the astonishment occasioned by my escape, replied, "I know nothing about him, but I soon shall."

Act II.—I am seated in the saloon of the cabin, reading. My American friend, No. 1, descends, escorting a friend. They place themselves opposite me, and unrol on the table a map of Europe. Silence for a quarter of an hour, during which time they are apparently occupied in examining the map, but in reality looking at me. At length they took courage, and the American, No. 1, exclaimed, "Shocking state of things in Italy." The friend—"Yes, shocking indeed." They both stare at me. I read. They examine the map again. American, No. 1, breaks silence again—"Queer matters in Hanover." The friend—"Yes, very queer." Another scrutinising examination from two pair of eyes. I turn over a leaf. Five minutes elapse. The American, No. 1, again raises his voice. "Dreadful war in Poland." "Yes, dreadful indeed," replies his echo. Then, turning to me with dignity—"Have you been in this war, sir?" I raised my head from my book. Their eyes are fixed upon me with ludicrous anxiety. I cough. They exchange glances. I open my mouth. Their eyes gleam with pleasure. I answer slowly, in a deep base, "No—o!" I rise—I shut my book. They remained with their mouths half open, lost in amazement at the utter discomfiture of all their manœuvres.

OVERLAND ROUTES TO INDIA.*

As the British empire in the east increases in extent, so the subject of transit thither increases in importance. Hence we find that extraordinary efforts have recently been made to lessen the time and inconvenience of the journey. So well have these efforts succeeded, that, instead of a tedious, sometimes dangerous voyage of from six to ten months, the English traveller may now reach Bombay, the nearest station in India, in from forty to fifty days; seeing in his way some of the most interesting objects in the civilised world.

Putting the old sea voyage out of the question, there are several other routes by which British India may be reached. Of these we purpose, with the help of the works now before us, giving some account. The first route takes the traveller through the heart of France, for he enters that country at Calais or Boulogne, on the shores of the British channel, and leaves it at Marseilles on the Mediterranean. He is thus afforded an opportunity of visiting Paris, which, if he have started from England in good time, he may allow himself leisure to explore. He can then travel direct thence to Marseilles, but as that is by far the most fatiguing and least interesting plan, shorter stages are generally preferred; and it is better to proceed to Chalons, where he can catch a glimpse of the Alps, although they are one hundred miles distant. He is now on the banks of an important French river, the Soane, and embarks on board a small steam-boat for Lyons, at which place the Soane flows into the Rhone. The short rest allowed here (from two in the afternoon till five in the morning) may be usefully employed in seeing as much of this great manufacturing town as possible. He will be struck with the ancient and gloomy look of the houses, which are in many streets six and seven storeys high; but the quays enclosing the town (for they face both rivers) will be seen to present a fine appearance. Though the cathedral is well worth a visit, the town-hall is considered the finest building in the place. It is in Lyons that nearly all the silk produced in France is woven. He next embarks on the Rhone, whose rapid current takes the steamer to Avignon, a distance of 150 miles, in eleven hours. This is one of the most ancient and picturesque towns in France, and if the traveller be of a poetical temperament, he may visit the tomb of Laura de Sade, the lady to whom Petrarch addressed his celebrated sonnets; which will be found in the church of the Cordeliers. Instead of proceeding down the Rhone to its mouth in the Gulf of Lyons, and so round to Marseilles, the journey is continued to that place from Avignon by coach. It is necessary to be here on the first, eleventh, or twenty-first of the month; for on those days the French steamers take their departure for Alexandria.

Should the voyager have time to deviate from his direct route, he should here make arrangements for one of the finest tours in the world. These steamers call in their way at Leghorn and Civita Vecchia, in Italy, and by landing at the latter place, the traveller will be within forty-five miles of Rome. Having received from this visit the greatest gratification it is possible for the lover of antiquity and history to enjoy, he can return to the coast at Naples, taking in his way Mount Vesuvius, Stromboli, with the half-excavated ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum. It will be necessary to be in Naples by the fifth, fifteenth, or twenty-fifth of the month, as the steamers continue their voyage thence on those days. Nor do the charms of the voyage end here. After passing through the Strait of Messina, a panoramic view is obtained of the eastern coast of Sicily, including Mount Ætna. The next place of rest is Malta, where the packets remain twenty-four hours. This island, though rendered historically celebrated by the frequency with which it has changed hands, contains little to interest the stranger, except what he will see passing before him in the streets. Situated in the centre of the Mediterranean, Malta has either permanent inhabitants, or occasional visitors from almost every nation of the eastern hemisphere, and a motley assemblage of costumes is to be seen in its public places, unequalled for variety in any other part of the globe. From Malta, the traveller is conveyed direct to Alexandria. Should, however, time press, it is possible to go direct from Marseilles to Alexandria by a British steamer, which leaves the former port on the fourth of every month. A new line of French packets is also established, to perform the same voyage three times during every month.

The traveller is now in one of the ancient capitals of the "Land of Egypt," and though he have but little time to inspect its curiosities, yet some of them will force themselves upon his notice in his passage from the harbour, where he lands, to the great square. Here "he will have ample opportunity," says Mr Parbury, "to admire its spacious area, the beauty and great size of the buildings in it, and the picturesqueness of the inhabitants and their costume. It is the situation, also, of the residences of the various consuls, many of which have elegant spiral staircases rising far above the roofs, whence fine views of the surrounding country can be obtained, and vessels be descried very far off at sea. By proceeding, also, but a very short distance from the square, he will find himself amidst the hillocks and ruins of Old Alexandria, where excavations are constantly going on, and fresh discoveries of interesting objects of antiquity as frequently being made. A few steps farther onward, and he is at the foot of Cleopatra's needle (two granite obelisks, the one standing, the other prostrate), after inspecting which, he may return to his hotel with the consciousness that he has seen almost everything of interest that Alexandria can furnish." Pompey's pillar—the pedestal and shaft of which are composed of single masses of granite to the height of 117 feet—may also be viewed, for it is in the outskirts of the old town, through which it is necessary to pass to get to the canal station, whence the journey is to be resumed. Being only three miles from Alexandria, this forms a most interesting walk, though, if preferred, carriages are provided. The baggage is conveyed on the backs of camels. The Alexandria canal affords communication between that city and the Canoptic, or western branch of the Nile. It was originally dug under Alexander the Great, but was subsequently closed up. Mehemet Ali, the present ruler of Egypt, determined to re-open it; and, with a despotism peculiar to him in carrying on public works, ordered 20,000 men, from all parts of the country, to meet at Atfé on the Nile by a particular day. Not daring to disobey, the multitude assembled, were set to work, and in six weeks this canal, though 48 miles long, was completed. All then returned to their homes. The passenger to India derives great benefit from this act of tyranny; for he is towed, or tracked by horses in an iron boat, down to the Nile in eight or ten hours. Here a steamer is boarded, which completes the distance (164 miles) to Boulac, the port of Cairo, in about twenty hours. It is, during this voyage, that the active observer may obtain, by a careful scrutiny of the canal and river banks, a notion of the condition of the Fellah or Egyptian peasant mode of existence. Miserable huts, and agricultural operations of a most contracted and primitive nature, may be continually observed. He will also perceive at Babn-el-Bakarah the fork or point where the Nile diverges into two great arms by which it is emptied into the sea, having flowed from Ilak in Nubia, a distance of 1350 miles, in solitary grandeur, unaided by a single tributary stream during its course—"an unexampled instance," exclaims de Humboldt, "in the hydrographic history of the globe." He will also have caught a first glimpse of the mighty pyramids, which, although at a great distance, will, from the extreme clearness of the air in these latitudes, appear to be within a mile or two of him.

Landed at Boulac, and having threaded its busy wharfs and narrow streets, the stranger proceeds through Fostat, or Old Cairo, to New Cairo, the modern capital of Egypt, which, by the aid of one of the extraordinarily swift donkeys that this country is famed for, may be explored in a short period. The great pyramids of Gizeh are only ten miles south-west of Cairo, and may also, under ordinary circumstances, be easily visited.

The passenger will next have to prepare for his journey—across the eastern desert of Egypt—to Suez, situated at the northern extremity of the Red Sea. This, though a tedious and monotonous journey in itself, is, from the associations connected with it, one of absorbing interest. The road lies, for a considerable distance, upon the track taken by the Israelites in their flight from Egypt. Birket-el-Hadj (Pilgrim's Pool), which is passed about twelve miles from Cairo, is conjectured to be the Succoth of Scripture, where

* I. Hand-Book for India and Egypt, &c. By George Parbury, Esq., M. R. A. S. Second Edition. London: W. H. Allen and Co., 7, Leadenhall Street.

II. Messrs Waghorn and Co.'s Overland Guide to India, by Four Routes to Egypt. London: J. Madden and Co., Leadenhall Street.

the Jews first encamped (Exodus, chap. xiii. v. 37). It is still a place of rendezvous for the pilgrim caravans from Cairo to Mecca. These caravans, or assemblies of travellers upon camels and dromedaries, have always travelled exactly in the same manner as when the "company of merchants" rescued Joseph from the pit into which his brothers had thrown him, and there was no other mode of travelling till the adoption of the present method. The desert between Cairo and Suez is eighty-four miles across, and is traversed in seven stages, where stables and resting-rooms have been built. Double that number have, however, lately been provided by means of a tent pitched between each of the station-houses. These tents add a singular feature to the scene, being no other than those used at the Eglintoun tournament. Thus a relic of a late masquerade in Scotland is presented in juxtaposition with the monumental remains of the Pharaohs and Ptolemies! The sort of vehicles provided for the modern traveller are thus enumerated in Waghorn and Company's pamphlet:—"For this part of the journey there are coaches drawn by four horses, each capable of taking eight passengers; ditto, carrying six passengers each; two-wheeled vans, with a sort of tilt cover, carrying four persons each, and drawn by two horses; also donkey-chairs, a kind of light sedan, slung upon poles, and carried by two donkeys to each, one before and the other behind. These are by far the easiest conveyances, and well-suited for ladies, children, and invalids. Those who prefer riding, may be accommodated with either saddle-horses or donkeys, the latter most to be depended on, being of a much superior description to those of Europe, very easy in their paces, and capable of great fatigue, as one, if a good one, will perform the whole journey from Cairo to Suez with but little nourishment. For carrying the luggage, dromedaries are employed."

Supposing the traveller to have entered the desert, the subjoined passages from Mr Parbury's pen will show him what kind of journey he may anticipate:—

"The route is almost level throughout, and two of the station-houses can at times be seen at the same moment. It is perfectly adapted for wheeled carriages, and nine-tenths of the distance may be termed a capital gravelled road, the remainder being occasionally sandy, and at parts rocky; a very trifling outlay might make the whole line available for a rapid coach transit, and, with relays of horses, the mails might be transported across in ten hours with the greatest ease, instead of occupying nearly forty-eight, as they did on this occasion. But very few hills, either to the right or left of the course, diversify the sameness of the journey. There is only one large tree, situated about two miles from the centre station; but small bushes are more frequent; and there is a moderate-sized specimen of the babul, or acacia, two miles from the fifth station on the Cairo side.

Rats are the only animals that cross one's path; they burrow in the sand everywhere, feeding upon the camels which too often perish by the way; the detached bones and perfect skeletons, indeed, of the latter, being of themselves almost sufficient to indicate to a stranger the correct line of march. The delusive mirage may constantly be witnessed by travellers in the desert."

The disagreeable romance of a robbery has often been added to the traveller's other annoyances. But latterly, the Bedouin Arabs have been kept in too effectual dread of the awful pasha to venture on any such molestation, and the road is now deemed as free from brigands as that between London and Richmond. Suez need not be dwelt upon much, nor abided in one hour longer than necessary. "Its wretchedness has often been described," remarks Mr Parbury, "but never in terms too severe." Not far from this once flourishing, but now utterly decayed seaport, is the village of Aljeroud, represented in the Bible by Etham, "on the edge of the wilderness" (Exodus, xiii. v. 20). At Suez, the voyager bids adieu to land-travelling till arriving at his Indian destination, and boards one of the government steamers which is to convey him the entire length of the Red Sea through the Arabian ocean to Bombay. The first thing by which his attention will most likely be attracted, will be the extreme clearness of the waters upon which he is now embarked. On looking over the sides of the vessel, he will perceive, at a great depth, the bed of the sea, consisting almost entirely of immense reefs of red coral, from which its name is derived. Once in motion, new scenes of interest present themselves in quick succession. The Egyptian mountains, skirting the whole of the western shores of his track, present a panorama of bold alpine scenery scarcely equalled elsewhere. But it is the eastern side which, during the early part of the voyage, will occupy him more fully. Mount Sinai, towering above the lesser Horeb, rises upon the promontory formed by the division of the sea into the gulf of Suez and that of Akaba.

The steam-boat generally calls at the ancient port of Kosseir in Egypt, to take up those passengers who have, instead of leaving Cairo by the route here described, preferred continuing up the Nile to Thebes, to view its stupendous remains of antiquity. These travellers cross the desert between Thebes and Kosseir in the ancient mode, upon camels' backs. Continuing from the latter port, the mountains on each side recede from the coast, and neither the Arabian nor Nubian scenery is so striking as that already passed. At length the Abyssinian shores are gained, and they, pressing closely upon those of Arabia, form the narrow strait of Babelmandeb. But before exit is here made from the Red into the Arabian Sea, a good view of Mocha will have been obtained. This place, the name of which is so often taken in vain by dealers in coffee, is rendered conspicuous from "a tall minaret towering amidst the white houses of the town; date trees flourish to the southward; a white tomb and fort are in view to the northward; while in the rear of all, are ranges of hills of different elevations."

A half-way station is established at Aden, twelve hours' run eastward of Babelmandeb, on the Arabian Sea. Here the vessel puts in and receives a supply of coals. From this place its onward course is but seldom enlivened by the sight of land, and the voyager at last arrives at Bombay, having seen some of the most remarkable places and antiquities in Europe, Africa, and Asia.

The second route finds, perhaps, more favour from lovers of the picturesque. It commences by a voyage to Ostend, in Belgium, and an embarkation on the Rhine to Basle. The south-western corner of Germany is then crossed, and Switzerland is entered. Having passed over the Alps, the traveller gains the shores of the celebrated Lake Como, and arrives at Venice. Here he will find steamers to Trieste, in Austria, whence, on the 1st and 16th of every month, there are vessels to Syra, which effect a junction at that place with the French steamers to Alexandria. The journey from Egypt to India is then completed as above. Several other roads may be taken across the continent to Trieste.

A third route takes the traveller to Constantinople; a fourth through Greece; in short, a person bound for India, and not pressed for time, has only to consult his tastes, and he may have them gratified by visits to *any* of the interesting places on the continent of Europe. But in nearly all cases, the grand gathering place is Alexandria. Beyrout is sometimes preferred, but in that case a tedious journey across Syria into the Persian Gulf must be encountered. By far the best, and therefore most frequented route, is that we have described at length. The most direct course is, however, to embark at Southampton by one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's packets, which leaves that place on the 1st of every month for Alexandria direct.

In reference to the books to which we are indebted for some of the information here presented, we should say that both are almost necessary to those who contemplate taking the overland journey. Some suspicion may attach to the impartiality of the Messrs Waghorn's pamphlet, as being avowedly issued by transit agents, who, of course, recommend their own modes of conveyance; but this, if any exists in the reader's mind, may be set at rest by the clear and evidently unprejudiced statements of Mr Parbury. It is, however, fair to state, that to Mr Waghorn the public is mainly indebted for the opening up of this new road to India, and we cheerfully reprint Mr Parbury's testimony on that point:—

"The incidental introduction of Mr Waghorn's name cannot fail to remind the reader how much he is indebted for the present successful prosecution of steam navigation to India to that individual. The obstacles and difficulties which for a long series of years were thrown in his way, while so ardently and energetically carrying out his favourite project, are too well-known to need remark; and it is satisfactory to notice, that the present government have, to a certain extent, testified their appreciation of his services by giving him his commission as lieutenant in her majesty's navy."

The expense of the most direct of these journeys falls very little short of L.100 each person, for the mere transit of himself and a certain allowance of baggage.

WORKING OF THE POOR LAW IN IRELAND.

We are happy to observe from a late number of Mr and Mrs Hall's work on Ireland, that these intelligent writers, after a careful and practical examination in various parts of the country, give their cordial approval of the Irish Poor Law, whether as regards its influence on the parties who receive relief, or its actual bearing upon the character and condition of the country. A few passages, condensed from the valuable testimony which they offer on this important measure, including one or two of those agreeable anecdotes with which they illustrate the subject, may not be unacceptable to the friends of social improvement.

The principle of the Irish Poor Law, it will be recollected, is to give relief only in workhouses; a workhouse being established in the centre of a union of town-lands. The number of houses declared fit for occupation is 100, out of 130, the total number in Ireland; and these are variously capable of accommodating from 200 to 2000 inmates. Eighty-four houses are already occupied, and the remaining sixteen are receiving their stores. The number of individuals, old and young, in the eighty-four houses, is 27,537. The total amount of accommodation which the 130 houses, when finished, will be capable of affording, is for 92,860 persons; and, in case of pressure, the capability of the houses may be considered to be from ten to twenty per cent. beyond this number: included among these there is accommodation for upwards of 2000 idiots, or harmless lunatics—the buildings being provided with wards for persons of this class. All the buildings are large, substantial, well-ventilated, and furnished with airy court-yards.

The clothing of the adult male inmates consists of a coat and trousers of barragon, cap, shirt, shoes, and stockings. The female adults are supplied with a striped jerkin, a petticoat of linsey-woolsey, and another of stout cotton, a cap, shift, shoes, and stockings. The male children have each a jacket and trousers of fustian, a shirt, and woollen cap. The female children have each a cotton frock and petticoat, a cap, and linsey-woolsey petticoat. Each bed is supplied with a straw mattress, with blankets, bolsters, &c. The able-bodied women and children sleep in double beds; the sick, the infirm, and the male persons, sleep in single beds. It is an established rule (except in special cases), not to admit children without their parents, if dependent on them; nor a man without his wife, nor a wife without her husband. The sexes are completely separated.

The diet varies in particular unions, chiefly depending on the condition of the poor in the neighbourhood, the object being to give such diet to the inmates of the workhouse as shall not be superior to that obtained by the independent labourer. A common dietary for adults is—for breakfast, 7 ounces of meal made into porridge, 1 pint of butter-milk, or half a pint of new milk; for dinner, 3½ lbs. of potatoes, and 1 quart of butter-milk. Children five to fourteen—3½ ounces of oatmeal for breakfast; dinner, 2 lbs. of potatoes; supper, 6 ounces of bread, and 1 pint of new milk, daily. Animal food, not being part of the regular diet of the independent peasantry in Ireland, is not given in the workhouses, and the want is not complained of. The dietary has hitherto been found to give general satisfaction.

The expense of maintenance is levied by rates on the country at large; and now, for the first time, *all* will be taxed alike. Formerly, the burden of supporting the poor, as is the case, in a great measure, till this day in Scotland, fell upon the generous, and relieved the mercenary. "All who know Ireland, know that there was no district in which there did not exist two distinct classes—those who gave much to the poor, and those who never gave anything. In fact, the gate or house of 'the hard man to the poor' was familiar to all 'the wandering train,' and as much so to the respectable and generous collector of charitable gifts—it was avoided by both. We could easily name individuals, of large properties, who did not bestow a shilling in the year, either by giving food or money—individuals who are now forced to pay, in many instances, one or two hundred pounds per annum. It follows, as a matter of course, that the really charitable have experienced a corresponding relief; and it can scarcely be doubted, that, although the necessity for occasional collections has by no means ceased, this class, the really charitable, are now taxed less heavily than they were before the introduction of the Poor Law into Ireland. It should also be borne in mind, that, by this tax, the *absentee* is effectually reached. We do not mean to say that the Poor Law has removed, or that it ever will remove, entirely, the necessity for private and voluntary charity; or that it has cleared, or ever will clear, the streets and roads of beggars; but most certainly it has already greatly lessened the former, and diminished the latter, evil. It has induced the charitable to institute more minute inquiries before giving relief; it has justified greater care in the distribution of charity; and it has removed out of sight the disgusting objects, the idiotic, the diseased, and the maimed, who have been in a manner forced into the shelter of the workhouse. To those who now visit Ireland for the first time, the amount of misery will appear frightfully large; but a vast diminution of it will be perceptible—on the highways, that is to say—to those who were familiar with the country ten or twenty years ago. 'Why do you not go to the workhouse?' is now a common query to every beggar. Until very lately, the question could not be asked.

Not the least of the improvements which the law will induce, is the certainty that, when public sympathy is withdrawn from the profession of begging, and the beggar finds that there are no 'wages' to be obtained by pursuing an unprofitable trade, those who can work *will work*. There is no locality in Ireland that could not furnish scores of strong and able hands unused to labour, only because labour has been less agreeable than wandering from place to place subsisting by charity.

A striking illustration of this fact was related to us by a friend at Lurgan. A strong able-bodied woman, who was both the amusement and terror of the gentry, from her ready wit and bitter tongue, and who levied contributions something after the manner of black mail, after abusing the 'new gaol,' as she termed the workhouse, from the laying of the first stone to its completion, when it came to be occupied, presented her bronzed face, as usual, at every house, as if no asylum had been provided for the poor. The gentry, however, had come to a resolution not to give her anything whatever, but to afford her the means of employment, if she desired it. Accordingly, Kitty was told, that in future she must either work, or go into the poorhouse. In return for this information, Kitty stormed at and rated, first one, and then another, of all her former friends, who stood out firmly; for Kitty was the very queen of the beggars: and if they yielded to her, they must yield to all; whereas, if Kitty was withstood, the others would know they

could have no chance whatever. Nothing could exceed the virago's indignation at being, as she termed it, 'cast off' by the quality, after spending her time up and down with them for a matter of thirty years, and never bringing shame to their door, but being as honest as Saint Bridget, or any other holy saint; and this was her return; 'she didn't know how they could look her in the face after it!' Kitty fared badly; she knew the dinner-hour of every family in the county; but instead of the well-piled plate of 'pork and cabbage,' the 'double handful of meal, and dish of potatoes,' Kitty found the back doors locked, and the families remaining quite inattentive to her eloquence, which certainly was more powerful than elegant. After, according to her own account, 'going through' as much trouble as would break a heart of stone, she suddenly made her appearance before one of the poor-law guardians, whom she had repeatedly offended, but whom she still considered her friend. There she stood, her empty wallet slinging by her side, her battered straw hat flapping over her face, and her brawny arms folded one within the other. 'Here I am, noble colonel!' she exclaimed; 'the supplies are stopped, my lord, and poor Kitty must yield to the articles of war!' 'I thought,' he replied, 'I should have been obliged to commit you as a ——' 'Don't spake the word, yer honour; there's no use in insulting a dead soldier; it's only mee shadow that's in it. I'm pickt to an atomy; the crows don't think me worth flying away from, and the dogs that I've known the last ten years, bark at me. I never quartered meeself on a cabin-keeper yet; I'd scorn it! I'd not take from worse than meeself; and now you see I'm driven hard; yet bad as they've used me, my heart's with the gentry of the county Armagh still. We can't forget the friends of our youth, noble colonel; and it's sorry I'd be to turn mee back on my ould friends; and it's lonesome the roads will be without me, and they used to me so long; but, still, needs must when the devil (saving your presence) drives. And so, if yer honour will just answer a few questions, which I'll put ye, to my satisfaction, why, I'll be thinking about renouncing the pomps and vanities—taking the veil, my dear! What else can I call it? Devoting meeself for the ase and pace of the counthry, inside them four heart-breaking thick walls—putting the prime of mee valuable life into a stone jug.' 'I suppose,' said the colonel, 'you are going into "the house" at last.' 'That's what I'm thinking of,' she replied; 'only my feelings war too tender to say it.' 'Well,' he answered, laughing, 'you know, Kitty, we have all come to a determination that you must all either go into "the house" or work—one or the other. We offer you work and good wages, Kitty, or "the house."' 'May the devil!' —— shouted Kitty, but, recollecting herself, she paused, and dropping her voice to a whine, she continued: 'Noble colonel, the little kwestions I was going to ask you, my dear gentleman, that's all, before I'll devote myself—just—is it quite an unpossibility to get the drop of whisky in it?' 'Quite.' 'Glory be to God! well, I've had a thrial at the could water, to oblege Father Mathew, so I know that it is possible to do without whisky, so I'll drop it; but the grain of tay, colonel—sure you'd manage to let me have that on *the sly*, and me so ould, and broken down?' 'No, Kitty, no!' said the inexorable son of Mars. 'No, no, Kitty; no favour to one more than to another; that would be unjust.' 'Sure, it's the strength of justice to favour friends.' 'Not in my opinion; have you any other question to ask?' 'Bedad I have, though your answers ain't no ways plasing to me. Sure, yer honour wouldn't deprive me of a shock, or maybe a draw, of the pipe, a few times in the day?' 'Not a single leaf of tobacco must enter the gates.' 'But they are light enough to fly over the walls,' persisted Kitty. 'No, not a drop of whisky, nor a grain of tea, nor a leaf of tobacco.' 'And it's cruel enough to be in airnest you are, is it?' 'Quite; will you go in?' The gentleman and the woman looked at each other fixedly for a moment; Kitty untied her empty wallet, grasped it in her hand, and then, as she flung it from her, exclaimed, 'Tatteration to me, colonel dear, *but I'll work first!* and for every sixpence any woman in the place airns, I'll airn two.' And so she does, and will continue to do—never idle; and not having time to be abusive, she is far more popular than she had ever been before. We saw her, ourselves, as busy as a bee.

A very limited acquaintance with Ireland will serve to prove that out-door relief would be attended with incalculable evils. In Ireland the accepting eleemosynary aid is scarcely considered derogatory; old custom has made the taking of alms anything but a degradation; it is assumed to be given as it is asked, 'for the love of God,' and a sense of shame seldom accompanies the acceptance. Consequently, thousands, who would as soon enter a jail as a workhouse, would have no sort of hesitation in asking and receiving from a state charity, donations of food or money. There can be little doubt, that if out-door relief were granted, the whole population of Ireland, under a certain grade, would be periodical applicants for it; and at the 'starving seasons,' there would be substantial reasons for their being so. It is well-known, that during the months of June, July, and August, of every year, a partial, sometimes indeed a general, famine exists in Ireland; the store of old potatoes has been consumed, the new potatoes are not yet fit for food, and the condition of the peasantry, meanwhile, is in the highest degree frightful. At such times no fund could be sufficient to relieve the universal distress; but, assuredly, if any such could exist, it would work incalculable mischief, by encouraging, instead of checking, the grand fault of the Irish character—want of forethought, the habit of never caring for the rainy day, but exhausting present means without thinking of the morrow.

During our two latest tours in Ireland—the one in 1841, the other in 1842—we had many opportunities of inspecting the workhouses in the northern, western, and, partially, the eastern, districts of the island. We entered the greater number of them suddenly and unaccompanied, and not upon 'show-days,' when preparations might have been made, so that disagreeable features were concealed, or rendered less than usually repulsive. We found them invariably clean, well-ordered, and with evidence of good and steady discipline; the masters and matrons, as far as we could judge, intelligent, kindly, and considerate. The various regulations appeared to have been framed with judgment and a due regard to the comforts of the inmates; and the poor people domiciled therein, seemed, for the most part, not only satisfied and contented, but grateful, and sensible that they had been in reality 'relieved.'

Of able-bodied paupers, such as we see far too often in the workhouses of England, we saw few or none—literally none of the male sex; and where we noticed women capable of labour, we found that their children were generally inmates of another ward. Cleanliness we saw not only inculcated as a duty, but rendered imperative; and out of this must arise immense benefit, if not to the present, certainly to the after generation. Ventilation is made to contribute to health, and to give the valuable influence of example. Decent beds, in place of miserable heaps of wet and filthy straw, not only contribute to existing comforts, but they become necessaries—necessaries that will be procured hereafter by those who have had experience of their advantages. Wholesome food, poor as it would be considered by the English pauper, and in sufficient quantities, instead of food insufficient in amount, and of bad quality; shelter from the weather; warm and comfortable apartments, both by day and night; good and ample clothing; habits of cleanliness, decency, and order; such are, in brief, the advantages which the workhouse presents; if they are advantages to be described and treated as the *rights* of the English poor, they are, in truth, 'novelties' with which the Irish poor have been ever utterly unacquainted. In Ireland, therefore, we consider these public establishments not only as pregnant with immediate good to the suffering, but as rich in promise of future improvement to the whole population of the country; not only as taking away a national reproach—as providing an asylum for the destitute, as removing wretchedness from the highways and byeways—but as laying the foundation of a sound and wholesome state of society, in lieu of one that has been for centuries an anomaly in civilisation."

AMPUTATION IN THE MESMERIC SLEEP.

THE following account of a case of successful amputation of the thigh, during the mesmeric sleep, without the knowledge of the patient, was read to the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society of London, on Tuesday the 22d of November, 1842, by W. Topham, Esq., the gentleman who induced the mesmeric state in the patient:—

"James Wombell, aged forty-two, a labouring man, of a calm and quiet temperament, had suffered for a period of about five years, from a painful affection of the left knee. On the 21st day of June last, he was admitted into the District Hospital at Wellow, near Ollerton, Notts; no longer able to work, and suffering much pain. It was soon found that amputation of the leg, above the knee-joint, was inevitable; and it was eventually proposed that it should be performed, if possible, during mesmeric sleep.

I saw Wombell, for the first time, on the 9th of September. He was sitting upright upon a bed in the hospital; the only position which he could bear. He complained of great pain from his knee, and of much excitability and loss of strength from his constant restlessness and deprivation of sleep; for he had not, during the three previous weeks, slept more than two hours in seventy.

In the first attempt to mesmerise him, which occupied me thirty-five minutes, the only effect produced was a closing of the eyelids, with that quivering appearance peculiar to mesmeric sleep; and, though awake and speaking, he could not raise them, until after the lapse of a minute and a half.

My attempt the next day was more successful, and in twenty minutes he was asleep. I continued to mesmerise him every day, except the 18th, until the 24th of September; his susceptibility gradually increasing, so that, on the 23d, the sleep was produced in four minutes and a half. The duration of this sleep varied; continuing generally for half an hour, sometimes for an hour, and occasionally for an hour and a half. But, with two exceptions (attempts to converse with him), I invariably found him awakened, though without being startled, by the violent pain from his knee, which suddenly recurred at uncertain intervals.

The third time I saw him, he was suffering great agony, and distressed even to tears. I commenced by making passes, longitudinally, over the diseased knee: in five minutes he felt comparatively easy, and on proceeding further to mesmerise him, he was sleeping like an infant. Not only his arms were then violently pinched, but also the diseased leg itself, without his exhibiting any sensation; yet this limb was so sensitive to pain, in his natural state, that he could not bear even the lightest covering to rest upon it. That night he slept seven hours without interruption. After constantly mesmerising him for ten or twelve days, a great change was observed in his appearance. The hue of health returned; he became cheerful; felt much stronger; was easier both in mind and body; slept well; and recovered his appetite.

On the 22d of September, he was apprised of the necessity of an early amputation. The communication seemed almost unexpected, and affected him considerably. I this day tried the experiment of mesmerising him against his will; proceeding by contact with the hands, charging him, particularly, to exert his mind to prevent my affecting him. During the process, he occasionally glanced at those near him, moving his eyes as he felt inclined, and in twelve minutes and a half passed into mesmeric sleep. The two or three previous days, it had been effected in six minutes. He informed me, subsequently, he had repeatedly called to mind the intelligence just received, and the torture which he must endure; but he soon found the influence irresistible, and presently lost all consciousness. The anticipated loss of his limb, however, that night destroyed his *natural* sleep. Next day, though found still fretting, restless, and in consequent pain, he was yet, by my touch, asleep in four minutes and a half.

[Mr Topham proceeds to say, that he mesmerised the patient several times by way of trial, and was now convinced that the operation might be safely performed while he was in the mesmeric sleep. When the day appointed for the operation arrived], we proceeded to Wombell's room to make the necessary arrangements. From the suffering inflicted by the slightest movement, it was found impossible, without needless torture, to place him upon a table. The low bed, on which he then lay, was therefore lifted upon a temporary platform. Ten minutes after being mesmerised, he was drawn, by means of the bed-clothes beneath him, towards the end of the bed. The movement, however, excited that pain which had so often aroused him before; and now it did so again. There was something quite excruciating in the suffering which the state of the knee produced; for I had seen him, whilst in mesmeric sleep, pricked to some little depth, in other parts of the diseased limb, without being disturbed or conscious of it. To preclude the necessity of any further movement, his leg was now placed in the most convenient position which he could bear. Shortly afterwards, he declared that the pain had ceased; and I again mesmerised him in four minutes. In a quarter of an hour I informed Mr Ward that he might commence the operation. I then brought two fingers of each hand gently in contact with Wombell's closed eyelids; and there kept them, still further to deepen the sleep. Mr Ward, after one earnest look at the man, slowly plunged his knife into the centre of the outer side of the thigh, directly to the bone; and then made a clear incision, round the bone, to the opposite point, on the inside of the thigh. The stillness at this moment was something awful; the calm respiration of the sleeping man alone was heard, for all other seemed suspended. In making the second incision, the position of the leg was found more inconvenient than it had appeared to be; and the operator could not proceed with his former facility. Soon after the second incision, a moaning was heard from the patient, which continued, at intervals, until the conclusion. It gave me the idea of a troubled dream; for his sleep continued as profound as ever. The placid look of his countenance never changed for an instant; his whole frame rested, uncontrolled, in perfect stillness and repose; not a muscle or nerve was seen to twitch. To the end of the operation, including the sawing of the bone, securing the arteries, and applying the bandages—occupying a period of upwards of twenty minutes—he lay like a statue. Soon after the limb was removed, his pulse becoming low from the loss of blood, some brandy and water was poured into his throat, which he swallowed unconsciously. As the last bandage was applied, I pointed out to one of the surgeons, and another gentleman present, that peculiar quivering of the closed eyelids already alluded to. Finally, when all was completed, and Wombell was about to be removed, his pulse being still found very low, some sal volatile and water was administered to him; it proved too strong and pungent, and he gradually and calmly awoke.

At first he uttered no exclamation, and for some moments seemed lost and bewildered; but after looking around, he exclaimed, 'I bless the Lord to find it's all over!' He was then removed to another room; and, following immediately, I asked him, in the presence of those assembled, to describe all he felt or knew after he was mesmerised. His reply was, '*I never knew anything more, and never felt any pain at all; I once felt as if I heard a kind of crunching.*' I asked him if this were painful. He replied, '*No pain at all! I never had any; and knew nothing till I was awakened by that strong stuff*' (the sal volatile). The 'crunching,' no doubt, was the sawing his own thigh bone. He was left easy and comfortable, and still found so at nine o'clock that night, about which hour I again mesmerised him (in a minute and three quarters), and he slept an hour and a half. I may further add, that, on the Monday following, the first dressing of his wound was in mesmeric sleep. Of this dressing, usually accompanied by much soreness and smarting, he felt nothing; slept long after it was completed; was ignorant of Mr Ward's intention; and, after awakening, remained unconscious of its having been done. Mr W. S. Ward's own statement, in accordance with his personal observation and care, prior and subsequent to the operation, he has kindly permitted to be appended to my own; and thus to render complete the narrative of this case, which I leave without a syllable of comment."

The statement of Mr W. S. Ward, the operator above alluded to, was next read; and besides corroborating, in every particular, the account of Mr Topham, some other circumstances were added, bearing on the surgical part of the case. Mr Ward concludes in the following words:—

"I need only add, that the extreme quivering, or rapid

action of the divided muscular fibres, *was less than usual;* nor was there so much contraction of the muscles themselves. I must also notice, that two or three times I *touched the divided end of the sciatic nerve without any increase of the low moaning* described by Mr Topham; and which, to all present, gave the impression of a disturbed dream.

The patient is doing remarkably well, and sat up on Sunday last to eat his dinner, just three weeks from the operation; and he has not had a single bad symptom, none even of the nervous excitement so frequently observed in patients who have undergone painful operations, and who have suffered much previous anxiety in making up their minds.

Although the single experiment we have detailed to the society is scarcely sufficient to set the question completely at rest, is it *not* of a sufficiently encouraging nature to demand an immediate repetition, by those of my professional brethren to whom the splendid institutions of the metropolis offer such frequent opportunities?"

CONDUCT WORTHY OF IMITATION.

During the disastrous retreat of General Moore's army from Spain, an officer of one of the British regiments, overcome with fatigue and hunger, had dropped behind. He espied a tuft of trees in a field adjoining the road, towards which he crawled with the view of resting his weary limbs, secure from the sabres of the pursuing enemy. On his coming near to the trees, he perceived a woman, seemingly a soldier's wife, stretched upon the ground, and a little infant lying near her. He approached to administer such assistance as was in his power. It was too late; the hand of death was upon her; and she was scarcely able to utter these words, "God bless you! it is all over!" when she expired. The officer sat down beside her; he felt her hand; it was clay cold; he had nothing to succour her with; a brook was near; he filled his hat with water, and besprinkled her face and hands; all was in vain, and he was convinced she was utterly gone. Having rested himself so as to be able again to go on, he tied the little infant in the poor woman's handkerchief, and having fastened it to his back, he pursued his march; in this condition, procuring what sustenance he could for himself and the little orphan, he at last, after a long and wretched journey, reached the port of Vigo, which at that time happened to be unoccupied by the French; there he got on board of a transport, and reached at last England with his little charge. His regiment (or rather the remnant of it) had arrived before him, and he joined it, still accompanied by the infant. He has it (it is a boy) always with him, and has one of the women of the regiment to nurse it; and he declares that this little orphan, whom heaven threw upon his protection, shall, let his fortune through life be good or bad, share it with him.—*Flowers of Anecdote.*

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

A few days ago, there arrived at the hotel erected near the Niagara Falls an odd-looking man, whose appearance and deportment were quite in contrast with the well-dressed and polished figures which adorned that celebrated spot. He seemed to have just sprung from the woods. His dress, which was made of leather, stood dreadfully in need of repair, apparently not having felt the touch of the needlewoman for many a long month. A worn-out blanket, that might have served for a bed, was buckled to his shoulders, a long knife hung on one side, balanced by a long rusty tin box on the other; and his beard, uncropped, tangled, and coarse, fell down upon his bosom, as if to counterpoise the weight of the dark thick locks that supported themselves on his back and shoulders. This strange being, to the spectators seemingly half-civilised, half-savage, had a quick glancing eye, an elastic, firm movement, that would no doubt cut his way through the cane brakes both of the wilderness and of society. He pushed his steps into the sitting room, unstrapped his little burden, quietly looked round for the landlord, and then modestly asked for breakfast. The host at first drew back with evident repugnance at the apparition which thus proposed to intrude its uncouth form among the genteel visitors; but a few words whispered in his ear speedily satisfied his doubts. The stranger took his place in the company, some staring, some shrugging, and some laughing outright. Yet, reader, there was more in that single man than in all the rest of the throng. He was an American woodsman, as he called himself; he was a true, genuine son of nature, yet who had been entertained with distinction at the table of princes; learned societies, to which the like of Cuvier belonged, had bowed down to welcome his entrance; kings had been complimented when he spoke; in short, he was one whose fame will be growing brighter, when the fashionables who laughed at him, and many much greater even than they, shall have perished. From every hill-top, and every deep shady grove, the birds, those blossoms of the air, will sing his name. The little wren will pipe it with her matin-hymn about our house; the oriole carol it from the slender grasses of the meadows; the turtle-dove roll it through the secret forests; the many-voiced mocking bird pour it along the air; and the imperial eagle, the bird of Washington, as he sits in his craggy home, far up the blue mountains, will scream it to the tempests and the stars. He was John James Audubon, the ornithologist.—*American paper.*

LODGING-HOUSE SERVANTS.

It would frighten any servant, but a real London Cinderella, to go down into the kitchen in a morning, and see the work those little hands have to do. The rows of boots and shoes to clean—the candlesticks to rub bright—the dishes to wash up—the pots and pans to scour—the rugs to shake—the washing about of her own, all the week, although she is always adoing. Then the number of times she goes in and out in a day—now off for tea—then butter—next time for a chop—then a bottle of soda water for the gentleman who had drank too much over night—again for the newspaper—a letter to the post-office—a pair of shoes to mend—a bundle to be carried to the laundress—a quartern of gin for the landlady. As she is ever taking down her little bonnet, which she never ties, and throwing on the half shawl she never pins—then with the latch-key in her hand, pointing her head twenty different ways—going—returning—then diving into the kitchen for a few moments to do her work—then up again to answer the bell; and never executing a single command of the lodgers' without being called into the parlour to tell the landlady what it was.—*Godfrey Malvern.*

THE RHINE SONG.

[The French, under a very convenient assumption, that the Rhine is the *natural* boundary of their country, have ever been eager to appropriate the Low Countries as far as the left bank of that river. On the other hand, the Germans are inspired with an enthusiastic attachment to this famous stream, in all respects their own. Last year, when the bellicose press of Paris was full of threatenings on this subject, a young German composed a song, embodying the popular sentiments of his country, and with such success, that the verses were sung in every company, and the king of Bavaria sent the poet a letter of thanks in his own hand, and a present of a silver cup. The following is a translation of this song.]

No! France shall ne'er obtain thee,
Thou free and German Rhine!
Though, thirsting to regain thee,
Her eagles scream, "Thou'rt mine!"
No! ne'er while gently gliding
Between thy margins green,
Ne'er while one prow dividing
Thy placid waves is seen!

No! she shall ne'er possess thee,
Thou fair and German Rhine!
So long as free hearts bless thee,
And quaff thy generous wine!
Ne'er while thy murmuring waters
Yon rocks eternal lave,
Ne'er while proud scenes of slaughter
Are mirror'd in thy wave!

No! she shall ne'er surround thee,
Thou free and German Rhine!
While warriors brave around thee
With beau'eous maids entwine!
While on thy banks still hover
Our bards' enchanted strains,
Ne'er till thy depths close over
The last man's bleach'd remains!

THE CAPTAIN'S PUDDING.

The following story is told of a Yankee captain and his mate:—"Whenever there was a plum pudding made, by the captain's orders all of the plums were put into one end of it, and that end placed next to the captain, who, after helping himself, passed it to the mate, who never found any plums in his part of it. Well, after this game had been played for some time, the mate prevailed on the steward to place the end which had no plums in it next to the captain. The captain no sooner saw the pudding than he discovered that he had the wrong end of it. Picking up the dish, and turning it in his hands as if merely examining the china, he said, 'This dish cost me two shillings in Liverpool,' and put it down again, as though without design, with the plum end next to himself. 'Is it possible?' said the mate, taking up the dish, 'I shouldn't suppose it was worth more than a shilling,' and as if in perfect innocence, he put down the dish with the plum end next to himself. The captain looked at the mate, the mate looked at the captain. The captain laughed, the mate laughed. 'I tell you what, young one,' said the captain, 'you've found me out, so we'll just cut the pudding lengthwise this time, and have the plums fairly distributed hereafter.'"—*Newspaper paragraph.*

THE KING'S COCK-CROWER.

Amongst the ancient customs of this country which have long sunk into disuse, was a very absurd one, and which, however ridiculous, was continued so late as the reign of George I. During the season of Lent, an officer, denominated the "King's Cock-Crower," crowed the hour every night within the precincts of the palace, instead of proclaiming it in the ordinary manner. On the first Ash Wednesday after the accession of the House of Hanover, as the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II., was sitting down to supper, this officer suddenly entered the apartment, and proclaimed, in a sound resembling "the cock's shrill clarion," that it was past ten o'clock. Taken thus by surprise, and very imperfectly acquainted with the English language, the prince mistook the tremulation of the assumed crow as some mockery intended to insult him, and instantly rose to resent the affront; nor was it without the utmost difficulty that his interpreter could make him understand the nature of the custom, and assure him that a compliment was intended according to the court etiquette of the times. From that period, however, the custom has been discontinued.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

VARIATIONS OF TIME.

Amongst the various matters introduced incidentally at the last meeting of the British Association, was the subject of the propriety of adopting a uniform scale of time along the different lines of railway in the kingdom, by the adoption of the time of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich. It was considered that this would probably lead to the adoption of a uniform rate of time throughout the United Kingdom. Some curious observations were adduced by Mr Dent, from which it appeared, that the difference of longitude causes a very considerable deviation of time even in counties, being the results of ninety-one chronometrical measurements. The counties east of Greenwich, in which time is fast, are Cambridge, Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Sussex, whilst in all the other counties lying to the west, the time is of course slower. In Middlesex, the variation from Greenwich time at St Paul's is 23 seconds slower, and at Hampton Court, 1 minute 20 seconds. In Kent, the time at Dover is 5 minutes 16 seconds too fast; and at Tunbridge Wells, 1 minute 1 second. In Lancashire, the time at Manchester is 9 minutes slow; at Liverpool, 11 minutes 30 seconds; and Lancaster, 11 minutes 20 seconds. In Lincolnshire, the time at Louth is the same as that of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, being in the same parallel of longitude; whilst at Lincoln, the clock is 2 minutes 4 seconds too slow. In Hampshire, the time at Southampton is 5 minutes 36 seconds slower than at Greenwich; and at Portsmouth, it is 4 minutes 24 seconds. At Brighton, it is 32 seconds too fast; and at Hastings, 2 minutes 30 seconds. In Westmoreland, the clock at Appleby is 10 minutes; and at Kendal, 11 minutes faster than the London time. At Chester, it is 11 minutes 32 seconds; whilst the variation at Falmouth is 20 minutes 12 seconds; and at Truro, 20 minutes 6 seconds also too slow. At Northampton, the clock is 3 minutes 36 seconds too slow; and at Peterborough, 58 seconds; at Shrewsbury, 10 minutes 56 seconds; Oswestry, 12 minutes 8 seconds; Warwick, 6 minutes 20 seconds; Birmingham, 7 minutes 23 seconds; and Coventry, 6 minutes 1 second. In Yorkshire, at Beverley, it is 1 minute 42 seconds; York, 4 minutes 24 seconds; and Leeds, 6 minutes 4 seconds. In North Wales, at Holyhead, 16 minutes 36 seconds; and Bangor, 16 minutes 14 seconds; and in South Wales, at Cardigan, 18 minutes 40 seconds; and Carmarthen, 17 minutes 16 seconds. At Edinburgh, the clock is 12 minutes 43 seconds; and Dublin, 25 minutes 31 seconds too slow; whilst at Paris, it is 9 minutes 21 seconds too fast.—*Railway Times.*

SINGULAR PROPERTIES OF THE FIGURE NINE.

Multiply 9 by itself, or by any other single figure, and the two figures forming the product will, in each case, if added together, amount to 9; for example, 9 multiplied by 9 is 81, and 8 and 1 added together make 9; so on with the other figures. The figures forming the amount of 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9, added together (viz. 45), will also, if added together, make 9. The amount of the several products, or multiples of 9 (9, 18, 27, 36, 45, 54, 63, 72, 81), namely 405, and the figures forming either the dividend or the quotient, added together, make 9. Multiply any row of figures, either by 9, or by any one of the products of 9, multiplied by a single figure, as by 18, 27, 36, 45, 54, 63, 72, or 81, and the sum of the figures of the product, added together, will be divisible by 9. Multiply the 9 digits in the following order—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9, by 9, or by any one of the products of 9 mentioned in the last sentence, and the products will come out all in one figure, except the place of tens, which will be a 0, and that figure will be the one which, multiplied into 9, supplies the multiplier; that is, if you select 9 as the multiplier, the product will be (except the place of tens) all ones; if you select 18, all twos; if 27, all threes; and so on. Omit the 8 in the multiplicands, and the 0 will also vanish in the product, leaving it all ones, twos, and threes, &c., as the case may be.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

The present number of the Journal completes the eleventh volume of the work, for which a title-page and copious index are prepared, and may be had on application to the Publishers or their Agents, at the usual price of a number. Any odd or past numbers of the Journal can also be had for the purpose of completing sets.

END OF THE ELEVENTH VOLUME.

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